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THE WORKS

OF THE

POETS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

WITH

PREFACES

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH;

CONTAINING

YOUNG,
CHURCHILL,
LLOYD,

FALCONER,
AND
THOMSON.

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THE

ENGLISH POETS.

THE

POEMS OF CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE

ROSCIAD.

ROSCIUS deceas'd, each high aſpiring play'r
Puſh'd all his int'reſt for the vacant chair.
The buſkin'd heroes of the mimic ſtage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condeſcends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends:
For pity's ſake tells undeſerv'd miſhaps,
And, their applauſe to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a ſuppliant's form aſſume,
In pompous ſtrain fight o'er th' extinguiſh'd war,
And ſhew where honour bled in ev'ry ſcar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The ſtrongeſt plea for favour 'tis not here;
We form our judgment in another way;
And they will beſt ſucceed, who beſt can pay:
Thoſe, who would gain the votes of Britiſh tribes,
Muſt add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in ev'ry age
Cash hath been rudely baniſh'd from the ſtage;
Monarchs themſelves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
Appear as often as their image there:
They can't, like candidate for other ſeat,
Pour ſeas of wine, and mountains raiſe of meat.
Wine! they could bribe you with the world as ſoon,
And of roaſt beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have they give, could Clive do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter keeps open houſe at Southwark fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates prepares the rival treat
For thoſe who laughter love, inſtead of meat;
Foote, at Old Houſe, for even Foote will be,
In ſelf-conceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinſon at ſecond-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.

The town divided, each runs ſev'ral ways,
As paſſion, humour, int'reſt, party ſways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dreſs well choſen, or a patch miſplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create diſtaſte.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praiſes—he's ſo *droll*.
Embox'd, the ladies muſt have ſomething ſmart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of ſize;
Whilſt to ſix feet the vig'rous ſtripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan.
When place of judgment is by whim ſupply'd,
And our opinions have their riſe in pride;
When, in diſcourſing on each mimic elf,
We praiſe and cenſure with an eye to ſelf;
All muſt meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In ſuch a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all ſquabbles to decide,
By ſome one judge, the cauſe was to be try'd;
But this their ſquabbles *did* afreſh renew,
Who ſhould be judge in ſuch a trial: Who?
For Johnſon ſome, but Johnſon, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He ſicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peeviſh tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy ſome *puſſ'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilſt Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wiſdom ſtar'd.
To miſchief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains riſe,
And reach the heights which honeſt men deſpiſe;
Mute at the bar, and in the ſenate loud,
Dull 'mongſt the dulleſt, proudeſt of the proud;
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,

Stood forth ;—and thrice he wav'd his lilly hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice ſtrok'd his band.—
" At friendſhip's call (thus oft with trait'rous aim,
Men, void of faith, uſurp faith's ſacred name)
" At Friendſhip's call I come. by Murphy ſent,
" Who thus by me *developes* his intent.
" But left, *tranſfus'd*, the ſpirit ſhould be loſt,
" That ſpirit which in ſtorms of *Rhet'ric* toſt,
" Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
" In his own words his own intentions hear.
" Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,
" No robes of fur theſe ſhoulders muſt adorn.
" Vain your applauſe, no aid from thence I draw ;
" Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law ?
" Twice (curs'd remembrance !) twice I ſtrove to gain
" Admittance 'mongſt the law-inſtructed train,
" Who, in the Temple and Gray's-Inn, prepare
" For clients wretched feet the legal ſnare :
" Dead to thoſe arts which poliſh and refine,
" Deaf to all worth, becauſe that worth was *mine*,
" Twice did thoſe blockheads ſtartle at my name,
" And foul rejection gave me up to ſhame.
" To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
" And plans of far more lib'ral note purſue.
" Who will may be a judge—my kindling breaſt
" Burns for that chair which Roſcius once poſſeſs'd.
" *Here* give your votes, your int'reſt *here* exert,
" And let ſucceſs for *once* attend deſert."
With ſleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his *modeſt* plea,—
" Let Favour ſpeak for others, Worth for me."
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into ſo many ſhapes, and ſhine in all ?
Who could ſo nobly grace the motley liſt,
Actor, inſpector, doctor, botaniſt ?
Knows any one ſo well—ſure no one knows,—
At once to *play, preſcribe, compound, compoſe ?*
Who can—but Woodward came,—Hill ſlipp'd away,
Melting, like ghoſts, before the riſing day.
* With that *low* Cunning, which in fools ſupplies,
And amply too, the place of being wiſe,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave ;
With that *ſmooth* Falſhood, whoſe appearance charms,
And reaſon of each wholſome doubt diſarms,
Which to the loweſt depths of guile deſcends,
By vileſt means purſues the vileſt ends,
Wears friendſhip's maſk for purpoſes of ſpite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
With that *malignant* Envy, which turns pale,
And ſickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and ſucceſs purſues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;
With the *cold* Caution of a coward's ſpleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always ſeeks a ſcreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *baſely* done, ſhould be done *ſafely* too ;
With that *dull, rooted, callous* Impudence,
Which, dead to ſhame, and ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Ne'er bluſh'd, unleſs, in ſpreading Vice's ſnares,
She blunder'd on ſome virtue *unawares* ;

* This ſevere character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a perſon who had rendered himſelf remarkable by his activity in the play-houſe riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad. E.

With all theſe bleſſings, which we ſeldom find
Laviſh'd by nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can ſcarce conceive, or pen deſcribe,
Came *ſimp'ring* on ; to aſcertain whoſe ſex
Twelve, ſage, *impannell'd* matrons would perplex.
Nor *male*, nor *female* ; *neither*, and yet both ;
Of *neater* gender, though of *Iriſh* growth ;
A ſix-foot ſuckling, mincing in *its* gait ;
Affected, peeviſh, prim, and delicate ;
Fearful *it* ſeem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Leſt *brutal breezes* ſhould too roughly ſhake
Its tender form, and *ſavage* motion ſpread,
O'er *its* pale cheek, the horrid manly red.
Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phraſe,
Of genius and of taſte, of play'rs and plays ;
Much too of writings, which *itſelf* had wrote,
Of ſpecial merit, tho' of little note ;
For Fate, in a ſtrange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itſelf* ſhould read ;
Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
Misjudging critics, and miſplac'd applauſe,
Then, with a ſelf-complacent jutting air,
It ſmil'd, it ſmirk'd, it wriggled to the chair ;
And, with an aukward briſkneſs not *its* own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant ſeem'd, when that ſtrange ſavage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Senſe appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant ſaw, and blaſted with her frown,
To *its* firſt ſtate of nothing melted down.
Nor ſhall the Muſe (for even there the pride
Of this *vain nothing* ſhall be mortified)
Nor ſhall the Muſe (ſhould Fate ordain her rimes,
Fond, pleaſing thought ! to live in after-times)
With ſuch a trifler's name her pages blot ;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot ;
Let *it*, to diſappoint each future aim,
Live without ſex, and die without a name !
Cold-blooded critics, by enervate ſires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their laſt ; whoſe ſluggiſh blood half froze,
Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins ; whoſe heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat ;—a ſervile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place ;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient ſchools,
Bigots to Greece, and ſlaves to muſty rules ;
With ſolemn conſequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cauſe but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obſequious to the ſacred dictate, bow'd.
When, from amidſt the throng, a youth ſtood forth,
Unknown his perſon, not unknown his worth ;
His look beſpoke applauſe ; alone he ſtood,
Alone he ſtemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame ;
With noble rev'rence ſpoke of Greece and Rome,
And ſcorn'd to tear the laurels from the tomb.
" But more than juſt to other countries grown,
" Muſt we turn baſe apoſtates to our own ?
" Where do theſe words of Greece and Rome excel,
" That England may not pleaſe the ear as well ?

mighty magic's in the place or air,
ll perfection needs muſt centre there?
s, let ſtrangers be preferred;
e of letters merit ſhould be heard.
i is of no country, her pure ray
s all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;
reſtraint, from place to place ſhe flies,
ay hereafter e'en in Holland riſe.
ot (to give a pleaſing fancy ſcope,
ear a patriot heart with patriot hope)
ot ſome great extenſive Genius raiſe
ume of Britain 'bove Athenian praiſe;
hilſt brave thirſt of fame his boſom warms,
England great in letters as in arms?
may—there hath—and Shakeſpeare's muſe
aſpires
l the reach of Greece: with native fires
ing aloft, he wings his airy flight,
Sophocles below ſtands trembling at his
height.
y ſhould we then abroad for judges roam,
abler judges we may find at home?
in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
e not Shakeſpeare?—Is not Jonſon ours?
m, your nat'ral judges Britons, vote;
l judge like Britons, who like Britons
wrote."
l, and conquer'd—Senſe reſum'd her ſway,
pointed pedants ſtalk'd away.
re and Jonſon who deſerv'd applauſe,
ges were ordain'd to try the cauſe.
e the ſtranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
tell his name—Who is it?—LLOYD.
when the aged friends of Job ſtood mute,
ely prudent, gave up the diſpute,
h the decent warmth of youth,
od forth the advocate of truth;
falſehood, and diſabled pride,
ffled age ſtood ſnarling at his ſide.
y of tryal's fix'd, nor any fear
f tryal ſhould be put off here.
t ſeldom for delay can call
where forms are few, fees none at all.
rning came, nor find I that the Sun,
other great events hath done,
righter robe than what he wore
journey on the day before.
the centre of a ſpacious plain,
ntirely new, where nothing vain,
nagnificent appear'd, but Art
nt modeſty perform'd her part,
ounal: from no other court
d ornament, or ſought ſupport:
here were pack'd to kill or clear,
were taken, nor oaths broken here;
men partial to a client's cauſe,
wn purpoſe tun'd the pliant laws.
e was true and ſteady to his truſt,
eld wiſe, and as old Foſter * juſt.
firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
vildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
ſpeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
y wonder fam'd in days of yore;
held a globe, which to his will
turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:

Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' Nature at a ſingle view;
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing Nature's bounds, was ſomething more.
Next Jonſon ſat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flight reſtrain'd,
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her courſe, nor ſpar'd a glorious fault,
The book of man he read with niceſt art,
And ranſack'd all the ſecrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmoſt force,
And trac'd each paſſion to its proper ſource;
Then ſtrongly mark'd, in liveliеſt colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a laſh in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.
But, hark!—the trumpet ſounds, the crowd give way,
And the proceſſion comes in juſt array.
Now ſhould I, in ſome ſweet poetic line,
Offer up incenſe at Apollo's ſhrine;
Invoke the Muſe to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a ſleeping ode.
For how ſhould mortal man, in mortal verſe,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearſe?
But give, kind Dullneſs, memory and rime,
We'll put off Genius till another time.
Firſt, Order came,—with ſolemn ſtep, and ſlow,
In meaſur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he caſt his eye,
Leſt This ſhould quit his place, That ſtep awry.
Appearances to ſave his only care;
So things ſeem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents ſaw themſelves renew'd,
Begotten by *Sir* Critic on *Saint* Prude.
Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute*;
Next *ſnuffer, ſweeper, ſhifter, ſoldier, mute*:
Legions of angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the treaſurer of either houſe;
One with full purſe, t'other with not a ſous.
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th'impertinence of ſtate;
By lace and feather conſecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.
Here Havard, all ſerene, in the ſame ſtrains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His eaſy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Stateſman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a ſentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland came.—With truly tragic ſtalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A hero ſhould not walk.
As if with heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries againſt the ſkies;
Attitude, action, air, pauſe, ſtart, ſigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made uſe of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other ſtage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an eaſy age;

* Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the
Bench.

But now appears a copy and no more,
Of ſomething better we have ſeen before.
The actor who would build a ſolid fame,
Muſt imitation's ſervile arts diſclaim;
Act from himſelf, on his own bottom ſtand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at ſecond-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modeſt lore,
Baſhful and young he ſought Hibernia's ſhore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchleſs intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,
And bid defiance to all ſenſe of ſhame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to ſurpaſs,
'Mongſt Drury's ſons he comes, and ſhines in Braſs.
Lo Yates!—Without the leaſt fineſſe of art
He gets applauſe—I wiſh he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active fancy from the brain is ſent,
And ſtands on tip-toe for ſome wiſh'd event,
I hate thoſe careleſs blunders which recall
Suſpended ſenſe, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarſeſt features we behold,
Where, deſtitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jeſts are blurted in your face,
There Yates with juſtice ſtrict attention draws,
Acts truly from himſelf, and gains applauſe.
But when to pleaſe himſelf or charm his wife,
He aims at ſomething in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's ſtubborn plan,
He treads the ſtage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dreſs'd in Clincher's cloaths.
Fond of his dreſs, fond of his perſon grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himſelf unknown,
From ſide to ſide he ſtruts, he ſmiles, he prates,
And ſeems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great maſter in the ſcience of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleaſing proſpect of renown;
A ſpeaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twiſts, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to ſenſe the conqueſt of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourſelves, and curſe our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally miſplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taſte;
Hence hath the town ſo often ſeen diſplay'd
Beau in burleſque, high life in maſquerade.
But when bold wits, not ſuch as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in theſe inſipid days,
Some comic character, ſtrong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremeſt verge,
Where modeſt judgment her decree ſuſpends,
And for a time, nor cenſures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the ſpot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There Woodward ſafely ſhall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he ſhews deſert.
Hence he in Bobadil ſuch praiſes bore,
Such worthy praiſes, Kitely ſcarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kinds of ſhapes,
Conſtant to none, Foote laughs, cries, ſtruts and ſcrapes;
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus ſhifts, *Bawd*, *Parſon*, *Auctioneer*.
His ſtrokes of humour, and his burſts of ſport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, *Diſtort*.
Doth a man ſtutter, look a-ſquint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With perſonal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public ſcorn.
E'en I, whom nature caſt in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, ſhe trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's error are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinſon this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too!
With not a ſingle comic pow'r endu'd,
The firſt a mere mere mimic's mimic ſtood;
The laſt by Nature form'd to pleaſe, who ſhews,
In Jonſon's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his ſhrug, his wink, his ſtare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
When a dull copier ſimple grace neglects,
And reſts his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but ſuch vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By Nature form'd in her perverſeſt mood,
With no one requiſite of art endu'd,
Next Jackſon came.—Obſerve that ſettled glare,
Which better ſpeaks a puppet than a player:
Liſt to that voice—did ever Diſcord hear
Sounds ſo well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce ſome very tender part,
The right-hand ſleeps by inſtinct on the heart,
His ſoul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He ſobs and pants to ſoothe his weeping ſpouſe,
To ſoothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Aukward, embarraſs'd, ſtiff, without the ſkill
Of moving gracefully, or ſtanding ſtill,
One leg, as if ſuſpicious of his brother,
Deſirous ſeems to run away from t'other.
Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead cuſtom's force, and ſtill poſſeſs the ſtage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err, becauſe our fathers err'd before;
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jeſt they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the ſimple ſcene,
Shall we, if reaſon rightly is employ'd,
Not ſee their faults, or ſeeing not avoid?
When Falſtaff ſtands detected in a lye,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glaſſy eye?
Why?—There's no cauſe—at leaſt no cauſe we know—
It was the faſhion twenty years ago.
Faſhion, a word which knaves and fools may uſe
Their knavery and folly to excuſe.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of ſenſe.
Yet (tho' in ſome particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where Mode prevails)
If in theſe hallow'd times, when ſober, ſad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,

When 'tis not deem'd ſo great a crime by half
To violate a veſtal, as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope preſumptuous to engage
An act of Toleration for the ſtage,
And courtiers will, like reaſonable creatures,
Suſpend vain faſhion, and unſcrew their features,
Old Falſtaff, play'd by Love, ſhall pleaſe once more,
And humour ſet the audience in a roar.
Actors I've ſeen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part poſſeſs'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falſtaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he ſeems a friend,
He'll ſeize that throne, you wiſh him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour caſt,
For Falſtaff fram'd—Himſelf, the firſt and laſt—
He ſtands aloof from all—maintains his ſtate,
And ſcorns, like *Scotſmen*, to aſſimilate.
Vain all diſguiſe—too plain we ſee the trick,
Tho' the Knight wears the weeds of Dominic,
And Boniface, diſgrac'd, betrays the ſmack,
In Anno Domini, of Falſtaff's ſack.
Arms croſs'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
ing ſlow,
A band of malecontents with ſpleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curſe the Managers, and curſe the Town,
Whoſe partial favours keeps ſuch merit down.
But if ſome man, more hardy than the reſt,
Should dare attack theſe *gnatlings* in their neſt;
At once they riſe with impotence of rage,
Whet their ſmall ſtings, and buzz about the ſtage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
"To arm ſatyric truth againſt a player?
"Preſcriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
"Actors, unaſh'd themſelves, may laſh man-
"kind."
What! ſhall opinion then, of Nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To ruſt in chains like theſe, impos'd by things
Which, leſs than nothing, ape the pride of kings;
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curſe the freedom of each honeſt line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muſe freely thinks, ſhe'll freely ſpeak.
With juſt diſdain of ev'ry paltry ſneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpoſe fix'd and to herſelf a rule,
Public contempt ſhall wait the public fool.
Auſtin would always gliſten in French ſilks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour pleaſe;
Who can, like Packer, charm with ſprightly eaſe?
Higher than all the reſt, ſee Bransby ſtrut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could ſhew
A man ſo very high, ſo very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I ſay
Aught hurtful, may I never ſee thee play.
Let critic, with a ſupercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is ſtill at top;—but ſcorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee attacks the age.
French follies, univerſally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taſte.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random cenſur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their ſport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the raſcal few;
Condemn'd a people as for vices known,
Which, from their country baniſh'd, ſeek our own.
At length, howe'er, the ſlaviſh chain is broke,
And Senſe awaken'd, ſcorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raiſe
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praiſe.
Next came the legion, which our *Summer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raiſe,
Flush'd with vaſt hopes, and certain to ſucceed
With Wits who cannot write, and ſcarce can read.
Vet'rans no more ſupport the rotten cauſe,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applauſe;
Each on himſelf determines to rely,
Be Yates diſbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did play'rs ſo well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declared to Wit.
So loud each tongue, ſo empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, ſo very little ſaid,
So wond'rous dull, and yet ſo wond'rous vain,
At once ſo willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reaſon ſwore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty maſter's ſoul inform'd them all.
As one with various diſappointments ſad,
Whom Dullneſs only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the reſt great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What tho' the ſons of Nonſenſe hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His reſtleſs ſoul's ambition ſtops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him PLAYER.
In perſon tall, a perſon form'd to pleaſe,
If ſymmetry could charm, depriv'd of eaſe;
When motionleſs he ſtands, we all approve,
What pity 'tis the *Thing* was made to move.
His voice, in one dull, deep, and varied ſound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow cheſt the low ſepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and ſtruggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All muſt to him reſign the foremoſt place.
When he attempts, in ſome fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honeſt features the diſguiſe defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lye.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or ſtupidly ſerene.
In cold-wrought ſcenes the lifeleſs actor flags,
In paſſion, tears the paſſion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all muſt—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to duſt,
When o'er the ſtage he Folly's ſtandard bore,
Whilſt Common-Senſe ſtood trembling at the door.
How few are found with real talents bleſs'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented reſt.
Man from his ſphere eccentric ſtarts aſtray;
All hunt for fame; but moſt miſtake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the ſhuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jeſuit might have made,
With various readings ſtor'd his empty ſkull,
Learn'd without ſenſe, and venerably dull;
Or, at ſome banker's deſk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had ſtood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And *prudent* Dullneſs mark'd him for a Mayor.

What then could tempt thee in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a ſtage?
Could it be worth thy wond'rous waſte of pains
To publiſh to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reaſon e'en to thee have ſhewn
Thy greateſt praiſe had been to live *unknown?*
Yet let not vanity, like thine, deſpair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To ſacred Dullneſs and her *firſt-born* due,
Thither with haſte in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himſelf ſhall own thy juſter claim,
And venal Ledgers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilſt Vaughan* or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule ſecure from critics and from ſenſe,
Nor once ſhall Genius riſe to give offence;
Eternal peace ſhall bleſs the happy ſhore,
And little Factions break thy reſt no more.
From Covent-Garden crowds promiſcuous go,
Whom the Muſe knows not, nor deſires to know.
Vet'rans they ſeem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Weſtminſter militia train'd to fight,
They ſcarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Aſham'd among ſuch troops to ſhew the head,
Their chiefs were ſcatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks at his glaſs ſat comfortably down
To ſep'rate frown from ſmile, and ſmile from frown;
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the ſmart,
Smith was juſt gone to ſchool to ſay his part;
Roſs (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was faſt aſleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as faſt aſleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd ſounds,
Who wantonly tranſgreſſes Nature's bounds,
Whoſe acting's hard, affected, and conſtrain'd,
Whoſe features, as each other they diſdain'd,
At variance ſet, inflexible and coarſe,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly ſoften to each other's aid,
Nor ſhew the mingled pow'rs of light and ſhade,
No longer for a thankleſs ſtage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each ſimple elf
Almoſt as good a ſpeaker as himſelf;
Whilſt the whole Town, and with miſtaken zeal,
An aukward rage for Elocution feel;
Dull Cits and grave Divines his praiſe proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never car'd a ſingle pin
Whether he left out nonſenſe or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, tho' levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow ſeldom hit the mark,
At Iſlington, all by the placid ſtream
Where City ſwains in lap of dullneſs dream,
Where, quiet as her ſtrains their ſtrains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected ſchemes the ſummer months to chear,
And ſpin out happy Folly through the year.

But think not, though theſe daſtard-chiefs are fled,
That Covent-Garden troops ſhall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero ſeated in fantaſtic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden ſwords, wands, taliſmans, and charms;
On one ſide Folly ſits, by ſome call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron Lun.
Behind, for liberty a-thirſt in vain,
Senſe, helpleſs captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude miſ-ſhapen beaſts the chariot draw,
Whom Reaſon loaths, and Nature never ſaw;
Monſters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
Each was beſtrode by full as monſtrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The Town, as uſual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as uſual, knew no reaſon why.
But Faſhion ſo directs, and moderns raiſe
On Faſhion's mould'ring baſe their tranſient praiſe.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique law:
Juſt to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
Firſt, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In ſpite of outward blemiſhes, ſhe ſhone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Eaſy, as if at home, the ſtage ſhe trod,
Nor ſought the critic's praiſe, nor fear'd his rod,
Original in ſpirit and in eaſe,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to pleaſe.
No comic actreſs ever yet could raiſe,
On Humour's baſe, more merit or more praiſe.
With all the native vigour of ſixteen,
Among the merry troop conſpicuous ſeen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without Art, but then to Nature true,
She charms the Town with humour juſt, yet new.
Chear'd by her promiſe, we the loſs deplore
The fatal time when Clive ſhall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with ſimple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and ſcorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection ſhewn,
Whilſt Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I ſee it all, but muſt forgive it here.
Defects like theſe which *modeſt* terrors cauſe,
From impudence itſelf extort applauſe.
Candour and Reaſon ſtill take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in ſo good an heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with uſual pomp of ſtile,
Whoſe chief, whoſe only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals muſic out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publiſh propoſals, laws for taſte preſcribe,
And chaunt the praiſe of an Italian trite;
Let him reverſe kind Nature's firſt decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to pleaſe;
But never ſhall a truly Britiſh age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the ſtage.
The boaſted work's call'd National in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the ſtrain.
Where tyrants rule, and ſlaves with joy obey,
Let ſlaviſh minſtrels pour th' enervate lay;

* A gentleman ſtill living, who publiſhed, at this juncture, a Poem entitled, "The Retort." E.

is far more noble pleaſures ſpring,
notes whilſt Beard and Vincent ſing.
figure give a title unto fame,
al ſhould with Yates diſpute her claim;
e may not partial trophies raiſe,
the actreſs in the woman's praiſe.
l in hand her words and actions go,
heart feels more than the features ſhew:
ough the regions of that beauteous face,
ariety of paſſions trace;
the ſoft emotions of the heart,
red ſoftneſs can thoſe eyes impart;
v, ſtill fix'd in ſorrow's ſullen frame,
diſtinction, marks all parts the ſame.
's a fine perſon, or a beauteous face,
eportment gives them decent grace?
rith all other requiſites to pleaſe,
nt the ſtriking elegance of eaſe;
ous eye their aukward movement tires;
m like puppets led about by wires.
like ſtatues, in one poſture ſtill,
at ideas of the workman's ſkill;
ng, his art we praiſe the more we view,
/ grieve he gave not motion too.
themſelves are what we beauties call,
manner which gives ſtrength to all.
:hes ev'ry beauty to unite,
gs them forward in the nobleſt light.
this, behold, amidſt the throng,
nficent gleam of grace, Hart ſweeps along.
the wonders of external grace,
finely turn'd, a mould of face,
union rare, expreſſion's lively force
uty's ſofteſt magic holds diſcourſe,
he eye; if feelings, void of art,
e quick paſſions, and inflame the heart;
ſweetly breathing from the tongue,
the ear, Bride muſt not paſs unſung.
fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit.
nd cuſtom conquer'd, ſhall retreat;
lgment tutor'd by experience ſage,
t abroad, and gather ſtrength from age;
av'n in mercy ſhall the ſtage releaſe
dull ſlumbers of a ſtill life-piece;
ne ſtale flow'r, diſgraceful to the walk,
ng hath hung, tho' wither'd on the ſtalk,
lly drop, then Bride ſhall make her way,
t find a paſſage to the day;
nto action, ſhe at once ſhall raiſe
renown, and juſtify our praiſe.
l for the tragic ſcene, to grace the ſtage,
l excellence of love and rage,
f each ſoft art, with matchleſs ſkill
nd wind the paſſions as ſhe will;
he heart with ſympathetic woe,
e ſigh, and teach the tear to flow;
frenzy's wild diſtracted glare,
e the ſoul with horror and deſpair;
deſert enroll'd in endleſs frame,
of worth ſuperior, Cibber came.
poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
gly imag'd griefs her mind diſtract;
th her grief, I catch the madneſs too!
turns round, the headleſs trunk I view!
cracks, ſhakes and falls!—New horrors
le,
n buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly diſdainful of each ſlaviſh art,
She makes her firſt attack upon the heart:
Pleas'd with the ſummons, it receives her laws,
And all is ſilence, ſympathy, applauſe.
But when, by fond ambition drawn aſide,
Giddy with praiſe, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic ſcene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
I ſcarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark diſguiſe.
Pritchard, by nature for the ſtage deſign'd,
In perſon graceful, and in ſenſe refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemiſh as her fame.
Who knows ſo well in majeſty to pleaſe,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of eaſe?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Mooriſh race;
When love, hate, jealouſy, deſpair and rage,
With wildeſt tumults in her breaſt engage;
Still equal to herſelf is Zara ſeen;
Her paſſions are the paſſions of a queen.
When ſhe to murther whets the timorous Thane,
I feel ambition ruſh through every vein;
Perſuaſion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new ſtrung.
In Comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold,
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
"Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliett?
"Her ſpeech, look, action, humour, all are juſt;
"But then, her age and figure give diſguſt."
Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to ſize or age confin'd?
Do ſpirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any ſet circumference of waiſt?
As we grow old, doth affectation ceaſe,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals theſe things appear,
Why ſhould we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the ſtage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some ſtandard-meaſure for each part ſhould find,
Which then the beſt of actors ſhall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of ſmaller breed.
All actors too upon the back ſhould bear
Certificate of birth;——time, when;——place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unleſs they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at firſt may give offence,
And harſhly ſtrike the eye's too curious ſenſe:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaſte ſallies, judgment's ſolid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into ſenſe, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before ſuch merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's ſix feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, ſeen thy wond'rous ſkill,
Confeſs'd thee great, but find thee greater ſtill.
That worth, which ſhone in ſcatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raiſe,
Inferior only to the author's praiſe.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.
Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand-shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in undeclinables;
Conjunction, Preposition, Adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.
In person taller then the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell,
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmurs dies.
What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give—if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?
Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just decorum his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'was Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: That allows him none.
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.

ch-fam'd Quin himſelf to hear him ſpeak,
uld drive the colour from his cheek:
dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
he ſocial pow'rs of voice and face.
one frame of features, glare of eye,
like chaos, in confuſion lie:
ie wonders of his ſkill are try'd
diſtinctions Nature hath deny'd.
e no touch of harmony admits,
ly deep and ſhrill by fits:
extremes appear like man and wife,
together for the ſake of ſtrife.
ction's always ſtrong, but ſometimes ſuch,
ndour muſt declare he acts too much.
ift impatience fall three paces back?
es three return to the attack?
he right-leg too forbid to ſtir,
motion ſemicircular?
ift the hero with the Nailor vie,
the cloſe-clench'd fiſt at noſe or eye?
John, with Philip angry grown,
t he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
tyrant! was it not a ſhame,
t a king ſo harmleſs and ſo tame?
e of all defects, his glories riſe;
, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies:
im ſound the depth of Hubert's ſoul,
n his own contending paſſions roll;
whole ſcene, with critic judgment ſcan,
deny him merit if you can.
e falls ſhort, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
e ſucceeds, the merit's all his own.
Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
ing critics, ignorant as vain.
s out—"He's of ſtature ſomewhat low,—
Hero always ſhould be tall, you know.—
nat'ral greatneſs all conſiſts in height."
your voucher, Critic.—"Serjeant Kite."
er can't forgive the paltry arts
he makes his way to ſhallow hearts;
es of fineſſe, traps for applauſe—
it, unnat'ral ſtart, affected pauſe."
, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
quit by wholeſale, nor condemn.
things carried to exceſs are wrong:
may be too frequent, pauſe too long;
r us'd in proper time and place,
udgment muſt allow them grace.
glers, form'd on imitation's plan,
e way that monkies mimic man,
ied ſcene with mangled arts diſgrace,
e and ſtart with the ſame vacant face;
he critic laugh; thoſe tricks we ſcorn,
oil the ſcenes they mean them to adorn.
, from Nature's pure and genuine ſource,
kes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
he features all the ſoul's pourtray'd,
ns, ſuch as Garrick's, are diſplay'd,
ey ſeem from quickeſt feelings caught:
is Nature; and each pauſe is Thought.
eaſon yields to paſſion's wild alarms,
hole ſtate of man is up in arms;
a Critic could condemn the Play'r,
g here, when Cool Senſe pauſes there?
orking from the heart, the fire I trace,
it ſtrongly flaming to the face;
each ſound, I hear the very man;
ch words, and pity thoſe who can

Let wits, like ſpiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods,—a kindneſs I with thanks muſt pay,—
Have form'd me of a coarſer kind of clay;
Nor ſtung with envy, nor with ſpleen diſeas'd,
A poor dull creature, ſtill with Nature pleas'd;
Hence to thy praiſes, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, muſt be pleas'd with thee.
Now might I tell, how ſilence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention huſh'd the rabble rout:
How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with deſire,
Was pale as aſhes, or as red as fire:
But, looſe to fame, the Muſe more ſimply acts,
Rejects all flouriſh, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the ſeveral parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their ſentence happily agreed,
In name of both, Great Shakeſpeare thus decreed.
"If manly ſenſe; if Nature link'd with Art;
"If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
"If pow'rs of acting vaſt and unconfin'd;
"If feweſt faults with greateſt beauties join'd;
"If ſtrong expreſſion, and ſtrange pow'rs which lie
"Within the magic circle of the eye;
"If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
"And which no face ſo well as his, can ſhew;
"Deſerve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
"Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

THE

APOLOGY

ADDRESSED TO THE

CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants big with pride,
Aſſume the pompous port, the martial ſtride;
O'er arm Herculean heave th' enormous ſhield,
Vaſt as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
And dare to ſingle combat—What?—A fly.
And laugh we leſs, when giant names, which ſhine
Eſtabliſh'd, as it were, by *right divine*;
CRITICS, whom ev'ry captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her ſtores;
Who high in letter'd reputation ſit,
And hold, Aſtræa-like, the ſcales of wit;
With partial rage ruſh forth,—Oh! ſhame to tell!
To cruſh a bard juſt burſting from the ſhell?
Great are his perils in this ſtormy time
Who raſhly ventures on a ſea of rime.
Around vaſt ſurges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quickſands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me moſt who laviſhly commends.
Look thro' the world—in ev'ry other trade
The ſame employment's cauſe of kindneſs made,
At leaſt appearance of good-will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers ſmoke away the night,
And in the common cauſe e'en play'rs unite.

Authors alone, with more than ſavage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of nature would as ſoon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they ruſh at Fame's imperious call,
And, leſs than greateſt, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour,—or the pence,
O'er-run with wit, and deſtitute of ſenſe,
Should any novice in the riming trade
With lawleſs pen the realms of verſe invade;
Forth from the court, where ſceptred ſages ſit,
Abus'd with praiſe, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majeſty they reign,
And what they won by dulneſs, ſtill maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's * the ready lies repair:—
Ne'er was lye made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The poliſh'd falſhood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating ſlanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.
A Critic was of old a glorious name,
Whoſe ſanction handed Merit up to Fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No ſervile rules drew fickly Taſte aſide;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, Oh ſtrange reverſe! our Critics bawl
In praiſe of candour with a heart of gall.
Conſcious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enſhrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, ſeize th' unwary prey,
And ſtab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When firſt my Muſe, perhaps more bold than wiſe,
Bad the rude triſle into light ariſe,
Little ſhe thought ſuch tempeſts would enſue;
Leſs, that thoſe tempeſts would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Roſciads, like ſhrubs, might 'ſcape the fatal ſtroke.
Vain thought! a Critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcanſir-like, he deals deſtruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a ſtranger ſpare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy Genius; plac'd by partial fate
With a free ſpirit in a ſlaviſh ſtate;
Where the reluctant Muſe, oppreſs'd by kings,
Or droops in ſilence, or in fetters ſings;
In vain thy dauntleſs fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's ſcorn.
Why didſt thou eaſe from home-bred dangers ſteer,
Reſerv'd to periſh more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to ſwell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharſalia fell,
The vanquiſh'd chief eſcap'd from Cæſar's hand
To die by ruffian's in a foreign land.
How could theſe ſelf-elected monarchs raiſe
So large an empire on ſo ſmall a baſe?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius ſleep, when Dullneſs ſeiz'd the throne?
Whence, abſolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the ſubject world diſpenſes law.
Without her licence not a letter ſtirs,
And all the captive criſs-croſs-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reaſons too.

* Printer of the Critical Review.

Our great Dictators take a ſhorter way—
Who ſhall diſpute what the Reviewers ſay?
Their word's ſufficient; and to aſk a reaſon,
In ſuch a ſtate as theirs, is downright treaſon.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull ſuperſtitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their eaſy faith on Critic's ſleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that theſe puny elves
Shoot into giants?—We may thank ourſelves;
Fools that we are, like Iſrael's fools of yore,
The calf ourſelves have faſhion'd we adore.
But let true Reaſon once reſume her reign,
This god ſhall dwindle to a Calf again.
Founded on arts which ſhun the face of day,
By the ſame arts they ſtill maintain their ſway.
Wrapp'd in myſterious ſecrecy they riſe,
And, as they are unknown, are ſafe and wiſe.
At whomſoever aim'd, howe'er ſevere
Th' envenom'd ſlanders flies, no names appear.
Prudence forbids that ſtep.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
By int'reſt join'd, th' expert confederates ſtand,
And play the game into each other's hand.
The vile abuſe, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from ſide to ſide:
It flies—hey!—preſto!—like a juggler's ball,
'Till it belongs to nobody at all.
All men and things they know, themſelves unknown,
And publiſh ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this ſtrange—ſecure from vulgar eyes
The nameleſs author paſſes in diſguiſe.
But vet'ran Critics are not ſo deceiv'd,
If vet'ran Critics are to be believ'd.
Once ſeen, they know an author evermore,
Nay ſwear to hands they never ſaw before.
Thus in the Roſciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace
"And all the Actor ſtares you in the face.
"By Colman that was written.—On my life,
"The ſtrongeſt ſymptoms of the Jealous Wife.
"That little diſingenuous piece of ſpite,
"Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write
How doth it make judicious readers ſmile,
When authors are detected by their ſtile;
Tho' ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He ſhifts his ſtile much oftner than his cloaths?
Whence could ariſe this mighty critic ſpleen,
The Muſe a trifler, and her theme ſo mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n ſhould ſend
The bitt'reſt foe where moſt I wiſh'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchleſs fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle ſtands ſuperbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' hiſtoric crown,
Which with more juſtice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but ſwore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.

often in his cauſe engage
thos of the Grecian ſtage,
ors riſe, and tears ſpontaneous flow,
a! and no leſs tragic Oh!
is nervous weakneſs all agree;
r ſweetneſs, who ſo ſweet as he!
utterance when ſorrows ſwell,
ſorrows flowing tears muſt tell:
hoſe flowing tears ſhall ceaſe to flow,
the voice muſt ſpeak again, you know.
unſkilful in the Poet's trade,
laiads by me *ready-made*;
colours high in air advance,
the bleeding ſopperies of France;
inſey-woolſey ſcenes I wrote,
es here and there like Joſeph's coat.
r themes befit: Secure, for me,
ights ſmuggle nonſenſe, duty free:
r me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
r me, thou pretty little fawn,
a's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
let the gentle breezes rove
green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
r me, let foppiſh Nature ſmile,
the coxcomb in the Deſart Iſle.
ge I choſe—a ſubject fair and free—
—'tis mine—'tis public property.
on exhibitions open lie
or cenſure to the common eye.
a thouſand hackney writers fed;
nthly critics earn their daily bread.
gen'ral tax which all muſt pay,
ſe who ſcribble, down to thoſe who play.
venal crew, receive ſupport
lic bounty, for the public ſport.
r hiſs, all have an equal claim,
r's and his lordſhip's right the ſame.
or their ſubſiſtence; all expect
e to praiſe their worth, their faults correct.
live Pickle Smithfield ſtage aſcends,
e days wonder of his laughing friends;
as judgment, or as fancy guides,
y wittling praiſes or derides.
re's the mighty diff'rence, tell me where,
a Merry-Andrew and a Player?
rolling tribe, a deſpicable race,
d'ring Arabs, ſhift from place to place.
by law, to juſtice open laid,
mble, of the beadle's laſh afraid,
ning cringe, for wretched means of life,
am Mayoreſs, or his Worſhip's wife.
nighty monarch, in theatric ſack,
is whole regalia at his back;
l conſort heads the female band,
is the heir-apparent in her hand;
nier'd aſs creeps on with conſcious pride,
a future prince on either ſide.
e muſicians in this troop are found
ſh nonſenſe with the charms of ſound;
ds, no daggers, not one poiſon'd bowl;
ning flaſhes here, no thunders roll;
ds to ſwell the monarch's train are ſhewn;
narch here muſt be a hoſt *alone*.
n pomp, no ſlow proceſſions here;
mon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.
ed compell'd to proſtitute his art,
ed actor flies from part to part;
And, ſtrange diſgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is ſhifted with his ſide.
Queſtion and Anſwer he by turns muſt be,
Like that ſmall wit * in Modern Tragedy;
Who, to patch up his fame,—or fill his purſe,—
Still pilfers wretched plans and makes them worſe;
Like gipſies, leſt the ſtolen brat be known,
Defacing firſt, then claiming for his own.
In ſhabby ſtate they ſtrut, and tatter'd robe;
The ſcene a blanket, and a barn the globe.
No high conceits their mod'rate wiſhes raiſe,
Content with humble profit, humble praiſe.
Let dowdies ſimper, and let bumpkins ſtare,
The ſtrolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And ſnores the next out on a truſs of ſtraw.
But if kind Fortune, who we ſometimes know
Can take a hero from a puppet-ſhow,
In mood propitious ſhould her fav'rite call
On royal ſtage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himſelf he rears the head,
And ſcorns the dunghill where he firſt was bred.
Converſing now with well-dreſs'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddeſſes behind the ſcenes,
He ſweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride t' aſſume.
On this great ſtage the world, no monarch e'er
Was half ſo haughty as a monarch play'r.
Doth it more move our anger or our mirth,
To ſee theſe Things, the loweſt ſons of earth,
Preſume, with ſelf-ſufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in Letters, and preſide in Taſte?
The Town's deciſions they no more admit,
Themſelves alone the arbiters of Wit;
And ſcorn the juriſdiction of that court,
To which they owe their being and ſupport.
Actors, like monks of old, now ſacred grown,
Muſt be attack'd by no fools but their own.
Let the vain tyrant ſit amidſt his guards,
His puny *Green-room* Wits and Venal Bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a playhouſe freedom loſe their own;
In ſpite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muſe with lib'ral ſpirit ſings.
Bow down, ye ſlaves; before theſe idols fall;
Let Genius ſtoop to them who've none at all;
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To thoſe who, ſlaves to All, are ſlaves to Me.
Actors, as actors, are a lawful game;
The poet's right, and who ſhall bar his claim?
And if, o'er-weening of their little ſkill,
When they have left the ſtage, they're actors ſtill;
If to the ſubject world they ſtill give laws,
With paper crowns and ſceptres made of ſtraws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold Truth, e'en there, purſue her theme,
And 'wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They riſe ſuperior to their preſent ſtate;
If, with each ſocial virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;

* Mr. Foote.

But if, in ſearching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whoſe anger, like the bolt of Jove, is ſped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whoſe mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreſhing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold ſuch worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a falſe medium things are ſhewn by Day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead aſtray.
How many from appearance borrow ſtate,
Whom Night diſdains to number with the Great!
Muſt not we laugh to ſee yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incenſe from a fawning crowd?
Whilſt in his beam ſurrounding clients play,
Like inſects in the ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilſt, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And ſeems the only charioteer of ſtate,
Talking himſelf into a little God,
And ruling empires with a ſingle nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law diſpenſe,
That he had int'reſt, and that they had ſenſe?
Injurious thought! Beneath Night's honeſt ſhade,
When pomp is buried and falſe colours fade,
Plainly we ſee at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the ſeeming, or the real great.
Much ſorrow ſhall he feel, and ſuffer more
Than any ſlave who labours at the oar.
By ſlaviſh methods muſt he learn to pleaſe,
By ſmooth-tongu'd flatt'ry, that curſt *court-diſeaſe*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood ſtrike ſail,
And ſhift with ſhifting humour's peeviſh gale.
To Nature dead, he muſt adopt vile Art,
And wear a ſmile with anguiſh in his heart.
A ſenſe of honour would deſtroy his ſchemes,
And Conſcience ne'er would ſpeak unleſs in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous ſneers;
When he at laſt expects, good eaſy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing Lacquey, or rapacious Whore,
To favours of the great the ſureſt door,
Some Catamite, or Pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or ſells his own,
Steps croſs his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for ſome Minion's Minion claims the prize.
Foe to reſtraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too reſolute, from Natures active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely paſs them by;
Too proud to flatter, too ſincere to lye,
Too plain to pleaſe, too honeſt to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier ſtate;
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where raſcals promiſe, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice and ſtrife,
Calm, independent, let me ſteal thro' life,
Nor one vain wiſh my ſteady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordſhip's frown, or court his ſmile.
Unfit for Greatneſs, I her ſnares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content ſhall place us far above them all.
Spectators only on this buſtling ſtage,
We ſee what vain deſigns mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they purſue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man ſtrives 'gainſt man, without a cauſe for ſtrife;
Armies embattled meet, and thouſands bleed
For ſome vile ſpot where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds?—To us 'tis all the ſelf-ſame thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King.
Britons, like Roman ſpirits fam'd of old,
Are caſt by nature in a Patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their ſoul's ingroſs'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious eaſe, like ours, they greatly ſcorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the ſtateſman's pains,
Give them but credit for a ſtateſman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the ſopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bleſs us!) ſtateſmen all at once.
His mighty charge of ſouls the prieſt forgets,
The court-bred lord his promiſes and debts,
Soldiers their fame, miſers forget their pelf,
The rake his miſtreſs, and the fop himſelf;
Whilſt thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wiſe heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themſelves the glorious ardour feel,
And boaſt an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the ſtate-infection flies,
Swells in her breaſt, and ſparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beſide.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confeſs
A paſſion for applauſe, or rage for dreſs;
No more they pant for Public Raree-ſhows,
Or loſe one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more purſue the jilting plan,
And luſtful prudes forget to rail at man,
The darling theme CÆCILIA's ſelf will chuſe,
Nor thinks of ſcandal whilſt ſhe talks of news.
The CIT, a Common-Council-Man by place,
Ten thouſand mighty nothings in his face,
By ſituation as by nature great,
With nice preciſion parcels out the ſtate;
Proves and diſproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himſelf, and to himſelf replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The ſame thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he ſuſpects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wiſe, he ſhakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His uſeleſs ſcales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to ſuch triflers; be our happier plan
To paſs thro' life as eaſy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor ſtirs my curioſity, nor ſpleen.
Secrets of ſtate no more I wiſh to know
Than ſecret movements of a Puppet-ſhow;
Let but the puppets move, I've my deſire,
Unſeen the hand which *guides* the Maſter-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes riſe or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament thoſe hardſhips which we cannot feel.

: who smarts, may bellow if he please,
I bellow too, who sit at ease?
ı safe, the poet's numbers flow,
e light and air some years ago.
nan e'er will find it worth his pains
ır labours, and excise our brains.
like these vile earthly buildings bear,
e's laid on *castles* in the *air*.
n the flames of war destructive reign,
and's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
venal clan and *neutral* tribe
receive conditions, not prescribe;
new year call loud for new supplies,
on tax with double burthens rise:
re fit, by no rude cares oppreſt,
ring little, are with little bleſt.
ills in dark oblivion lie,
, by fancy form'd, their place supply,
aughing hours unheeded slip away,
lull thought foretells th' approach of Day.
ıave we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
ıty to supply the frugal board,
irth with Decency his lovely bride,
e's gay God, with Temp'rance by his side,
lcome visit pay; whilst Health attends
ow circle of our chosen friends,
ank Good-Humour consecrates the treat,
nan makes society complete,
l we live, tho' in our teeth are hurl'd
ckney strumpets, Prudence and the World.
ıce, of old a sacred term, imply'd
with godlike Wisdom for her guide,
in general use is known to mean
ting-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
: perverted we retain the name,
y and Prudence are the same.
or once, more read in men than books,
f crafty knowledge in his looks,
y sly, with high preferment bleſt,
te pupil in these words addressed:
l'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,
ınkind a prodigy esteem'd?
hy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
appearances, there lies the test,
d will give thee credit for the rest.
be fair, however foul within;
ou wilt, but then in secret sin.
im's into common favour grown,
longer vice, unless 'tis known.
deed may barefac'd take the field;
is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
ging passions drive thee to a whore,
ence lead thee to a *postern* door;
ll night, but take especial care
dence bring thee back to early prayer.
ith watching and with study faint,
drunkard, and reel out a saint.
oy the youth this useful lesson heard,
s mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
lly pursu'd the plan, and *now*,
for my Lord,—Virtue stand by and bow."
this all—is this the worldings art,
, but not mend a vicious heart?
ewarm caution and demeanor grave
and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
tches whom no real virtue warms,
their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst Virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she *is*, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be *that* Thing, *that* Prudent Man.
What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppose
Yourself, alone, against an host of foes?
Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off for shame this petulance of wit,
Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
Too hard the task 'against multitudes to fight,
You must be wrong, the World is in the right.
What is this World? A term which men have got
To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.
Can numbers then change Nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Tho' thousands rail at good and practice ill.
Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Tho' to support the rebel Cæsar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
Tho' Scandal would *our patriot*'s name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with PITT?
Stedfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the World talk, my friend; that World we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan,
Assert the rights, or quit the name of Man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong.
In spite of dullness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

THE

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A

SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means;

His heart like dripping, melts, and new deſire
Within him ſtirs, each time ſhe ſtirs the fire;
Trembling and bluſhing he the fair one views,
And fain would ſpeak, but can't—without a Muſe.
So to the ſacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
In ſimpleſt notes, and all unpoliſh'd ſtrains,
The loves of nymphs, and *eke* the loves of ſwains.
Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In ruſtic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies,
Green moſs her couch; her canopy the ſkies.
From aromatic ſhrubs the *roguiſh* gale
Steals *young* perfumes, and wafts them thro' the vale.
The youth, turn'd ſwain, and ſkill'd in ruſtic lays,
Faſt by her ſide his am'rous deſcant plays.
Herds lowe, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens ſcream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the ſtream.
The ſtreams, with muſic freighted, as they paſs,
Preſent the fair Lardella with a glaſs,
And Zephyr, to compleat the love-ſick plan,
Waves his light wings, and ſerves her for a fan.
But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
Theſe childiſh toys on Reaſon's altar bleed;
Form'd after ſome *great man*, whoſe name breeds awe,
Whoſe ev'ry ſentence Faſhion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our ſervile fears;
Then we diſcard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's baniſh'd by *mechanic* Art;
Then, deeply read, our reading muſt be ſhown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then Oſtentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* Pride ſtalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each ſentence, poliſh'd ev'ry line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of Ancients with a Modern air,
Nonſenſe with *claſſic* ornaments is grac'd,
And paſſes current with the ſtamp of Taſte.
Then the rude Theocrite is ranſack'd o'er,
And *courtly* Maro call'd from Mincio's ſhore;
Sicilian Muſes on our mountains roam,
Eaſy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flouriſh'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in Englands meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic ſuns adorn;
And roſes bluſh, but bluſh without a thorn;
Landſcapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, riſe,
And new creations ſtrike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like theſe, who neither ſing nor ſay,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whoſe numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleaſure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain Common Senſe her viſit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at ſome ghoſt affrighted, ſtart and ſtare,
And aſk the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like theſe a wreath ſhall Maſon bring,
Lin'd with the ſofteſt down of Folly's wing;
In Love's Pagoda ſhall they ever doze,
And Giſbal kindly rock them to repoſe;

My lord—to letters as to *faith* moſt true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall *quaintly* faſhion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with ſad winds, and weep with weeping ſtreams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dreſs up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of ſome Druid's ſeat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me whom no Muſe of heav'nly birth inſpires,
No judgment tempers when raſh genius fires;
Who boaſt no merit but mere knack of rime,
Short gleams of ſenſe, and ſatire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* fancy leads
By *prattling* ſtreams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who often, but without ſucceſs, have pray'd
For *apt* Alliteration's *artful aid*;
Who would, but cannot, with a maſter's ſkill,
Coin fine new epithets *which mean no ill*;
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poeſy, and *ambling* wit,
Taſte with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongſt the loweſt of her favour'd race.
Thou, Nature, art *my* goddeſs—to thy law
Myſelf I dedicate.—*Hence* ſlaviſh awe
Which bends to faſhion, and obeys the rules,
Impoſ'd at firſt, and ſince obſerv'd by fools.
Hence thoſe vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hoe,
And bring the ſober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which Virtue ſcorns, and none but ſtrumpets wear.
Sick of thoſe pomps, thoſe vanities that waſte
Of toil, which critics now miſtake for *taſte*,
Of falſe refinements ſick, and labour'd eaſe,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to pleaſe,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) ſubdu'd,
However plain her dreſs, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier courſe I ſteer,
Climes where the goddeſs reigns throughout the year.
Where, undiſturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal laird*, and *faithful clan*.
To that rare ſoil, where virtues cluſt'ring grow,
What mighty bleſſings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth and ſenſe,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us ſhe gives, diſintereſted friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we proſperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous ſons and take a ſhare?
And if, by ſome diſaſtrous turn of fate,
Change ſhould enſue, and ruin ſeize the ſtate,
Shall we not find ſafe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?
Nor leſs our debt in Science, tho' deny'd
By the weak ſlaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramſays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote;
Thence, Home, diſbanded from the ſons of pray'r
For loving plays, tho' no *dull* Dean was there;
Thence iſſued forth, at great Macpherſon's call,
That *old*, *new*, *epic paſtoral*, Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of *Church* and *State*,
Of Chriſt and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* ſhould ſeek in vain;
Thence ſimple bards, by ſimple prudence taught,
To this *wiſe* town by ſimple patrons brought,

nanner utter ſimple lays,
with ſimple penſions, ſimple praiſe.
e ſome Muſe to Tweed's inſpiring ſtream,
the little loves and graces dream,
wly winding the dull waters creep,
themſelves to own the power of ſleep,
the ſurface lead, like feathers, ſwims,
me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
ny native ſtains, correct that blood
itinies at call of *Engliſh* pride,
to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.
lemn thought which overhangs the brow
: care, when things are—God knows
w;
: trim points, where Honour, ſlave to
le,
nent to Folly, plays the fool;
: gay ſcenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
Humour wings the laughing hour;
: ſoft better moments, when deſire
, and all the world of man's on fire,
ual ardours of the melting fair
repay us for whole years of care,
ip's ſummons will my Wilkes retreat,
nce ſeen before, that *ancient* ſeat,
t ſeat, where majeſty diſplay'd
s, *long before the world was made!*
arrow maxims, which enſlave mankind,
its bias warp thy ſettled mind.
by party, nor opinion's ſlave,
ilties which bounteous Nature gave,
t ſpirit into practice brings,
s the ſmile, nor dreads the frowns of
gs.
entious Engliſhmen comply
ult's voice, and curſe they know not
y;
o condemn, thy ſoul diſdains
le faction's arbitrary chains,
weighs, in apprehenſion clear,
hey are, and not as they appear.
Good-Humour tempers lively Wit,
with Judgment, Candour loves to ſit,
: gave thee, open to diſtreſs,
pity, and a hand to bleſs.
heard thee mourn the wretched lot
r, mean, deſpis'd, inſulted *Scot*,
it calm reaſon credit idle tales,
forg'd where prejudice prevails,
it home, or practiſes, thro' fear
, arts which damn all conſcience here.
blers, to the charge by int'reſt led,
North-Briton foaming at their head,
nvectives, deaf to candour's call,
by one alien, rail at all;
Piſgah when they take their ſtand,
e weakneſs of that *Holy Land*,
eſs truths their libels to adorn,
nation up to public ſcorn,
us ſoul condemns the frantic rage,
he faithful but ill-natur'd page.
are poor, cries ſurly Engliſh pride;
charge, nor by themſelves deny'd.
t then in ſtricteſt reaſon clear,
come to mend their fortunes here?
apple arts ſucceſsful grown,
our vigour to increaſe their own,

If, mean in want, and inſolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more ſurely to devour,
Rous'd by ſuch wrongs ſhould Reaſon take alarm,
And e'en the Muſe for public ſafety arm;
But if they own ingenious Virtue's ſway,
And follow where true Honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they're fed,
And bleſs the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vaſt debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become diſcreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Juſtice can't condemn.
" Into our places, ſtates, and beds they creep;"
They've ſenſe to get, what we want ſenſe to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaſpheme the choſen race.
Into thoſe traps, which men *call'd* Patriots laid,
By ſpecious arts unwarily betray'd.
Madly I leagu'd againſt that ſacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But ſhall I meanly Error's path purſue,
When heavenly Truth preſents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, ſhall I go farther in?
To make the oath was raſh, to keep it, ſin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what paſſion ſwore.
Converted, (bleſſed are the ſouls which know
Thoſe pleaſures which from true converſion flow,
Whether to reaſon, who now rules my breaſt,
Or to pure faith, like Lyttleton and Weſt)
Paſt crimes to expiate, be my preſent aim
To raiſe new trophies to the Scottiſh name,
To make (what can the proudeſt Muſe do more?)
E'en Faction's ſons her brighter worth adore,
To make her glories ſtamp'd with honeſt rimes,
In fulleſt tide roll down to lateſt times.
" Preſumptuous wretch! and ſhall a *Muſe* like thine,
" An *Engliſh Muſe*, the meaneſt of the nine,
" Attempt a theme like this? Can her weak
" ſtrain
" Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane?
" Should he from toils of government retire,
" And for a moment fan the poet's fire,
" Should he, of ſciences the moral friend,
" Each *curious*, each *important* ſearch ſuſpend,
" Leave *unaſſiſted* Hill of herbs to tell,
" And *all the wonders of a cockle-ſhell*,
" Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
" Would not *the* Home ſtep forth, and gain the
" prize?
" Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
" The humble brows of one in *England* born,
" Preſumptuous ſtill thy daring muſt appear;
" Vain all thy tow'ring hopes, whilſt I am here."
Thus ſpake a *form*, by ſilken ſmile and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat known.
Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldeſt ſon,
In ev'ry party found and yet of none.
This *airy ſubſtance*, this *ſubſtantial ſhade*,
Abaſh'd I heard, and with reſpect obey'd.
From themes too lofty for a bard ſo mean,
Diſcretion beckons to an humbler ſcene.
The reſtleſs fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and ſeek the ſylvan ſhade.

Now be the *Muſe* diſrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verſe by *Truth* ſupplied,
And if plain Nature pours a ſimple ſtrain,
Which Bute may praiſe, and Oſſian not diſdain,
Oſſian, *ſublimeſt*, *ſimpleſt* bard of all,
Whom *Engliſh infidels* Macpherſon *call*,
Then round my head ſhall honour's enſigns wave,
And penſions mark me for a willing ſlave.

Two boys, whoſe birth beyond all queſtion ſprings
From great and glorious, tho' forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of *Scottiſh* lineage, born and bred
On the ſame bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard Nature doom'd on the ſame rocks
To ſpin out life, and ſtarve themſelves and flocks,
Freſh as the morning, which, enrob'd in miſt,
The mountain's top with uſual dulneſs kiſs'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours roſe;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no cloaths,
Where, from their youth enur'd to winter-ſkies,
Dreſs and her vain refinements they deſpiſe.
Jockey, whoſe manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
With freckles ſpotted flam'd the golden down,
With mikle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the riſing to the ſetting day;
Sawney as long without remorſe could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his ſtrains, all natural tho' rude,
The *Highland laſs* forgot her want of food,
And, whilſt ſhe *ſcratch'd* her lover into reſt,
Sunk pleas'd, tho' hungry, on her Sawney's breaſt.
Far as the eye could reach, no tree was ſeen,
Earth, clad in ruſſet, ſcorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locuſts they ſecure defy,
For in three hours a graſhopper muſt die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feaſts there,
But the Cameleon, who can feaſt on air.
No birds, except as birds of paſſage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No ſtreams as amber ſmooth, as amber clear,
Were ſeen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's ſpring, which through the country ran,
Furniſh'd with bitter draughts, the ſteady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white roſe,
Which on the 10th of June by inſtinct blows,
By inſtinct blows at morn, and, when the ſhades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by inſtinct fades.
One, and but one poor ſolitary cave,
Too ſparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottiſh* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beaſt ſupplied.
Their ſnares *without* entangling briers ſpread,
And thiſtles, arm'd againſt the invader's head.
Stood in cloſe ranks all entrance to oppoſe,
Thiſtles now held more precious than the roſe.
All creatures which, on Nature's earlieſt plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to naſtineſs and ſpite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the ſight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their Saviour ſhunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noiſome road
With poiſon's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were ſpread of more than common ſize,
And half-ſtarv'd ſpiders prey'd on half-ſtarv'd flies;
In queſt of food, eſts ſtrove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, ſmear'd the ſlimy wall;
The cave around with hiſſing ſerpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapours hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known*,
As proud as poor, *here* fix'd her *native* throne.
Here, for the ſullen ſky was overcaſt,
And ſummer ſhrunk beneath a wint'ry blaſt,
A native blaſt, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked ſwain,
The boys for ſhelter made; behind the ſheep
Of which thoſe ſhepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On Nature ſeem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempeſt, we're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous ſtorm,
Are laid *emong* yon thiſtles dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by ſhepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel ſky?
What if we tune ſome merry *roundelay*?
Well doſt thou ſing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill adviſes thou, *I wis*,
To think of ſongs at ſuch a time as this.
Sooner ſhall herbage crown theſe barren rocks,
Sooner ſhall fleeces cloath theſe ragged flocks,
Sooner ſhall want ſeize ſhepherds of the ſouth,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of ſeaſon, ſhall impart
The ſongs of gladneſs with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a ſilly ſwain;
Of things paſt help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's ſpite;
No ſky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is ſorrow's ſalve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, muſt be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full ſilly ſwain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didſt thou bear thy Maggy's falſhood? how,
When with a foreign loon ſhe ſtole away,
Did'ſt thou forſwear thy pipe and ſhepherd's lay?
Where was thy boaſted wiſdom then, when I
Applied thoſe proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O ſhe was *bonny*! All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (tho' that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimſtone call,
Or that choice plant, ſo grateful to the noſe,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A laſs ſo fair ſhould ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or ſong to charm the ear,
Thro' all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by ev'ry honeſt Scot,
And in the ſhepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapleſs ſwain,
In evil hour forſook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young Laird diſcreetly fled,
Was ſeiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dea
dead.

JOCKEY.

nay we all lament that day;
ers in the deadly fray.
ad I, on the Scottiſh plains,
know were none more hopeful ſwains;
here I loſt, in manhood's pride,
d, and three on gibbets died:
ins, to follow war's alarms!
h ſhepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

not—There ſaw I ſtrangers clad
ours of our raviſh'd *plaid*,
a too, our nation's pride,
e the aukward victor's ſide.
choiceſt youth, and from that day
wney tune the merry lay;
which fell! curs'd thoſe which ſtill ſur-

teen renew'd in *Forty-five*.

i'd the Boys, when from her throne of

ibos'd, and overgrown with ſcurf,
, which, in life's corrupted well,
birth, not abſtinence could quell,
t rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
r e'en to madneſs ſeem'd to riſe,
id her throes and pangs of heart,
t looſe, and from their orbs to ſtart;
eeks were each a deep-ſunk cell,
hedneſs and horror lov'd to dwell;
rows of uſeleſs teeth ſupplied,
from ear to ear, extended wide,
n for want of food her entrails pin'd,
d curſing ſwallow'd nought but wind;
was her ſkin, and here and there,
way by force, her bones lay bare:
ght to hide from human view,
limbs a tatter'd plaid ſhe threw.
ed the goddeſs, ceaſe, deſpairing ſwains,
arent hear what Jove ordains!
is barren corner of the iſle,
l fortune never deigned to ſmile;
's baſtards, reaping for our ſhare
jected by the lawful heir;
mongſt the nations of the earth,
wn to raiſe contempt and mirth;
ecauſe the race of Roman braves
not worth their while to make us ſlaves;
ondage by that nation brought,
we for ages vainly fought;
with unſlack'd heat we view, and ſtill,
f miſchief loſt, retain the will;
the refuſe of mankind,
the laſt moment left behind,
al Nature doubted, as it lay,
ſtamp with life, or throw away;
m'd in haſte, was planted in this nook,
ter'd in Creation's book;
raitors, who for love of gold
their God, as once their King they ſold;
re borne this mighty weight of ill,
njurious taunts, and bear them ſtill.
f happier note are now at hand,
I promiſe of a better land:

There, like the *Sons of Iſrael*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren deſert, we ſhall ſeize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With ſome few natives join'd, ſome *pliant* few,
Who worſhip int'reſt, and our track purſue,
There ſhall we, tho' the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor aſk the owners leave.
For us, the earth ſhall bring forth her increaſe;
For us, the flocks ſhall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves ſhall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage ſhall their harveſts grow,
And *Scotſmen* reap what they diſdain'd to ſow;
For us, the ſun ſhall climb the eaſtern hill;
For us, the rain ſhall fall, the dew diſtil;
When to our wiſhes Nature cannot riſe,
Art ſhall be taſk'd to grant us freſh ſupplies.
His brawny arm ſhall drudging Labour ſtrain,
And for our pleaſure ſuffer daily pain;
Trade ſhall for us exert her utmoſt pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the oak ſhall from his native ſteep
Deſcend, and fearleſs travel thro' the deep;
The ſail of Commerce for our uſe unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treaſures of each diſtant world;
For us, ſublimer heights ſhall Science reach,
For us, their Stateſmen plot, their Churchmen preach;
Their nobleſt limbs of counſel we'll diſjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, impriſon'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And, when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Diſcord braying with her braſen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Deſolation ſtalking in the rear.
Revenge, by Juſtice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.
Think not, my ſons, that this ſo bleſs'd eſtate
Stands at a diſtance on the roll of fate;
Already big with hopes of future ſway,
E'en from this cave I ſcent my deſtin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whoſe former deeds ſhall Time's laſt annals grace,
In the rough face of peril muſt be fought,
And with the lives of thouſands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laugh's to ſcorn the blundering hero's heart.
Into the ſnare ſhall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
When Rome, to prop her ſinking empire, bore
Their choiceſt levies to a foreign ſhore,
What if we ſeiz'd, like a deſtroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood.
Gave an unbounded looſe to manly rage,
And ſcorning mercy, ſpar'd nor ſex nor age;
When, for our int'reſt too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent poſſeſs'd the throne,
What if we ſtrove diviſions to foment,
And ſpread the flames of civil diſcontent,
Aſſiſted thoſe 'gainſt their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When reſtleſs Glory bad her ſons advance,
And pitch'd her ſtandard in the fields of France;

What if, diſdaining oaths, and empty ſound,
By which our nation never ſhall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam
Thro' the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty and Senſe,
When they againſt their lawful monarch roſe,
And dar'd the Lord's Anointed to oppoſe,
What if we ſtill rever'd the baniſh'd race,
And ſtrove the Royal Vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions ſhook th' unſettled ſtate,
And greatly dar'd, tho' croſs'd by partial fate;
Theſe acts, which might, where wiſdom held the ſway,
Awake the very ſtones to bar our way,
There ſhall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an Engliſh brain.
Bleſs'd with that *faith*, which mountains can remove,
Firſt they ſhall *dupes*, next *ſaints*, laſt *martyrs* prove.
Already is this game of fate begun
Under the ſanction of my darling ſon:
That ſon of nature royal as his name,
Is deſtin'd to redeem our race from ſhame;
His boundleſs pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way ſmooth, the crooked ſtraight,
Shall for our eaſe the raging floods reſtrain,
And ſink the mountain level to the plain.
Diſcord, whom in a cavern under ground
With maſſy fetters their late Patriot bound,
Where her own fleſh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curſes to the vacant air,
Where, that ſhe never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpoſe ſhall our Chief releaſe,
Diſguiſe her for a time, and call her Peace.
Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak Engliſh help themſelves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours ſhall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites are ſtill the ſame,
To ſoothe our rage, the temporiſing brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Againſt their Saviour venom'd falſehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith ſhall they commit
(Our faith which in extremeſt perils tried,
Diſdain'd, and ſtill diſdains, to change her ſide)
That ſacred Majeſty they all approve,
Who moſt enjoys, and beſt deſerves their love.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the ſons of men how few are known
Who dare be juſt to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and ſuperior ſenſe
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can ſcarcely bear,
So nice is Jealouſy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that's baſe,
Proclaim thyſelf the monſter of thy race;
Let Vice and Folly thy black ſoul divide,
Be proud with meanneſs, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From ſide to ſide, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all thoſe charities, thoſe ſacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wiſe,
To work our ſafety, and enſure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift againſt Virtue pow'r's oppreſſive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehenſive line,
To group, which volumes ſcarcely could define,
Whate'er of ſin and dullneſs can be ſaid,
Join to a F——'s heart a D———'s head;
Yet may'ſt thou paſs unnotic'd in the throng,
And free from envy, ſafely ſneak along.
The rigid ſaint, by whom no mercy's ſhewn
To ſaints whoſe lives are better than his own,
Shall ſpare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, ſhall forgive a dunce.
But ſhould thy ſoul, form'd in ſome luckleſs hour,
Vile int'reſt ſcorn, nor madly graſp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave diſeaſe, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reaſon's court, is amply juſtified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averſe to ſtrife,
Should'ſt thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'ſt thou, by pale and ſickly Study led,
Purſue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy Guide, and Public Good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the paſſions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the ſick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breaſt,
Redoubled horror grinning on her creſt,
Fiercer each ſnake, and ſharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell ſhall maddening Envy ſtart.
Then ſhalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how ſhort is glory's date!
Then ſhalt thou find, whilſt friends with foes conſpire
To give more proof than virtue would deſire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's ſo great as daring to excel.
Whilſt Satire thus diſdaining mean controul,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honeſt ſoul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the beſt, when'er ſhe thinks at all,
With the ſweet milk of human kindneſs bleſs'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repreſs'd.
Can'ſt thou, with more than uſual warmth, ſhe cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,
Can'ſt thou, ſevere by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thouſand ways,
To ſpin detraction forth from themes of praiſe,
To make Vice fit for purpoſes of ſtrife,
And draw the hag much larger than the life,
To make the good ſeem bad, the bad ſeem worſe,
And repreſent our nature as our curſe?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?

:tetion warn thee of diſgrace,
;rinning ſtare thee in the face ;
drum, which ſpreading terror round
eſs acquires the pow'r of ſound ?
: voice of Norton ſtrike thy ear,
Mansfield chill thy ſoul with fear ?
fond man, believe thyſelf ſecure,
t'rt honeſt, and becauſe thou'rt poor ?
a law and liberty depend ?
thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
ond the ruffian gripe of pow'r ?
es, *prejudg'd*, is ſentenc'd to the Tow'r ?
y privilege exemption claim,
ege is little more than name ?
ative (that glorious ground
ate-ſcoundrels oft have ſafety found)
retend, and there a ſanction find,
thus to libel human kind ?
verty, the poet's conſtant crime,
nee, all unfit, to trade in rime,
antic notions turn'd thy head,
not valu'd honour more than bread,
, pliant int'reſt, been thy guide,
prudence been debauch'd by pride,
: ſtream thou would'ſt have dipp'd thy

great, and not to honeſt men,
conviction have ſeduc'd thy heart
weaker tho' the better part.
t rank folly, for thy curſe decreed,
atire's barren path miſlead,
n to thy view, before thee lay
ng Panegyric's flow'ry way ?
it the Muſe have ſaunter'd at her eaſe,
ng others, learn'd herſelf to pleaſe ;
d have liſten'd to the ſugar'd treat,
ſimp'ring, own'd it vaſtly ſweet ;
thy prudent verſe with virtue grac'd,
:'d by thee as prodigies of taſte,
forbid, pouring preferment down,
ſuch Truth as thine to quit the gown.
brethren too (for they no leſs
n, bring their offerings to ſucceſs)
thee good if great, and paid the vow
hat they pay to God, whilſt thou
ſt whiſper'd to a ſleeping croud,
R——, and half as proud.
Candour !—Wiſely had'ſt thou ſaid, and
l,
ſt in this breaſt one moment dwell,
with proſpect of ſucceſs, oppoſe
ſolves which from conviction roſe.
ckle to a fool of ſtate,
favour from the man I hate.
ave others by ſuch means to ſhine ;
r practice, they may laugh at mine.
is charge, forgetful of thyſelf,
aſſum'd the maxims of that elf,
l in wrath for man's diſhonour fram'd,
Heav'n, amongſt us Prudence nam'd,
: Prudence which I leave to thoſe
ot be my friends, can't be my foes.
ith cruel and oppreſſive rimes
d turn'd misfortunes into crimes ;
en Virtue gaſping lay and low,
it Vice, and added woe to woe ;
: Modeſty in bluſhes ſpeak,
the tear down Beauty's ſacred cheek ;

Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that ſex which honour bids me praiſe ;
Had I, from vengeance by baſe views betray'd,
In endleſs night ſunk injur'd Ayliff's ſhade ;
Had I (which Satiriſts of mighty name,
Renown'd in time, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Juſtice ſhall purſue
In future verſe) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Becauſe his worth was greater than my own ;
Had I ſpar'd thoſe (ſo *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God ſo help me at my greateſt need,
I ne'er will ſpare, thoſe vipers to their King,
Who ſmooth their looks, and flatter whilſt they
ſting.
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boaſt
Of thoſe, who flatter leaſt, but love him moſt ;
Had I thus ſinn'd, my ſtubborn ſoul ſhould bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke ; myſelf ſhould be the firſt
To hate myſelf, and ſtamp my Muſe accurs'd.
But ſhall my arm—forbid it manly pride,
Forbid it Reaſon, warring on my ſide—
For vengeance lifted high, the ſtroke forbear,
And hang ſuſpended in the deſart air,
Or to my trembling ſide unnerv'd ſink down,
Palſied, forſooth, by Candour's half-made frown ?
When Juſtice bids me on, ſhall I delay
Becauſe inſipid Candour bars my way ?
When ſhe, of all alike the puling friend,
Would diſappoint my Satire's nobleſt end,
When ſhe to villains would a ſanction give,
And ſhelter thoſe who are not fit to live,
When ſhe would ſcreen the guilty from a bluſh,
And bids me ſpare whom Reaſon bids me cruſh,
All leagues with Candour proudly I reſign ;
She cannot be for honour's turn, nor mine.
Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't com-
mend,
Come Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, faſhion'd without feelings, doſt expect,
We call that Virtue which we know Defect ;
Come, and obſerve the nature of our crimes,
The groſs and rank complexion of the times,
Obſerve it well, and then review my plan,
Praiſe if you will, or cenſure if you can.
Whilſt Vice preſumptuous lords it as in ſport,
And Piety is only known at court ;
Whilſt wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of Exciſe ;
Whilſt nobles act without one touch of ſhame,
What men of humble rank would bluſh to name ;
Whilſt Honour's plac'd in higheſt point of view,
Worſhipp'd by thoſe, who juſtice never knew ;
Whilſt bubbles of diſtinction waſte in play
The hours of reſt, and blunder thro' the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their ſleep ;
Whilſt fathers, by relentleſs paſſion led,
Doom worthy injur'd ſons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-fav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upſtart race ;
Whilſt Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty ſoul for pay ;
Whilſt titles ſerve to huſh a villain's fears ;
Whilſt peers are agents made, and agents peers ;

Whilſt baſe betrayers are themſelves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilſt C——, falſe to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour ſold,
To ſhame his maſter, friend, and father gives;
Whilſt Bute remains in pow'r, whilſt Holland lives;
Can Satire want a ſubject, where Diſdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her ſharpeſt ſtrain;
Where cloath'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour juſtify the rage of ſong?

Such things! ſuch men before thee! ſuch an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And ſicken e'en to ſurfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fulleſt tide,
May ſpread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Juſtice behold the ruin with a ſmile;
Whilſt I, thy foe miſdeem'd cannot condemn,
Nor diſapprove that rage I wiſh to ſtem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, chuſe
To ſoil the credit of thy haughty Muſe?
With fallacy, moſt infamous, to ſtain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the ſtage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy ſatire fell,
And poor Reviews conſpir'd thy wrath to ſwell;
When ſtates and ſtateſmen next became thy care,
And only kings were ſafe if thou waſt there;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's ſcale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail,
Why doſt thou now to falſhood meanly fly?
Not even Candour can forgive a lye.

Bad as men are, why ſhould thy frantic rimes
Traffic in ſlander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which exiſting only in thy mind,
Weak ſpleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleaſing hopes we lure the human heart
To practiſe virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart theſe ends, (which proud of honeſt fame,
A noble Muſe would cheriſh and enflame)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sick lies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we ſeek, we never can obtain;
That dead to Virtue, loſt to Nature's plan,
Envy poſſeſſes the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wiſe.

'Tis a rank falſhood; ſearch the world around,
There cannot be ſo vile a monſter found,
Not one ſo vile, on whom ſuſpicions fall
Of that groſs guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by thoſe who diſobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itſelf extorts applauſe.
Her very foes bear witneſs to her ſtate;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herſelf, with ſpite purſue
Merit for merit's ſake! Might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with diſdain,
And with the beaſts that periſh graze the plain:
Might this be true, had we ſo far fill'd up
The meaſure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt ſo deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirſting for ſin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin muſt involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in juſtice cruſh us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongſt them the worſt,
Thoſe who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be ſo loſt; nor can the worſt of all
At once into ſuch deep damnation fall;
By painful ſlow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in hell muſt be a work of time.
Ceaſe then thy guilty rage, thou wayward ſon,
With the foul gall of diſcontent o'er-run,
Liſt to my voice—be honeſt, if you can,
Nor ſlander Nature in her fav'rite Man.
But if thy ſpirit, reſolute in ill,
One having err'd, perſiſts in error ſtill,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent thoſe blaſphemies in air,
Which I would ſtamp as falſe, tho' on the tongue
Of angels the injurious ſlander hung.

Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who ſnares the coxcomb to deceive himſelf)
Or blinded by that rage, did'ſt thou believe
That we, too, coolly, would ourſelves deceive?
That we as ſterling falſhood would admit,
Becauſe 'twas ſeaſon'd with ſome little wit?
When fiction riſes pleaſing to the eye,
Men will believe, becauſe they love the lie;
But Truth herſelf, if clouded with a frown,
Muſt have ſome ſolemn proof to paſs her down.
Haſt thou, maintaining that which muſt diſgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Haſt thou, or can'ſt thou, in Truth's ſacred court,
To ſave thy credit, and thy cauſe ſupport,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which ſo great, ſo groſs a charge to found!
Nay, do'ſt thou know one man (let that appear
From wilful falſhood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man ſo loſt, to Nature ſo untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge, thy raſhneſs drew?
On this foundation ſhalt thou ſtand or fall—
Prove that in One, which you have charg'd on All.
Reaſon determines, and it muſt be done;
'Mongſt men, or paſt, or preſent, name me One.

Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry ſtrains
With that mean falſhood which my ſoul diſdains—
Hogarth ſtand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou ſhalt receive ſuch proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou ſhalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth ſtand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conſcience muſt preſide;
At that moſt ſolemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you ſtand—
Speak, but conſider well—from firſt to laſt
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action paſt—
Nay, you ſhall have no reaſon to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'ſt thou remember from thy earlieſt youth,
And as thy God muſt judge thee, ſpeak the truth,
A ſingle inſtance where, *ſelf* laid aſide,
And juſtice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'ſt Genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a ſure offence,
And thy ſoul ſickens at the name of ſenſe.
Is any one ſo fooliſh to ſucceed,
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed;
Hogarth, a guilty pleaſure in his eyes,
The place of executioner ſupplies.

otes, enjoys the ſacred feaſt,
imſelf by cruelty a prieſt.
weak artiſt to thy whims a ſlave,
all thoſe pow'rs which Nature gave.
blank concealment to obſcure
hy jealouſy could not endure;
anity would ruſt unknown,
thy credit blaſt his own,
e was ſure to find a friend;
fear, and therefore might commend.
ſpirit, rous'd by honeſt ſhame,
at lethargy, and ſoar'd to fame,
the pride of man, reſolv'd and ſtrong,
ofe fears which did his honour wrong,
ſelf determin'd to rely,
his labours to the public eye,
hee, could ſuch a rebel know;
, and Hogarth was his foe.
tim'rous caſt, of petty name
art, not yet quite dead to ſhame,
morſe, ſome qualms of conſcience feel,
nour to abate their zeal;
truly and compleatly great,
le of action but his hate;
ar he bravely breaks his way,
inciple, and parts his prey.
rice and virtue ſpeak a mind
ale of temperance confin'd;
irit ſcorns her narrow ſchemes,
or bad, is always in extremes.
Vice duly weigh'd, thro' ev'ry age
plan hath Envy form'd her rage:
whom fortune hath our rivals made
ence, and in way of Trade,
ean jealouſy ſhe arms her ſpite,
then views their ruin with delight.
here a grand improver ſhines,
the gen'ral plan refines;
ſelf o'erleaps the ſexvile bound;
mark, wherever worth is found.
rs only his vaſt wrath ſuffice?
ry walk is lawful prize.
ſult to his o'ergrown ſtate;
erit is to feel his hate.
ilkes, our countryman, our common
,
ng, his country to defend,
f pow'r he bar'd to public view,
ir holes the ſneaking cowards drew,
ar found it far beyond her reach
nour, and his truth impeach,
duce thee, at a time and place,
foes had bluſh'd to ſhew their face,
effort, which muſt damn thy name,
deep, deep in thy grave with ſhame?
ve thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
adſt not done it, thou hadſt dy'd.
diſappointed of her end,
ork the bane of foe or friend,
lf, and driven to the ſtake,
that revenge ſhe ſcorns to take)
e, tott'ring on life's utmoſt verge,
nd Liberty eſcap'd thy ſcourge.
t great Charter, which our fathers
t
t blood, was into queſtion brought;
ith ruin, o'er each Engliſh head
ng ſuſpended by a thread;

When Liberty, all trembling and aghaſt,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was paſt;
When ev'ry breaſt was chill'd with deep deſpair,
Till reaſon pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, moſt ruffian-like, behind a ſcreen,
So plac'd all things to ſee, himſelf unſeen,
Virtue, with due contempt, ſaw Hogarth ſtand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palſied hand.
What was the cauſe of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? Let them ſink or ſwim,
So he may gratify without controul,
The mean reſentments of his ſelfiſh ſoul.
Let Freedom periſh, if, to Freedom true,
In the ſame ruin Wilkes may periſh too.
With all the ſymptoms of aſſur'd decay,
With age and ſickneſs pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The ſpirits out of tune, the nerves unſtrung,
Thy body ſhrivell'd up, thy dim eyes ſunk
Within their ſockets deep, thy weak hams ſhrunk
Thy body's weight unable to ſuſtain,
The ſtream of life ſcarce trembling thro' the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honeſt truths, which fell,
Thro' thy own fault, from men who wiſh'd thee well,
Can'ſt thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things elſe, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy cloſet, ſhut thee in.
By deep repentance waſh away thy ſin,
From haunts of men to ſhame and ſorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! Waſh the Ethiop white,
Diſcharge the leopard's ſpots, turn day to night,
Controul the courſe of Nature, bid the deep
Huſh at thy pigmy voice her waves to ſleep,
Perform things paſſing ſtrange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in ſuch a heart.
That Envy which was woven in the frame
At firſt, will to the laſt remain the ſame.
Reaſon may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers ſtrength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant ſtride
Stalks thro' the vale of life by Virtue's ſide,
Retreats when ſhe hath drawn her lateſt breath,
And calmly hears her praiſes after death.
To ſuch obſervers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the manſion of his gloomy breaſt,
A manſion ſuited well to ſuch a gueſt,
Immortal, unimpair'd ſhe rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyſelf the idol of thy aukward ſtrain,
Thro' the dull meaſure of a ſummer's day,
In phraſe moſt vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilſt friends with friends all gaping ſit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praiſe.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mentioned with reſpect ſome ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greateſt honour wore,
How have I ſeen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confuſion ſeize thy mangled tale!

How hath thy jealouſy to madneſs grown,
And deem'd his praiſe injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And Arts and Artiſts all became thy prey;
Then did'ſt thou trample on eſtabliſh'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient ſchools,
Condemn'd thoſe works, with praiſe through ages grac'd,
Which you had never ſeen, or could not taſte.
"But would mankind have true perfection ſhewn,
"It muſt be found in labours of my own.
"I dare to challenge in one ſingle piece,
"Th' united force of Italy and Greece."
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boaſted maſter-piece to view.
Spare thy remarks—ſay not a ſingle word—
The picture ſeen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up ſhame and anger in our cheeks;
Without a comment Sigiſmunda ſpeaks.
Poor Sigiſmunda; what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great High-Prieſt of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muſe could give,
And in his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
Gave thee thoſe ſoft ſenſations, which might move
And warm the coldeſt anchorite to love;
Gave thee that virtue which could curb deſire,
Refine and conſecrate love's headſtrong fire;
Gave thee thoſe griefs which made the ſtoic feel,
And call'd compaſſion forth from hearts of ſteel;
Gave thee that firmneſs which our ſex may ſhame,
And make Man bow to Woman's juſter claim,
So that our tears, which from compaſſion flow,
Seem to debaſe thy dignity of woe.
But O, how much unlike! how fallen! how chang'd!
How much from Nature and herſelf eſtrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To ſhew her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigiſmunda now devoted ſtand,
The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand!
But why, *my* Hogarth, ſuch a progreſs made,
So rare a pattern for the ſign-poſt trade,
In the full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was *Heroic* painting laid aſide?
Why is it not reſum'd? Thy friends at court,
Men all in place and pow'r, crave thy ſupport;
Be grateful then for once, and thro' the field
Of politics, thy *Epic* pencil wield,
Maintain the cauſe, which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.
Thro' ev'ry *Pamel* let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, How Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's ſons (whom they conſpir'd to bleſs
Againſt our will, with inſolent ſucceſs)
Approve their fall, and with addreſſes run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scottiſh ſun!
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the ſtrong arm of Juſtice, ſhook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to encreaſe,
Point out the honours of ſucceeding peace;
Our *moderation*, chriſtian-like, diſplay,
Shew what we got, and what we gave away.
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a *State*-chaos thro' the whole prevail.
But, of events regardleſs, whilſt the Muſe,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme purſues;
Whilſt her quick ſpirits rouſe at Freedom's call,
And ev'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilſt a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my ſtrong anger to the bitter'ſt end;
Whilſt honeſt trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue paſs unprais'd:
Juſtice with equal courſe bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greateſt foe.
O! that I here could that rare Virtue mean,
Which ſcorns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen,
Which ſprings not from the labour'd works of Art,
But hath its riſe from Nature in the heart,
Which in itſelf with happineſs is crown'd,
And ſpreads with joy the bleſſing all around!
But Truth forbids, and in theſe ſimple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praiſe,
Muſt Hogarth ſtand: that praiſe which Genius gives,
In which to lateſt time the *Artiſt* lives,
But not the *Man*; which, rightly underſtood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praiſe be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there.
Foe as I am, ſhould Envy tear it down,
Myſelf would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that caſt of ſtyle,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us ſmile;
In Comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their ſoul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole.
Where a plain ſtory to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd ſtands, and ſhall engage
Unrivall'd praiſe to the moſt diſtant age.
How could'ſt thou then to ſhame perverſely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee ſhun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vaſt parts become the ſport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for ſome monſtrous crime
Pride ſtruck thee with the phrenzy of *Sublime*.
But, when the work was finiſh'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herſelf ſo blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor ſee thoſe faults which ev'ry blockhead ſaw?
Bluſh, thou vain man, and if deſire of fame.
Founded on real Art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick deſtruction Sigiſmunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.
But ſhould fond Candour, for her mercy ſake,
With pity view, and pardon this miſtake;
Or ſhould oblivion, to thy wiſh moſt kind,
Wipe off that ſtain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of Arts *deſpis'd*, of Artiſts by thy frown
Aw'd from juſt hopes, of *riſing worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanneſs thro' this mortal race,
Can'ſt thou the living memory eraſe?
Or ſhall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back juſt that meaſure which you gave?
With ſo much merit, and ſo much ſucceſs,
With ſo much power to curſe, ſo much to bleſs,
Would he have been man's friend inſtead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.
Why then, like ſavage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in ſcripture ſtory we are told,

in cruelty that ſtrength employ,
ıture meant to ſave, not to deſtroy ?
thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
ıg o'er the ruins thou haſt made ?
t Ill-nature muſt applaud thy art ;
Candour muſt condemn thy heart.
', who warm and zealous for my friend,
f railing thouſands, will commend,
leſs warm and zealous 'gainſt my foes,
commending thouſands, will oppoſe,
r worſt, with ſcorn behold thy rage,
an eye of pity view thy age ;
le age, in which, as in a glaſs,
ow men to diſſolution paſs.
etched Being, whom, on Reaſon's plan,
'd, ſo loſt, I cannot call a man,
ıld perſuade thee, at this time of life,
h afreſh into the ſea of ſtrife ?
r thee, ſcarce crawling on the earth,
s much a child as at thy birth,
reſign'd in peace thy parting breath,
t unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
uld thy grey, grey hairs reſentment brave,
go down with ſorrow to the grave ?
my ſoul, it makes me bluſh to know
s could deſcend to ſuch a foe.
r cauſe the vengeance might provoke,
rank cowardice to give the ſtroke
is a curſe which angry Fates impoſe,
ſy man's arrogance, that thoſe
ſhion'd of ſome better ſort of clay,
ner than the common herd decay.
ter pangs muſt humble Genius feel,
aſt hours, to view a Swift and Steele ?
ſt ill-boding horrors fill her breaſt,
: beholds men, mark'd above the reſt
ties moſt dear, plung'd from that height,
:, deep ſunk, in ſecond childhood's night ?
, indeed, ſuch things, and are the beſt
ject to this evil, than the reſt,
out whole years of ideot breath,
ne monuments of living death ?
g circumſtance to human pride !
hought, but not to be denied !
ious art the brain too finely wrought,
herſelf, and is deſtroy'd by thought.
ttention wears the active mind,
her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.
t youth, to inſolence allied,
' blood, in full career of pride,
f Genius, with unhallow'd rage,
infirmities of rev'rend age.
eſt Genius to this fate may bow ;
in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE

HOST.

IN

OUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

H eager ſearch to dart the ſoul,
uriouſly vain, from pole to pole,
VIII.

And from the planets, wand'ring ſpheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all thoſe years ſhall flow
Serenely ſmooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune ſhall deform
Our life, with one continual ſtorm ;
Or if the ſcene ſhall motley be,
Alternate joy and miſery ;
Is a deſire, which, more or leſs,
All men muſt feel, tho' few confeſs.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords ſubſiſtence to the ſage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the ſtars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come ſome ages hence,
Which unto friends, at eaſy rates,
He readily communicates.
At its firſt riſe, which all agree on,
This noble ſcience was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountains head,
Gaz'd on the ſtars, obſerv'd their motions,
And ſtrek'd in aſtrologic notions,
Which they ſo eagerly purſue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilſt they're conſulting things above ;
And when they now ſo poor were grown,
That they'd no houſes of their own,
They made bold with their friends the ſtars,
And prudently made uſe of theirs.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd :
Th' exotic Science ſoon ſtruck root,
And flouriſh'd into high repute.
Each learned prieſt, O ſtrange to tell !
Could circles make, and caſt a ſpell ;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of Divination.
Nobles themſelves, for at that time
Knowledge in Nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the prieſt,
And prophecy as much at leaſt.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whoſe crafty ſkill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with ſmirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friend's deſires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all ;
Whom we, miſtaking, Gypſies call.
The Grecian Sages borrow'd this,
As they did other ſciences,
From fertile Egypt, tho' the loan
They had not honeſty to own,
Dodona's oaks, inſpir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable Necromancers,
And to all comers gave their anſwers :
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear ;
Each ſubtle prieſt on three-legg'd ſtool,
To take in wiſe men, play'd the fool.
A myſtery, ſo made for gain,
E'en now in faſhion muſt remain.
Enthuſiaſts never will let drop
What brings ſuch buſineſs to their ſhop,

By *his* directions came about,
And roſe to *par*, he ſhould ſell out;
Whether he ſafely might, or no,
Replace it in the funds *below*.
By all addreſs'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many purſu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Succeſſive held the Magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling paſſion,
The love of novelty and faſhion,
Ambition, Av'rice, Luſt, and Pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry ſide.
But when the *prudent* laws thought fit
To curb this inſolence of Wit;
When Senates wiſely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no ſuch vile and upſtart elves
Should have more knowledge than themſelves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To ſtop the progreſs of the trade,
And ſtars no longer could diſpenſe,
With *honour*, farther influence,
And Wizards (which muſt be confeſt
Was of more force than all the reſt)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted Sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to ſteer ſome other courſe.
By various ways, theſe *Sons of Chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,
Well knowing, by unerring rules,
Knaves ſtarve not in the *Land of Fools*.
Some, with high titles and degrees,
Which wiſe men borrow when they pleaſe,
Without or trouble or expence,
Phyſicians inſtantly commence,
And proudly boaſt an equal ſkill
With thoſe who claim the *right to kill*.
Others about the countries roam,
(For not one thought of going *home*)
With piſtol and adopted leg
Prepar'd at once to rob or beg.
Some, the more ſubtle of their race,
(Who felt ſome touch of *coward* grace,
Who Tyburn to avoid had wit,
But never fear'd deſerving it)
Came to their *brother* Smollet's aid,
And carried on the Critic trade.
Attach'd to Letters and the Muſe,
Some verſes wrote, and *ſome* wrote news;
Thoſe each revolving month are ſeen,
The heroes of a *Magazine*;
Theſe, ev'ry morning, great appear
In Ledger, or in Gazetteer;
Spreading the falſehoods of the day
By turns for Faden and for Say;
Like Swiſs, their force is always laid
On that ſide where they beſt are paid.
Hence mighty prodigies ariſe,
And daily Monſters ſtrike our eyes;
Wonders, to propagate the trade,
More ſtrange than ever Baker made,
Are hawk'd about from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And Fools believe, whilſt Liars eat.
Now armies in the air engage,
To fright a ſuperſtitious age;
Now comets through the æther range,
In governments portending change;
Now rivers to the ocean fly
So quick they leave their channels dry;
Now monſtrous whales on Lambeth ſhore
Drink the Thames dry, and thirſt for more?
And ev'ry now and then appears
An Iriſh ſavage numb'ring years
More than thoſe happy ſages cou'd,
Who drew their breath before the Flood.
Now, to the wonder of all people,
A *church* is left without a *ſteeple*;
A *ſteeple* now is left in lurch,
And mourns departure of the *church*,
Which borne on wings of mighty wind,
Remov'd a furlong off we find.
Now, wrath on cattle to diſcharge,
Hail-ſtones as deadly fall, and large
As thoſe which were on Egypt ſent,
At once their crime and puniſhment;
Or thoſe which, as the Prophet writes,
Fell on the necks of Amorites,
When, ſtruck with wonder and amaze,
The *Sun* ſuſpended, ſtay'd to gaze,
And, from her duty longer kept,
In Ajalon his *ſiſter* ſlept.
But if ſuch things no more engage
The taſte of a politer age,
To help them out in time of need
Another Toſts muſt *rabbits* breed.
Each pregnant female trembling hears,
And, overcome with ſpleen and fears,
Conſults her faithful glaſs no more,
But madly bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a *doe*.
Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her uſual courſe ſuſpends,
And varies from the ſtated plan,
Obſerv'd e'er ſince the world began.
Bodies (which fooliſhly we thought,
By cuſtom's ſervile maxims taught,
Needed a regular ſupply,
And without nouriſhment muſt die)
With craving appetites and ſenſe
Of hunger eaſily diſpenſe,
And, pliant to *their* wond'rous ſkill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to ſtand ſtill
Unwind'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale ſucceeds,
Amply ſupplies its author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at leaſt,
With Gaſcoyne's help, a ſix month's feaſt.
Whilſt in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superſtition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan;
Whilſt fond Credulity, who ne'er
The weight of wholeſome doubts could bear,
To Reaſon and herſelf unjuſt,
Takes all things blindly up on truſt;
Whilſt Curioſity, whoſe rage
No mercy ſhews to ſex or age,
Muſt be indulg'd at the expence
Of *Judgment*, *Truth*, and *Common Senſe*;
Impoſtures cannot but prevail,
And when *old miracles* grow ſtale,
Jugglers will ſtill the art purſue,
And entertain the world with *new*.

n, obedient to their will,
ng at their mighty ſkill,
ſummon'd from the tomb,
ig ghaſtly thro' the gloom,
ſual pomp of ſtorms,
iſtomary forms,
Bear, a Horſe, an Ape,
d Fancy give them ſhape
with deſpair and pain,
they yell, and clank the chain.
uilt (for Guilt, howe'er
f courage it may wear,
ward at the heart)
ated phantoms ſtart.
, that very word implies
oth innocent and wiſe,
o travel in the dark,
orted by his Clerk.
not ev'ry bungler deem
y of ſo deep a ſcheme:
tion of the *Art*,
ſt muſt act a proper part,
ecorum's needful grace,
the laws of *Time* and *Place*,
ge, with happy variation,
rs with his ſituation;
he country might paſs down,
impertinent in town,
of *diſcretion* here
of breeding awe and fear,
ve the purpoſe more by half
the congregation laugh.
no enſigns of ſurprize,
f with gore, and ſawcer eyes;
entertaining *Sprite*,
amiliar, and polite,
appears in ſuch a form
an holy hermit warm,
former ſchemes refines,
talks by ſounds and ſigns,
not to the eye appear,
her viſits to the ear,
ks ſo gently, 'twould not fright
the darkeſt night.
FANNY, whoſe good-will,
nnot in the grave lie ſtill,
r on earth to entertain
ls and lovers in Cock-Lane.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

CRED ſtandard rule we find,
poets held time out of mind,
t Apollo's ſhrine,
on One, or All the Nine.
uſtom thro' a *bigot* zeal,
Moderns of *fine taſte* muſt feel
who wrote in days of yore,
ſtands like many more,

Tho' ev'ry cauſe which then conſpir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to time's deſtructive courſe,
For ages paſt hath loſt its force.
With *ancient* bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worſhip an eſſential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull ſolemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two to ſerve a turn.
They talk'd not of Caſtalian Springs,
By way of ſaying *pretty things*,
As *we* dreſs out our flimſey rimes;
'Twas the Religion of the *times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* ſtream
With greater force made Fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true ſpecific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romiſh Church (a ſcheme which bears
Not half ſo much excuſe as theirs)
Since Faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *Holy Water*.
The Pagan Syſtem, whether true
Or falſe, its ſtrength, like *buildings*, drew
From many parts diſpos'd to bear,
In one great Whole, their proper ſhare.
Each God of *eminent* degree
To ſome vaſt *beam* compar'd might be;
Each Godling was a *peg*, or rather
A *cramp*, to keep the *beams* together:
And man as ſafely might pretend,
From Jove the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aſpire
To rob Apollo of his *lyre*.
But why ſhould We, who cannot feel
Theſe glowings of a *Pagan* zeal,
That wild *enthuſiaſtic* force,
By which, above her common courſe,
Nature in *extacy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with ſcorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* religion than *our own*,
And feel not half ſo fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fiſher's name;
Who know theſe boaſted *ſacred ſtreams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That Thames has water clear as thoſe
Which on the top of Pindus roſe,
And that the Fancy to refine,
Water's not half ſo good as wine;
Who know, if profit ſtrikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither leſt
So ſoon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raiſe poetic fire,
The pow'r of *beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew;
If *Wit* into the ſcale is thrown,
Can boaſt a Lennox of our own;
Why ſhould *we* ſervile cuſtoms chuſe,
And court an *antiquated Muſe*?
No matter why—to aſk a *reaſon*,
In Pedant Bigotry is treaſon.
In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd Panegyric Ode*,

No *Modern Poet* dares to ride
Without Apollo by his ſide,
Nor in a *Sonnet* take the air,
Unleſs his *Lady Muſe* be there.
She, from ſome *Amarantkine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to *my Lord* muſt bear,
Or garlands make for *whores* to wear;
She, with ſoft *elegiac* verſe,
Muſt grace ſome *mighty villain*'s hearſe;
Or for ſome *infant*, doom'd by Fate,
To wallow in a large eſtate,
With rimes the cradle muſt adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.
Since then our Critic Lords expect
No hardy Poet ſhould reject
Eſtabliſh'd maxims, or preſume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I ſubmit,
And in the dearth of Senſe and Wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little ſaid*,
(By wild excurſive Fancy led,
Into a Second Book thus far,
Like ſome unwary *traveller*,
Whom varied ſcenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry ſtep leads more aſtray;
Who gazing round can no where ſpy,
Or houſe, or friendly cottage nigh,
And reſolution ſeems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke ſome Goddeſs to deſcend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Tho' conſcious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a ſmile,
Before the glaſs her charms unfolds,
And in *herſelf* My *Muſe* beholds.
Truth, Goddeſs of celeſtial birth,
But little lov'd, or known on earth,
Whoſe pow'r but ſeldom rules the heart,
Whoſe name, with hypocritic art,
An errant ſtalking-horſe is made,
A ſnug pretence to drive a trade,
An inſtrument convenient grown
To plant, more firmly, Falſhood's throne,
As rebels varniſh o'er their cauſe
With ſpecious colouring of laws,
And *pious* traitors draw the knife
In the King's *name* againſt his *life*;
Whether (from *cities* far away,
Where *fraud* and *falſehood* ſcorn thy ſway)
The faithful nymph's and ſhepherd's pride,
With Love and Virtue by thy ſide,
Your hours in harmleſs joys are ſpent
Amongſt the children of Content;
Or, fond of gaiety and ſport,
You tread the round of England's Court;
Howe'er my Lord may frowning go,
And treat the *ſtranger* as a *foe*,
Sure to be found a welcome gueſt
In George's and in Charlotte's breaſt;
If, in the giddy hours of youth,
My conſtant ſoul adher'd to Truth;
If, from the time I firſt wrote Man,
I ſtill purſu'd thy ſacred plan,
Tempted by intereſt in vain
To wear mean Falſhood's golden chain;
If, for a ſeaſon drawn away,
Starting from Virtue's path aſtray,
All low diſguiſe I ſcorn'd to try,
And dar'd to ſin, but not to lye;
Hither, O hither, condeſcend,
Eternal Truth, thy ſteps to bend,
And favour *him*, who ev'ry hour,
Confeſſes and obeys thy pow'r!
But come not with that eaſy mien,
By which you won the *lively* Dean,
Nor yet aſſume the ſtrumpet air,
Which Rabelais taught thee firſt to wear,
Nor yet that arch ambiguous face,
Which with Cervantes gave thee grace,
But come in ſacred veſture clad,
Solemnly dull, and truly ſad!
Far from thy ſeemly matron train
Be ideot Mirth, and Laughter vain!
For Wit and Humour which pretend
At once to pleaſe us and amend,
They are not for my preſent turn,
Let them remain in *France* with Sterne.
Of nobleſt *City parents* born,
Whom wealth and dignities adorn.
Who ſtill one conſtant tenor keep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep,
With Thee, let formal Dullneſs come,
And deep Attention, ever dumb,
Who on her lips her fingers lays,
Whilſt every circumſtance ſhe weighs,
Whoſe down-caſt eye is often found
Bent without motion to the ground,
Or, to ſome outward thing confin'd,
Remits no image to the mind,
No pregnant mark of meaning bears,
But ſtupid without viſion ſtares;
Thy ſteps let Gravity attend,
Wiſdom's and *Truth*'s unerring friend.
For *one* may ſee with half an eye,
That Gravity can never lye;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With ſolemn proof proclaims him *wiſe*.
Free from all waggeries and ſports,
The produce of luxurious *Courts*,
Where ſloth and luſt enervate youth,
Come *thou*, a down-right *City* Truth;
The City, which we ever find,
A ſober pattern for mankind;
Where *man*, in equilibrio hung,
Is ſeldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's ſlave;
As *dancers* on the *wire* we ſpy,
Hanging between the earth and ſky.
She comes—I ſee her from afar
Bending her courſe to *Temple-Bar*:
All ſage and ſilent in her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may ſuit a *Parſon*'s wear,
And fit the head-piece of a *Mayor*.
By Truth inſpir'd, *our* Bacon's force
Open'd the way to Learning's ſource;
Boyle thro' the works of Nature ran;
And Newton, ſomething more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden ſprings,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the earth our ſpirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.

ſpir'd when *Lauder*'s ſpight
caſt the veil of night,
ſe, and thro' the maze
and winding ways,
: the ſubtle traitor lay,
l him trembling to the day ;
(O ſhame to nobler parts,
› the lib'ral arts,
› ſo vile a ſcheme !)
our letter'd Polypheme,
onfed'rate forces join'd,
coward, ſkulk'd behind.
ıſpir'd, our *Critics* go
ingal in *Highland* ſnow,
eir own and others *creed*
ſcripts they cannot read.
nſpir'd, we numbers ſee
ofeſſion and degree,
Simple, Lord and Cit,
t wealth, wealth without wit,
:h and Sheridan have done,
r's *Ghoſtly Lectures* run.
nd FANNY now inſpir'd,
lowing boſom fir'd ;
high in ev'ry vein
Spirit of Cock-Lane ;
: as the meaſure flows
ime, half verſe, half proſe)
than mortal arts endu'd,
ted force withſtood,
y gave a brave defiance
d *Dulneſs* in alliance.
ıRITION (with relation
modes of *derivation*,
/ properly ſo call,
ne'er appears at all,
way of *Imendo*,
de *à non lucendo*)
the vulgar mode,
ins that ſervile road,
ard ghoſts, as it appears,
d in full five thouſand years,
raint too mighty grown,
a method of *her own*.
ay meanly ſtart away,
e herald of the day,
ies too weak to bear
ſs of the morning air,
with the melting gloom,
ı ſilence to the tomb ;
: ſun's moſt piercing light,
by day as well as night.
mean and partial view,
pay to *one* or *two* ;
reputation grown,
ıſt company in town.
ıterpriſing Ghoſt
ſplendid routs can boaſt
ch, rais'd by Pride's command,
paſſage thro' the *Strand*.
in the fighting trade,
ıeir time on the *parade* ;
ho, true to pleaſure's plan,
God, and luſt for man ;
ıelieve nor God, nor Ghoſt,
ho worſhip ev'ry poſt ;
ſe lips with war are hung ;
ave, who hold their tongue ;

Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And Cits, who for the ſame cauſe cry ;
The canting Tabernacle-Brother,
(For one rogue ſtill ſuſpects another)
Ladies, who to a *Spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *huſbands* lie ;
Lords, who as chaſtely paſs their lives
With *other* women as their *wives* ;
Proud of their intellects and cloaths,
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons, Beaux.
And, truant from their deſks and ſhops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To FANNY come, with the ſame view,
To find her falſe, or find her true.
Hark ! ſomething creeps about the houſe !
Is it a *Spirit*, or a *Mouſe* ?
Hark ! ſomething *ſcratches* round the room !
A *cat*, a *rat*, a *ſtubb'd birch-broom*.
Hark ! on the wainſcot now it *knocks* !
If thour't a *Ghoſt*, cried Orthodox,
With that affected *ſolemn* air
Which Hypocrites delight to wear,
And all thoſe *forms of conſequence*
Which fools adopt inſtead of *ſenſe* ;
If thou'rt a *Ghoſt*, who from the tomb
Stalk'ſt ſadly *ſilent* thro' this gloom,
In breach of Nature's ſtated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cauſe,
Give *now* nine knocks : like Prieſts of old,
Nine *we* a *ſacred number* hold.
'Pſha, cries Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden ſprings had trac'd
The force of numbers, *rightly plac'd*)
As to the Number, you are right,
As to the *form*, miſtaken quite.
What's Nine ? Your Adepts all agree,
The virtue lies in *three times three*.
He ſaid, no need to ſay it twice,
For Thrice ſhe *knock'd*, and Thrice, and Thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In ſilence at each other gaz'd,
From Celia's hand the ſnuff box fell,
Tinſel, who ogled with the Belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He ſtoops, but cannot riſe again.
Immane Pompoſo was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear ſeizes Heroes, Fools, and Wits,
And Plauſible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people juſt awake,
Into wild diſſonance they break ;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was underſtood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noiſe of chatt'ring geeſe,
Slow ſailing on the Summer breeze ;
Such is the language Diſcord ſpeaks
In *Welch-women* o'er beds of *leeks* ;
Such the confus'd and horrid ſounds
Of *Iriſh* in potatoe-grounds.
But tir'd, for even C———'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confuſion ſound retreat,
Reaſon and Order take their ſeat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the cauſes out.
For this a ſacred rule we find
Among the niceſt of mankind,

Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, how ever true,
Unleſs they know the cauſes too.
Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all farther pother,
Probably meant not one nor t' other,
Who to be ſilent, always loth,
Would ſpeak on either ſide, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always ſaid it,
Not with an eye to Truth, but Credit;
For Orators *profeſs*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* ſake, but their *own*;
Who always ſhew'd his talents beſt
When ſerious things were turn'd to jeſt,
And, under much impertinence,
Poſſeſs'd no common ſhare of ſenſe;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the ſame zeal as of a ſaint;
Could prove a *Sybil* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star*;
Whilſt ſomething ſtill ſo gay, ſo new,
The ſmile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilſt their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miſs
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his uſual plan,
Smil'd, ſtrok'd his chin, and thus began.
With *ſheers*, or *ſciſſors*, *ſword* or *knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are ſent,
No matter with what *inſtrument*)
The *body* in ſome lonely ſpot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or ſleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The ſoul is ſent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, or ſuffer pains.
The virtuous to thoſe manſions go,
Where pleaſures unembitter'd flow;
Where, *leading up* a jocund band,
Vigour and Youth *dance* hand in hand,
Whilſt Zephyr, with *harmonious* gales,
Pipes ſofteſt *muſic* thro' the vales,
And Spring and Flora, gaily crown'd,
With *velvet carpets* ſpread the ground;
With *lovelier bluſh* where roſes bloom,
And ev'ry ſhrub *expires perfume*;
Where *cryſtal* ſtreams *meand'ring glide*,
Where *warbling* flows the *amber tide*;
Where other *Suns* dart brighter beams,
And Light thro' *purer æther* ſtreams.
Far other ſeats, far diff'rent ſtate
The ſons of Wickedneſs await.
Juſtice (not that *old hag* I mean,
Who's nightly in the *Garden* ſeen,
Who lets no ſpark of *mercy* riſe
For crimes, *by which men loſe their eyes*;
Nor Her who, with an equal hand,
Weighs *tea* and *ſugar* in the Strand;
Nor Her who, by the world deem'd *wiſe*,
Deaf to the widow's piercing cries,
Steel'd 'gainſt the ſtarving orphan's tears,
On *fawns* her baſe *tribunal* rears;
But Her who after death preſides,
Who ſacred Truth unerring guides;
Who, free from partial influence,
Nor ſinks nor raiſes *evidence*,
Before whom nothing's in the dark,
Who takes no *bribe*, and keeps no *clerk*)
Juſtice with equal ſcale below
In due proportion weighs out woe,
And always with ſuch lucky aim
Knows puniſhments ſo fit to frame,
That ſhe augments their grief and pain,
Leaving no reaſon to complain.
Old Maids and Rakes are join'd together,
Coquettes and *prudes*, like *April* weather.
Wit's forc'd to *chum* with *Common-Senſe*,
And *Luſt* is yok'd to *Impotence*.
Profeſſors (*Juſtice* ſo decreed)
Unpaid muſt conſtant *Lectures* read;
On earth it often doth befal,
They're *paid*, and *never read at all*.
Parſons muſt practiſe what they teach,
And *Biſhops* are compell'd to preach.
She who on earth was nice and prim,
Of delicacy full, and whim,
Whoſe tender nature could not bear
The rudeneſs of the churliſh air,
Is doom'd, to mortify her pride,
The change of weather to abide,
And ſells, whilſt tears with liquor mix,
Burnt brandy on the ſhore of Styx.
Avaro, by long uſe grown bold
In ev'ry ill which brings him gold,
Who his Redeemer would pull down,
And ſell his God for half-a-crown;
Who, if ſome blockhead ſhould be willing
To lend him on his ſoul a ſhilling,
A well-made bargain would eſteem it,
And have more ſenſe than to redeem it;
Juſtice ſhall in thoſe ſhades confine,
To drudge for Plutus in the mine,
All the day long to toil and roar,
And curſing work the ſtubborn ore,
For coxcombs *here*, who have no brains,
Without a ſixpence for his pains.
Thence, with each due return of night,
Compell'd, the *tall*, *thin*, half-ſtarv'd ſprite
Shall earth re-viſit, and ſurvey
The place where once his treaſure lay;
Shall view the *ſtall*, where *holy* Pride
With *letter'd* Ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Deſcended to another Lord.
Then ſhall *he* ſcreaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and ſcowl deſpair;
Then ſhall *he* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, ſink to hell for eaſe.
Thoſe who on earth thro' life have paſt
With equal pace, from firſt to laſt,
Nor vex'd with paſſions nor with ſpleen,
Inſipid, eaſy, and ſerene;
Whoſe heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of buſineſs, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor Good, nor Bad, nor Fools, nor Wits,
Mild Juſtice with a ſmile permits

ue their darling plan,
nuſement how they can.
u, in gaudieſt plumage dreſt
ſ fancy, o'er the reſt
urious mantle throws,
mong his brother Beaux;
weather's fine and clear,
rain or tempeſt near,
by the cloudleſs day,
butterflies at play,
l, ſo gay, ſo briſk,
flutter, *float*, and *friſk*.
le (what mortal doth not know,
death admire a Beau?)
y grace renews her art,
e Coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
death, as whilſt they live,
all which Beaux can give.
ſtill, ſolemn, ſacred ſhade,
roup of Authors laid,
r Wits, and Sonneteers,
Bards, and *riming* Peers,
s, whoſe wond'rous worth
member'd now on earth,
lding's *humour* led aſtray,
ve Fops, debauch'd by Gray,
ether in a ring,
and prattle, write and ſing.
new works, with *laurel* crown'd,
elegantly bound,
one of many rules
ing *Lords* and *laureat Fools*,
for ever muſt ſucceed
Lords who cannot *read*,
eſtitute of wit,
heir works for Book-caſe fit)
lg'd maſter of thoſe ſeats,
Birth-day Odes repeats.
iumph *now* poſſeſs that ſeat,
nph *now* thy Odes repeat,
vigils proudly keep,
ry hearer's lull'd to ſleep;
illuſtrious Bard, when *Fate*,
purſues thy name with hate,
aurel blaſts which now
the placid Whitehead's brow,
eſcend thy pride and fame,
r's be the ſecond name.
iſle cough'd (for *coughing* ſtill
ſs of the *ſpeaker's* ſkill,
piece of art,
an eſſential part,
in the Speaking trade
h by them *ready made*,
y ſucceſsfully diſpenſe
loſs for *words* or *ſenſe*)
: cough'd, here paus'd—but while
recollect his *ſmile*,
engine of his art,
mph'd o'er the female heart,
the child of Folly,
loyſter'd Melancholy,
, with grief, the florid fool
things to ridicule,
m, led by Whim away,
from the ſubject ſtray,
happy nick, aloud,
M—e, addreſs'd the crowd.

Were we with patience here to ſit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of Wit,
Till Triſle his harangue ſhould end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,
Whilſt He, with fluency of ſpeech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach,
(Here Triſle, ſternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares ſtept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in error ſtill and doubt,
He'd leave us where we firſt ſet out.
Thus *ſoldiers* (in whoſe exerciſe
Material uſe with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to ſet them down again.
Believe ye not (yes,—all I ſee
In ſound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* Spirit ſends!
Tho' ſpeechleſs lay the trembling tongue,
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could ſee,
When *all* were pale and ſtar'd like *me*.
But ſcruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry ſhadow of diſpute,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and I,
With FANNY have agreed to try
A deep concerted ſcheme—This night
To fix or to deſtroy Her quite.
If *it* be *true*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the ſun;
If it be *falſe*, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of death,
Where FANNY now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies *feſt'ring*, whilſt her troubled *ſpirit*
Adds horror to the gloom of night,
Will *we* deſcend, and bring from thence
Proofs of ſuch force to Common Senſe,
Vain *Triflers* ſhall no more deceive,
And Atheiſts tremble and believe.
He ſaid, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applauſe from every tongue.
The mingled ſound (now let me ſee,
Something by way of *ſimile*)
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds*, *low murmuring*, *when it rains*,
Or *drowſy hum of cluſt'ring bees*,
Or the *hoarſe roar of angry ſeas*?
Or ſtill to heighten and explain,
For elſe our *ſimile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *ſcream*, a *murmur*, *hum* and *roar*?
Let Fancy now in awful ſtate
Preſent this *great* Triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* caſes by mankind)
Elected with a joint conſent,
All *fools* in town to *repreſent*.
The clock ſtrikes twelve—M—e ſtarts and ſwears,
In *oaths*, we know, as well as pray'rs,
Religion lies, and a *Church* brother
May uſe at will or one or t' other.
Plauſible from his caſſock drew
A holy manual, ſeeming new;

Our friends themſelves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digreſſive Wit,
No—not thoſe very friends, who found
Their credit on the ſelf-ſame ground.
Peace, my good grumbling Sir—for once,
Sunk in the ſolemn, formal dunce,
This Coxcomb ſhall your fears beguile——
We will be dull, that you may ſmile.
Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullneſs and Whitehead by thy ſide,
Dullneſs and Method ſtill are one,
And Whitehead is their darling ſon.
Not He * whoſe pen, above controul,
Struck terror to the guilty ſoul,
Made Folly tremble thro' her ſtate,
And villains bluſh at being great,
Whilſt he himſelf with ſteady face,
Diſdaining modeſty and grace,
Could blunder on thro' thick and thin,
Thro' ev'ry mean and ſervile ſin,
Yet ſwear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly ſcorn'd to bluſh at all;
But He, who in the Laureat Chair,
By Grace not Merit planted there,
In aukward pomp is ſeen to ſit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the Great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank beſtow,
And they who without one pretenſion,
Can get for fools a place or penſion,
Muſt able be ſuppos'd of courſe
(If reaſon is allow'd due force)
To give ſuch qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.
But He—who meaſures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling proſe,
And is too frugal to diſpenſe
At once both Poetry and Senſe;
Who, from amidſt his *ſlumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a Charge to *ſubject Bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of ſleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates paſs for law
With Beaux who ſimper all around,
And Belles, who die at ev'ry ſound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men moſtly judge from *ſituation*,
Nor in a thouſand find we one
Who really weighs what's ſaid or done.
They deal out cenſure, or give credit,
Merely from him who did or ſaid it.
But He—who, *happily ſerene*,
Means nothing, yet would ſeem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can diſpenſe
With all that humble inſolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modeſt men can reach;
Who adds to Sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out Morals with an air
A gentleman would bluſh to wear;
Who, on the *chaſteſt*, *ſimpleſt* plan,
As *chaſte*, as *ſimple* as the man,
Without or *character*, or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and Art forgot,
Can, with much racking of the brains,
And years conſum'd in letter'd pains,
A heap of words together lay,
And, ſmirking, call the thing a Play;
Who champion ſworn in Virtue's cauſe,
'Gainſt Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
But to no part of *prudence* ſtranger,
Firſt blunts the point for fear of danger.
So nurſes ſage, as caution works,
When children firſt uſe knives and forks,
For fear of miſchief, it is known,
To others fingers, or their own,
To take the edge off wiſely chuſe,
Tho' the ſame ſtroke takes off the uſe.
Thee, Whitehead, Thee I now invoke,
Sworn foe to Satire's gen'rous ſtroke,
Which makes unwilling Conſcience feel,
And wounds, but only wounds to heal.
Good-natur'd, eaſy creature, mild,
And gentle as a new-born child,
Thy *heart* would never once admit
E'en *wholeſome* rigour to thy wit;
Thy *head*, if Conſcience ſhould comply,
Its kind aſſiſtance would deny,
And lend thee neither force, nor art,
To drive it onward to the heart.
O may thy ſacred pow'r controul
Each fiercer working of my ſoul,
Damp every ſpark of genuine fire,
And langours like thine own inſpire;
Trite be each thought, and ev'ry line
As *moral*, and as *dull* as Thine.
Pois'd in mid-air—(it matters not
To aſcertain the very ſpot,
Nor yet to give you a relation,
How it eluded *gravitation*——)
Hung a *Watch-Tower*—by Vulcan plann'd
With ſuch rare ſkill, by Jove's command,
That ev'ry word, which whiſper'd here
Scarce vibrates to the neighbour ear,
On the ſtill boſom of the air
Is borne, and heard diſtinctly there,
The palace of an ancient dame,
Whom men as well as gods call Fame.
A *prattling goſſip*, on whoſe tongue
Proof of perpetual motion hung;
Whoſe lungs in ſtrength all lungs ſurpaſs,
Like her own trumpet made of braſs;
Who with an hundred pair of eyes
The vain attack of ſleep defies;
Who with an hundred pair of wings
News from the fartheſt quarters brings;
Sees, hears, and tells, untold before,
All that ſhe knows, and ten times more.
Not all the virtues which we find
Concenter'd in a Hunter's mind,
Can make her ſpare the ranc'rous tale,
If in one point ſhe chance to fail;
Or if, once in a thouſand years,
A perfect character appears,
Such as of late with joy and pride
My ſoul poſſeſs'd, ere Arrow died;
Or ſuch as, Envy muſt allow,
The world enjoys in H——— now;
This hag, who aims at all alike,
At virtues e'en like theirs will ſtrike,
And make faults, in the way of trade,
When ſhe can't find them ready made.

* Paul Whitehead.

he takes in, ſmall and great,
r-ſhop and a *ſtate*;
bols, of *ſaints* and *kings*,
ars, and *leading-ſtrings*;
rembling for a clap,
nes full of pray'r and pap;
morals, and *tye-wigs*,
ſerjeants dancing jigs;
ſeſſors at the *bar*
rum on the *quittar*,
are *ſlubber'd* o'er in haſte,
nt ſacrific'd to Taſte;
bulchres, *lawn ſleeves*,
ouſe made a *den of thieves*;
mps, where clamours hung,
grace on ev'ry tongue,
: and Order bluſh'd to ſee
ut Humanity;
s, where each heart,
raptures, bore a part;
s, where Elegance
ver colours to advance,
ty, uncommon caſe,
get the ſecond place;
'd pillars in the ſtate,
e good as being great;
on which Honours ſit
umſily as *Wit*;
knights, whom *titles* pleaſe,
payment of the *fees*;
whither ev'ry fool
dhood goes to ſchool;
n's deaf to Reaſon's call,
f Court, or *City Hall*,
hful appetites enſlave,
ot fairly in the grave,
crutch a needful brother,
Hart to dance with t'other;
regularly bred
nanſions of the dead;
or quacks they muſt be ſtill
hen forms require to kill)
nd health, and vigour give
ot one would wiſh to live;
no, with nobleſt view
plans purſue,
ng worth the ladder raiſe,
out the aſcent to praiſe;
l *Sciences*, where meet
ſcund, and *all compleat*,
m at ſome fitter time
hall *conſecrate* in *rime*)
le Artiſts to out-do
lib'ral plan purſue,
ir *well-judg'd* Premiums fall
no have no worth at all;
Exhibitions, rais'd
r more than to be prais'd
e way we cannot ſee
and *laughter* may'nt agree)
ine Humours runs to waſte,
:hides our want of taſte,
ike other things, tho' good,
y are not underſtood.
r ſubjects now She ſoars,
f politics and *whores*
nice and chaſter ears
ndelicate appears,
Scripture *politely* ſhall refine,
And melt it into *concubine*);
In the ſame breath ſpreads Bourbon's *league*,
And publiſhes the *grand intrigue*;
In Bruſſels or *our own* Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the pox or plague
To London, by the way of Hague;
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of ſome rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of thoſe
Who lead a nation by the noſe,
As from thoſe *ſtorms* which, void of art,
Burſt from our *honeſt* Patriot's heart,
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendſhip grown,
Claim ev'ry ſentence for their own;
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay fights*,
Perform'd by *heroes of fair weather*,
Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
As thoſe rare acts which Honour taught
Our daring ſons where Granby fought,
Or thoſe which, with ſuperior ſkill,
Sackville atchiev'd by *ſtanding ſtill*.
This Hag (the curious if they pleaſe
May ſearch from earlieſt times to theſe.
And Poets they will always ſee,
With *gods* and *goddeſſes* make free,
Treating them all, except the Muſe,
As ſcarcely fit to wipe their ſhoes)
Who had beheld, from firſt to laſt,
How our Triumvirate had paſs'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With ſtrict attention every word,
Soon as ſhe ſaw return of light,
On ſounding pinions took her flight.
Swift thro' the regions of the ſky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward ſhe drove the furious blaſt,
And rapid as a whirlwind paſt
O'er *countries*, once the ſeats of *Taſte*,
By Time and Ignorance laid waſte;
O'er lands, where former ages ſaw
Reaſon and *Truth* the only law;
Where *Arts and Arms*, and *Public Love*
In gen'rous emulation ſtrove;
Where *kings* were proud of *legal* ſway,
And ſubjects *happy* to obey,
Tho' now in ſlav'ry ſunk, and broke
To *ſuperſtition's* galling yoke;
Of *Arts*, of *Arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The paſſage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in their heart the throne,
Far from all proſpect of relief,
Their hours in fruitleſs pray'rs and grief,
For loſs of bleſſings *they* employ,
Which We *unthankfully* enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our ſkill,
To pour out ſuch a flood of knowledge,
As might ſuffice for a whole College,

Whilſt with a true poetic force
We trac'd the Goddeſs in her courſe,
Sweetly deſcribing, in our flight,
Each *common* and *uncommon* ſight,
Making our journal gay and pleaſant,
With things long paſt, and things now preſent.
Rivers—once Nymphs—(a *tranſformation*
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From *great authorities* we know,
Will matter for a *tale* beſtow.
To make the obſervation clear,
We give our friends an inſtance here.
The Day (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The Nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Enflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *hair* (we no exceptions find
Wav'd careleſs floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breaſts*, like *ſummer ſeas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the playful breeze;
Should *fond* Deſcription tune our lays
In *choiceſt* accents to her praiſe,
Deſcription we at laſt ſhould find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inſpire
In ev'ry boſom ſoft deſire,
Paſſions to raiſe ſhe could not feel,
Would to inflict ſhe would not heal.
A God (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
Raging with *luſt*, a godlike flame,
By chance, *as uſual*, thither came;
With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Deſir'd her firſt, and then purſu'd.
She (for what other can ſhe do?)
Muſt fly—or how can He purſue?
The *Muſe* (ſo cuſtom hath decreed)
Now proves her ſpirit by her ſpeed,
Nor muſt one *limping* line diſgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, 'till at length,
Quite deſtitute of breath and ſtrength,
To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there's no other nigh)
She offers up her *virgin* pray'r,
(Can *virgins* pray unpitied there?
And when the God thinks he has caught her,
Slips thro' his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *ſtream*, in which the Poet,
If he has any wit, may ſhew it.
A *city* once for pow'r renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce ſome *fine* reflection.
Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
From one to t'other moment's end?
Honour, Wit, Genius, Wealth and Glory,
Good lack! good lack! are tranſitory;
Nothing is ſure and ſtable found,
The very *earth* itſelf turns round.
Monarchs, nay Miniſters muſt die,
Muſt *rot*, muſt *ſhink*—*Ah me! ah why!*
Cities themſelves in time decay,
If *cities* thus—*Ah, well-a-day!*
If *brick* and *mortar* have an end,
On what can *fleſh* and *blood* depend!

Ah, woeful me! Ah, woeful man!
Ah, woeful all! do all we can!
England (for that's at laſt the ſcene,
Tho' worlds on worlds ſhould riſe between,
Whither we muſt our courſe purſue)
England ſhould call into review
Times long ſince paſt indeed, but not
By Engliſhmen to be forgot,
Tho' England, *once* ſo dear to Fame,
Sinks in Great Britain's *dearer name*.
Here could we mention *chiefs of old*,
In plain and rugged honour bold,
To Virtue kind, to Vice ſevere,
Strangers to bribery and fear,
Who kept no wretched *clans* in awe,
Who never broke or *warp'd* the law;
Patriots, whom, in her *better* days,
Old Rome might have been proud to raiſe;
Who, ſteady to their Country's claim,
Boldly ſtood up in *Freedom*'s name,
E'en to the teeth of *Tyrant Pride*,
And when they could no more, THEY DIED.
There (*ſtriking contraſt!*) might we place
A ſervile, mean, degen'rate race,
Hirelings, who valued nought but gold,
By the beſt bidder bought and ſold;
Truants from Honour's ſacred laws,
Betrayers of their Country's cauſe;
The dupes of party, tools of pow'r,
Slaves to the *minion of an hour*;
Lacquies, who watch'd a *favourite*'s nod,
And took a *puppet* for their *God*.
Sincere and honeſt in our rimes,
How might we praiſe theſe *happier* times!
How might the Muſe exalt her lays,
And wanton in a Monarch's praiſe!
Tell of a Prince in England born,
Whoſe virtue's England's crown adorn;
In youth a pattern unto age,
So chaſte, ſo pious, and ſo ſage;
Who true to all thoſe ſacred bands
Which private happineſs demands,
Yet never lets them riſe above
The ſtronger ties of public love.
With conſcious pride ſee England ſtand,
Our *holy Charter* in her hand,
She waves it round, and o'er the iſle
See *Liberty* and *Courage* ſmile.
No more ſhe mourns her treaſures hurl'd
In *ſubſidies* to all the world;
No more by foreign threats diſmay'd,
No more deceiv'd with foreign aid,
She deals out ſums to *petty* States,
Whom *Honour* ſcorns, and Reaſon hates;
But, wiſer by experience grown,
Finds ſafety in herſelf alone.
Whilſt thus, ſhe cries, my children ſtand,
An honeſt, valiant, *native* band,
A train'd Militia, brave and free,
True to their King, and true to Me,
No *foreign* hirelings ſhall be known,
Nor need we hirelings of *our own*.
Under a juſt and pious reign
The Stateſman's ſophiſtry is vain;
Vain is each vile corrupt pretence,
Theſe are my *natural* defence;
Their Faith I know, and they ſhall prove
The bulwark of the King they love.

d a thouſand things beſide,
lt a Poet's pride,
me ſerious, might be ſaid,
e they'd not be read;
: by ſome curious few,
e would think them true.
e time that Jubal firſt
to the harp rehears'd,
ways been ſuſpected
ith in rime neglected,
cept, who from his youth
d for *faith* and *truth*,
taught, in *courtly chime*
s brought *Truth in Rime*.
Poets we allow,
en acquir'd or how,
unbounded deviation,
n calls *Imagination*,
y be ſuppos'd to lye
faſt as Fame can fly.
ſolve the *Gordian* knot,
d almoſt forgot)
readers be it known,
verſe and falſhood grown,
ſweet digreſſion ſung,
her flight, and held her tongue,
ſues with double force
peed her deſtin'd courſe;
ll ſhe the place arrives
s ſtarves, and Dullneſs thrives;
virtue are eſteem'd,
neſt wiſdom deem'd;
nerce proudly rears her throne
er lands unknown;
cheated, and to cheat,
n ev'ry quarter meet;
ians, Jews, and Turks ſhake hands,
mercial bands,
ith, and that, to own
intereſt alone.
and goddeſſes come down
t them here in town,
f air is underſtood
yſic to be good,
ion now and then
e gods as well as men)
'd, and not a Poet
but he muſt know it,
nain *incog.*
ravel in a fog.
jeſty expoſe
s, too cheap it grows;
oft, and free from awe,
nſure ev'ry flaw.
erv'd from public view,
ks forth freſh and new;
un in all his pride,
not a ſpot's deſcried.
o lay his thunder by,
brethren of the ſky
th, and friſk about,
g N***, from rout to rout,
ound, with all his hoſt,
onder at the moſt.
rim our honours wear,
ave them from the air;
iar, men neglect;
hy of reſpect.

Did they not find a certain friend
In *novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by ſad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive ſhine,
And H*** fix no eyes but *mine*.
But Fame, who never car'd a jot
Whether ſhe was admir'd or not,
And never bluſh'd to ſhew her face
At any time in any place,
In her own ſhape, without diſguiſe,
And viſible to mortal eyes,
On 'Change, exact at ſeven o'clock,
Alighted on the *weather-cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.
Thrice did *ſhe* ſound her Trump (the ſame
Which from the firſt belong'd to Fame,
An *old ill-favour'd* inſtrument
With which the goddeſs was content,
Tho' under a *poliſter* race,
Bag-pipes might well ſupply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the ſound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
Confuſion thro' the City paſt,
And Fear beſtrode the dreadful blaſt.
Thoſe *fragrant currents*, which we meet
Diſtilling ſoft thro' ev'ry ſtreet,
Affrighted from the uſual courſe,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their ſource;
Statues wept tears of blood, as faſt
As when a Cæſar breath'd his laſt;
Horſes, which always us'd to go
A *foot-pace* in my *Lord Mayor's Show*,
Impetuous from their ſtable broke,
And Aldermen and Oxen ſpoke.
Halls felt the force, *two'rs* ſhook around,
And *ſteeples* nodded to the ground,
St. Paul himſelf (ſtrange ſight!) was ſeen
To bow as humbly as the *Dean*.
The *Manſion-Houſe*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *City Taſte*,
Trembled, and ſeem'd aloud to groan
Thro' all that hideous weight of ſtone.
To ſtill the ſound, or ſtop her ears,
Remove the cauſe or ſenſe of fears,
Phyſic, in *college* ſeated high,
Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
No more in Pewt'rers-Hall * was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Thoſe ſeats were deſolate become
A hapleſs Elocution dumb.
Form, *City-born*, and *City-bred*,
By ſtrict *decorum* ever led,
Who threeſcore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dull*, *ſtiff*, *unvaried* pace,
Terror prevailing over Pride,
Was ſeen to take a larger ſtride;
Worn to the bone, and cloath'd in rags,
See Av'rice cloſer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See Credit totter on her throne;

* Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read Lectures on Elocution.

Virtue alone, had ſhe been there,
The mighty ſound, unmov'd, could bear.
Up from the gorgeous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to ſleep in ſtate,
To ſleep ſo ſound that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dullman ſtarted at the ſound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and ſtar'd around.
Much did he wiſh to know, much fear
Whence ſounds ſo horrid ſtruck his ear,
So much unlike thoſe peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of City air,
Grave prelude to a feaſt or fair:
Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, tho' to little end,
What this ſame trumpet might portend.
Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's *active* miniſtry,
Too watchful to be ſo deceiv'd,
Have ſtolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland, indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobſerv'd may go;
Or, if obſerv'd, may be ſuppos'd,
At intervals when Reaſon doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleaſure, health, and change of air.
But Reaſon ne'er could ſleep ſo ſound
To let an enemy be found
In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
Or could his *ſucceſſor* (ambition
Is ever haunted with ſuſpicion)
His daring *ſucceſſor elect*,
All cuſtoms, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardleſs of the crime,
To ſeize the chair before his time?
Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *countrymen* in pow'r,
Thoſe countrymen, who, from the firſt,
In tumults and *rebellion* nurs'd,
How'er they wear the maſk of art,
Still love a Stuart *in their heart*)
Could Scottiſh Charles——

Conjecture thus,

That mental Ignis Fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
'Till Information (in the ſhape
Of Chaplain learned, good Sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd prieſt,
Well known at ev'ry City feaſt,
For he was ſeen much oft'ner there
Than in the Houſe of God at Pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Tho', as the beſt hiſtorians write,
Leſs fam'd for Faith than Appetite,
His diſpoſition to reveal,
The grace was ſhort, and long the meal;
Who always would exceſs admit,
If *Haunch* or *Turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of ſelf-denying abſtinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat)
Who knew that Wine, on Scripture plan,
Was made to chear the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That chearfulneſs was kill'd by thought;
And from thoſe premiſes collected,
(Which few perhaps would have ſuſpected)
That none, who with due ſhare of ſenſe
Obſerv'd the ways of Providence,
Could with ſafe conſcience leave off drinking,
'Till they had loſt the pow'r of thinking;
With eyes half-cloſ'd came *waddling* in,
And, having ſtrok'd his double *chin*,
(That *chin*, whoſe credit to maintain
Againſt the ſcoffs of the profane,
Had coſt him more than ever State
Paid for a *poor Electorate*,
Which after all the coſt and rout
It had been better much without)
Briefly, (for *breakfaſt*, you muſt know,
Was waiting all the while below)
Related, bowing to the ground,
The cauſe of that uncommon ſound;
Related too, that at the door,
Pompoſo, Plauſible, and Moore*,
Begg'd that Fame might not be allow'd
Their ſhame to publiſh to the crowd;
That ſome new laws he would provide,
(If old could not be miſapplied,
With as much eaſe and ſafety there,
As they are miſapplied *elſewhere*)
By which it might be conſtrued treaſon
In Man to exerciſe his reaſon;
Which might *ingenuouſly* deviſe
One puniſhment for truth and lies;
And fairly prove, when they had done,
That Truth and Falſhood were but one;
Which Juries muſt indeed retain,
But their effect ſhould render vain,
Making all real pow'r to reſt
In *one corrupted rotten breaſt*,
By whoſe *falſe gloſs* the very Bible
Might be interpreted a *libel*.
Moore, (who, his rev'rence to ſave,
Pleaded the Fool to ſcreen the Knave,
Tho' all, who witneſs'd on his part,
Swore for his *head* againſt his *heart*)
Had taken down, from firſt to laſt,
A juſt account of all that paſt;
But, ſince the gracious will of *Fate*,
Who mark'd the child for wealth and ſtate
E'en in the cradle, had decreed
The *mighty* Dullman ne'er ſhould read,
That office of *diſgrace* to bear
The *ſmooth-lipp'd* Plauſible was there.
From H***** e'en to Clerkenwell
Who knows not *ſmooth-lipp'd* Plauſible?
A preacher deem'd of greateſt note,
For preaching that which others wrote.
Had Dullman now (and fools we ſee
Seldom want curioſity)
Conſented (but the *mourning ſhade*
Of Gaſcoyne † haſten'd to his aid,
And in his hand, what could be more?
Triumphant Canning's picture bore)

* Clergyman, who unluckily involved himſelf the Cock-Lane Ghoſt impoſition.

† Sir Criſp Gaſcoyne.

ree heroes ſhould advance,
heir *comical romance*,
a feaſt, what royal fare
r readers might prepare!
ad yet ſo ſafe a feaſt,
e foreign blatant beaſt,
e purlieus of the *law*
e thereon to lay his paw,
vling, cry, with ſurly tone,
this feaſt is all my own.
; to earth the downcaſt eye
g it againſt the ſky,
mers'd in deepeſt thought,
ome holy viſion caught,
to aid the traitor's art,
folded o'er his heart,
re, in fraud well ſkill'd, ſhould go,
with ſolemn ſtep and ſlow.
ligion's ſacred name,
nſpire the pureſt flame,
te ſhould ever be
ch fiend Hypocriſy,
: find ev'ry other vice
with damn'd ſneaking cowardice!
reclaim'd is often ſeen;
hat man, who dares be mean.
full of *fleſh*, and full of *grace*,
fine round unmeaning face
ature gives to ſons of earth
: deſigns for eaſe and mirth,
e *prim* Plauſible be ſeen,
is ſtiff affected mien;
ature, arm'd by Gravity,
es too in buckle ſee;
hat ſanctity he reads,
t Devotion tells his beads!
het, ſhew me, by thine art,
e Religion of his heart;
, if truth thou can'ſt unfold,
enter'd all in gold:
nor fear correction's rod,
friendſhip, as to God.
unwieldy, without form,
s ocean in a ſtorm,
digious, in the rear,
of honour, ſhould appear
Fame around ſhould tell
ſlave to int'reſt fell;
integrity renown'd,
okſellers have often found,
Scribers baits his hook,
their caſh—but where's the book?
where—*Wiſe* fear, we know,
e robbing of a foe;
to ſerve our private ends,
e cheating of our friends?
live, who would not ſwear
and therefore *honeſt* there.
of all the learned ſay,
ruth attention pay,
l *Diſhoneſty* is meant
ng elſe but *puniſhment*.
ſhould tell, nor heed the threat
, who brother rogues abet,
ole at the terrors hung
make her hold her tongue,
l principles untrue,
to *old* friends, nor to *new*,

He damns the *penſion* which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forſakes.
Nature (who juſtly regular
Is very ſeldom known to err,
But now and then in *ſportive mood*,
As ſome *rude* wits have underſtood,
Or *through much work required in haſte*,
Is with a random ſtroke diſgrac'd)
Pompoſo, form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *beaſt*, nor quite a *man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the moſt ſubtle human wit
Find out a monſter, which might be
The ſhadow of a *ſimile*.
THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY THREE,
Nor can the *Poet*'s truth agree,
Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpoſe of his ſong,
Amongſt the refuſe of their race,
The ſons of infamy, to place
That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find.
Theſe Three, who now are *faintly* ſhewn,
Juſt ſtretch'd, and ſcarcely to be known,
If Dullman their requeſt had heard,
In ſtronger colours had appear'd;
And friends, tho' partial at firſt view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.
But had their journal been diſplay'd,
And the whole proceſs open laid,
What a vaſt unexhauſted field
For mirth muſt ſuch a Journal yield!
In her own anger ſtrongly charm'd,
'Gainſt hope, 'gainſt fear, by conſcience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*, her deſtin'd prey.
But Prudence, ever ſacred name
To thoſe who feel not Virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the beſt
As the dull dupe of *intereſt*,
Whiſper'd aloud (for this we find
A cuſtom current with mankind,
So loud to whiſper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence ſure would never miſs
A cuſtom ſo contriv'd as this
Her candour to ſecure, yet aim
Sure death againſt another's fame)
Knights, *Lords*, and *Dukes*—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambuſh there;
Confine thy rage to weaker ſlaves,
Laugh at *ſmall fools*, and laſh *ſmall knaves*,
But never, *helpleſs*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Ruſh on, where laws cannot ſecure;
Nor think thyſelf, miſtaken youth,
Secure in principles of *truth*.
Truth! Why, ſhall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to ſpeak *truth* againſt his *betters!*
Let *ragged* Virtue ſtand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let *ragged* Wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the devil doth not know,
That titles and eſtates beſtow
An ample ſtock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by ſituation;

The rich and great are underſtood
To be of courſe both wiſe and good.
Conſult then int'reſt more than pride,
Diſcreetly take the ſtronger ſide;
Deſert in time the ſimple few,
Who *Virtue*'s barren path purſue;
Adopt my maxims—follow me——
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend;
So ſhalt thou rich and great be ſeen;
To be great *now*, you muſt be mean.
Hence, *Tempter*, to ſome weaker ſoul,
Which fear and intereſt controul;
Vainly thy precepts are addreſs'd,
Where Virtue ſteels the ſteady breaſt.
Thro' meanneſs wade to boaſted pow'r,
Thro' guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels haſt thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praiſe thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's ſcourge and friend,
Impartial Conſcience too commend?
From her reproaches can'ſt thou fly?
Can'ſt thou with worlds her ſilence buy!
Believe it not—her ſtings ſhall find
A paſſage to thy *coward* mind.
There ſhall ſhe fix her ſharpeſt dart,
There ſhew thee truly, *as thou art*,
Unknown to thoſe by whom thou'rt prais'd;
Known to thyſelf to be deſpis'd.
The man who weds the ſacred Muſe,
Diſdains all mercenary views,
And he who Virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Tho', *Folly*, rob'd in purple, ſhines,
Tho' *Vice* exhauſts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet ſhall they tremble, and turn pale,
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or ſhould they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe ſeek hell's deepeſt ſhade,
Satire, ſtill mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to ſhame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honeſt, tho' poor, (and who ſhall dare
To diſappoint my boaſting there?)
Hardy and reſolute, tho' weak,
The dictates of my heart to ſpeak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor ſhall yon' *lawyer*'s ſpecious art,
Conſcious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why ſhould we fear? and what? The laws?
They all are arm'd in Virtue's cauſe;
And aiming at the ſelf-ſame end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend:
Nor ſhall that Muſe, whoſe honeſt rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When dead to ev'ry nicer ſenſe,
Deep ſunk in vice and indolence,
The ſpirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the *tyrant fiddler*'s yoke)
Baniſh'd the roſe from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunſwick fear to ſpeak.

Drawn by *Conceit* from Reaſon's plan,
How vain is that *poor creature*, Man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himſelf!
After my promiſe made in rime,
And meant in earneſt at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curſe of heart and head
To this *digreſſion* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't ſtay in, nor well get out.
Could I, whilſt *Humour* held the quill,
Could I *digreſs* with half that ſkill,
Could I with half that ſkill return,
Which we ſo much admire in Sterne;
Where each *digreſſion* ſeeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection,
To have a juſt and nice connection,
To help the whole with wond'rous art
Whence it ſeems idly to depart;
Then ſhould our readers ne'er accuſe
Theſe wild excurſions of the Muſe,
Ne'er backward turn dull pages o'er
To recollect what went before;
Deeply impreſs'd, and ever new,
Each image paſt ſhould ſtart to view,
And we to Dullman now come in,
As if we ne'er had abſent been.
Have you not ſeen, when danger's near,
The coward cheek turn *white* with fear?
Have you not ſeen, when danger's fled,
The ſelf-ſame cheek with joy turn *red*?
Theſe are *low* ſymptoms which we find
Fit only for a vulgar mind,
Where honeſt features, void of art,
Betray the feelings of the heart:
Our Dullman with a face was bleſs'd
Where no one paſſion was expreſs'd;
His eye, in a *fine ſtupor* caught,
Imply'd a plenteous lack of thought;
Nor was one line that whole face ſeen in,
Which could be juſtly charg'd with meaning.
To Avarice by *birth* ally'd,
Debauch'd by *marriage* into *pride*,
In age grown fond of youthful ſports,
Of pomps, of vanities, and courts,
And by ſucceſs too mighty made
To love his country as his trade,
Stiff in opinion (no rare caſe
With blockheads in or out of place)
Too weak, and inſolent of ſoul,
To ſuffer Reaſon's juſt controul,
But bending, of his own accord,
To that *trim tranſient toy*, My Lord;
The dupe of Scots (a fatal race,
Whom God in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
To ſcourge our crimes, and gall our pride,
A conſtant thorn in England's ſide;
Whom firſt, our greatneſs to oppoſe,
He in his vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
Then, more to ſerve his wrathful ends,
And *more to curſe us*, mark'd for *friends*)
Deep in the State, if we give credit
To *him*, for no one elſe e'er ſaid it;
Sworn friends of great ones not a few,
Tho' he their titles only knew,

ch envious of his breeding
re charg'd to want of reading)
himſelf polite,
d pronounce aright;
n whom a hoſt
h Rome and Athens boaſt,
ide might not contend;
pow'rs to recommend,
Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
lower ſat delighted,
hole days in Nature's ſpite,
ble Verſe-men write,
n from his bed aroſe—
ſpit—thrice wip'd his noſe—
to ſmile—thrice ſtrove to frown—
k'd up—and thrice look'd down—
roke—Crape, who am I?
and ſmil'd an arch reply.
ape—I am, you know,
e who are below.
owledge? and for *wit*,
ways purchaſe it;
dful ſhould be found,
ten, or twenty pound,
whole ſtock may be bought
its not worth a groat.
ld proceed too far,
iend *the Miniſter*,
Crape, muſt not be neglected)
is point is affected;
d a magiſtrate,
firſt, and next the State.
ay not think it fit
giſtrates have wit.
, at this very hour,
fects which troop with pow'r?
ghty in the land?
whilſt others ſtand?
h rich garments grac'd,
our always plac'd?
its of chief degree,
others, bend to me?
, as a Juſtice ought,
h wholeſome rigour taught,
ion, in diſgrace,
to ſhew her face,
hore theſe walls approaches,
ide in our own coaches?
Fame, an *old poor* ſtrumpet,
licence ſound her trumpet,
s of our City's quiet,
light blow up a riot?
ike this we bear,
ſtate? our office where?
honours of our reign,
neck-ennobling Chain,
own badge o'er all the globe,
ſolemn-ſpreading Robe,
Sword—*farewell* the Mace,
Title, Pomp, and Place.
n man of high degree,
em, Crape, not to *me*)
hippenham, or to Frome,
e more ſhall ply the Loom.
ſing up his hands and eyes,
he *Loom*—at Chippenham—cries,
Pow'rs which greatneſs love,
below, but *dwell above*,
Thoſe Pow'rs united all ſhall join
To contradict the raſh deſign.
Sooner ſhall ſtubborn Will lay down
His oppoſition with his *gown*,
Sooner ſhall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's *mean* abode,
Sooner ſhall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dullman from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-caſt, and unknown,
Sure as that *cane* (a *cane* there ſtood
Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
Of *dry fine* wood a table made,
By ſome rare artiſt in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praiſe
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
Sure as that *cane*, which once was ſeen,
In pride of life all freſh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours ſhorn,
According to exacteſt rule,
Was faſhion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at preſent we behold
Curiouſly poliſh'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; ſure as that *cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afreſh, ſhall never more
Flouriſh in tawny India's ſhore,
So Sure ſhall Dullman and his race
To lateſt times this ſtation grace.
Dullman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if he ſlept,
Now looking ſtedfaſtly on Crape,
As at ſome God in human ſhape—
Crape, I proteſt, you ſeem to me
To have diſcharged a prophecy;
Yes—from the firſt it doth appear,
Planted by Fate, the Dullmans *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* ſhall to the laſt remain.
Crape, they're all wrong about this *Ghoſt*—
Quite on the wrong ſide of the poſt—
Blockheads, to take *it* in their head
To be a meſſage from the dead,
For that by *miſſion* they deſign,
A word not half ſo good as mine,
Crape—*here* it is—ſtart not one doubt—
A *plot*—a *plot*—I've found it out.
O God!—cries Crape, how bleſt the nation,
Where one ſon boaſts ſuch penetration!
Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I diſcover'd this, or *how*;
To Stentor go—if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* Norton bear—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cauſe of *all*,
Let the three witneſſes attend
With *allegations* to befriend,
To ſwear juſt ſo much, and no more,
As we inſtruct them in before.
Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you ſee
Th' effects of this diſcovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be *yours*.
A *Mitre* (for, this arduous taſk
Perform'd, they'll grant what'er I aſk)
A *Mitre* (and perhaps the beſt)
Shall thro' my intereſt make thee bleſt.

And at this time, when *gracious* Fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of State,
Who is more fit (and for your uſe
We could ſome inſtances produce)
Of England's *Church* to be the *Head*,
Than you, a *Preſbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like *old* Newcaſtle, be forgot.
But an affair, Crape, of this ſize
Will aſk from Conduct vaſt ſupplies;
It muſt not, as the vulgar ſay,
Be done in *lugger-mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's diſcreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They ſhould in public go, no doubt,
Whoſe buſineſs is to find it out.
To-morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City pomp diſplay'd,
Let the *Train-bands*—Crape ſhook his head—
They heard the trumpet and were fled—
Well—cries the Knight—if that's the caſe,
My ſervants ſhall ſupply their place—
My ſervants—*mine alone*—no more
Than what *my* ſervants did before—
Doſt not remember, Crape, that day,
When, Dullman's grandeur to diſplay,
As all too ſimple, and too low,
Our City friends were thruſt below,
Whilſt, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My ſervants—*mine*—and why not now?
In haſte then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But ſend up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *ſpectacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accompliſhment of *dancing*.
Not quite ſo faſt as lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, thro' the ſkies;
Not quite ſo faſt as, ſent by Jove,
Iris deſcends on wings of Love;
Not quite ſo faſt as Terror rides,
When he the chafing winds beſtrides;
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faſter than he cou'd?
Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block by Juſtice led,
The *rebel* Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept ſo clean, ſo bright,
'Twere ſin they ſhould be ſoil'd in fight,
Where brutes of *foreign* race are ſhewn
By brutes much greater of *our own*;
Faſt by the crowded *Thames*, is found
An ample ſquare of ſacred ground,
Where artleſs *Eloquence* preſides,
And *Nature* ev'ry ſentence guides.
Here *Female Parliaments* debate
About Religion, Trade, and State;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot's ſoul,
Diſdaining *foreign* baſe controul,
Deſpiſing *French*, deſpiſing *Erſe*,
Pours forth the *plain old Engliſh* curſe,
And bears aloft, with terrors hung,
The honours of the *vulgar tongue*.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and diſtinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and ſwell'd the mighty ſound.
The loudeſt Virgin of the ſtream,
Compar'd with *him*, would ſilent ſeem;
Thames, (who enrag'd to find his courſe
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Againſt the Bridge indignant roars,
And laſhes the reſounding ſhores)
Compar'd with *him*, at loweſt tide,
In ſofteſt whiſpers ſeems to glide.
Hither directed by the noiſe,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Thro' too much zeal and haſte made lame,
The *rev'rend* ſlave of Dullman came.
Stentor—with ſuch a ſerious air,
With ſuch a face of *ſolemn* care,
As might impoſe him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
Stentor—cries Crape—I'm hither ſent
On buſineſs of moſt high intent,
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with thoſe throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some ſecret which forbids him reſt,
Tumbles and *toſſes* in his breaſt,
Tumbles and *toſſes* to get free;
And thus the chief commands by me.
To-morrow, if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand Proceſſionade*—
Be all the City pomp diſplay'd—
Our Citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cauſe of *all*.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK IV.

COXCOMBS, who vainly make pretence
To ſomething of exalted ſenſe
'Bove other men, and, *gravely wiſe*,
Affect thoſe pleaſures to deſpiſe,
Which, merely to the eye confin'd,
Bring no improvement to the mind,
Rail at all pomp: They would not go
For millions to a *puppet-ſhow*,
Nor can forgive the mighty crime
Of countenancing *pantomime*;
No, not at Covent-Garden, where,
Without a head for play or play'r.
Or, could a head be found moſt fit,
Without one play'r to ſecond it,
They muſt, obeying *Folly*'s call,
Thrive by mere ſhow, or not at all.
With theſe *grave* fops, who (bleſs their brains
Moſt cruel to themſelves, take pains

ıedneſs, and would be thought
er than a wiſe man ought
n happineſs to be;
ıat they hear, and what they ſee,
they ſmell, and taſte, and feel,
till Reaſon, ſets her ſeal,
long trains of conſequences
gives ſanction to the *Senſes*;
ld not, Heav'n forbid it! waſte
in what the world calls Taſte,
y deign to laugh or cry,
ey know ſome reaſon why;
ſe *grave* fops, whoſe ſyſtem ſeems
ıp certainty for dreams,
of Man is underſtood
other purpoſe good
door, thro' which of courſe
Age crouding objects force,
ght uſher, to admit
ers to the court of *Wit*,
avity, forbear thy ſpleen,
ay *Wit*, I *Wiſdom* mean)
uch the practice of the Court,
gal precedents ſupport)
dea is allow'd
nqueſtion'd in the crowd,
can obtain the grace
ıg in the brain a place,
e Chief in congregation
d a *ſtrict examination*.
ch as *thoſe*, who Phyſic twirl,
ght with death, from ev'ry curl;
ve, with all becoming ſtate,
ice to be the voice of Fate;
with *Eſſence*, *Drop*, and *Pill*,
other Ward, or Hill,
ey can obtain their ends,
leath-warrants for their friends,
ıts vaſt as their's employ,
artem to deſtroy,
's (or laws their rage reſtrain)
ıe Chiefs of *Warwick-Lane*.
appy *Lane*, where uncontroul'd,
and *lethargy* grown old,
o take, in this bleſt land,
s which fell from Wyndham's hand,
ul throne great Dullneſs rears,
e herſelf as more in years;
he (and who ſhall dare deny
t, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
o mind, in ancient time,
th who err'd in wit and rime,
from henceforth to admit
the rebel Sons of Wit,
kes it her peculiar care
homberg never ſhall be there.
uch as *thoſe*, whom Folly trains
ns, tho' unbleſs'd with brains;
ſtitute of pow'r and will
, are kept to learning ſtill;
eads, when other methods fail,
inſtruction from the tail,
their fires, a common caſe
rings the children to diſgrace,
it a certain rule,
er could beget a fool,
s, or muſt *compound for*, ere
lain, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend permit*,
Announcing them for Orders fit,
So that the Prelate (what's a name?
All Prelates now are much the ſame)
May with a conſcience ſafe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *fiat*,
Which doth all faculties diſpenſe,
All ſanctity, *all faith*, *all ſenſe*,
Makes Madan quite a ſaint appear,
And makes an oracle of **Cheere**.
Not ſuch as in that ſolemn ſeat,
Where the *Nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies Nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning thoſe haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Iſis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford ſtir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *aſs*
As well as Balaam's ſelf might paſs,
And with his maſter take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.
Men of ſound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the ſtorehouſe of the head
With furniture they ne'er can uſe,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muſe
This wild excurſion; cannot ſee
Why *Phyſic* and *Divinity*,
To the ſurprize of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and ſhoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and ſubtle learning,
Remarkable for quick diſcerning,
Thro' ſpectacles of critic mould,
Without inſtruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To ſhew what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (*parentheſis*
For once apart) is briefly this.
Within the Brain's moſt ſecret cells
A certain *Lord Chief Juſtice* dwells
Of ſov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reaſon call;
Tho' for the purpoſe of ſatire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a *Lord Chief Juſtice* ſtill.
Here, ſo our great projectors ſay,
The Senſes all muſt homage pay;
Hither they all muſt tribute bring,
And proſtrate fall before their King.
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full ſtate,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, croſs-examines, weighs
Their right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend;
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his ſteady courſe;
The channel of enquiry's clear,
No *ſham examination*'s here.
He, upright Juſticer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjuſts and ſettles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we muſt chuſe, and what reject;

He takes upon him to explain
What pleaſure is, and what is pain;
Whilſt we, obedient to the whim,
And reſting all our faith on him,
True members of the *Stoic* weal,
Muſt learn to think, and ceaſe to feel.
This glorious ſyſtem form'd, for Man
To practiſe when and how he can,
If the five Senſes in alliance
To Reaſon hurl a proud defiance,
And, tho' oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater ſlav'ry hold,
Than Jewiſh bondage was of old;
Or if they, ſomething touch'd with ſhame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of Royalty, and, as in ſport,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of Puppet King,
And ſtaffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *ſyſtem-mongers*, ſtruck with fear,
Prognoſticate deſtruction near;
All things to anarchy muſt run;
The little world of Man's undone.
Nay ſhould the *Eye*, that niceſt Senſe,
Neglect to ſend intelligence
Unto the Brain, diſtinct and clear,
Of all that paſſes in her ſphere;
Should ſhe preſumptuous joy receive,
Without the Underſtanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treaſon
Againſt the monarchy of Reaſon,
Not thinking, tho' they're *wond'rous* wiſe,
That few have *Reaſon*, moſt have *Eyes*;
So that the pleaſures of the Mind
To a ſmall circle are confin'd,
Whilſt thoſe which to the Senſes fall,
Become the property of all.
Beſides (and this is ſure a caſe
Not much at preſent out of place)
Where Nature Reaſon doth deny,
No art can that defect ſupply;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to ſtate the argument)
A Man ſhould want an eye or two,
The remedy is ſure, tho' new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But, argument apart, which tends
T'embitter foes and ſep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apoſtate for the *Nine*,
Would I, tho' bred up a divine,
And foe of courſe to Reaſon's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own ſenſe and feelings taught,
In ſpeech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry Man enjoy his whim;
What's He to Me, or I to Him?
Might I, tho' never rob'd in *ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties ſhould ſettled be
To force men to hypocriſy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.

I would not have, might ſentence reſt
Finally fix'd within my breaſt,
E'en Annet cenſur'd and confin'd,
Becauſe we're of a diff'rent mind.
Nature, who in her act moſt free,
Herſelf delights in Liberty,
Profuſe in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty ſhed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If Freedom did not crown them all.
By Providence forbid to ſtray,
Brutes never can miſtake their way;
Determin'd ſtill, they plod along
By inſtinct, neither right nor wrong;
But Man, had he the heart to uſe
His freedom, hath a right to chuſe;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her laſt work, her fav'rite Man,
Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to *err*.
Nor let this phraſe reſentment ſtir
Amongſt the grave ones, ſince indeed,
The little merit Man can plead
In doing well, dependeth ſtill
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.
Opinions ſhould be free as air;
No man, what'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion muſt be bound,
And ſquare with his; ſuch ſlaviſh chains
From foes the lib'ral ſoul diſdains,
Nor can, tho' true to friendſhip, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let thoſe, who rigid Judgment own,
Submiſſive bow at Judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleaſure, till pleaſure is grown cold,
Pall'd and inſipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull ſubjects ſuited to their mind;
Their's be ſlow wiſdom: Be my plan
To live as merry as I can,
Regardleſs as the faſhions go,
Whether there's reaſon for 't, or no;
Be my employment here on earth
To give a lib'ral ſcope to mirth,
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a roſe from ev'ry thorn.
But if, by Error led aſtray,
I chance to wander from my way,
Let no blind guide obſerve, in ſpite,
I'm wrong, who cannot ſet me right.
That Doctor could I ne'er endure,
Who found diſeaſe, and not a cure;
Nor can I hold that man a friend,
Whoſe zeal a helping hand ſhall lend
To open happy Folly's eyes,
And, making wretched, make me wiſe;
For next, a truth which can't admit
Reproof from Wiſdom or from Wit,
To *being* happy here below,
Is to *believe* that we are ſo.
Some few in *knowledge* find relief,
I place my comfort in *belief*.

ality may call,
: is all in all.
, thro' the trick
, often makes us ſick;
let any Sophiſt tell,
likewiſe make us well?
ſure, whate'er our view,
hadows we purſue,
ſuits, be what they will,
ore than ſhadows ſtill,
ey fly, too ſwift and ſtrong,
catch, or hold them long.
ich in the Fancy live,
nt to each man may give.
nſelf, and true to eaſe,
Fate's ſevere decrees,
mortal wiſh for more?)
d makes himſelf new o'er,
ſted vain *Reality*,
hate'er he wants to Be.
ancy—to thy pow'r I owe
: from the gripe of Woe;
owe a mighty debt,
atitude ſhall ne'er forget,
m'ry can her force employ,
reaſe of ev'ry joy.
y doors, too ſtrongly barr'd,
ad plac'd a guard,
guard, ordain'd by Law
or Honeſty in awe;
ſevere and ſtern,
pt my wiſh'd return;
s grew prov'd, and Friends grew cool,
ter ſeiz'd each ſober ſool;
dour ſtarted in amaze,
ning cenſure, hinted praiſe;
dence, lifting up her eyes
, thank'd Heav'n, that ſhe was wiſe:
around me, with an air
ſs ſorrow, look'd deſpair;
r or ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay,
ut one, one only way
d be adviſ'd by us,
ll, than to be thus;
tue ſhunn'd the ſhock, and Pride
lay by Virtue's ſide,
my ruffled ſoul to chear,
id not hope, yet would not fear;
er motion, the wild grace
e ſpeaking in her face,
larity thrown by,
ort beaming from her eyes;
richeſt robes array'd,
ng forth, and brought me aid,
ng o'er that dreadful time,
: to bleſs me, came in *rime*.
er pow'r to *Me* confin'd,
it comprehends *Mankind*.
o the ſpirit-ſtirring ſound
a breathing courage round,
well mingled to reſtrain,
haſt courage down again,
elancholy knell
, deep, and doleful bell,
ate the good *Saint Brids*
mortify the pride
tho, England quite forgot,
is homage to the Scot,

Where Aſgill held the foremoſt place,
Whilſt my Lord figur'd at a race)
Proceſſions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of Stage or State)
Move on, ſo very very ſlow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the Performers all the while
Mechanically frown or ſmile,
Or, with a dull and ſtupid ſtare,
A vacancy of ſenſe declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, ſeem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reaſon wanders ſtill in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cauſe ſufficient can we find
To ſatisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by ſuch vain farces, *Man*
Deſcends to act on ſuch a plan?
Why they, who hold themſelves divine,
Can in ſuch wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themſelves and *Nature* to expoſe?
What cauſe, but that (you'll underſtand
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we ſtart a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As ſurgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Muſt always have a *ſtyptic* by)
Fancy ſteps in, and ſtamps that *real*,
Which, *ipſo facto*, is *ideal*.
Can none remember, yes, I know,
All muſt remember that rare ſhow,
When to the country Senſe went down,
And Fools came flocking up to town,
When *Knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *Knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *Perſons* play'd,
In robes *canonical* array'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapſters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry ſcoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then firſt prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For preſent grand *Electioneering*;
When *Heralds*, running all about
To bring in Order, turn'd it out;
When, by the *prudent Marſhal*'s care,
Leſt the rude populace ſhould ſtare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of patrician ſtrain,
The whole proceſſion, as in ſpite,
Unheard, unſeen, ſtole off by night;
When our lov'd Monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that ſacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements ſpring
Betwixt the *Subject* and the *King*,
By which, in uſual manner crown'd,
His *head*, his *heart*, his *hands* he bound,
Againſt *himſelf*, ſhould paſſion ſtir
The leaſt propenſity to err,
Againſt all *ſlaves*, who might propoſe
Or open force, or hidden ſnare,
That *glorious* Charter to maintain,
By which We ſerve, and He muſt reign;

Then Fancy, with unbounded ſway,
Revell'd ſole miſtreſs of the day,
And wrought ſuch wonders, as might make
Egyptian ſorcerers forſake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of *magic* her's alone.
A Knight (who in the ſilken lap
Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unleſs a *guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his ſide,
And troops of ſlaves were ſpread around
To keep his Honour ſafe and ſound;
Who could not ſuffer for his life
A point to ſword, or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the ſight
Of blood, tho' 'twas not ſhed in fight,
Who diſinherited one ſon
For firing off an *elder* gun,
And whipt another, ſix years old,
Becauſe the boy, preſumptuous, bold
To madneſs, likely to become
A very Swiſs, had beat a drum,
Tho' it appear'd an inſtrument
Moſt *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from firſt been in the hands
And ſervice of the *City Bards*)
Grac'd with thoſe enſigns which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And ſpur them on to deeds of fame,
With little ſword, large ſpurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all muſt own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very firſt *campaign*
His *honours* ſhould be ſoil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (ſeeing others much the ſame
In point of valour as himſelf,
Who leave their courage on a ſhelf
From year to year, till ſome ſuch rout
In proper ſeaſon calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and ſwagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mavors, grimly ſmil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all;
And perſonated Valour's ſtile
So long, ſpectators to beguile,
That paſſing ſtrange, and wond'rous true,
Himſelf at laſt believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he diſcern,
Till Truth and Darkneſs took their turn,
So well did Fancy play her part,
That Coward ſtill was at the heart.
Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded firſt, thro' all this land,
In Vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Who, by all-bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Hercules at leaſt,
To rid the world of each wild beaſt,
Of each wild beaſt which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove,
His force on the *parade* of Love,
Diſclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the diſtaff quits the ſword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, lets them know
How little they can truſt to ſhow;
Who ſports a woman as of courſe,
Juſt as a jockey ſhews a horſe,
And then returns her to the ſtable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and ſo deprav'd his mind)
Than, by ſome great occaſion led,
To ſeize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own deſires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Thro' fashion, not thro' feeling wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Senſe and Nature have decreed,
From real paſſion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Becauſe he nothing has to ſay,
As your *chaire* Spirits oaths diſpenſe
To fill up vacancies of ſenſe;
Who having ſome ſmall ſenſe, defies it,
Or, uſing, always miſapplies it;
Who now and then brings ſomething forth,
Which ſeems indeed of ſterling worth,
Something, by ſudden ſtart and fit,
Which at a diſtance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confuſion will appear
By Truth's fair glaſs, to be at beſt
A threadbare jeſter's threadbare jeſt:
Who friſks and dances thro' the ſtreet,
Sings without voice, rides without ſeat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æſop's aſs,
A *gratis* fool to all who paſs;
Who riots, tho' he loves not waſte,
Whores without luſt, drinks without taſte,
Acts without ſenſe, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whoſe vanity we all diſcern,
The ſpring on which his actions turn;
Whoſe aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be ſingular,
And all his utmoſt wiſhes mean,
Is, tho' he's laugh'd at, to be ſeen;
Such (for when Flattery's ſoothing ſtrain
Had robb'd the Muſe of her diſdain,
And found a method to perſuade
Her art to ſoften ev'ry ſhade,
Juſtice enrag'd, the pencil ſnatch'd
From her degen'rate hand, and ſcratch'd
Out ev'ry trace; then, quick as thought,
From life this ſtriking likeneſs caught)
In mind, in manners, and in mien,
Such Whiffle came, and ſuch was ſeen
In the World's eye; but (ſtrange to tell!)
Miſled by Fancy's magic ſpell,

not dreaming of deceit,
ut happy in the cheat,
than human in his own,
w all at Fancy's throne,
r could make ſo vile an elf
nce bear that thing, *himſelf*.
iſtreſs of each art to pleaſe,
ancy, what are theſe,
ant's of a trifler's pen,
y power effected then?
ith the human mind,
d ſubtle as the wind,
all find, yet no one knows
it comes, or whence it goes,
ce in ev'ry part
e eye, the head, the heart,
houſand forms array'd,
d various gambols play'd.
a face which well might aſk
ege to wear a maſk
Law, and Juſtice teach
good t' excuſe the breach,
e furrow of a wrinkle
s, which could not ſhine but twinkle,
nels i' th' ſtarry way,
for the return of day,
nt out, and ſeem to keep
h, like ſoldiers, in their ſleep,
oſe lamps which, by the pow'r
muſt burn from hour to hour,
, without redemption, fall
terrors of that Hall,
nce notorious for a *hop*,
ome *a Juſtice-ſhop*)
: ſo manag'd, to go out
the time comes round about,
t thro' emulation ſtrive
heir dying light alive,
ncommon, as we find,
he children of mankind)
ow weaker, would ſeem ſtronger,
a little, little longer;
twixt ſuch eyes enſhrin'd,
o daub, no mill to grind,
r'd her wand around, whoſe force
n an inſtant Nature's courſe.
ſly credible in rime,
topp'd, but call'd back Time.
of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
the floating ſtream appear'd,
neck ringlets ſpread their flames,
admiring whence they came;
h'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
l boſom *Cupid* laid;
their proper orbits ſent,
eyes a ſupplement;
ite as teeth were ever ſeen
om the hand of Green*,
regular array,
-bands on a grand field-day,
ms, which would have fled,
'ring, turn'd from white to red,
d was the whole machine,
——— ——— was fifteen.
made lordly temples riſe
ious Daſhwood's eyes,

Temples which built aloft in air,
May ſerve for ſhow, if not for pray'r;
In ſolemn form herſelf, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dreſs, and phyz,
More of another world than this,
To a *dwarf Mafe a Giant Page*,
The laſt grave fop of the laſt age;
In a ſuperb and feather'd hearſe,
Beſcutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with verſe,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a *caſt* rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in thoſe drear cells
Where, *ſelf-bleſs'd*, *ſelf-curs'd* Madneſs dwells)
Pleaſure, on whom, in *Laughter*'s ſhape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
Firſt brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witneſs of her ſhame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,
Some, who to curſe mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er muſt think of more,
Others, whoſe baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paſte,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute
Spread raptures o'er the ſoul of Bute.
Big with vaſt hopes, ſome mighty plan,
Which wrought the buſy ſoul of man
To her full bent, the Civil Law,
Fit *code* to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewiſh frontlets* were of old,
The famous Charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepeſt thoughts employ,
But deepeſt thoughts of trueſt joy,
Serious and ſlow he ſtrode, he ſtalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom beſt he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull ſolemn pleaſure in his face,
He ſaw the honours of his race,
He ſaw their lineal glories riſe,
And touch'd, or ſeem'd to touch the ſkies.
Not the moſt diſtant mark of fear,
No ſign of *axe*, or *ſcaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to croſs his will,
Of ſuch a place as *Tower-Hill*.
Curſe on this *Muſe*, a flippant jade,
A ſhrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peeviſhneſs and ſpleen.
Her tongue, (for as when bound for life,
The huſband ſuffers for the wife,
So if in any works of rime
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards muſt always rue it,
Altho' it is plain the Muſes do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To ſend me headlong to a jail.
Whate'r my theme (our themes we chuſe
In modern days without a *Muſe*,
Juſt as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,

nent Deuſtit at this period.

As if, tho' they muſt be the play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muſe*, who ſtill
Owns no direction but her will;
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I aught diſcern
Of fate, that time ſhall ſoon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at leaſt,
As grave and dull as any prieſt,
I could ſee *Vice* in robes array'd,
Could ſee the game of *Folly* play'd
Succeſsfully in Fortune's ſchool,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To cyphers great in place; but now
Upright I ſtand, as if wiſe Fate,
To compliment a ſhatter'd ſtate,
Had me, like Atlas, hither ſent
To ſhoulder up the firmament,
And if I ſtoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and ſituation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all controul; *Satire* and *Law*
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, *decorum* loſt, I ſtand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry ſenſe of ſhame,
Careleſs of ſafety and of fame,
The names of ſcoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the Town.
How can a Stateſman be ſecure
In all his villainies, if poor
And dirty authors thus ſhall dare
To lay his rotten boſom bare?
Muſes ſhould paſs away their time
In dreſſing out the poet's rime
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmleſs taſte, tho' gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They ſhould regale their reſtleſs ſon
With ſomething to allay his rage,
Some cool Caſtalian beverage,
Or ſome ſuch draught (tho' *they*, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muſes name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's *Ode* go down,
Or ſlakes the *feverette* of Brown:
But who would in his ſenſes think
Of Muſes giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly ſhould afford
To raving poets gun or ſword?
Poets were ne'er deſign'd by fate
To meddle with affairs of State,
Nor ſhould (if we may ſpeak our thought
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of wit
About thoſe heads, which, when they're ſhot,
Can't tell if 'twas by wit, or not.
Theſe things well known, what Devil in ſpite
Can have ſeduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which muſt have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever poet had before,
Of Wit and Virtue, in diſgrace
Would keep me ſtill, and out of place,
Which, if ſome *Judge* (you'll underſtand
One famous, famous thro' the land
For *making* law) ſhould ſtand my friend,
At laſt may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I myſelf admit,
Without one cauſe to lead to it.——
For inſtance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear ſome Critic Poſt
Remark moſt gravely—"The firſt word
"Which we about the GHOST have heard."
Peace my good Sir—not quite ſo faſt—
What is the firſt, may be the laſt,
Which is a point, all muſt agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
FANNY, no Ghoſt of common mould,
Is not by forms to be controul'd;
To keep her ſtate, and ſhew her ſkill,
She never comes but when ſhe will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And ſhrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my diſgrace,
I too am in the ſelf-ſame caſe)
But ſtill I wrote, till FANNY came
Impatient, nor could any ſhame
On me with equal juſtice fall,
If ſhe had never come at all.
An underling, I could not ſtir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the ſubject aid receive
Until ſhe came, and gave me leave.
So that (ye Sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a ſuppoſition,
Nor would I to ſo wiſe a nation
Suggeſt it as a *revelation*)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of FANNY, who, in ſea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No cenſure can be laid on me,
For ſure (the cauſe let Mansfield try)
FANNY is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold,
A ſecret worth its weight in gold
To thoſe who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Thro' ditch, thro' bog, o'er hedge and ſtile;
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a paſſage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Thro' dirt, who ſcruples to approach,
At Pleaſure's call, to take a coach?
But we ſhould think the man a clown
Who in the dirt ſhould ſet us down?
But to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The ſhackles of reſtraint could bear,
In wayward humour ſhould refuſe
Her timely ſuccour to the Muſe,
And to no rules and orders tied,
Roughly deny to be her guide,
She muſt renounce *decorum*'s plan,
And get back when, and how ſhe can

o, without pretext,
oned, quit their text,
e ſleep's genial pow'r,
k for half an hour,
aſon (for we know
, mean and low)
back (ſhould it befal
ome back at all)
o end the rout,
ive why they went out.
—this book—the GHOST—
ent at the moſt,
ve roller-ray
a rainy day,
, for ſummer wear,
rn ſtateſmen are,
permit
purloin the wit
were we all to ſteal,
h the theft to feel.
k, where Eaſe ſhould join
ſugar ev'ry line,
l all be mere *chit-chat*,
umour'd, and *all that*,
tire, in diſgrace,
uch as ſhew her face,
rleaping all due bounds,
ghter's ſacred grounds,
pt, plays o'er her tricks
e, and *Politics*.
ld the diſtemper'd ſcold
:ken men enroll'd
d book, whoſe mighty ſkill
pire to their will;
Fate, and on their tongue
and *Life* are hung;
quiry, Truth ſhall find
nk'd, time out of mind
r Country's laws,
tyrant's cauſe;
ſame damn'd maxims hold
they avow'd of old;
diff'rent means, purſue
they had firſt in view,
nd vain, now play their part
s honour, much more art?
orners of the ſtreets,
t drudge ſhe meets,
nown, with furious cry
l clamours vent; or why,
groundlings to inflame,
Bute, and Wyndham name?
not to our ſurprize
ath before her eyes,
hat but now and then,
on but her pen,
rgument afford,
men who *wear a ſword*;
n nicely *trim* and *pare*
nour to a hair
ord of nice import,
et in a court,
d quite in rapture feels
rattling with his Seals—
rd which all the *Nine*
ch puzzled to define—
rd which torture mocks,
nfound a thouſand Lockes—

Which (for I leave to wiſer heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What Honour *is*, on their wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their way,
And this we ſure may dare to ſay
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *Law*, *Honeſty*, or *Senſe*);
Men, who all ſpirit, life and ſoul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more ſkill, believe it true
That they muſt have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes ſpeechleſs as their fame,
Would by the ſword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than ſtarve?
At *Coronations*, a vaſt field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good ſound food, at once moſt fit
For purpoſes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious Satire reſt,
Content with what ſhe might digeſt?
Could ſhe not feaſt on things of courſe,
A *Champion*, or a Champion's *horſe*?
A Champion's *horſe*—No, better ſay,
Tho' better figur'd on that day—
A *horſe*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rime, a Pegaſus;
A *rider*, who, when once got on,
Might paſs for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a ſudden from the ſkies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand inſtead of whip,
The world with *noble* horſemanſhip,
To twiſt and twine, both horſe and man,
On ſuch a well-concerted plan,
That *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We ſcarce could think they were not one?
Could ſhe not to our itching ears
Bring the new-names of *new-coin'd* peers,
Who walk'd, Nobility forgot,
With ſhoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whoſe ſake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, becauſe they could not find,
Great predeceſſors to their mind?
Cou'd ſhe not (tho' 'tis doubtful ſince
Whether he *Plumber* is, or *Prince*)
Tell of a ſimple Knight's advance
To be a doughty Peer of *France*;
Tell how he did a Dukedom gain,
And Robinſon was Aquitain *;
Tell how her City-Chiefs diſgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A groſs neglect, which, whilſt they live,
They can't forget, and won't forgive;
A groſs neglect of all thoſe rights
Which march with City appetites;
Of all thoſe canons, which we find
By *gluttony*, time out of mind,
Eſtabliſh'd; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold:
Thanks to my ſtars—I now ſee ſhore—
Of Courtiers, and of Courts no more—

* At the Coronation Sir Thomas Robinſon walked as the repreſentative of the Duke of Aquitain.

Thus ſtumbling on my City friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpoſe bends
In line direct, and ſhall purſue
The point which I had firſt in view,
Nor more ſhall with the reader ſport,
Till I have ſeen him ſafe in port.
Huſh'd be each fear—no more I bear
Thro' the [illegible] regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Croſs-roads to Allen * I reſign
Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himſelf a *corporation*,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the firſt of *letter'd* men,
Since the *good* Biſhop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his ſtand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *Digreſſion* hence—
Let us return to *Common Senſe*;
The car of Phœbus I diſcharge,
My carriage now a Lord Mayor's *barge*.
Suppoſe we now—we may ſuppoſe
In verſe, what would be ſin in proſe—
The ſky with darkneſs overſpread,
And ev'ry ſtar retir'd to bed;
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In ſome dark corner thrown aſide;
Great *Lords* and *Ladies* giving way
To what they ſeem to ſcorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Deſire triumphant thro' the night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight;
Chaſtity, Woman's faireſt crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not ſullied in the night;
Dull *Ceremony*, buſineſs o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To ſee the candles ſafely out,
Bearing a mighty *maſter-key*,
Habited like *Oeconomy*,
Stamping each lock with triple ſeals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.
Suppoſe we too, like ſheep in pen,
The *Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*
Within their barge, which thro' the deep,
The rowers more than half aſleep,
Mov'd ſlow, as over-charg'd with ſtate;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *burthle* heavier far,
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies ſhed,
Each head, by Dullneſs render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Thro' the whole paſſage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half ſound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The ſteerſman nodding o'er the helm;

The rowers, without force or ſkill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
The ſluggiſh oars ſuſpended hung,
And even Beardmore † held his *tongue*.
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her *State*,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She ſafely clear'd that bank of ſand,
Where, ſtranded, our Weſt-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muſes can ſurvey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkneſs and light to them the ſame)
They paſt that building, which of old
Queen-Mothers was deſign'd to hold;
At preſent a mere *lodging-pen*,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and ſoldiers tread
Where *Dowagers* have laid their head.
Why ſhould we mention *Surrey-Street*,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To ſee all cauſes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* ſhould we ſtay?
What of the *Temple* dare we ſay?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the brethren of the ſeas
For *fares*, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, moſt wiſely made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By ſtopping up the navigation,
And to that ſand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of ſenſe,
But well ſupplied with impudence,
Engliſhmen, knowing not the *Guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterſon, as white as milk,
As ſmooth as oil, as ſoft as ſilk,
In ſolemn manner had decreed,
That on the other ſide the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne ‡, a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deſerving, juſt arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artiſt perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious *Patavinity*,
To build inſcriptions worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.
Much more, worth obſervation too,
Was this a ſeaſon to purſue
The theme, our Muſe might tell in rime:
The wiſh ſhe hath, but not the time;

* Ralph Allen, Eſq; of Prior Park, near Bath, the correſpondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy in Tom Jones is ſaid to have been the repreſentative.

† An Attorney, and Common-Council-Man poſed to have afforded ſome aſſiſtance at the "The Monitor."

‡ The Architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

s ſhaft from Indian bow,
a Goddeſs comes, we know,
ſature acts prevail,
vant neither oar nor ſail)
paſt, and reach'd the ſhore
hat Thought was ſcarce before.
ve now our *City-Court*
er'd at the port,
eir ſtate regardleſs quite,
te ſmuggled goods, by night;
Magiſtrate laid down,
of robe and gown
other enſign gone,
woollen night-cap on:
ſh us'd with decent ſtate
e ſpirits circulate,
hich, to the ſenſes true,
Chaplain uſes too,
thing to improve the plan,
e Maid inſtead of Man)
nd with flannel cover'd o'er
e vigour of threeſcore,
of threeſcore and ten
proof of younger men,
mighty Dullman led
o ſlaves, and put to bed;
moment he lies down,
in this great town,
as faſt aſleep as he
courſe of Nature be,
a for our foundation take,
is never half awake.
t him ſleep, whilſt we ſurvey
ations for the day,
on which was to be ſhewn
by *City-pride* outdone.
ous mother ſends away,
for childiſh play,
ter, who, to gall her pride,
oo forward by her ſide.
ch, of God and Man accurs'd,
's inſtruments the worſt,
a his *patrons*, and for the day
me ſpendthrift's vain array;
aukward doxy ſhine
es of Golconda's mine;
bour, with a jealous glare,
folly publiſh'd there.
, well-ſav'd (an anecdote
can prove, or would not quote)
ell-ſav'd, which firſt were made,
rs, to promote their trade,
Picts in arms aroſe,
them out, or made them cloaths;
immortal, without end,
, and titles, which deſcend
from ſire to ſon;
unleſs ſome work is done
ot ſuffer'd to appear
at moſt in ev'ry year,
in ſolemn form, laid bare
benefit of air,
hey came to be employ'd
emnity, to void
which Ruſſia's leather gave
nd impious moth to ſave.
ad was buſy, and each heart,
ion bore a part.

Running together all about,
The ſervants put each other out,
Till the grave maſter had decreed,
The more haſte, ever the worſt ſpeed;
Miſs, with her little eyes half-cloſ'd,
Over a ſmuggled toilet doſ'd;
The *Waiting-maid*, whom ſtory notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In ſlumbers lean'd againſt the wall:
Milliners, ſummon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in ſhoals at *Temple-bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of ſoppery from Court;
With labour'd viſible deſign
Art ſtrove to be *ſuperbly* fine;
Nature, more pleaſing, tho' more wild,
Taught otherwiſe her *darling* child,
And cried, with ſpirited diſdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.
Lo! from the chambers of the Eaſt,
A welcome prelude to the feaſt,
In *ſaffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himſelf, each ſteed
High mettled, of celeſtial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wiſh'd-for day,
And held her empire, till out-ran
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.
The trumpet—hark!—It ſpeaks—It ſwells
The loud full harmony—It tells,
The time at hand, when Dullman, led
By form, his Citizens muſt head,
And march thoſe troops, which at his call
Were now aſſembled, to *Guild-Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *Court* and *City*, *Church* and *State*.
From end to end the ſound makes way,
All hear the ſignal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, ſo ſound he ſlept and faſt,
Hear any trumpet, but the laſt.
Crape, ever true and truſty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the ſpirituals of pride,
Planted himſelf at Dullman's ſide.
Thrice did the ever-faithful ſlave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grape,
And broke death's adamantine chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curſe his trade,
The drone he ſhook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what, an inference moſt plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again,
Under his pillow (ſtill in mind
The proverb kept, *Faſt bind, faſt find*)
Each bleſſed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away eſſay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick ſtarted he with ſtupid ſtare,
For all his little ſoul was there.

Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, waſh'd, and ſprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes and trumpery of ſtate;
Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourſelves; and Chaplain paid,
Like ſlaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as uſual, ſaid his pray'rs,
Go *titter totter* to the ſtairs;
Behold him for deſcent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *ſtarts*, he *pauſes* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, ſeems to *think*;
Thro' his whole train (the Chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry ſlave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *ſtarted*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, ſilent for a ſeaſon,
At laſt with Crape begins to reaſon:
But firſt of all he made a ſign
That ev'ry ſoul, but the *Divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repoſe.
Crape—tho' I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful ſtep I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, obſerve me ſtill,
I mean not thoſe who well or ill
Perhaps may wiſh me, but thoſe who
Have 't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the State,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or thro' much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deſerving praiſe, into a ſcrape
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wiſe man, ſhould get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I ſay that to get out is wiſe,
Or, by the very ſelf-ſame rule
That to get in was like a fool:
The marrow of this argument
Muſt wholly reſt on the event;
And therefore, which is really hard,
Againſt events too I muſt guard.
Should things continue as they *ſtand*,
And Bute prevail thro' all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours on my zeal may ſmile,
And ſtamp me Earl of ſome great iſle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The preſent Miniſter goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can ſtand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with thoſe in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I ſhould not, like a blockhead, chuſe
To gain *theſe* ſo as *thoſe* to loſe:
'Tis good in ev'ry caſe, you know,
To have two ſtrings unto our bow.
As one in wonder loſt, Crape view'd
His Lord, who thus his ſpeech purſu'd.
This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point deſir'd.
What I would wiſh to bring about,
Cannot admit a moment's doubt,
The matter in diſpute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy taſk.—The *rev'rend* ſlave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted ſtood,
Juſt like a man cut out of wood;
Such as we ſee (without the leaſt
Reflection glancing on the Prieſt)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almoſt in ev'ry church in town:
He ſtood ſome minutes; then like one
Who wiſh'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, ſhook his head,
And thus the Man of Sorrow ſaid:
Hard is this taſk, too hard I ſwear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expreſſion hard my part,
Could mighty Dullman ſee my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To Senſe and Honour? Could I reach
Thy meaning without help of ſpeech,
At the firſt motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not ſaid, not what I ought,
But what by earthly maſter taught?
Did I e'er weigh, thro' duty ſtrong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever int'reſt, to whom thou
Can'ſt not with more devotion bow,
Warp my ſound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When buſineſs call'd aloud for haſte,
Torn myſelf thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan purſu'd
Of voluntary ſervitude;
Purſu'd without or ſhame or fear,
Thro' the great circle of the year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my ſkill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my Lord
Indulgence to his ſlave afford;
This taſk, for my poor ſtrength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dullman's wit.
With ſuch groſs incenſe gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
Poor Crape—and ſhook his empty head—
Poor puzzled Crape, wiſe Dullman ſaid,
Of judgment weak, of ſenſe confin'd,
For things of lower note deſign'd,

within the vulgar reach,
errands, and to preach,
thou judg'd, that heads like mine
ant help from heads like thine;
: thou judg'd thyſelf unmeet
ıigh argument to treat;
t to try thee that I ſpoke,
ſaid was but a joke.
ink a joke, Crape, a diſgrace
perſon, or my place;
ſt of the ſons of men
gn'd to uſe them now and then:
caution, do you ſee,
d by our dignity,
ımon uſe and men exempt,
hey may not breed contempt.
they have, when in the hands
like me, who underſtands;
erſtands the time and place,
ıns, manner, and the grace,
ols neglect; ſo that we find,
requiſites are join'd,
ence a perfect joke muſt ſpring,
a very ſerious thing.
our buſineſs—My deſign,
ve ſo rough a ſhock to thine,
pacity is made
as a fraud in trade,
ce broad-cloth, I can, with eaſe,
ı any ſhape I pleaſe.
n my circumſtance, ſome few,
thoſe men of genius too,
, who, without love or hate,
they early riſe or late,
ıes uncrack'd, and credit ſound,
ı a hundred thouſand pound,
bare ways and means would try
ıeir point; ſo will not I.
ods ſhall my wiſdom find
eſe matters to my mind,
ıe infidels at court,
e our City Wits their ſport,
the honours of my reign,
hat Dullman beats a brain.
n my place, to gain their ends,
ve relations up, and friends;
ıd a wife, who they might ſwear
ıs none the worſe for wear;
a daughter, yet a maid,
eſman's arms betray'd;
ld the girl prove coy, nor know
ghters to a father owe,
n ſchemes ſo nobly plann'd
l, themſelves would lend a hand;
e on one ſide, whilſt a brother,
ught, would vote on t'other;
ry petty band forget;
: eye be with *one* ſet,
with a *ſecond* herd,
proxy with a *third*;
e a *Queen*, of whom I read
day—her name is fled—
where, together bound,
n and his Cat I found,
true, and free from art,
Lord-Mayors ſhould have by heart)
ı might thoſe days begin
ı Queens would learn to ſpin)

Who wrought, and wrought, but for ſome plot,
The cauſe of which I've now forgot,
During the abſence of the ſun
Undid what ſhe by day had done)
Whilſt they a double viſage wear,
What's ſworn by day, by night unſwear.
Such be their arts, and ſuch perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new ſyſtem *mine* ſhall ſpring,
A *Locum-Tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.—To obligate
The preſent Miniſters of State,
My *ſhadow* ſhall our Court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*;
My *fine ſtate coach*, ſuperb to view,
A fine ſtate coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of thoſe who're out of place:
In the mean time *I*—that's to ſay—
I proper, *I* myſelf—*here* ſtay.
But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's adminiſtration,
To lend my coach may ſeem to be
Declaring for the Miniſtry;
For where the City-coach is, there
Is the true eſſence of the Mayor:
Therefore (for wiſe men are intent
Evils at diſtance to prevent,
Whilſt fools the evils firſt endure,
And then are plagu'd to ſeek a cure)
No *coach*—a *horſe*—and free from fear
To make our *Deputy* appear,
Fresh on his back ſhall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his ſide:
Then for a *horſe*—thro' all the land.
To head our ſolemn City-band.
Can any one ſo fit be found,
As he, who in *Artillery-ground*,
Without a rider, noble ſight,
Led on our braveſt troops to fight.
But firſt, Crape, for my honour's ſake,
A tender point, enquiry make
About that *horſe*, if the diſpute
Is ended, or is ſtill in ſuit.
For whilſt a cauſe (obſerve this plan
Of juſtice) whether *horſe* or *man*
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r muſt tyranny appear,
Which ſhould, *pre-judging*, interfere,
And weak faint judges over-awe
To bias the free courſe of law.
You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you muſt appear,
Whilſt I in privacy ſit here;
Here ſhall great Dullman ſit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did.
Crape heard, and ſpeeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be aſſur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To ſerve ſuch infamous intent,
And ſuch a Lord to repreſent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t'other ſide of *London-wall*.

The trumpet ſounds—ſolemn and ſlow
Behold the grand proceſſion go,
All moving on, eat after kind.
As if for motion ne'er deſign'd.
Conſtables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the ſecond place
By virtue of a ſilver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For uſe of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treaſurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty Treaſury;
Churchwardens, who their courſe purſue
In the ſame ſtate, as to their pew
Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since Peirſon taught them pride and ſhow,
Who in ſhort tranſient pomp appear,
Like Almanacks chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *Poor's Box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and ſhut it when they pleaſe;
Overſeers, who by frauds enſure
The heavy curſes of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *Bulls* and *Bears*,
Like beaſts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *Profeſſor* Sheridan:
A man of *wire*, a mere *Pantine*,
A downright *animal machine*,
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher Ammon's ſon
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occaſions next the Chair
He ſtands for ſervice of the Mayor,
And to inſtruct him how to uſe
His *a*'s and *b*'s, and *p*'s and *q*'s.
O'er *letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *ſyllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *words* disjointed, and o'er *ſenſe*
Left deſtitute of all defence,
He ſtrides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criſs-Croſs-Rows*.
Before him, ev'ry *Conſonant*
In agonies is ſeen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghoſts of tortur'd *Vowels* groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And City favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *Court-Dame*, to grace his brows
Reſolv'd, is wed to City ſpouſe,
Their aid with *Madam's* aid muſt join
The aukward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence trueſt glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To ſhew how fit he was to teach
A *Cit*, an *Alderman*, a *Mayor*,
Led in a ſtring a *dancing bear*.
Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Cuſtom, and Cuſtom's all in all,
Commands that we ſhould have regard.
On all high ſeaſons, to the *Bard*.
Great acts like theſe, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, ſhould not be ſaid, but ſung.

This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman * came;
And, ne'er forgot in Dullman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *uniformity* of pride,
Brought *brother* Whitehead by his ſide.
On horſe, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And caſt his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpoſe fit,
His high and gen'rous blood diſdain'd
To be for ſports and paſtimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious ſtation,
Paraded at the Coronation.
Not ſo our *City* Dymock came,
Heavy, diſpirited, and tame;
No mark of ſenſe, his eyes half-cloſ'd.
He on a mighty *dray-horſe* rid'.
Fate never could a horſe provide
So fit for ſuch a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with ſtricteſt care,
So fit for ſuch a horſe to bear.
Hung round with inſtruments of death
The ſight of him would ſtop the breath.
Of bragg art Cowardice, and make
The very *Court Drawcanſir* quake.
With *dirks*, which, in the hands of ſpite,
Do their damn'd buſineſs in the night,
From *Scotland* ſent, but here diſplay'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *ſwords*, unfleſh'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With *blunderbuſſes*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket piſtols*, by his ſide,
In girdle ſtuck, he ſeem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The ſight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horſe (a courteſy
In horſes found of high degree)
Inſtead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* ſhould have gone.
Horſes, unleſs they breeding lack,
Some ſcruple make to turn their back,
Tho' riders, which plain truth declares,
No ſcruple make of turning theirs.
Far, far apart from all theſe reſt,
Fit only for a ſtanding jeſt,
The *independent* (can you get
A better ſuited epithet)
The *independent* Amyand came,
All burning with the ſacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great ſtock of Slav'ry grows.
Like Sparrow, who, depriv'd of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From ſpray to ſpray no more will hop,
But ſits alone on the houſe-top,
Or like himſelf, when all alone
At *Croydon*, he was heard to groan,
Liſting *both* hands in the defence
Of Intereſt and Common-Senſe;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and purſu'd his plan,

* John Lockman, Secretary to the Britiſh Fiſhery, Author of Many forgotten Poems, Tranſlator of ſeveral works from the French.

and had been loneſome quite,
not held up the *right*.
came, and fix'd his eyes
ure on a diſtant prize,
in letters worthy note,
Twenty Thouſand Pounds" was wrote:
, for credit ſapp'd is found
; twenty thouſand pound.
t not thus on me, and ſtare,
the certainty.—To ſwear
caſe I ſhould be loth—
Cuſt * may take his oath.
and decent garb array'd,
prim quaker Fraud came Trade;
e to improve the plan,
ike a *Jury-man*,
intereſt prevails,
t with meaſures, weights, and ſcales;
next, of helliſh race,
t damn'd, to ſhew his face
fear, but not by ſhame,
a *Jew*, like ——— came;
, Midas-like, behold
hate'er ſhe touch'd to gold;
led by Luſt, and Pride
rith Ponton by her ſide;
, demure and ſad,
ts of the Prieſthood clad,
ſguis'd, that you might ſwear,
a very Prieſt was there;
y, full of eaſe and health,
wing in *well-ſav'd* wealth,
ing thro' a ruin'd band,
ng B——— in her hand;
nging down her head,
Highland ſtallion led;
th'd in ſables, with a face
neſs'd ſenſe of huge diſgrace,
ke a deep and rooted ſhame
rſelf and of her name,
creeps on, and bluſhing feels
War treading on her heels;
t, ſhaken by the arts
ith bad heads and worſe hearts,
notice of a band
r her were ordain'd to ſtand,
deſtroy'd by fickly fit,
ful all around for Pitt;
-at that moſt hallow'd name
mount into a flame,
beats high, and each nerve ſtrains
cracking; thro' my veins
f life more rapid run,
e I am Freedom's ſon—
ame next, but ſcarce was ſeen,
ky, which appear'd ſerene
efore, was overcaſt;
trode a *foreign* blaſt,
the *priſon* of the *North*,
m deadly, ſtorms burſt forth.
ke thoſe, in which, we're told,
orefathers warr'd of old,
th death, fix horſes bear
blank region of the air.
for time or art to tame,
'd forth mingled ſmoke and flame

From their wide noſtrils; ev'ry ſteed
Was of that ancient ſavage breed
Which fell Geryon nurs'd; their food
The fleſh of man, their drink his blood.
On the firſt horſes, ill-match'd pair,
This fat and ſleek, *that* lean and bare,
Came ill-match'd riders ſide by ſide,
And Poverty was yok'd with Pride.
Union moſt ſtrange it muſt appear,
Till other unions make it clear.
Next, in the gall of bitterneſs,
With rage which words can ill expreſs,
With unforgiving rage, which ſprings
From a falſe zeal for holy things,
Wearing ſuch robes as prophets wear,
Falſe prophet's placed in Peter's chair;
On which, in characters of fire,
Shapes antic, horrible and dire,
Inwoven flam'd; where to the view,
In groups appear'd a rabble crew
Of ſainted devils where all round
Vile *reliques* of vile men were found,
Who, worſe than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of hell on earth,
Jugglers, *Inquiſitors*, and *Popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,
And *engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the deſtroyer Man
Could, to promote his ſelfiſh views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to uſe;
Bearing, to conſecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *Crucifix*,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd ſword*;
Having her brows, in impious ſport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth Peace *amongſt men*, Good-will,
Love *bearing*, and *forbearing* ſtill,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of thoſe
Who rather death than falſehood choſe;
On her breaſt (where in days of yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the High-prieſt wore
Thoſe oracles which were decreed
T' inſtruct and guide the choſen ſeed)
Having with glory clad and ſtrength,
The Virgin pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilſt at her feet, in ſmall pourtray'd,
As ſcarce worth notice, Chriſt was laid;
Came Superſtition fierce and fell,
An imp deteſted, e'en in hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully beſmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *Saints* ſhe rode;
Faſt at her heels Death proudly ſtrode,
And grimly ſmil'd, well-pleas'd to ſee
Such havock of mortality.
Cloſe by her ſide, on miſchief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, ſavage, wild,
The mother fit of ſuch a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of ſin and death, came Ignorance.
With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And ſov'reign pow'r by pride diſgrac'd,
Where loudly witneſſing a mind
Of ſavage more than human kind,
Not chuſing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Miſrule appear'd.

With eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to ſtrike beholders dead,
Gnaſhing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorſe
Whipping, and ſpurring on his horſe,
Whoſe ſides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny; diſdaining awe,
And trampling over *Senſe* and *Law*.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would purſue,
Tho' leſs (ſo low doth paſſion bring)
Than man, he would be more than King.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilſt it conceal'd a hook;
When ſimple moſt, moſt to be fear'd;
Moſt crafty when no craft appear'd;
His tales no man like him could tell,
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Thoſe who had cheated been before:
Such Flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of pow'r,
And, grown by *proſtitution* great,
Would be firſt Miniſter of State.
Within the chariot, all alone,
High ſeated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Juſtice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Juſtice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of thoſe, who dare offend,
'Gainſt Juſtice, and pervert her end:
But, if the Muſe afford me grace,
Deſcription ſhall ſupply the place.
In *foreign* garments he was clad:
Sage ermine o'er the glofly *plaid*
Caſt rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of art,
In ſilver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly ſtar,
Shone a *White Roſe*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever muſt revere;
Of that dread Lord, who with his hoſt
Of faithful native rebels loſt,
Like thoſe black ſpirits doom'd to hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *bonnet*, moſt ſuperbly grac'd
With mighty *thiſtles*, nor forgot
The ſacred motto, *Touch me not*.
In the right hand a ſword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South:
The reeking blade to view preſents
The blood of helpleſs innocents;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the ſhearers dumb,
With downcaſt eye, and ſolemn ſhow
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Faſt to a rock was Juſtice chain'd.
In his left-hand, in wax impreſt,
With bells and gewgaws idly dreſt,
An *image*, caſt in baby mould,
He held, and ſeem'd overjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiſs,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to deſire the Antitype.
What if to that *Pretender*'s foes
His greatneſs, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And ſhake his conſtancy of mind?
Scorning ſuch weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he ſtill remains,
Tho' he the friend of George appear:
Diſſimulation's Virtue here.
Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Juſtice bend,
Unleſs *out-bullied* by his *friend*:
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himſelf a coward ſlave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a ſubtle train he ſprings,
And, ſecret, ſaps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainſt the reſiſtance of a worm:
Born in a country, *where the will*
Of one is law to all, he ſtill
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To ſpread it whereſoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The proſtitute of pow'r and pride:
Law he with eaſe explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Senſe aſtray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cauſe he can't maintain,
Proceeds on moſt familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rareſt ſtamp and ſize,
To Nature falſe, he miſapplies,
And turns to poiſon what was ſent
For purpoſes of nouriſhment.
Paleneſs, not ſuch as on his wings
The meſſenger of ſickneſs brings,
But ſuch as takes its coward riſe
From conſcious baſeneſs, conſcious vice,
O'erſpread his cheeks; *Diſdain* and *Pride*,
To upſtart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Inſidious, lurking like a ſpy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Miſchief*; *Paſſion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breaſt
All that makes Villain found a neſt,
All that, on hell's compleateſt plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land, he roſe,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's beſt blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of ſterner ſtuff
In cities than elſewhere, to make
The very ſtouteſt quail and quake,

baleful eyes around,
ut motion to the ground,
g on ſurprize, all ſtood,
chill'd their curdled blood:
ey thought of *pomp*, no more
ad ſeen his face before)
ey thought; the cauſe forgot,
was or Ghoſt, or Plot,
n them there. They all ſtood more,
s than they were before.
uld be done? Could art, could force,
ect a proper courſe
is ſavage monſter tame,
n back the way he came?
erart, nor force, nor both
a *Lord* of foreign growth,
that baſe wretch allied
not in vice and pride,
from the ſelf-ſame land,
for our blaſpheming band
rs, but deſerving note)
came, and antidote.
monſter hung his head;
empty viſion fled;
like virgin ſnows which run,
he burning bawdy ſun,
ſtreams, diſſolv'd in air;
rom abſence ſeem'd more fair,
ng, freed from ſlaviſh awe;
iberty, and Law,
f the galling chain,
f pow'r, reſum'd their reign;
g with the glorious flame
Virtue, Mansfield came.

END OF THE GHOST.

THE

NFERENCE.

E ſaid in form, which Sceptics muſt agree,
r are told that grace was ſaid by me;
ts gone, to break the ſcurvy jeſt
nd landlord, and his threadbare gueſt;
gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
in uſual taſte, began to yawn,
g backward in his elbow-chair,
ſtupid kind of ſtupid ſtare,
s teeth, twirling his ſeals about—
you have a poem coming out.
y beſt wiſhes; but I really fear
e in general is too ſevere;
ſeems her int'reſt to oppoſe,
e ſhe makes one friend, makes twenty
n.
r Lordſhip's fears are juſt, I feel their
ce,
eel it as a thing of courſe.
whoſe hardy ſpirit ſhall engage
e vices of a guilty age,
At his firſt ſetting forward ought to know,
That ev'ry rogue he meets muſt be his foe;
That the rude breath of ſatire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the ſtroke.
But ſhall the partial rage of ſelfiſh men
From ſtubborn juſtice wrench the righteous pen,
Or ſhall I not my ſettled courſe purſue,
Becauſe my foes are foes to Virtue too?
L. What is this boaſted Virtue, taught in Schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her uſe? Point out one wholeſome end:
Will ſhe hurt foes, or can ſhe make a friend?
When from long faſts fierce appetites ariſe,
Can this ſame Virtue ſtifle Nature's cries?
Can ſhe the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With froſt and ſnow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Can'ſt thou diſmiſs the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by ſaying, Thou art Virtue's ſon?
Or by baſe blund'ring ſtateſmen ſent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
Believe it not, the name is in diſgrace,
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.
Quit then this meteor, whoſe deluſive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far aſtray.
True Virtue means, let Reaſon uſe her eyes,
Nothing with fools, and int'reſt with the wiſe.
Would'ſt thou be great, her patronage diſclaim,
Nor madly triumph in ſo mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and ſcorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How ſeldom Prudence can with Virtue go?
To be ſucceſsful try thy utmoſt force,
And Virtue follows as a thing of courſe.
Hirco, who knows not Hirco? ſtains the bed
Of that kind maſter who firſt gave him bread,
Scatters the ſeeds of diſcord thro' the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a truſting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a ſon:
What mortal in his ſenſes can endure
The name of Hirco for the wretch is poor!
" Let him hang, drown, ſtarve, on a dunghill rot,
" By all deteſted live, and die forgot;
" Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
" Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death."
Is now the gen'ral cry we all purſue:
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new ſyſtem feels,
Throws up her cap, and ſpaniels at his heels;
Long live great Hirco, cries, by int'reſt taught,
And let his foes, tho' I prove one, be nought.
C. Peace to ſuch men, if ſuch men can have peace,
Let their poſſeſſions, let their ſtate increaſe;
Let their baſe ſervices in Courts ſtrike root,
And in the ſeaſon bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let thoſe who have the will,
And, with ſo little ſpirit, ſo much ſkill,
With ſuch vile inſtruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honeſt man dares ſtarve.
L. Theſe ſtale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.

Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honeſt man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the ſky,
And dart from pole to pole thy ſtrengthen'd eye,
Thro' all that ſpace you ſhall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on ſuch a plan.
Cowards in calms will ſay, what in a ſtorm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, ſpite of all you've ſaid,
You'd give your honour for a cruſt of bread.

C. What proof might do what hunger might effect,
What famiſh'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all ſhe once held dear, what fear, at ſtriſe
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward fleſh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and ſhrinking back from death,
In treaſon to my ſoul, deſcend to bear,
Truſting to Fate, I neither know nor care.
Once, at this hour thoſe wounds afreſh I feel,
Which nor proſperity nor time can heal,
Thoſe wounds, which Fate ſeverely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, muſt for ever bleed,
Thoſe wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings ſuch mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's moſt oppreſſive frown,
Ey legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at laſt gaſp, my ſtate undone,
Trembling to meet the ſhock I could not ſhun,
Virtue gave ground, and black deſpair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the ſtorm, my ſpirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; 'till one, a friend indeed,
May all diſtreſs find ſuch in time of need,
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wiſdom taught,
Image of him whom Chriſtians ſhould adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me ſafe to ſhore.
Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for ſome little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in ſwerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, ſhall abject thirſt of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainſt my ſoul's deareſt health,
That, as a boon, I ſhould baſe ſhackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myſelf a ſlave;
That I ſhould in the train of thoſe appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?
That I no longer ſkulk from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Afraid leſt duns aſſail, and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcaſe bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the aukward friend,
Whoſe very obligations muſt offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At ſuff'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependence and from pride ſecure,
I am not plac'd ſo high to ſcorn the poor,
Nor yet ſo low, that I my Lord ſhould fear,
Or heſitate to give him ſneer for ſneer;
That, whilſt ſage Prudence my purſuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myſelf moſt true,
Feeling no want, I comfort thoſe who do,
And with the will have power to aid diſtreſs:
Theſe, and what other bleſſings I poſſeſs,
From the indulgence of the Public riſe;
All private patronage my ſoul defies.
By candour more inclin'd to ſave, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; juſt Mem'ry bears
The grateful ſtamp, and what I am is theirs.

L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cauſe,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purpoſes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwiſe, you ſtand alone.
What do we mean by Country and by Court?
What is it to Oppoſe, what to Support?
Mere words of courſe, and what is more abſurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and Minors differ but in name,
Patriots and Miniſters are much the ſame;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.
Explore the dark receſſes of the mind,
In the ſoul's honeſt volume read mankind,
And own, in wiſe and ſimple, great and ſmall,
The ſame grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wiſdom to the wiſe,
Of goodneſs to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim moſt dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our firſt great Mover, and our laſt great End,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.
This, which unwilling Faction ſhall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made Tyrants break, made Kings obſerve the law
And gave the world a Stuart and Naſſau.
Hath Nature (ſtrange and wild conceit of pride)
Diſtinguiſh'd thee from all her ſons beſide?
Doth virtue in thy boſom brighter glow,
Or from a ſpring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy ſoul bound with thoſe very chains
Which ſhackle us; or is that Self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we ſee
Moſt ſtrong and ſov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawleſs pen)
Think, and confeſs thyſelf like other men;
Think but one hour, and to thy conſcience led
By Reaſon's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyſelf now, and own with ſtricteſt truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
Farther than Folly would have dar'd to ſtray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a ſlave.
Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have ſo long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundleſs will
Let Self maintain her ſtate and empire ſtill,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Thro' better paſtures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wiſely revolt, and join our ſtronger ſide.

what, my Lord, hath private life to do
s of public nature? Why to view
i thus cruelly thoſe ſcenes unfold,
ithout pain and horror to behold,
t me ſomething more or leſs than man;
ends may pardon, but I never can?
: ! a thought which borders on deſpair,
ıman nature muſt, yet cannot bear.
ıe babbling of a buſy world,
uſe and cenſure are at random hurl'd,
ı the meaneſt of my thoughts controul,
ne ſettled purpoſe of my ſoul.
it large might their wild curſes roam,
all, alas! were well at home.
:he tale which angry Conſcience tells,
with more than tragic horror ſwells
ımſtance of guilt; when ſtern but true,
s bad actions forth into review;
: the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Remorſe awake at Reaſon's call;
all points bids ſcorpion Vengeance paſs,
ıe mind holds up Reflection glaſs;
d, which ſtarting, heaves the heart-felt
roan,
s that form ſhe knows to be her own.
ı of this—let private ſorrows reſt—
Public I dare ſtand the teſt;
ıdly boaſt, I feel no wiſh above
of England, and my Country's love.
ɔ party-rage, by Reaſon's voice,
guide, directed in my choice,
ıe tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
of hell, ſhall make me change my mind.
ɔerd with men my honeſt ſoul diſdains,
, with ſervile zeal, are forging chains
lom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
l deſtruction o'er my native land.
hall I not, e'en to my lateſt breath,
ll face of danger and of death,
t little ſtrength which Nature gave,
lly ſtem, or periſh in the wave?
hen I look backward for ſome fifty years,
watching Patriots turn to Peers;
n moſt looſe, for decency declaim,
of character without a name;
:ls aſſert the cauſe of God,
·k divines wield perſecution's rod;
transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
itehead* take a place, † Ralph change his
ɔen,
the zeal, and deem the men in ſport,
l at Miniſters, and curſe a Court.
aughty as thou art, and proud in rime,
ne preferment, offer'd at a time
Virtue ſleeps, ſome ſacrifice to pride,
fair victim, move to change thy ſide.
all theſe eyes behold, to health reſtor'd,
ıs Prudence bids, bold Satire's ſword,
thy preſent friends, and praiſing thoſe,
ow thy frenzy holds thy greateſt foes.
ſay I (can worſe diſgrace on manhood fall?)
a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
'tho' to his ſervice deeply tied
ɔd oaths, and now by will allied)

ıl Whitehead.
nes Ralph. See Lord Melcombe's "Diary."

With falſe feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And uſe his name for ſome baſe private end;
May I (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my ſick ſpirits, and unmans my ſoul)
Ruin the virtue which I held moſt dear,
And ſtill muſt hold; may I, thro' abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to ſucceeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilſt mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all thoſe evils which, to ſtamp men curs'd,
Hell keeps in ſtore for vengeance, may the worſt
Light on my head, and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,
May I be ſcorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known,
Whom Shelburne ſled, and Calcraft bluſh'd to own.
L. Do you reflect what men you make your foes?
C. I do, and that's the reaſon I oppoſe.
Friends I have made, whom Envy muſt commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wiſh a friend.
What if ten thouſand Butes and Hollands bawl,
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious ſtreams on recent men, who came
From ſtems unknown, and fires without a name?
'Tis not the *ſtar*, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilſt a baſe heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and ſin;
'Tis not the tinſel grandeur, taught to wait,
At cuſtom's call, to mark a fool of ſtate
From fools of leſſer note, that ſoul can awe
Whoſe Pride is Reaſon, whoſe defence is Law.
L. Suppoſe (a thing ſcarce poſſible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part;)
Suppoſe thy writings ſo well fenc'd in law,
That Norton ‡ cannot find, nor make a flaw,
Haſt thou not heard, that 'mongſt our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd aſleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath ſuſpended ſtood, or chang'd its courſe?
Art thou aſſur'd, that, for deſtruction ripe,
Thou may'ſt not ſmart beneath the ſelf-ſame gripe?
What ſanction haſt thou, frantic in thy rimes,
Thy life, thy freedom to ſecure?

C. The times.
'Tis not on law, a ſyſtem great and good,
By wiſdom penn'd, and bought by nobleſt blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whoſe royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce 'twere ſin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws diſpenſe,
(Bleſt be the hour and hand which ſent them hence)
For ſomething, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, *unheard*.

‡ Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General.

Life we might all reſign to lawleſs pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchaſe of an hour:
But Envy ne'er ſhall fix ſo foul a ſtain
On the fair annals of a Brunſwick's reign.
If, ſlave to party, to revenge, or pride,
If, by frail human error drawn aſide,
I break the Law, ſtrict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to puniſh, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor by the voice of Juſtice doom'd to death,
Would I aſk mercy with my lateſt breath.
But, anxious only for my Country's good,
In which my King's, *of courſe*, is underſtood;
Form'd on a plan with ſome few patriot friends,
Whilſt by juſt means I aim at nobleſt ends,
My ſpirits cannot ſink; tho' from the tomb
Stern Jeffries ſhould be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Tho' he ſhould bring, his baſe deſigns to aid,
Some *black Attorney*, for his purpoſe made,
And ſhove, whilſt Decency and Law retreat,
The modeſt Norton from his maiden ſeat;
Tho' both, in ill conſed'rates, ſhould agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilſt George is King, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be ſecure.
But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, ſhould imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with freſh Stuarts curſe our ſtate;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppreſſive force,
Divert ſweet Juſtice from her even courſe;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witneſs 'gainſt my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquiſitions taught,
Search out my ſoul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my courſe, ſtill ſpeak, ſtill
write,
'Till death had plung'd me in the ſhade of night.
Thou God of *Truth*, thou great, all-ſearching
eye,
To whom our thoughts, our ſpirits open lie,
Grant me thy ſtrength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law ſubmits to Pow'r,
With firm reſolve my ſteady boſom ſteel,
Bravely to ſuffer, tho' I deeply feel.
Let me, as hitherto, ſtill draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if Oppreſſion brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, ſhe ne'er ſhall mark a ſlave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unſeemly word;
Let ſober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear,
Whether he's raviſh'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's nobleſt plan,
Who lives to Reaſon, and who dies a Man.

END OF THE CONFERENCE.

THE

AUTHOR.

ACCURS'D the man, whom Fate ordains in ſpite,
And cruel parents teach, to Read and Write!
What need of letters? Wherefore ſhould we ſpell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well,
Much are the precious hours of youth miſ-ſpent,
In climbing Learning's rugged ſteep aſcent;
When to the top the bold adventurer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren ſpot,
Whilſt in the *vale of Ignorance* below,
Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry ſide,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waſte,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taſte,
To bear the ſlaviſh drudgery of ſchools,
And tamely ſtoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For ſeven long years debarr'd of lib'ral eaſe,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of ſolemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praiſe each ſenior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reaſon bluſh, and ſpirits fail,
Manhood with vile ſubmiſſion to diſgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whoſe merit is his place;
Vice-Chancellors, whoſe knowledge is but ſmall,
And Chancellors, who nothing know at all;
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous ſpirit in thoſe days
When learning was the certain road to praiſe,
When nobles, with a love of ſcience bleſs'd,
Approv'd in others what themſelves poſſeſs'd.
But *now*, when Dullneſs rears aloft her throne,
When Lordly vaſſals her wide empire own,
When Wit, ſeduc'd by Envy, ſtarts aſide,
And baſely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *now* ſhould tempt us, by falſe hopes miſled,
Learning's unfaſhionable paths to tread;
To bear thoſe labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boaſted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to thoſe who have it not.
In ſome it cauſes hate, in others fear,
Inſtructs our foes to rail, our friends to ſneer.
With prudent haſte the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at ſchool;
The elder brother, to vaſt fortunes born,
Looks on all ſcience with an eye of ſcorn;
Dependent brethren the ſame features wear,
And younger ſons are ſtupid as the heir,
In Senates, at the Bar, in Church and State,
Genius is vile, and Learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the Poet view'd,
By whom they ſaw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where Poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patron ſanctify'd their praiſe?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenſer's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, deſcription hung;
Where Jonſon rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilſt Reaſon thro' her critic fences ſmil'd;

Nature liſt'ning ſtood, whilſt Shakeſpeare
lay'd,
der'd at the work herſelf had made?
e land, where, mindful of her charge
e high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
ſtanding in our laws a ſure defence,
k'd at all reſtraints, but thoſe of ſenſe;
dealth and Honour trooping by her ſide,
d her ſacred empire far and wide;
the way Affliction to beguile,
e the face of Sorrow wear a ſmile;
ſe, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
r bleſſings, which God meant for all?
e land, where in ſome tyrant's reign,
weak, *wicked*, *miniſterial* train,
s of pow'r, the ſlaves of int'reſt, plann'd
untry's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
retches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cauſe,
their liberties, and ſold our laws;
ow'r was taught by Meanneſs where to go,
d to love the virtue of a foe;
like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
oul heart her ſores Corruption ſpread,
arm when ſtern Oppreſſion rear'd,
tue, from her broad baſe ſhaken, fear'd
irge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
edom bow'd the neck to Slavery's chain;
e land, where in thoſe worſt of times,
dy Poet rais'd his honeſt rimes
l rebuke, and bade controulment ſpeak
bluſhes on the villain's cheek,
r'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
le them fear the Muſe, who fear'd not Law?
lo I laugh, when men of narrow ſouls,
olly guides, and prejudice controuls;
ne dull drowſy track of buſineſs trod,
their Mammon and neglect their God;
reathing by one muſty ſet of rules,
n the birth, and are by ſyſtem fools;
rm'd to dullneſs from their very youth,
he day prefer to Goſpel truth,
their little knowledge from Reviews,
ut all their ſtock of faith in news:
I laugh, when creatures, form'd like theſe,
leaſon ſcorns, and I ſhould bluſh to pleaſe,
l lib'ral arts, deem verſe a crime,
l not truth as truth, if told in rime?
o I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
r Scotland's welfare and his own,
legrees, and courſe of office, drawn
and figure at the helm to yawn,
n (the worſt of curſes Heav'n can ſend)
a foe, too proud to have a friend,
form, which blockheads ſacred hold,
king new faults, and ne'er mending old,
my ſpirit, bids the daring Muſe
more equal to her weakneſs chuſe;
frequent the haunts of humble ſwains,
to traffick in ambitious ſtrains;
, indulging the poetic whim
-wrought Ode, or Sonnet pertly trim,
e church-way path complain with Gray,
: with Maſon on the firſt of May?
icred is the name and pow'r of Kings,
tates and Statesmen are thoſe mighty things
h, howſoe'er they out of courſe may roll,
never made for Poets to controul."

Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of ſacred numbers, and their pow'r blaſphemne:
I tell thee, wretch, ſearch all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no ſubject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whoſe weight
The Poet cannot riſe, and hold his ſtate.
The bleſſed Saints above in numbers ſpeak
The praiſe of God, tho' there all praiſe is weak;
In numbers here below the Bard ſhall teach
Virtue to ſoar beyond the villains reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, ſtrain his hoarſe throat,
And raiſe his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted Country, aw'd by men
Of ſlaviſh principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an Engliſh Poet to purſue,
Undaunted to purſue, tho' in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.
How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank diſgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they ſtain,
And, mean themſelves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a Poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the Muſe condemn,
And curſe the ſtorm they know muſt break on them.
" What, ſhall a reptile Bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit, but his own,
" Great Nobles laſh, and *Lords*, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of a ſcribbler's pen?"
What's in this name of *Lord*, that I ſhould fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honeſt blood of humble ſwains
Quick as the tide which ſwells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can beſtow,
Cannot make virtues in ſucceſſion flow.
Would'ſt thou, proud man, be ſafely plac'd above
The cenſure of the Muſe, deſerve her love,
Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who *earn'd* thoſe honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his ſteps, and be his Virtues' heir.
But if, regardleſs of the road to fame,
You ſtart aſide, and tread the paths of ſhame;
If ſuch thy life, that ſhould thy ſire ariſe,
The ſight of ſuch a ſon would blaſt his eyes,
Would make him curſe the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, ſhudd'ring, from the face of earth.
Once more, with ſhame and ſorrow, 'mongſt the dead
In endleſs night to hide his rev'rend head;
If ſuch thy life, tho' Kings had made thee more
Than ever King a ſcoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper ſpring,
Tho' God in vengeance had made thee a King,
Taking on Virtue's wing her daring flight,
The Muſe ſhould drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy boſom bare
To the keen queſtion of the ſearching air.
Gods! with what pride I ſee the titled ſlave,
Who ſmarts beneath the ſtroke which Satire gave,
Aiming at eaſe, and with diſhoneſt art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart!
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
(Scarce able thro' deſpite to keep his chair,

Whilſt on his trembling lip pale anger ſpeaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
He talks of conſcience, which good men ſecures
From all thoſe evil moments guilt endures,
And ſeems to laugh at thoſe, who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard.
" Satire, whilſt envy and ill-humour ſway
" The mind of man, muſt always make her way;
" Nor to a boſom, with diſcretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a ſingle thought.
" The Wiſe have not the will, nor Fools the pow'r
" To ſtop her headſtrong courſe; within the hour,
" Left to herſelf, ſhe dies; oppoſing ſtrife
" Gives her freſh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim,
" Nor would I wiſh to ſtop that harmleſs dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
" Tho' pointed at myſelf, be Satire free;
" To her 'tis pleaſure, and no pain to me."
Diſſembling wretch! hence to the Stoic ſchool,
And there amongſt thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, theſe wild, vain doctrines preach;
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can ſtand by,
And ſee his conſcience ripp'd with ſteady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falſhood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her ſting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound ſhe gives
Sinks deep, and to remoteſt ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd fleſh ſhall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still ſhalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and ſtink to after-times.
Haſt thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own thoſe paſſions which thou ſhalt not hide.
S——, who from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wiſh'd behind to ſtay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanneſs led the way,
Would bluſh, ſhould he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Thoſe actions which he bluſh'd not to commit;
Men the moſt infamous are fond of fame,
And thoſe who fear not guilt, yet ſtart at ſhame.
But whither runs my zeal, whoſe rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reaſon from her courſe;
Carries me back to times, when Poets, bleſs'd
With courage, grac'd the ſcience they profeſs'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly ſtood
The bad to puniſh, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public Virtue wrought,
The foes of Freedom they to juſtice brought,
And dar'd expoſe thoſe ſlaves who dar'd ſupport
A tyrant plan, and call'd themſelves a Court?
Ah! what are Poets now? As ſlaviſh thoſe
Who deal in verſe, as thoſe who deal in proſe.
Is there an Author, ſearch the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real ſpirit's found?
The ſlaves of bookſellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baſer chains) vile penſioners of State;
Some, dead to ſhame, and of thoſe ſhackles proud
Which Honour ſcorns, for ſlav'ry roar aloud;
Others *half-palſied* only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnſon dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
Inward, abaſh'd, when Murphy paſſes by?
Doſt thou ſage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's ſake?
No, no—like other *worldlings*, you will find
He ſhifts his ſails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His ſoul the ſhock of int'reſt can't endure:
Give him a penſion then, and ſin ſecure.
With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid Cowards thrive, put Honeſty to flight,
Murphy ſhall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou State-Juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ranſack the inmoſt cloſet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that baſe oath make way
Into my breaſt, and flatter to betray:
Or, if thoſe tricks are vain, if wholeſome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe thoſe who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On authors for defence, for praiſe depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he ſhall ready ſtand with venal rimes,
To varniſh guilt, and conſecrate thy crimes;
To make Corruption in falſe colours ſhine,
And damn his own good name, to reſcue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts with-hold,
And Vice no longer rains down ſhow'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What tho' each man of nice and juſter thought,
Shunning his ſteps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who ſtoops ſo low
To be the baſe betrayer of a foe;
What tho', with thine together link'd, his name
Muſt be with thine tranſmitted down to ſhame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blaſt thine, he'll blaſt his own.
To ope the fountain whence ſedition ſprings,
To ſlander Government, and libel Kings,
With Freedom's name to ſerve a preſent hour,
Tho' born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of William with inſidious art,
Whilſt a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilſt mean Envy rears her loathſome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuſe the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a City coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was Fame, not Puniſhment,
And that old ſtaunch Whig Beardmore ſtanding by
Can in full Court give that report the lye.
With rude unnat'ral jargon to ſupport,
Half *Scotch*, half *Engliſh*, a declining Court;
To make moſt glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond diſpute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that Chains and Freedom are but one,
That to be ſav'd muſt mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him can call
All oppoſites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren ſtock;
He, far beyond the ſprings of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *wedlock*'s ſacred bands joins man to man;

plete the whole, moſt ſtrange, but true,
magic, makes them fruitful too,
their loins, in the due courſe of years,
h blood of Guthrie's *Engliſh Peers*,
contrive ſome blacker deed of ſhame,
hich Nature ſhudders but to name,
hich makes the ſoul of man retreat,
-blood run backward to her ſeat?
ntrive for ſome baſe private end,
view, to hang a truſting friend,
on, e'en to his parting breath,
life, to work him ſurer death?
in villainy, and dead to grace,
eart, and Tyburn in his face;
arſon at thy elbow ſtands,
nnation, and with open hands
y his Saviour for reward;
Chaplain of an Atheiſt Lord.
e Church, and for the gown decreed,
nown that I ſhould learn to read;
as nothing, for my friends, who knew
y Dullneſs of itſelf could do,
'd me for a working Prieſt,
I ſhould have been a Dean at leaſt;
(like many more, and worthier men,
pledge the ſervice of my pen),
(whilſt proud and pamper'd ſons of lawn,
the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
rev'rend beggary to appear,
d ſtarve on forty pounds a year;
who never felt the galling load,
t I forſook the packhorſe road,
tue to my conduct witneſs bears
off that gown which Francis wears.
eature's that, ſo very pert and prim;
l of foppery, and whim;
yet ſo briſk; ſo wond'rous ſweet,
ittle at a lady's feet,
, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
garb appears a man of God?
o looks, nor credit outward ſhow;
lurks beneath the *caſſock'd* beau;
nformer; what avails the name?
at the wretch from Sodom came.
ue is deadly—from his preſence run,
rage would wiſh to be undone.
hold him, no affection bind,
lone reſtrains his coward mind;
rom that, no monſter is ſo fell,
ire a blood-hound found in hell.
ſmiles, his hypocritic air,
demeanor, plauſible and fair,
rorn to pave Fraud's eaſier way,
gull'd Virtue fall a ſurer prey.
church—his plan of doctrine view—
her is a Chriſtian, dull, but true;
the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
of doctrine's never thought of more;
id by neglected on the ſhelf,
ile Prieſt is Goſpel to himſelf.
land tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
whom by a brave reſentment led,
f Oxford had not ſunk in fame,
had damn'd to everlaſting ſhame)
s he follows, and their crimes partakes,
e loſt, to Vice alone he wakes,
ouſly declaims 'gainſt luſcious themes,
ift he rails at blaſphemy, blaſphemes.

Are theſe the arts, which policy ſupplies?
Are theſe the ſteps, by which grave Churchmen riſe?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or, ſhould it turn out ſo,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom intereſt controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honeſt ſouls.
We ſcorn preferment which is gain'd by ſin,
And will, tho' poor without, have peace within.

END OF THE AUTHOR.

THE

DUELLIST.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock ſtruck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkneſs had ſpread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet ſhod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Diſtill'd his poppies far and wide.
Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but phantaſtic, ſchemes,
Who, when aſleep, ne'er knows that reſt
With which the humbler ſoul is bleſt,
Was building caſtles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,
But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.
Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading; but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.
Starving 'midſt plenty, with a face
Which might the Court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Av'rice nodded o'er his gold.
Jealouſy, his quick eye half-cloſ'd,
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
And mean diſtruſt not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he ſlumber'd not,
Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offſpring ſleeping round,
Snor'd *reſtleſs* Labour; by his ſide
Lay Health, a coarſe, but comely bride.
Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the ſoft arms of ſleep was laid,
Whilſt Vice, within the guilty breaſt,
Could not be phyſick'd into reſt,
Thou bloody Man! whoſe ruffian knife
Is drawn againſt thy neighbour's life,
And never ſcruples to deſcend
Into the boſom of a friend.
A firm, faſt friend, by vice allied,
And to thy *ſecret* ſervice tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly ſecur'd from law.
Thou man of Luſt! whom paſſion fires
To foulеſt deeds, whoſe hot deſires

O'er honeſt bars with eaſe make way,
Whilſt *ideot* beauty falls a prey,
And to indulge thy brutal flame,
A Lucrece muſt be brought to ſhame;
Who doſt, a brave, bold ſinner, bear
Rank inceſt to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down.
Thou ſimular of Leſt! vain man,
Whoſe reſtleſs thoughts ſtill form the plan
Of guilt, which wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeleſs nerves can't execute,
Whilſt in thy marrowleſs dry bones,
Deſire without enjoyment groans.
Thou perjur'd Wretch! whom falſhood cloaths
E'en like a garment; who with oaths
Doſt trifle, as with brokers, meant
To ſerve thy ev'ry vile intent,
In the days broad and ſearching eye
Making God witneſs to a lye,
Blaſpheming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
And hanging *friends* to ſave thyſelf.
Thou ſon of Chance! whoſe glorious ſoul
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with Honour caught,
Nor on poor Virtue loſt one thought;
Who doſt thy *wife*, thy *children* ſet,
Thy *all*, upon a ſingle bet,
Riſquing, the deſp'rate ſtake to try,
Here, and *hereafter* on a die;
Who, thy own private fortune loſt,
Doſt game on at thy country's coſt,
And, grown expert in ſharping rules,
Firſt fool'd thyſelf, now prey'ſt on fools.
Thou noble Gameſter, whoſe high place
Gives too much credit to diſgrace;
Who, with the motion of a die,
Doſt make a mighty iſland fly,
The ſums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty iſland ſold;
Who doſt *betray intelligence*,
Abuſe the *deareſt confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Moſt falſely play the game of State;
Who doſt within the *Alley* ſport
Sums, which might beggar a whole Court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good *Earl* Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring Infidel! whom pride
And ſin have drawn from Reaſon's ſide;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Doſt wiſh not to believe a God;
Whoſe hope is founded on a plan,
Which ſhould diſtract the ſoul of man,
And make him curſe his abject birth;
Whoſe hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feaſt,
To rot and periſh, like a beaſt;
Who doſt, of puniſhment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous ſoul a curſe,
Than hell and all her torments worſe,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on deſtruction as a friend,
Chuſing to crumble into duſt,
Rather than riſe, tho' riſe you muſt.
Thou Hypocrite! who doſt prophane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then moſt thy Country's foe, when moſt
Of love and loyalty you boaſt;
Who for the filthy love of gold,
Thy friend, thy King, thy God haſt ſold,
And, mocking the juſt claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyſelf wouldſt ſell.
Ye Villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whoſe lids
That worm which never dies, forbids
Sweet ſleep to fall, *come* and *behold*,
Whilſt envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitileſs Conſcience led,
So Juſtice wills, that holy bed,
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland ſleeps.
Bid Terror, poſting on the wind,
Affray the ſpirits of mankind,
Bid earthquakes heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Thro' the vaſt bowels of the earth,
Endeavour in her monſtrous womb
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conſpire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy ſleep, thou virtuous man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breaſt
Inhabit, and inſure thy reſt;
Still ſhall thy Avliff, taught, tho' late,
Thy friendly juſtice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, ſpread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.
Dark was the night by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations ſhake
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Deſtroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.
Deep Horror held her wide domain;
The ſky in ſullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and thro' the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its boſom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning ſtream'd;
The owl at Freedom's window ſcream'd,
The ſcreech-owl, prophet dire, whoſe breath
Brings ſickneſs, and whoſe note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All ſad and ſilent, thro' the gloom,
The ghoſts of men, in former times
Whoſe public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant ſtalk'd; ſorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept:
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to ſhorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.
Hail, LIBERTY! a glorious word,
In other countries ſcarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of courſe,
Without or energy or force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd ſhe ſprings,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings,

ning from our mother earth:
e and joy ſhe owns her birth
om us, and in return
r breaſts her genius burn;
ith all thoſe bleſſings live
berty alone can give,
with that ſpirit die,
akes death more than victory.
oſe old patriots, on whoſe tongue
in the Senate hung,
ey the ſacred cauſe maintain'd!
: old chiefs, to honour train'd,
ad, when other methods fail'd,
ody banner, and prevail'd!
like theſe unmention'd ſleep
us with the common heap,
itude forbid the crime)
down the ſtream of time
unnotic'd and forgot,
's ſtream, like flags, to rot?
ſhall live, and each fair name,
in the book of Fame,
n Honour's baſis, faſt
and earth to ages laſt.
ues vaniſh with our breath,
e this lives after death.
himſelf, his ſcythe thrown by,
oft in eternity,
ling crown ſhall twine
a Wilkes and Sidney join.
uld ſome ſlave-got villain dare
his Country to prepare,
is birth to ſlav'ry broke,
to feel the galling yoke,
evermore accurs'd,
ad men be rank'd the worſt;
: ſtill himſelf, and ſtill
rice, and perfect ill;
road crimes each day increaſe,
n't live, nor die in peace;
: plung'd ſo deep in ſhame
n may'nt endure his name,
ſcarce crawling on the earth,
en curſe him for their birth;
rty, beyond the grave,
n to be ſtill a ſlave,
what here he moſt requires,
him with his own deſires!
uld ſome villain, in ſupport
or a deſpairing Court,
craft his confidence,
ng honour a pretence
ed of deepeſt ſhame,
hy lucre is his aim;
h a wretch, with ſword or knife,
o practiſe 'gainſt the life
who honour'd thro' the land,
m made a glorious ſtand;
ief, perhaps his only crime,
a Truth at ſuch a time
ner ſentiments to tell)
is Country loves too well;
but words are all too weak
gs of my heart to ſpeak—
O for a noble curſe
ght his very marrow pierce—
al contempt engage,
e Martin of his age.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the boſom of a wood,
Out of the road, a Temple ſtood;
Antient, and much the worſe for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from ſide to ſide,
Menac'd deſtruction far and wide,
Nor able ſeem'd, unleſs made ſtronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Riſing in order, *moſt* unſound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to ſupport the tott'ring roof,
But to inſpection nearer laid,
Inſtead of giving wanted aid.
The ſtructure, rare and curious, made
By men moſt famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was ſuffer'd into duſt to fall;
Or, juſt to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treaſon hold,
To mention with thoſe names of old.
Builders, who had the pile ſurvey'd,
And thoſe not *Flitcrofts** in their trade,
Doubted (the wiſe hand in a doubt
Merely ſometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wiſely to obtain relief
Thro' Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It muſt not, in all parts unſound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
Whether (tho' after-ages ne'er
Shall raiſe a building to compare)
Art, if they ſhould their art employ,
Meant to preſerve, might not deſtroy:
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and haſting to decay,
Bidding the pow'r of Art deſpair,
Cannot thoſe very medicines bear,
Which, and which only can reſtore,
And make them healthy as before.
To LIBERTY, whoſe gracious ſmile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the iſle,
Our grateful anceſtors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.
Full in the front, ſtretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her ſtrength
In ſpring eternal, lay a plain,
Where our brave father's us'd to train
Their ſons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and ſteel the infant heart.
Labour, their hardy nurſe, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had ſtrung;
Abſtinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they firſt drew breath,
The beſt of doctors, with plain food,
Kept pure the channel of their blood;
Health in their cheeks bade colour riſe,
And Glory ſparkled in her eyes.

* Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles's in the Fields, St. Olave Southwark, &c.

The inſtruments of huſbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place ſupplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew:
Swift to the point their javelins flew;
They graſp'd the ſword, they ſhook the ſpear;
Their fathers felt a pleaſing fear;
And even Courage, ſtanding by,
Scarcely beheld with ſteady eye.
Each ſtripling, leſſon'd by his ſire,
Knew when to cloſe, when to retire,
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himſelf a War.
Their wives, their mothers all around,
Careleſs of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
And for a ſon's or huſband's brow,
With eager fingers laurel wove;
Laurel, which in the ſacred grove,
Planted by LIBERTY, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,
To give them pride and ſpirits, fit
To make a world in arms ſubmit.
What raptures did the boſom fire
Of the young, rugged, peaſant ſire,
When from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He ſaw his babe reſign the breaſt,
And, ſmiling, ſtroke thoſe arms in jeſt,
With which hereafter he ſhall make
The proudeſt heart in Gallia quake!
Gods! with what joy, what honeſt pride,
Did each fond, wiſhing, ruſtic bride
Behold her manly ſwain return!
How did her love-ſick boſom burn,
Tho' on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleaſure height'ning all her charms,
She ſtrain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilſt love and glory fire,
A ſon, a ſon juſt like his ſire!
Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter puniſhment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign ſhore;
Such were the men, who free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the men, when luſt of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from thoſe ways
On which a King ſhould found his praiſe;
When ſtern Oppreſſion, hand in hand
With Pride, ſtalk'd proudly thro' the land;
When weeping Juſtice was miſled
From her fair courſe, and Mercy dead;
Such were the men, in virtue ſtrong,
Who dar'd not ſee their Country's wrong;
Who left the mattock, and the ſpade,
And, in the robes of war array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpleſs babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, ſwore to ſee
Thoſe babes no more, or ſee them free;
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never faſten to his ſide
By threats or bribes; who, Freemen born,
Chains, tho' of gold, beheld with ſcorn;
Who, free from ev'ry ſervile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral Law, which Senſe
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent ſtations riſe;
Could never be to ſlav'ry led,
For Property was at their head;
Such were the men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her Temple on the ſacred green,
In martial paſtimes oft were ſeen—
Now ſeen no longer—in their ſtead,
To lazineſs and vermin bred,
A race who, ſtrangers to the cauſe
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To intereſt, and ſlaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their van;
Diſcretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but reſolv'd, brings up their rear,
Diſcretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence hold's the General's ſtaff.
In plain and home-ſpun garb array'd,
Not for vain ſhew, but ſervice made,
In a green flouriſhing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of *portcrage* untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple-door;
Full on his breaſt a glaſs he wore,
Thro' which his boſom open lay
To ev'ry one that paſs'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.
With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the houſe reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honeſt glee,
The *ſteward* Hoſpitality,
Old Welcome ſmiling by his ſide,
A good old ſervant, oft tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His Lady's fame and int'reſt too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her ſtate a-ground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern uſe) *reſign'd*.
Half-ſtarv'd, half-ſtarving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Deteſted, and deteſting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boaſting great thrift, yet waſting more
Than ever ſteward did before,
Succeeded *one*, who, to engage
The praiſe of an exhauſted age,
Aſſum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himſelf Oeconomy.
Within the Temple, full in ſight,
Where, without ceaſing, day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm, where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *Printing-Preſs* aroſe;

:man knew his taſk, and each
ſt and expert as Leach.
earning ſtruck a deeper root.
ice brought forth riper fruit;
alty receiv'd ſupport,
n baniſh'd from the Court;
'ernment gain'd ſtrength, and *hence*
ought, and found defence;
land's faireſt fame aroſe,
y ſubdu'd her foes.
w, ſimple, turf-made throne
Allegiance, ſcarcely known
attendants, glad to be
that equality
l to all, ſo far as cou'd
ıfiſt with ſocial good,
leſs ſat; around her head
l radiance Glory ſpread;
a youth of royal race,
'ern, poſſeſs'd a place
ft-hand, and on her right
r, cloath'd with robes of light;
Magna Charta lay,
me great lawyer, of his day
, was offic'd to explain,
the baſis of her reign:
wn'd with olive, to her breaſt
ng twin-born infants preſt;
t couching, War was laid,
a brindled lion play'd;
l Mercy, hand and hand,
dians of the happy land,
ıeld their mighty charge,
ı walk'd all about at large;
the royal troop the feaſt
nd Virtue was High-Prieſt.
as the fame our *Goddeſs* bore,
le ſuch in days of yore.
ages ruthleſs Time preſents!
r ruin'd battlements,
decay'd, her nodding ſpires,
broke, her dying fires,
deſpis'd, her prieſts deſtroy'd,
s diſgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
y *miniſterial* arts
'en of the People's hearts,
y, to work her ſurer woe,
o monarchy a foe)
grief, ſelf-doom'd to dwell
poor hermit in a cell,
etirement tedious grown,
ts forth, ſhe walks *unknown*,
l pointed at with ſcorn,
ome ſtrange country born.
ı rude and ruffian race,
ſpoilers, ſeize her place:
ı, which might the heart diſ-ſeat,
life found a quick retreat,
from the cradle bred,
old blood-hound at their head,
from virtue and from awe,
: but the bad part of law,
l at large; each on his breaſt
th a *grey-hound*, ſtood confeſt.
ent waited on their nod,
ling Perſecution's rod;
ollow'd at their heels,
Statesmen held the ſeals,
Thoſe ſeals, for which he dear ſhall pay,
When awful Juſtice takes her day.
The Printers ſaw—they ſaw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in deſpair appear'd,
And for herſelf deſtruction fear'd;
Whilſt under foot the rude ſlaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilſt cloſe behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold*, *bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do miſchief) ſet his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Goſpel ſtamp'd an *L*.
LIBERTY fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, choſen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Cloathing herſelf with Honour's name,
Uſurp'd his ſtation; on the throne
Which LIBERTY once call'd her own,
(Gods, that ſuch mighty ills ſhould ſpring
Under ſo great, ſo good a King,
So lov'd, ſo loving, thro' the arts
Of Stateſmen curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpoſe fit,
Behold in triumph State-Craft ſit.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

AH me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a State,
Whether to ſtrengthen, or oppoſe!
Falſe are his friends, and firm his foes.
How muſt his ſoul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from ſin to ſin!
What toils he ſuffers, what diſgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Muſt he in jeſt or earneſt fight,
Riſquing for thoſe both life and limb,
Who would not riſque one groat for him!
Under the Temple lay a cave,
Made by ſome guilty, coward ſlave,
Whoſe actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue;
One paſſage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in ſecret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and ſlaves about her,
Nor fear'd leſt Honeſty ſhould rout her.
In a dark corner, ſhunning ſight
Of man, and ſhrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper thro' the cell
Glimm'ring, to make more horrible
The face of darkneſs, ſhe prepares,
Working unſeen, all kinds of ſnares,

With curious, but deſtructive art:
Here, thro' the eye to catch the heart,
Gay *ſtars* their tinſel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a Lord;
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave *plumes* of *feathers* for the head;
Garters the hag contrives to make,
Which as it ſeems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and ſure than chains of ſteel;
Which, ſlipp'd juſt underneath the knee,
Forbid a Freeman to be free;
Purſes ſhe knew (did ever curſe
Travel more ſure than in a purſe?)
Which, by ſome ſtrange and magic hands
Enſlave the ſoul, and tie the hands.
Here Flatt'ry, eldeſt-born of Guile,
Weaves with rare ſkill the ſilken ſmile,
The courtly cringe, the ſupple bow,
The private ſqueeze, the levee vow,
With which, no ſtrange or recent caſe,
Fools *in* deceive fools *out* of place.
Corruption (who, in former times,
Thro' fear or ſhame conceal'd her crimes,
And what ſhe did contriv'd to do it
So that the public might not view it)
Preſumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her buſineſs might
Be done as ſafe as in the night.
Her eye down-bending to the ground,
Planning ſome dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which ſtood,
All freſh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lanthorn, which of yore,
By Treaſon borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
By which, ſince they improv'd in trade,
Exciſemen have their lanthorns made,
Aſſaſſination, her whole mind
Blood-thirſting, on her arm reclin'd.
Death, grinning, at her elbow ſtood,
And held forth inſtruments of blood,
Vile inſtruments, which cowards choſe,
But men of honour dare not uſe;
Around his Lordſhip and his Grace,
Both qualified for ſuch a place,
With many a Forbes*, and many a Dun†,
Each a reſolv'd, and pious ſon,
Wait her high bidding; each prepar'd,
As ſhe around her orders ſhar'd,
Proof 'gainſt remorſe, to run, to fly,
And bid the deſtin'd victim die,
Poſting on Villainy's black wing,
Whether he Patriot is, or King.
Oppreſſion, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the moſt a rev'rend awe
To breed, uſurp'd the garb of Law.
A book ſhe held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fixed, whence ſeemed to riſe
Joy in her breaſt; a book, of might
Moſt wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worſe the better cauſe.

She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wiſh'd, and what ſhe wiſh'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever ſtand
The rule of wrong through all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter leſſon, Norton's Creed.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Faſt as the courſers of the ſun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-ſtarv'd greyhounds took their ſtand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a moſt ancient caſtle ſtood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And ſoldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's ſeal,
In bloody letters, the Baſtille."
Around a table, fully bent
On miſchief of moſt black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer laſt, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whoſe heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought thoſe actions into light
They wiſh'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred to infamy,
A Privy-Council ſat of Three;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour thro' the land of Bute.
The Firſt (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace,
Who never let occaſion ſlip
To take right-hand of fellowſhip,
And was ſo proud, that ſhould he meet
The twelve Apoſtles in the ſtreet,
He'd turn his noſe up at them all,
And ſhove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was ſo mean (Meanneſs and Pride
Still go together ſide by ſide)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a ſtirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind;
Who baſely fawn'd thro' all his life,
For *patrons* firſt, then for a *wife*;
Wrote *Dedications* which muſt make
The heart of ev'ry Chriſtian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t' other ſide)
Was by his ſire a parſon made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;
But he himſelf was thereto drawn
By ſome faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Chriſtian plan
To make himſelf a Gentleman,
A title in which form array'd him,
Tho' Fate ne'er thought on't when ſhe made him
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wiſe men do,
With an intent, if things ſhould turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Goſpel and Loyalty were made
To ſerve the purpoſes of trade;

* A Scotch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.

† A poor Lunatic, who was charged with an intention to aſſaſſinate Mr. Wilkes.

it paper ties,
: fool, but which the wife,
is far above,
F, juſt like a glove;
Kings (let his great aim
ere to him the ſame.
ſt, he read and read,
hilſt he ſhould have fed
is neglected flock,
h a mighty ſtock,
arg'd the weary Brain
an ſhe could well contain,
was with ſpirits fraught
methodize to thought,
ke ill-digeſted food,
irn'd, and not to blood.
London, from the plow
ow to make a bow
irn, he grew polite,
'oet's parafite.
averſing (and Wits then
ind 'mongſt Noblemen)
would have caught the flame,
nothing, or the ſame;
drunkards, liv'd with ſinners,
ifidels for dinners;
mphaſis and grace
hat Potter kept not pace;
heſt reign of noon,
ſongs to a Pſalm tune;
n infamous and vile,
lvation for a ſmile,
humour caught their plan,
t God to laugh with man;
when living, in each breath,
ieir mem'ries after death.
s faith, which all admit
l to his wit,
ıſelf a man of note,
of Scripture wrote;
ote, and long about it,
evers 'gan to doubt it:
f the Inward Light,
new how he came by't,
ıfluencing Grace,
ife ne'er found a place:
of the Holy Ghoſt,
more than doth a poſt
r, ſhould an Angel ſhew him,
know, or chuſe to know him.
e knew 'twixt ev'ry ſcience
atural alliance)
dvance his Maker's praiſe,
rimes, and notes on plays,
ll-ſufficient air
in the Critic's chair,
eaſon full dominion,
merely by opinion.
aron'd, and kept in awe
imple Man of Law*,
l friends †, to vengeance true,
nan they never knew.
ictly all mankind,
rs are mix'd, we find;

Edwards, Eſq. See Canons of Criti-

s to Pope.

And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the ſame breaſt to beat and burn.
Our Prieſt was an exception here,
Nor did one ſpark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim ſpark in his ſoul;
Vice, glorious Vice poſſeſs'd the whole,
And, in her ſervice truly warm,
He was in ſin moſt uniform.
Injurious Satire, own at leaſt
One ſnivelling virtue in the Prieſt,
One ſnivelling virtue which is plac'd,
They ſay, in or about the waiſt,
Call'd Chaſtity; the prudiſh dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in theſe days
Wives ſeldom without reaſon praiſe)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And ſwears that Tom was vaſtly wild.
Ripen'd by a long courſe of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In ſhape ſcarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No huſband, tho' he's truly wed;
Tho' on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and tho' oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which Virtue ne'er diſgrac'd;
A head, where Learning runs to waſte;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Reſts in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge af genius, tho' confeſt
With not one ſpark of genius bleſt;
Amongſt the firſt of critics plac'd,
Tho' free from ev'ry taint of taſte;
A Chriſtian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongſt Turks;
A great divine, as Lords agree,
Without the leaſt divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Enflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A falſe Saint, and true Hypocrite.
Next ſat a *Lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, ſtood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man aroſe to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainſt compaſſion, as they paſt,
He ſaw poor Freedom breathe her laſt;
He ſaw her ſtruggle, heard her groan,
He ſaw her helpleſs and alone,
Whelm'd in that ſtorm, which fear'd and prais'd
By ſlaves leſs bold, himſelf had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the firſt
Of all bad lawyers was the worſt.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime;
He, for a prodigy deſign'd
To ſpread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave and perfect dunce.
Who will for him may boaſt of ſenſe,
His better guard is Impudence.

His front with ten-fold plates of braſs
Secur'd, Shame never yet could paſs,
Nor on the ſurface of his ſkin
Bluſh for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often in contempt of laws,
To ſound the bottom of a cauſe,
To ſearch out ev'ry rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on falſe pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of truſting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, e'en in open court,
Hath the wretch made his ſhame his ſport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's eaſe,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, tho' to roguery bred,
Had ſtruck a little villain dead.
Cauſes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to ſerve a court;
For he by heart his rule had got,
Pow'r can affect, what law cannot.
Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If Genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
His weak ſoul ſickens at the ſight,
And ſtrives to plunge them down in night.
So loud he talks, ſo very loud,
He is an Angel with the crowd,
Whilſt he makes juſtice hang her head,
And Judges turn from pale to red.
Bid all that nature, on a plan
Moſt intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and gen'ral ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wiſe,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain,
No entrance there ſuch ſuitors gain.
Bid kneeling Kings forſake the throne;
Bid at his feet his Country groan;
Bid Liberty ſtretch out her hands;
Religion plead her ſtronger bands;
Bid parents, children, wife and friends;
If they come, 'twhart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the gen'ral call,
And bravely tramples on them all.
Who will for him may cant and whine,
And let weak Conſcience with her line
Chalk out their ways; ſuch ſtarving rules
Are only fit for coward fools,
Fellows who credit what Prieſts tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of Hell;
His ſpirit dares contend with grace,
And meets damnation face to face.
Such was our *Lawyer*; by his ſide,
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad counſels, ſat a *third*,
By birth a Lord. O ſacred word!
O word moſt ſacred, whence men get
A privilege to run in debt;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her ſervant Shame;
Whence they, depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her courſe.
Conſult his perſon, dreſs, and air,
He ſeems, which ſtrangers well might ſwear,
The Maſter, or by *courteſy*,
The Captain of a Colliery.
Look at his viſage, and agree
Half-hang'd he ſeems, juſt from the tree
Eſcap'd; a rope may ſometimes break,
Or men be cut down by miſtake.
He hath not virtue, (in the ſchool
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he ſenſe (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued ſcene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unleſs grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature deſign'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But, having giv'n all the ſin,
Forgot to put the Virtues in.
To run a horſe, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To ſweat a woman of the town,
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, moſt excellent,
And in the word's moſt full intent,
A true Choice Spirit we admit;
With Wits a Fool, with Fools a Wit:
Hear him but talk, and you would ſwear
Obſcenity herſelf was there;
And that Prophaneneſs had made choice,
By way of trump, to uſe his voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingſgate*;
And that, aſcending to the earth
Before the ſeaſon of his birth,
Blaſphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
Too honeſt (for the worſt of men
In forms are honeſt now and then)
Not to have, in the uſual way,
His bills ſent in; too great, to pay;
Too proud to ſpeak to, if he meets,
The honeſt tradeſman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whoſe weight
Earth groans; who hath been ſpar'd by Fate
Only to ſhew, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the Three, who, mocking ſleep,
At midnight ſat, in counſel deep,
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a head,
Whoſe wiſdom could not be miſled;
Plotting deſtruction 'gainſt a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.
"Is he not rank'd amongſt our foes?
"Hath not his ſpirit dar'd oppoſe
"Our deareſt meaſures, made our name
"Stand forward on the roll of ſhame?
"Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
"By ſcorning menaces and bribes,
"And proving, that his darling cauſe
"Is of their Liberties and Laws
"To ſtand the champion? In a word,
"Nor need one argument be heard
"Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
"To quicken our reſolves, and ſteel
"Our ſteady ſouls to bloody bent,
"(Sure ruin to each dear intent,
"Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
"Hath dar'd to make the *Truth* appear."

id, by reſentment taught,
employ'd his thought;
iſchief, rack'd his brain
ch, but rack'd in vain;
eme they brought to view;
n'd, none would do.
ith pleaſure in her face.
a her hiding-place,
where they meet,
t them, took her ſeat.
uſe, my darling boys,
thoughts and cares employs;
ſnare, no random blow
e bane of ſuch a foe:
utious as he's brave,
ly he's a ſlave;
part without defence,
Honour make pretence:
ll to his ruin draw
who ſtands ſecure in law.
at I have idly plann'd
: ſcheme; behold at hand,
onths training on his head,
t, whom I have bred,
: bowels, far from ſight
falſe, but glaring light,
:-born, my deareſt joy,
ſelf, my darling boy.
uch'd with vile remorſe,
crafty in his courſe,
ur ends, complete our ſchemes,
hen moſt he *Honour*'s ſeems;
ound, at home, abroad,
ull a ſlave of Fraud."
from each envious ſon
murmur run
e; all in place
l-praiſe their own diſgrace,
ſtranger ſhe had got,
ce that they had not.
portals open flew,
mour, to their view
r *Duelliſt*, came forth;
all conſeſt his worth,
ith ſmiles array'd,
ce their dam had made.

OF THE DUELLIST.

THAM.

IN

REE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

matter whether *Eaſt* or *Weſt*,
ntry, or one made in jeſt)
ern Mandevilles diſgrac'd,
bers wretchedly miſplac'd,
There lies an *Iſland*, neither great nor ſmall,
Which, for diſtinction-ſake, I GOTHAM call.
The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A Goſpel title, tho' the people there
The pious Chriſtian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the *Weſtern World*.
Caſt by a tempeſt on the ſavage coaſt,
Some roving buccaneer ſet up a poſt;
A beam in proper form tranſverſely laid,
Of his Redeemer's Croſs the figure made,
Of that Redeemer, with whoſe laws his life,
From firſt to laſt, had been one ſcene of ſtrife;
His royal maſter's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more proceſs, the whole race enſlav'd,
Cut off that Charter they from Nature drew,
And made them ſlaves to men they never knew.
Search ancient hiſtories, conſult records,
Under this title the moſt Chriſtian Lords
Hold (thanks to conſcience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Chriſtian air,
Pretend that Chriſt (who came, we all agree,
To bleſs his people, and to ſet them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave,
By which converters made him firſt a ſlave.
Spite of the gloſſes of a canting Prieſt,
Who talks of charity, but means a feaſt;
Who recommends it (whilſt he ſeems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never ſhall one, one truly honeſt man,
Who, bleſt with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a ſavage ſire
Could from his wretched race, for childiſh hire,
By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom paſs,
And ſell his Country for a bit of glaſs.
Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
In ſlav'ry bred, as purchaſers advance,
Let them, whilſt Conſcience is at diſtance hurl'd,
With ſome gay bawble by a golden world;
An Engliſhman, in *charter'd* Freedom born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandize, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others, thro' baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die, than loſe.
Happy the ſavage of thoſe *early* times
Ere Europe's ſons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, curſed gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the trueſt wealth;
In toil he found diverſion, food, and health;
Stranger to eaſe and luxury of Courts,
His ſports were labours, and his labours ſports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve ſerene;
No rules he held, but what were made for uſe;
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
Falſe lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.
Happy, thrice happy *now* the ſavage race,
Since Europe took their *gold*, and gave them *grace!*

Paſtors ſhe ſends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on ſure grounds the Goſpel pile to rear,
Sends *miſſionary* felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppreſſions give them cauſe to riſe,
Her want of prudence means, and arms ſupplies,
Whilſt her brave rage, not ſatisfied with life,
Riſing in blood, adopts the *ſcalping-knife*;
Knowledge ſhe gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their ſtate, how deep their woe;
The worth of Freedom ſtrongly ſhe explains,
Whilſt ſhe bows down, and loads their necks with chains;
Faith too ſhe plants, for her own ends impreſt,
To make them bear the worſt, and hope the beſt;
And whilſt ſhe teaches on vile Int'reſt's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
Like Phariſees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the ſons of Hell.
But whither do theſe grave reflections tend?
Are they deſign'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this—To prove, that by no act
Which nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Juſtice heard,
Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd
Or purchaſe made, Europe in chains can hold
The ſons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accurſed hour,
She ſaw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my raſh folly controvert the claim,
Or wiſh in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.
Europe diſcover'd India firſt; I found
My right to Gotham on the ſelf-ſame ground:
I firſt diſcover'd it, nor ſhall that plea
To her be granted, and denied to me.
I plead poſſeſſion, and 'till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that poſſeſſion hold:
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Weſtern world, be Gotham *mine*.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry inſtrument of muſic play,
Ancient and *modern*; thoſe which drew their birth
(Punctilio's laid aſide) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as thoſe by *Chriſtian* made and *Jew*;
Thoſe known to many, and thoſe known to few;
Thoſe which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And thoſe which ſwell the ſlow and ſolemn note;
Thoſe which (whilſt Reaſon ſtands in wonder by)
Make ſome *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Thoſe which by ſome ſtrange faculty of ſound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Thoſe which can tear up foreſts by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes;
Thoſe which whilſt Ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of France;
Thoſe which, where *Lady* Duſtneſs with *Lord* Mayors
Preſides, diſdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feaſt with *Pſalmody*; and thoſe
Which, planted in our churches to diſpoſe
And lift the mind to Heav'n, are diſgrac'd
With what a foppiſh organiſt calls *Taſte*:
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert ſon of dull ſire, diſcharg'd from ſchool,
Serves an apprenticeſhip in College eaſe,
And riſes thro' the *gamut* to degrees)
To thoſe which (tho' leſs common, not leſs ſweet)
From ſam'd *Saint Giles's*, and more ſam'd *Fun-ſtreet*,
(Where Heav'n, the utmoſt wiſh of man to grant,
Gave me an old houſe, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilſt Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an Ode *;
All inſtruments (attend ye liſt'ning ſpheres
Attend ye ſons of men, and hear with ears)
All inſtruments (nor ſhall they ſeek one hand
Impreſt from *modern* Muſic's *coxcomb* band)
All inſtruments, *ſelf-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet ſweet, to the according globe,
My praiſes; whilſt *gay* Nature, in a robe,
A *coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full ſound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Infancy, ſtraining backward from the breaſt,
Teeth and wayward, what he loveth beſt
Refuſing in his fits, whilſt all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a ſmile,
And the fond father ſits on t' other ſide,
Laughs at his moods, and views his ſpleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilſt at his hand
Nurſe ſtands interpreter, thro' Gotham's land.
Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
Sunſhine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In reaſon weak; who, wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep:
Who, with a fev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd;
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half-bent, and ſtroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.
Youth, who, fierce, fickle, inſolent, and vain
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a caſt
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood paſt,
In the *mid-chaſe*, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick ſpirits mount into his eye,
When pleaſure, which he deems his greateſt wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,

* A burleſque Ode on St. Cecilia's day, by Thornton, performed at Ranelagh.

:haf'd ſteed tugs proudly at the rein,
ſtarts, hath run o'er half the plain,
ıg'd with fear, the ſtag flies full in view,
cry the eager hounds purſue,
my praiſe to hills which ſhout again,
e *huntſman* ſtop to cry *Amen.*
l, of form erect, who would not bow
s ſhould crack around him; on his brow
ene, to paſſion giving law,
love, and yet commanding awe;
ı grace by mildneſs wrought;
emper'd and refin'd by thought;
me enthron'd; within his breaſt
of his Maker deep impreſs'd;
s earth, which trembles at his nod,
ı bleſs'd, and only leſs than God;
ho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
ır calls in Danger's form array'd,
d with ſackcloth, Juſtice in the gates,
Elders chain'd, redemption waits,
all ſteal an hour, a little hour,
ittle one?) to hail my pow'r.
, a *ſecond child*, by Nature curs'd
and greater evils than the firſt,
ly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
ife, and yet afraid of death;
ıgs off, with ſage and ſolemn air,
day, without one day to ſpare;
joyment, covetous of pelf,
friends, and tireſome to himſelf;
s impair'd, his temper ſour'd,
of recent things devour'd
ıe acting on his ſhatter'd brain,
lſe regiſters of youth remain;
to evening babbling forth vain praiſe
re men who liv'd in thoſe rare days,
:he hero of his tale, was young;
ions falt'ring on his tongue,
y hairs, ſure mark of Wiſdom's ſway,
be curſes time which made him gray;
outh, e'en whilſt he would afford
gold to have his youth reſtor'd;
noment, from himſelf ſet free,
crutch, and pipe forth praiſe to me.
ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
voice on high, a mighty voice,
f gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
gratitude, be praiſes hung,
of ſo great and good a King;
hill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
ithout life ſhall in this chorus join,
to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
-drop, who, in habit white and plain,
he *herald* of fair Flora's train;
ıb *Crocus*, flow'r of ſimple note,
ſide ſtruts in a *herald*'s coat;
idly glaring to the view,
no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
full dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
ine, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
ıer dowry in ſurrounding ſweets;
lver miſtreſs of the vale;
Sharon which perfumes the gale;
e, with which the Queen of Flow'rs
r God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
s, by the plain hand of Neatneſs dreſt,
ıal, wear upon their breaſt,
Sweet as the incenſe of the morn, and chaſte
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waiſt;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the ſun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daiſy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the ſun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring 'm,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Forming a gloom, thro' which to ſpleen-ſtruck minds
Religion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where ſome old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whoſe ſhade Love holds his rites unſeen;
The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *Cypreſs* ſacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love ſnatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
By Poets in old time, but deſtin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itſelf a grove, gave our firſt parents cloaths,
The *Vine*, which, like a bluſhing new-made bride,
Cluſt'ring, empurples all the mountain's ſide;
The *Yew*, which, in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
Marks out the reſting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race,
The *Fir*, the Scotch *Fir*, never out of place;
The *Cedar*, whoſe top meets the higheſt cloud,
Whilſt his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The Engliſh *Oak*, which dead, commands the flood;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Show'rs* which make the young hills, like young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *Streams* which glide,
Whilſt Plenty marches ſmiling by their ſide,
And from their boſom riſing Commerce ſprings;
The *Winds* which riſe with healing on their wings,
Before whoſe cleanſing breath contagion flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in eaſtern ſkies,
Freſh, full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's paſtures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſtir,
Step by ſtep, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the weſt,

As faſt as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or *poſt-boys* for an inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her ſilver reign,
Regent of tides, and miſtreſs of the brain,
Who to her ſons, thoſe ſons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madneſs as a bleſſing, but diſpenſes
Wiſdom to fools, and damns them with their ſenſes;
The *Stars*, who by I know not what ſtrange right,
Preſide o'er mortals in their own deſpite,
Who without reaſon govern thoſe, who moſt
(How truly, judge from thence!) of reaſon boaſt,
And, by ſome mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*, *Year*,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by Parliaments to be reſtor'd;
The *Hours*, which dreſt by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The *Day*, thoſe hours I mean when light preſides,
And Buſineſs in a cart with Prudence rides;
The *Night*, thoſe hours I mean with darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
The *Morn*, when Nature rouſing from her ſtrife
With death-like Sleep, awakes to ſecond life;
The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the taſk,
She mercy from her foe deſcends to aſk;
The *Week*, in which ſix days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heaven;
The *Months*, twelve ſiſters all of different hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeneſs too;
Not ſuch a likeneſs, as, thro' Hayman's works,
Dull manneriſt, in Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a ſameneſs in each female face,
But a ſtrange ſomething, born of Art and Grace,
Which ſpeaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the ſame parents born;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on every tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Frore January, leader of the Year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and *calves-heads* in the rear;
Dull February, in whoſe leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welchmen led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with baſtards bleſt;
June with white roſes on her rebel breaſt;
July, to whom, the Dog-ſtar in her train,
Saint James gives oyſters, and *Saint* Swithin rain;
Auguſt, who, baniſh'd from her *Smithfield* ſtand,
To *Cheſſea* flies, with Dogget in her hand*;
September, when by cuſtom (right divine)
Geeſe are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's ſhrine,
Whilſt the Prieſt, not ſo full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unbleſs'd, nor gives the Saint a bit;
October, who the cauſe of Freedom join'd,
And gave a *ſecond* George to bleſs mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boaſts, and our Auguſta's† birth;
December, laſt of months, but beſt, who gave
A Chriſt to man, a Saviour to the ſlave,
Whilſt falſely grateful, Man, at the full feaſt,
To do God honour, makes himſelf a beaſt;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Seaſons* as they roll; Spring, by her ſide
Letch'ry and *Lent*, *Lay-Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of *ſainted ſalt-fiſh* on her head;
Summer, in light, tranſparent gawze array'd,
Like Maids of Honour at a maſquerade,
In bawdry gawze, for which our daughters leave
The Fig, more modeſt, firſt brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, enflamed with luſtful fires,
Yet wanting ſtrength to perfect her deſires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each ſtep, and ſlumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when Nature, who with ſorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her ſtrength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without Exciſe:
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, ſince furs became *our own*;
A hag, who loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloath'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and *foreclоſe* the throne;
Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad
And, force defeated, make them ſlaves by fraud;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Year*, grand circle, in whoſe ample round
The ſeaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before;
The ſame *ſtars* keep their watch, and the ſame ſun
Runs in the track where he from firſt hath run;

* Dogget the celebrated Comedian's Badge, rowed for on the firſt of Auguſt.

† Princeſs Dowager of Wales.

moon rules the night; tides ebb and
low;
puppet, and this world a ſhow;
dull follies old dull fools purſue,
a nothing but in mode is new;
— a Lord (now fair befall that pride,
villain, *but a Lord he died!*)
is *pious*, Berkeley *fix'd as fate**,
(thank Heav'n!) firſt Miniſter of State;
by *fools* deſpis'd, by *ſaints* unbleſs'd,
neglected, and by *foes* oppreſs'd,
he ſervile arts of each *court elf*,
a Honour, Wilkes is ſtill *himſelf*)
encircled with the various train
its, and fills the glories of his reign,
ing up this theme, in chorus join,
b to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
he happy Gothamites, rejoice;
ur voice on high, a mighty voice,
of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
f gratitude, be praiſes hung,
s of ſo great and good a King;
chill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
r in ſport—nor let our critics hence,
ut monthly traſh, and call it Senſe,
y of our preſent labours deem,
t random of ſo high a theme;
r theme, and worthy are the men
e ſharpeſt ſtroke of Satire's pen;
kind time a proper ſeaſon brings,
nood to treat of ſerious things,
they find, diſdaining idle play,
be as grave and dull as they.
in ſport—nor let half patriots, thoſe
k from ev'ry blaſt of pow'r which blows;
tame cowardice familiar grown,
r my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak their
n;
t bold truths, to do ſage Prudence ſpite,
rſt the portals of their lips by night,
truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep)
ur courſe, and hold our caution cheap.
e occaſion bids, for ſome great end
our calls the Poet as a friend,
they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
ſpeak, what they ſcarce dare to think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK. II.

much miſtaken are the men, who think
t all who will, without reſtraint, may
rink,
drink, e'en till their bowels burſt,
right but merely that of thirſt,
waters of the living well,
ſe ſtreams the Muſes love to dwell!
th them a knack, an idle toy,
ded o'er, on which a boy

aſe uſed by Lord Bottetourt, then Nor-
ley, in an addreſs to his electors.

May play untaught, whilſt, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Muſic comes of courſe.
Little do ſuch men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digeſt,
To cull fit phraſes, and reject the reſt;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her ſports; when Wit ſhould ſpeak,
And when be ſilent; when to uſe the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſart air;
To form (which few can do, and ſcarcely one,
One Critic in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A fully and perfect piece; to make coy Rhime
Renounce her follies, and with Senſe keep time;
To make proud Senſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhime, yet call her friend.
Some fops there are among the ſcribbling tribe,
Who make it all their buſineſs to *deſcribe*,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *Propriety* in ſtate preſide
O'er her dull children, nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, *Judgment*, *Taſte*, and *Senſe*,
Nor would forgive herſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Perſon*, *Place*, and *Time*.
Let *liquid* gold emblaze the ſun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let ſilver *pale* the moon,
Let ſurges *hoarſe* laſh the ſurrounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams *meander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *ſigh with ſighing*, *ſob with ſobbing trees*,
Let vales *embroid'ry* wear, let flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wiſh; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they figh for toys;
Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.
Others there are, who in one ſolemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On Senſe to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their courſe delay,
Nor for a moment ſtep out of their way,
To make the barren road thoſe graces wear,
Which nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
Vain men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a paſſage to the heart of Man,
Who, bred 'mongſt fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not underſtand;
Who deſtitute of humour, wit, and taſte,
Let all their little knowledge run to waſte,
And fruſtrate each good purpoſe, whilſt they wear
The robes of Learning with a ſloven's air.
Tho' ſolid reaſ'ning arms each ſterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilſt from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls aſleep!

Senſe, *mere, dull, formal* Senſe, in this gay town
Muſt have ſome vehicle to paſs her down,
Nor can ſhe for an hour enſure her reign,
Unleſs ſhe brings fair Pleaſure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave ſolemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the ſtreets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one ſhe meets,
Half who paſs by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.
Quit then, ye graver ſons of letter'd Pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull *College* mode;
Be your purſuits the ſame, but change the road;
Write, or at leaſt appear to write with eaſe,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to pleaſe.
In vain for ſuch miſtakes they pardon claim,
Becauſe they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice ſacred is that name, thrice bleſs'd the man
Who thinks, ſpeaks, writes, and lives on ſuch a plan!
This, in himſelf, himſelf of courſe muſt bleſs,
But cannot with the world promote ſucceſs.
He may be ſtrong, but, with effect to ſpeak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which ſaints with comfort bear,
Will make the ſinner tremble, and deſpair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which ſhe nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do thoſe miſtake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cauſe
They mean to help, whilſt with a zealot rage
They make that Goddeſs, whom they'd have engage
Our deareſt love, in hideous terror riſe!
Such may be honeſt, but they can't be wiſe.
In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too ſtrong for human ſight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker ſenſe,
Shuts herſelf up in darkneſs for defence.
But, to make ſtrong conviction deeper ſink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtleſs think,
Like God made man, ſhe leaves her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the raviſh'd eye.
In earneſt moſt, when moſt ſhe ſeems in jeſt,
She worms into, and winds around the breaſt;
To conquer Vice, of Vice appears the friend,
And ſeems unlike herſelf to gain her end.
The ſons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To huſh the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conſcience in deluſive ſleep,
Read on at random, nor ſuſpect the dart,
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainſt vice they give their vote, nor know at firſt
That, curſing that, themſelves too they have curs'd;
They ſee not, 'till they fall into the ſnares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the ſhrewd doctor, in the ſpleen-ſtruck mind
When pregnant horror fits, and broods o'er wind,
Diſcarding drugs, and ſtriving how to pleaſe,
Lures on inſenſibly, by ſlow degrees,
The patient to thoſe manly ſports, which bind
The ſlacken'd ſinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by ſtealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.
Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
In other lands, and *here*, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *midwife* Muſe
Sprinkled all over with Caſtalian dews,
To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by juſt degrees led up to men;
Some few, extremes well ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd between
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
Senſe in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Senſe to run aſtray:
So nice the maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off, like light and ſhade,
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay, where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Senſe perfects Grace, and Grace enlivens Senſe.
Peace to the men who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame;
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve, and mark their paſſage to the ſky;
From envy free, applaud ſuch riſing worth,
And praiſe their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.
Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and Life is in her prime,
Without a ſin 'gainſt Pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down,
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the Town:
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rime,
And the poor *ſlattern* Muſe is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull dubious maſs, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:
Others, on the grounds, objections frame,
And granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt as the ſex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it, Verſe or Proſe.
E'en what my maſters pleaſe; Bards mild, meek men,
In love to critics ſtumble now and then.
Something I do myſelf, and ſomething too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Maſon can feed one.
When Satire ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When Senſe, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The Cenſor ſmiles, and, whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* Earl fed at a turtle feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,

his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
at on, and dying call'd for more.
looſe Digreſſion, like a colt unbroke,
Connection, and her formal yoke,
ıro' the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
known path, and loves to loſe her way,
l feaſt to all the mongrel pack
ıe rambler down, and bring her back.
gay Deſcription, Fancy's fairy child,
hout art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
with Nature at the morning hour
rk's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
ırgely drank all night of heaven's freſh dew,
: a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
y walks, ſhe not one mark imprints,
hes off the dews, nor ſoils the tints;
ıus Deſcription ſports, e'en at the time
ıms ſhould beat, and cannons roar in rime,
ın live on ſuch a fault as that
e month to the other, and grow fat.
ighty *Monthly* Judges, in a dearth
r'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
materials, which againſt your will
ve confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill;
s rich tho' rude, enflam'd with thought,
ore by Fancy than by Judgment wrought;
ıſe them as your own, a work begin,
ſuits your genius well, and weave them in,
for the critic loom, with critic art,
read on thread depending, part on part,
vith colour mingling, light with ſhade,
dull taſte a formal work is made,
aving wrought them into one grand piece,
it ſurpaſſes Rome, and rivals Greece.
think this much, for at one ſingle word,
the mighty critic *Fiat*'s heard,
attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
akes place, and Genius is dethron'd!
dance into books, defiance hurl'd
ns, as atoms danc'd into a world.
ıigher buſineſs calls, a greater plan,
r man's whole employ, the good of man,
od of man committed to my charge:
Fancy rambles forth at large,
s of ſuch a ſtruſt, theſe harmleſs lays
riendſhip envy, and may Folly praiſe;
own of Gotham may ſome Scot aſſume,
grant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.
y poor people, O thou wretched earth,
oſe dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
art is fix'd, my ſervice deeply ſworn,
by the father can that thought be borne,
narchs, would they all but think like me,
ly fathers in the beſt degree)
ıuſt thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
ıme be laugh'd to ſcorn, thy mighty hand
ten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confeſs'd,
in thyſelf, to make thy neighbours bleſs'd,
b'd of vigour! how muſt Freedom's pile,
aſt of ages, which adorns the iſle,
ıakes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
at home, ſecure from force and fraud!
ıuſt that pile, by ancient wiſdom rais'd
firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
d by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
ſhort moment into ruins fall,
d any ſlip of Stuart's tyrant race,
ſtard or legitimate, diſgrace
The royal ſeat of empire! But what care,
What ſorrow muſt be mine, what deep deſpair
And ſelf-reproaches, ſhould that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cauſe whence Gotham's evils ſpring,
Tho' that curs'd cauſe be found in Gotham's King.
Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror ſtalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her ſtately tow'rs
Sink in the duſt; that court which now is our's
Become a den, where beaſts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harveſt riſe, be brambles found:
Where vines now creep, let thiſtles curſe the ground;
Dry in her thouſand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thouſand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prowl for prey;
Where Juſtice lodges, let wild aſſes bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their neſt,
And on the ſails of Commerce bitterns reſt;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuſe, ſee Gotham's ruin'd ſtate
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to ſee a Stuart wear a crown.
Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's hoſt,
Thoſe ſervants who their Maker know, who boaſt
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unqueſtion'd, their great Maſter's ſacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with deſtruction big, o'er Gotham ſweep;
Let rains ruſh down, 'till Faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the ſign of mercy in the ſky;
Let Peſtilence in all her horrors riſe;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blaſt my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulph let all my ſubjects ſink
Before my eyes, whilſt on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myſelf, but them, I'll kiſs the rod,
And, having own'd the juſtice of my God,
Myſelf with firmneſs to the ruin give,
And die with thoſe for whom I wiſh'd to live.
This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his ſervant with ſuch ills as theſe)
This, or my ſoul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my Crown ſhould wear,
That Crown, where, highly cheriſh'd, Freedom ſhone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day ſun;
Born and bred ſlaves, that they, with proud miſ-
rule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at
ſchool,
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madneſs brought
By the dread viſion: at the mere ſurmiſe
The thronging ſpirits, as in tumult, riſe;
My heart, as for a paſſage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, diſtraction meets.
O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high atchievements, can your ſpirits bend
Thro' baſe controul (ye never can deſcend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's ſeat a Stuart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,

The tyranny and falſehood of thoſe Lords,
Contents you not, ſearch England's fair records;
England, where firſt the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham, my beſt love is due;
There once they rul'd, tho' cruſh'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more, to curſe that happy land.
The *firſt*, who, from his native ſoil remov'd,
Held England's ſceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with thoſe thoughts which ſpring
In ſouls of vulgar ſtamp to be a King;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applauſe;
On practices moſt mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft gave, what wiſdom had denied.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bleſt
In bleſſing thoſe around him; in his breaſt,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a Coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to puniſh or forgive.
To gain a crown, which had in courſe of time,
By fair deſcent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to ſecure
A greater crown, he baſely could endure
The ſpilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with thoſe by whom her blood was ſhed.
Call'd up to pow'r, ſcarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,
Or *Engliſh* knaves who would be Scotchmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded looſe he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of ſlaves the ſlave;
On falſe pretences mighty ſums he rais'd,
And damn'd thoſe Senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd:
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilſt a Daughter * fed,
He laviſh'd ſums, for her receiv'd, on men,
Whoſe names would fix diſhonour on my pen.
Lies were his play-things, Parliaments his ſport,
Book-worms and Catamites engroſs'd the Court:
Vain of the Scholar, like all Scotſmen ſince,
The *pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,
And having with ſome trifles ſtor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wiſh'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wiſe, the wonder of the croud;
Falſe Friend, falſe Son, falſe father and falſe King,
Falſe Wit, falſe Stateſman, and falſe ev'ry thing,
When he ſhould act, he idly choſe to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he ſhould ſave the ſtate.
Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion's ſake but argument;
More vain, if ſome ſly, artful, *High-Dutch* ſlave,
Or, from the *Jeſuit* ſchool, ſome preſcious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace reſtor'd
By his full ſoldierſhip, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Pow'r was his wiſh, unbounded as his will
The pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wiſh'd, what he made *Biſhops* preach,
And *Stateſmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not ſeize: Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the realm his will denied.
Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe: Peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when Juſtice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unſheath the ſword, ſubmit.
Truth fairly muſt record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with Mercy, Juſtice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds reſigned to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh ſlain.
At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to fear,
Not lov'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſhed to love,
He went to anſwer for his faults above;
To anſwer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuſe the throne;
Leaving behind a curſe to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.
With many virtues which a radience fling
Round private men; with few which grace a King,
And ſpeak the monarch; at the time of life
When Paſſion holds with Reaſon doubtful ſtrife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean ſire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a ſon.
His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up, ere he left the child;
His ſoul was eager for imperial ſway,
Ere he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour ſtrong:
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed.
What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt ſpring!
What ills to ſuch a land from ſuch a King!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe Buckingham poſſeſs'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
Each ſtrove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The firſt with pleaſure, and the laſt with pow'r.
Thinking (vain thought, diſgraceful to the throne!)
That all mankind were made for Kings alone,
That ſubjects were but ſlaves, and what was whim
Or worſe in common men, was law in him:
Drunk with *prerogative*, which fate decreed
To guard good Kings, and tyrants to miſlead;
Which in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not; which to hold too high
No good can wiſh, no coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *Engliſh* ſubject bear;
Beſieg'd by men of deep and ſubtile arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who ſaw his weakneſs, made their King their tool,
Then moſt a ſlave, when moſt he ſeem'd to rule;
Taking all public ſteps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not ſtrength enough of ſoul to find
That monarchs, meant as bleſſings to mankind,
Sink their great ſtate, and ſtamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one;

* The Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the Firſt

rious, whilſt a woman's prate
Church, and parcell'd out the State,
e State not more than women read)
pen preach'd, and turn'd his pious
;
e with miniſterial eyes;
r a loyal nation's cries;
ve (what can't a fav'rite do)
ation hearing one or two;
ate-Quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
anger e'en on danger's brink;
was daily crumbling from his hand,
urs ran thro' an inſulted land,
tion tyrants Heav'n was bound,
ught the ruin which he found.
ars, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
, cruſh'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Oppreſſion ſtruck at Freedom's root,
enates loſt, her Hampden mute.
and oppreſſive loans,
l her pride, call'd forth her groans;
heard her griefs aloud to tell,
was tempted to rebel.
ew acts of outrage ſhook the State,
were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;
tions kept the realm in awe,
Star-Chambers made, or rul'd the law;
ack'd, and Judges were unſound;
ole kingdom not one Pratt was found.
irſt moments of his giddy youth
ates, for they told him truth,
ainſt his will compell'd to treat,
he could not fright, he ſtrove to cheat,
ſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
giving, often broke his word.
ll helpleſs Truth for refuge fly,
ho ſhould protect her, dare to lie?
o, the gen'ral good their real aim,
their Country's good their Monarch's
:;
rere anxious for his ſafety; thoſe
duc'd by duty to oppoſe;
ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
es, and traitors to his throne;
is fatal error till the hour
im was gone and paſt; till pow'r
ands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
r faith and his repentance vain.
e the curſe confin'd to Gotham's foes)
to mention, Civil War aroſe;
outrage, and all acts of ſhame,
th at large, diſguis'd with Honour's
e;
aiſing high her bloody hand,
erſal havock thro' the land;
or party, and with paſſion drunk,
ge all private love was ſunk;
ſt friend, brother 'gainſt brother ſtood,
's weapon drank the father's blood;
aſt, and fearful leſt her reign
no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.
Stuart! harſhly tho' that name
y ear, I ſhould have died with ſhame,
King before his ſubjects ſtand,
bar hold up his royal hand;
mmands to hear the monarch plead,
rees to ſee that monarch bleed.

What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they ſhook the baſis of the State,
In royalty ſecure thy perſon ſtood,
And ſacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile Miniſters, who dar'd abuſe their truſt,
Who dar'd ſeduce a King to be unjuſt,
Vengeance, with Juſtice leagu'd, with pow'r made
ſtrong,
Had nobly cruſh'd: *The King could do no wrong.*
Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes
blame;
They took thy life, but they ſecur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like ſpecks appear,
From which the ſun in glory is not clear.
Had'ſt thou in peace and years reſign'd thy breath
At Nature's call; had'ſt thou laid down in death
As in a ſleep; thy name, by Juſtice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity the virtue of a gen'rous ſoul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole,
Misfortunes gave what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant ſlain, the Martyr live.
Ye Princes of the earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds ſubduing, can't yourſelves ſubdue;
Who, goodneſs ſcorn'd, wiſh only to be great,
Whoſe breath is blaſting, and whoſe voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reaſon but your will,
And ſcorn reſtraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all paſſions groan beneath the worſt,
Then only bleſs'd when they make others curſt;
Think not for wrongs like theſe unſcourg'd to live;
Long may ye ſin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But, when ye leaſt expect, in Sorrow's day,
Vengeance ſhall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like ſome baſe diſtemper, which remains,
Tranſmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the ſon's blood, ſuch broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to lateſt times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterneſs and ſhame.
From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilſt Uſurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majeſty unmindful, forc'd to fly.
Not daring, like a King, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repoſſeſs his lawful throne
More at his people's ſeeking than his own,
Another Charles ſucceeded. In the ſchool
Of Travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors ſent
To ſhame their Country on the Continent,
From love of England by long abſence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, ſo cloſe do evil habits cling,
'Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no
King.
Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n de-
ſign'd
An inſtance of his mercy to mankind,
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world;
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
He chang'd and chang'd, but ev'ry hope to
curſe,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe;

State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at Court;
Morality was held a standing jest,
And Faith a necessary fraud at best;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.
In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's servants beg their bread,
His father's faithful servants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.
Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.
Women rul'd all, and Ministers of State
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as monarchs grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.
To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
Amboyna stands—Gods, that a King should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That, when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd *unatton'd!*
O, dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a King.
To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim;
And, having made time-serving Senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew *how*.
No matter *how*—he slept amongst the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his stead.
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst Freedom, Law, and Sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bard's would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page.
Ambitious Folly seiz'd the seat of Wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit;
Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the common-weal;
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of Kings, the power of God;
Conscience and Fame were sacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.
Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's suff'rance, conscience forc'd,
And healing justice from the Crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* Bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging sword she drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread;
Whilst she (may ev'ry State in such distress
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst she (may Gotham, should my abject mind
Chuse to enslave rather than free mankind.
Pursue her steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst she thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let Revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in *Liberty* and *Laws*,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart,
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed?
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?
Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilst Life remains,
And pours her current thro' these swelling veins,
Whilst Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.
Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child;
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child;
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone;
But I, (forbid it Heav'n) but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this bosom tear;
Can ne'er so far true Royalty pervert
From its fair course, to do my people hurt.
With how much ease, with how much confidence
As if, superior to each grosser sense,
Reason had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind! With how much ease
In such resolves doth Passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne
The dangers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I scarce know why, like some young child
Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,

nction of a precedent,
large and abſolute extent;
from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
commence a Patriot King.
day of trial is at hand,
fortunes of a mighty land
ne, and all their weal or woe
good or evil conduct flow,
I, on a fair review,
at name, deſerve it too?
igh'd the great, the noble part
y? Have I explor'd my heart,
of fraud, that deep dark cell,
ected e'en by me, may dwell
offices? Have I found out there
to do, and what to bear?
v'ry paſſion to its riſe,
lurking ſeed of treach'rous vice?
with my nature grown,
to myſelf made known?
ing—Why, 'tis a name which bears
ediate ſtamp of Heav'n; which wears
eſt reſemblance we can ſhew
thro' all his works below.
voice of diſcord in the land,
Faction's diſcontented band,
e, and crumbling to decay,
inch'd, on their own vitals prey;
n the ſelf-ſame int'reſts warm'd,
odies with one ſoul inform'd,
ion, nobly rais'd above
ught, grow up in common love;
's due vigour, and to hold
ance, temperate, yet bold,
qual hand, that thoſe who fear
e, and own my juſtice clear;
n father, to ſecure
violence, from pride the poor;
s to baniſh in diſgrace,
ption dread to ſhew her face;
Virtue take new ſtate,
cquainted with the great;
to elect the beſt,
ſts be made a ſtanding jeſt;
rth with lib'ral hand to carve,
s, nor let the artiſts ſtarve;
lenty through the realm increaſe,
ar, and happineſs in peace;
le virtuous, great and free,
all thoſe bleſſings flow from me;
exquiſite, a thought
Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
orious taſk, for man too hard,
it, leſs glorious the reward,
l which here to man is giv'n,
earth, and little ſhort of heav'n;
compariſon may be)
ure, diff'ring in degree,
God, on whom for aid I call,
aſe, and yet performs to all.
o they miſtake, how little know
ingdoms, and the pains which flow
who fancy that a crown,
n, muſt be lin'd with down!
ow and vain appearance caught,
rther, and, by Folly taught,
ys of thrones, but never find
y cares which lurk behind.

The gem they worſhip, which a crown adorns,
Nor once ſuſpect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place ſupply,
Would we one moment uſe her piercing eye,
Then ſhould we know what woe from grandeur ſprings,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.
The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action ſimply juſt, in conſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs and his pleaſure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.
Call'd up by health he riſes with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whiſtling off toils, one half of which might make
The ſtouteſt Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainſt heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by conſtant uſe, without complaint
He bears what we ſhould think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirſt he ſlakes at ſome pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor aſks for ſauce where appetite ſtands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the ſun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, ſpeak ſupper nigh,
At diſtance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarſe food,
Which, ſeaſon'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide;
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
Into his ſtraw, and 'till the morning ſleeps.
Not ſo the King—With anxious cares oppreſs'd,
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt.
A glorious wretch, he ſweats beneath the weight
Of Majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate.
E'en when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
Care, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all the neſt of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when Night bids Sleep
Sweet nurſe of Nature o'er the ſenſes creep,
When Miſery herſelf no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains,
Tho' his ſenſe weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
That reſt which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, ſits brooding o'er his head;
Anon ſhe ſtarts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for Kings."
Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vaſt ball,
Who rules moſt abſolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (bleſſed be that ſeaſon, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,

One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and paſs away)
Since I became a King, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her worned courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend ſupplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd theſe eyes.
Nor, if my toils are anſwer'd with ſucceſs,
And I am made an inſtrument to bleſs
The people whom I love, ſhall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I ſtand,
Of millions Lord, ſole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reaſon ſhall her aid afford,
Rule my own ſpirit, of myſelf be lord.
With an ill grace that Monarch wears his crown,
Who, ſtern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainſt faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a King (yet on record we find
Such Kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf,
Which Conſcience tells him he hath broke himſelf?
Can he ſome petty rogue to juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd, Conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his fading eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the State, diſtreſs'd
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?
Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, t'other's not fit to live.
Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound,
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.
Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be huſh'd to peace, but when fair legal ſway
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey;
When Kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not leſs in virtue than in pow'r excel.
Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my ſoul's beſt wiſhes center there.
Be it my taſk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to thoſe virtues which from Reaſon ſpring,
And grace the man, join thoſe which grace the King.
Firſt (for ſtrict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with ſervants keep a ſteady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
Firſt (and that method Reaſon ſhall ſupport)
Before I look into, and purge my Court,
Before I cleanſe the ſtable of the State,
Let me fix things which to myſelf relate.
That done, and all accounts well ſettled here,
In reſolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye ſlaves, who dare abuſe your truſt,
Who dare be villains, when your King is juſt.
Are there, amongſt thoſe officers of State
To whom our ſacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commiſſion'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, truſting to our love of eaſe,
Oppreſs our ſubjects, wreſt our juſt decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To ſpeak a language which they never meant;
Are there ſuch men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in ſafety to their end?
Can they ſo much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themſelves, ſo much miſdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a Stateſman's tool,
And live a ſtranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myſelf, and to my State unjuſt,
Shall I from Miniſters take things on truſt,
And, ſinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, moſt certain ſource of future cares,
Not uſe my judgment, but depend on their's?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with ſtate,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I muſt not weigh;
Do what they bid: and what they dictate ſay;
Enrob'd, and hoiſted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?
Periſh the thought—'tis treaſon to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known
Inſults me more, than he, who leagu'd with Hell,
Shall riſe in arms, and 'gainſt my crown rebel.
The wicked Stateſman, whoſe falſe heart purſues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face; whoſe baſe deſigns
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
E'en whilſt he ſeems his wiſhes to ſupport;
Who ſeizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the judgment-ſeat
To ſcreen his crimes, and make his frauds complete;
New-models armies, and around the throne
Will ſuffer none but creatures of his own;
Conſcious of ſuch his baſeneſs well may try,
Againſt the light to ſhut his maſter's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from thoſe,
Who, brave and honeſt, dare his crimes diſcloſe,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his ear.
Attempts like theſe, well weigh'd, themſelves proclaim,
And, whilſt they publiſh, baulk their author's aim.
Kings muſt be blind, into ſuch ſnares to run;
Or worſe, with open eyes muſt be undone.
The Miniſter of honeſty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the ſun to ſhine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which muſt end in praiſe.
None fly the day, and ſeek the ſhades of night,
But thoſe whoſe actions cannot bear the light;
None wiſh their King in ignorance to hold,
But thoſe who feel that knowledge muſt unfold
Their hidden guilt, and that dark miſt diſpell'd
By which their places and their lives are held;
Confuſion wait them, and by Juſtice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.
Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainſt the pit
Where Kings have oft been loſt, ſhall I ſubmit,
And ruſt in chains like theſe? Shall I give way,
And whilſt my helpleſs ſubjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance ſit down,
Nor dare aſſert the honour of my crown?
When ſtern rebellion (if that odious name
Juſtly belongs to thoſe, whoſe only aim

e their Country ; who oppoſe,
ngu'd, none but their Country's foes ;
eek their own, and found their cauſe
rd for violated laws)
Rebellion, who no longer feels
buke, a Nation at her heels,
p in arms, tho' ſtrong not proud,
the palace-gate, and, calling loud
lreſs, preſents, from Truth's fair pen,
rongs, not to be borne by men ;
that King be humbled, how diſgrace
oyal in his name and place,
call'd forth to anſwer, can advance
ea but that of Ignorance !
nce, which was his All at ſtake,
ſt ſubject well might bluſh to make ;
irce, from whence ſhame ever ſprings ;
ill, but moſt a ſtain to Kings.
with great and manly feelings warm'd,
knowledge, reſts not till inform'd :
ot I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
brave paſſions which my ſubjects feel ?
ſt excuſe from ignorance flow
oſe firſt, great duty is—To Know ?
gnorance—thy ſettled, dull, blank eye
t me, tho' I knew no reaſon why—
orance—thy ſlaviſh ſhackles bind
orn ſoul, and lethargy the mind—
egot by Pride, who look'd with ſcorn
eaner match, of thee was born
inflexibility of ſoul,
ſon can't convince, nor Fear controul ?
ther arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
g leſs than utter ruin teach—
orance—hence to that depth of night
u waſt born, where not one gleam of light
l thine eye—hence to ſome dreary cell,
nks with Superſtition love to dwell ;
College ſoothe thy lazy pride,
he Heads of Colleges reſide ;
r Royalty thou can'ſt not be ;
nate for Kings, no mate for me.
udy, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
ſhing down the mountains, o'er the plains
ror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
s of future fruitfulneſs behind ;
—painful tho' thy courſe and ſlow,
orth by thy effects we know—
Knowledge, come ! Not thee I call,
e and dull, in College or in Hall
ſolemn ſad, and moping weigh
ich when found, thy labours can't repay—
e hand, ſit emblem of thy trade,
t' other gaudily array'd
gilt and letter'd ; call I Thee,
form preſide o'er A B C— :
ho' thou art, and thy ſtrange charms,
y magic lure men to thy arms)
hee, who thro' a winding maze,
of puzzling, pleaſing ways,
at the laſt to thoſe rich plains,
full glory, real Science reigns :
u art, and lovely to mine eye,
wards in thy poſſeſſion lie
an's wiſh, and do thy fav'rites grace,
ſtation'd in an humbler place)
ver happy in thy ſight,
ee all the day, and through the night
To'l on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Faſt rivetted on Science, ſleep defy ;
Yet (ſuch the hardſhips which from empire flow)
Muſt I thy ſweet ſociety forego,
And to ſome happy rival's arms reſign
Thoſe charms, which can, alas ! no more be mine.
No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I purſue thy ſteps, and urge my way
Where eager love of Science calls ; no more
Attempt thoſe paths which man ne'er trod before:
No more the mountain ſcal'd, the deſart croſt,
Loſing myſelf, nor knowing I was loſt,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well ſpent.
Farewell ye Muſes too—for ſuch mean things
Muſt not preſume to dwell with mighty Kings—
Farewell ye Muſes—tho' it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we muſt for ever part.
When the freſh morn bade lufty Nature wake ;
When the birds, ſweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their ſoft pipes ; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each Zephyr ſtole perfume ;
When all things with new vigour were inſpir'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay they never could be tir'd ;
How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive rime
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale ! how often laugh'd to ſee,
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me,
The clown, his work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem'd to think that I convers'd with air !
When the Sun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil ;
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour, wiſh'd for reſt ;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred Dryad liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilſt Nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile,
Have we held converſe ſweet ! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in Ham's inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe Poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here.
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to reſume her reign,
With darkneſs covering, as with a robe,
This ſcene of levity, blank'd half the globe ;
How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly ſtrains,
Which ſtole me from myſelf, which in ſoft chains
Of Muſic bound my ſoul, how oft' have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the ſky,
Attentive ſat, whilſt Night, againſt her will,
Tranſported with the harmony, ſtood ſtill !
How oft' in raptures, which man ſcarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, ſtill thought the Muſes there ;
Still heard their muſic, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Left, breathing all too rudely, I ſhould wound,
And mar that magic excellence of ſound ;

Then, Senſe returning with return of day,
Have chid the Night, which fled ſo faſt away.
Such my purſuits, and ſuch my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy ſure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never ſtoop to wound my homeſpun lays)
With ſome few friends, and ſome ſmall ſhare of praiſe,
Beneath oppreſſion, undiſturb'd by ſtrife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell theſe ſcenes of eaſe, this tranquil ſtate!
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I diſavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot ſuit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix diſgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engroſs'd, each private view withſtood,
And taſk'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my ſtudy, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.
Let me the page of Hiſtory turn o'er,
Th' inſtructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former Kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the ſacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs ſleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er theſe ſcenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Poſt which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by falſe delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to ſome letcher ſold,
Three wretched months ſhe lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, ſhrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and timorous of death,
To its kind mother Earth for ſhelter fled,
And on her boſom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afreſh, and, chear'd by milder ſkies,
Bids in full ſplendor all her beauties riſe;
The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings diſpatch,
The Bee goes forth; from herb to herb ſhe flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treaſur'd ſweets; robbing thoſe flow'rs, which left,
Find not themſelves made poorer by the theft,
Their ſcents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth ſhe flit on Pleaſure's ſilken wing,
Ne'er doth ſhe, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unrifled paſs, and on the downy breaſt
Of ſome fair flow'r indulge untimely reſt.
Ne'er doth ſhe, drinking deep of thoſe rich dews
Which Chymiſt Night prepar'd, that faith abuſe
Due to the hive, and ſelfiſh in her toils,
To her own private uſe convert the ſpoils.
Love of the ſtock firſt call'd her forth to roam,
And to the ſtock ſhe brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a King,
Let me fly all abroad on Reaſon's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth
Run to and fro', nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whoſe actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Eſcape my note: be all, from the firſt day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From thoſe, whom Time at the deſire of Fame
Hath ſpar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From thoſe, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, leſſon'd to diſtill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let theſe great reſearches in my breaſt
A monument of uſeleſs labour reſt;
No—let them ſpread—th' effects let Gotham ſhare,
And reap the harveſt of their Monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give freſh bleſſings to my own.
Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful ſuccour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Aſſiſt my weakneſs, and direct me right;
From ev'ry ſpeck which hangs upon the ſight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To ſpread the ſhades of error o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of Government; how empire firſt began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.
Let me conſider, as from one great ſource
We ſee a thouſand rivers take their courſe,
Diſpers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent ſtill ſupply'd and fed,
That Government (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd),
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the ſame;
The ſame her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.
Let me find out, by Reaſon's ſacred beams,
What ſyſtem in itſelf moſt perfect ſeems,
Moſt worthy man, moſt likely to conduce
To all the purpoſes of gen'ral uſe:
Let me find, too, where, by fair Reaſon try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot ſuit with mine.
Let me the gradual riſe of empires trace,
Till they ſeem founded on Perfection's baſe;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence they haſten to decay)
Let me, whilſt Obſervation lends her clue,
Step by ſtep to their quick decline purſue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell,
Not only how they roſe, but how they fell.
Let me not only the diſtempers know
Which in all States from common cauſes grow,
But likewiſe thoſe which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its very conſtitution lurk,
Too ſure at laſt to do its deſtin'd work!

ewarn'd, each ſign, each ſyſtem, learn,
people's danger may diſcern,
ate wiſh'd health to re-aſſure,
can be found, find out a cure.
(tho' great grave brethren of the gown
Faith up, and preach all Reaſon down,
ſe jar whom Reaſon meant to join,
; in themſelves a right divine)
o' Reaſon's glaſs, with ſearching eye,
oth of that religion pry
hath ſanction'd; let me find out there
n, what's eſſence; what, like vagrant air,
ay change; and what, without a crime,
:hang'd to the laſt hour of time;
ſuffer that outrageous zeal
hout knowledge furious bigots feel,
ence, tho' at the heart unſound,
ate points at random to confound.
es have been when prieſts have dar'd to
d,
inſulting, on their monarch's head;
ſt they made religion a pretence,
world they baniſh'd common ſenſe;
: ſaft King, too open to deceit,
nſuſpecting join'd the cheat,
nock piety, and gave his name
e vileſt purpoſes of ſhame.
ny people! where no cauſe of fear
riſe—your King ſecures you here;
, who ſcorns the haughty prelate's nod,
the voice of prieſts the voice of God.
(tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
arch to behold what they wiſh hid,
t purpoſes of knaviſh gain,
e their trade a myſtery remain)
iſdaining all ſuch ſlaviſh awe,
: very bottom of the law;
e weak dead letter left behind)
the principles, the ſpirit find,
he parts made maſter of the whole,
onſtitution's very ſoul.
(tho' ſtateſmen will no doubt reſiſt,
eyes preſent a fearful liſt
hoſe wills are oppoſite to mine,
great men! determin'd to reſign)
ith firmneſs, which becomes a King,
from what a ſource my actions ſpring,
not by worlds to be withſtood,
grand object is my Country's good)
low miniſterial ſcenes,
eir jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
hem ſtep by ſtep; let me well know
s, penſions, and preferments, go;
t's provided for when Worth is not,
ne man of merit is forgot;
peace, in war, ſupreme preſide,
to know my way without a guide.
, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
m view, and ſwells behind a cloud,
ſun ſhone with leſs pow'rful ray,
, leſs glory, ſhining ev'ry day,
n ſhe comes forth into public ſight,
g as a ghoſt ſhe ſtalks upright,
n an air as we have often ſeen,
laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
r preſence, tho' b ſe myriads crook
e knee, vouchſafes a ſingle look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aſide,
All ornament, and needleſs helps of art,
All thoſe big looks which ſpeak a little heart)
Know (which few Kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe graces pride can never give.
Let the ſtern tyrant keep a diſtant ſtate,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conſcious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my ſubjects have acceſs to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whoſe cauſe we know.
And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redreſs thee, may my reign
Cloſe up that very moment—To prevent
The courſe of Juſtice from her fair intent,
In vain my neareſt deareſt friend ſhall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my ſoul may bleed,
But muſt not change—When Juſtice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

END OF GOTHAM.

THE

CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of *Actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from cenſure, fret, ſweat, ſtrut, and ſtare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waſte one couplet on a barren ſtage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when theſe *taſty* days,
In juſtice to themſelves, allow'd thee praiſe;
When, at thy bidding, Senſe, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or diſſolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n ſome little ſhare of wealth,
Could'ſt thou repine at being ſtill a ſlave?
Dar'ſt thou preſume t' enjoy that wealth ſhe gave?
Could'ſt thou repine at laws ordain'd by theſe,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too refin'd for honeſty and trade,
By Need made tradeſmen, Pride had bankrupts made;
Whom Fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom Drink made wits, tho' Nature made them fools;
With ſuch, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In ſuch a manner, and at ſuch a time,
To quit the ſtage; but men of real ſenſe,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,

Shall own thee clear, or paſs an act of grace,
Since thou haſt left a Powell in thy place.
Enough of *Authors*—Why, when ſcribblers fail,
Muſt other ſcribblers ſpread the hateful tale?
Why muſt they pity, why contempt expreſs,
And why inſult a brother in diſtreſs?
Let thoſe who boaſt th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Freſh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages paſt, ſtill flouriſh round their tomb.
Let thoſe, who without genius write, and write,
Verſemen or Proſemen, all in Nature's ſpite,
The pen laid down, their courſe of Folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone,
Why ſhould I tell, to croſs the will of fate,
That Francis * once endeavour'd to tranſlate?
Why, ſweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, ſimple in his lay,
Effuſion on *Effuſion* pour away †;
With *Friendſhip* and with *Fancy* trifle here,
Or ſleep in *Paſtoral* at Elvedere ‡?
Sleep let them all, with Dullneſs on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of *Critics*—let them if they pleaſe,
Fond of new pomp, each month paſs new decrees;
Wide and extenſive be their infant ſtate,
Their ſubjects many, and thoſe ſubjects great,
Whilſt all their mandates as ſound law ſucceed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waſte,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taſte;
Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their ſkill,
Conſult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or reſentment led,
They damn thoſe authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out ſo much praiſe for ſo much gold;
Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned cloſe intrigues,
Againſt the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
Uncenſur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curſe, the mean tame coward's curſe,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worſe,
To do our Senſe and Honour deep deſpite)
To credit what they ſay, read what they write.
Enough of *Scotland*—let her reſt in peace,
The cauſe remov'd, effects of courſe ſhould ceaſe.
Why ſhould I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly ſwell'd with waters not his own,
Burſt o'er his banks, and by deſtruction led,
O'er our faint England deſolation ſpread,
Whilſt riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute aſſum'd,
Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair courſe, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the ſea, as uſual, glides.
Enough of *States*, and ſuch like trifling things;
Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;

Henceforth, ſecure, let ambuſh'd ſtateſmen lie,
Spread the Court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of Juſtice, uncontroul'd
By fear or ſhame, let Vice, ſecure and bold,
Lord it with all her ſons, whilſt Virtue's groan
Meets with compaſſion only from the throne.
Enough of *Patriots*—all I aſk of man,
Is only to be honeſt as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and ſome may ſtill deceive;
'Tis the fool's curſe at random to believe.
Would thoſe, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this eſſential doctrine—*Perſevere.*
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of ſome proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their King and Country ſell, with endleſs ſhame
Th' avenging Muſe ſhall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to Honour true, they ſcorn to bend,
And, proudly honeſt, hold out to the end,
Their grateful Country ſhall their fame record,
And I myſelf deſcend to praiſe a Lord.
Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honeſt men
His actions ſpeak much ſtronger than my pen,
And future ages ſhall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjuſt,
But foſt'ring France ſhall ne'er betray her truſt;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impoſe,
To pay with praiſe the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her baſe,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.
Enough of *Self*—that darling luſcious theme,
O'er which philoſophers in raptures dream;
Of which with ſeeming diſregard they write,
Then prizing moſt, when moſt they ſeem to ſlight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd ſtrong with pride!
What man can from himſelf divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conſcience firſt ſatisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from ſome brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor ſhall reſentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely ſpeak;
So thoſe (the greateſt curſe I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of thoſe, whom bleſs'd with parts above
My feeble genius, ſtill I dare to love,
Doing more miſchief than a thouſand foes,
Poſthumous nonſenſe to the world expoſe,
And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living, bluſh'd to own,
Know all the world, no greedy heir ſhall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of thoſe, whom I deſpiſe tho' great,
Pretending friendſhip to give malice weight,
Publiſh my life; let no falſe ſneaking Peer,
(Some ſuch there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to ſhame with ſome vile anecdote,
Nor foul-gall'd Biſhop damn me with a note.
Let one poor ſprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilſt I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, ſome riming gueſt
Roams thro' the church-yard whilſt his dinner's dreſt

* Dr. Philip Francis, the tranſlator of Horace and Demoſthenes.

† See the Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy, by Dr. Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.

‡ See the Enlargement of the Mind, Langhorne's Poems.

up this comment to his eyes ;
he laſt enjoy'd, *Here* Churchill lies ;"
what joy that pleaſing flatt'ry gives)
ıy Works, he cries—" *Here* Churchill
s."
of *Satire*—in leſs harden'd times
ıer force, and mighty were her rimes.
men, beyond man's daring brave,
ıve trembled at the ſtrokes ſhe gave,
s have felt more terrible alarms
ne line, than from a world in arms.
her faithful and immortal page,
ranſmitted down from age to age
illains, and each ſpotted name
th marks of everlaſting ſhame,
villains ſought her as a friend,
t really mended, feign'd to mend.
ge, when actions are allow'd
te all honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
e to ſuffer the report,
l prais'd by men who ſtain a Court ;
the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
high-ſtation'd, holds rebuke in ſcorn ;
s loſt to ev'ry thought of fame,
virtue dead, is dead to ſhame ;
lence a much eaſier taſk muſt hold
new world, than reform the old ;
rs by her arrows on the ground,
cannot cure, ſhe will not wound.
Panegyrick—tho' the Muſe diſdains,
truth, to proſtitute her ſtrains
inſtance of thoſe men, who hold
nt but pow'r, no God but gold ;
ful that from heav'n ſhe drew her birth,
the narrow maxims of this earth,
erſelf, brings Virtue forth to view,
to praiſe, where praiſe is juſtly due.
Panegyrick—in a former hour,
ith pleaſure yielding to thy pow'r,
I ſought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
ach'd thy ears, diſpers'd my pray'r ;
altars whilſt I took my ſtand,
Truth and Honour in my hand,
tating wrath 'gainſt me and mine,
od zeal, and thwarted my deſign,
ayter * brought too quickly to his end,
ject, and mankind a friend.
Panegyrick—bending at thy throne,
hy pow'r my ſoul is proud to own.
r kind protector, thou my guide,
e ſafe thro' paſſes yet untry'd.
: road, nor difficult to find,
he houſe of *Satire* leads mankind ;
unfrequented are the ways,
d out in an age, which lead to praiſe.
o' no theme I chuſe of vulgar note,
write as brother-Bards have wrote,
meek in praiſing, that they ſeem
ake their patrons from a dream ;
a theme I chuſe, which might demand
touches of a maſter's hand ;
: inward workings of my ſoul
not, I ſhall attain the goal,
ſhall behold, in triumph rais'd,
raiſing, and the Patron prais'd.

homas Hayter, Biſhop of London. He
y 9, 1762.

What Patron ſhall I chuſe ? Shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice ?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, ſeeking Patriots, to friend Wildman's † go ?
To Wildman's ! cry'd Diſcretion, (who had heard,
Cloſe-ſtanding at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To Wildman's ! Art thou mad ? Can'ſt thou be ſure
One moment there to have thy head ſecure ?
Are they not all (let obſervation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In *Doomſday* book by miniſters ſet down,
Who ſtile their pride the honour of the Crown ?
Make no reply—let Reaſon ſtand aloof—
Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
That ſettled faith, that love which ever ſprings
In the beſt ſubjects for the beſt of Kings,
Muſt not be meaſur'd now, by what men think,
Or ſay, or do—by what they eat, and drink ;
Where and with whom, that queſtion's to be try'd,
And Stateſmen are the Judges to decide ;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confeſt, in themſelves veſt the law.
Each diſh at Wildman's of ſedition ſmacks ;
Blaſphemy may be goſpel at Almack's.
Peace, good Diſcretion, peace—thy fears are vain ;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt ;
Doſt thou one Parſon know ſo void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place ?
If ſtill you doubt (tho' ſcarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins ;
There, ſearching, find, nor deem me now in ſport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the Court.
Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of miſtakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor bluſh to own that change, which Reaſon wrought.
For ſuch a change as this, muſt Juſtice ſpeak ;
My heart was honeſt, but my head was weak.
Bigot to no one man, or ſet of men,
Without one ſelfiſh view, I drew my pen ;
My Country aſk'd, or ſeem'd to aſk my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade ;
A ſide I choſe, and on that ſide was ſtrong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong ;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more ?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before ?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do leſs ?
Without a ſingle bluſh, that change confeſs ;
Confeſs it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the loſing for the winning ſide ;
Granting, whilſt virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have fought in vain.
Hail, Sandwich—nor ſhall Wilkes reſentment
ſhew,
Hearing the praiſes of ſo brave a foe—
Hail, Sandwich—nor, thro' pride, ſhalt thou refuſe
The grateful tribute of ſo mean a Muſe—
Sandwich, *all hail*—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, ſcourg'd the land,
When *Scots*, or ſlaves to *Scotſmen*, ſteer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, diſgrac'd the realm,

† Maſter of the Tavern where the then Oppoſers of Adminiſtration uſed to meet.

Diſtruſt, and gen'ral diſcontent prevail'd;
But when (he beſt knows why) his ſpirits fail'd;
When, with a ſudden panic ſtruck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We ſaw thee nimbly vault into his ſeat,
Into the ſeat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoiſſeur in Stateſmanſhip;
When, like another Machiavel, we ſaw
Thy fingers twiſting and untwiſting law,
Straining, where godlike Reaſon bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to ſpare;
Saw thee reſolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right;
All things were chang'd, ſuſpence remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their uſe,
What virtues ſuch as thine muſt needs produce.
Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praiſe, too fearful to oppoſe,
In ſullen ſilence ſit; thy friends (ſome few,
Who friends to thee, are friends to Honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
Expects her ſafety from thy ſtubborn zeal.
A place amongſt the reſt the Muſes claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, ſecure their own.
From his youth upwards, to the preſent day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When riotous exceſs with waſteful hand
Shakes Life's frail glaſs, and haſtes each ebbing ſand,
Unmindful from what ſtock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding Honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought ſin with greedineſs, and ſought for ſhame
With greater zeal than good men ſeek for fame.
Where (Reaſon left without the leaſt defence)
Laughter was Mirth, Obſcenity was Senſe,
Where Impudence made Decency ſubmit,
Where Noiſe was Humour, and where Whim was Wit.
Where rude, untemper'd Licence had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
Where the beſt things were ever held the worſt,
Lothario was, with juſtice, always firſt.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To ſwing upon a gate, to ride a ſtraw,
To play at puſh-pin with dull brother Peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's oracle,
Whilſt, in moſt bleſſed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out Encore,
Whilſt *grey* Authority, who ſlumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches thro' the ſtreets at noon,
To force plain Nature from her uſual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for ſpeed one feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainſt all the reſt to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride firſt, and he to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' March * yet lives.
When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt they who, in the preſence, upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen ev'ry where, but moſt a Queen in Courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deſerves it more and more.
Nor in ſuch limits reſts his ſoul confin'd;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind;
Vice, bold ſubſtantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.
Is the ſoft nature of ſome hapleſs maid
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd;
Muſt ſhe, to virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave friend, who, men but little know,
Deems ev'ry heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others feats no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is Law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be cruſh'd, and ev'ry ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, under hand,
With regular approaches, ſure tho' ſlow?
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are Kings, (who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?
Is God's moſt holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſpheme'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preſide?
Is Faith to take an Atheiſt for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are States to totter on a drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search earth, ſearch hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
Is this Nobility, which, ſprung from Kings,
Was meant to ſwell the pow'r from whence it ſprings
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hop'd for from ſo rich a root?
Were there but two (ſearch all the world around)
Were there but two ſuch Nobles to be found,
The very name would ſink into a term
Of ſcorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a Lord; but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be baſe,

* Afterwards Duke of Queenſbury.

; and, having made him, ſwore,
nankind, to make no more.
e there, but like a gen'rous friend,
error caus'd, ſhe ſtrove to mend;
brought Lothario forth to view,
edit brought forth Sandwich too.
what joy, what honeſt joy of heart,
, and void of ev'ry art,
which great ones in the State
aves they fear, and fools they hate,
reluctance taught to bend,
think that virtues can deſcend,
a fight, alas! more rare
could wiſh) the Noble wear
mours, when his life makes known
virtue, not by birth alone,
ls his father from the grave,
iat'reſt back that fame he gave.
ſplenetic and ſullen fits,
r may willing ſoul ſubmits,
irtue is more proud to yield,
en titled rogues to keep the field.
truth e'en Envy ſhall allow)
m * was, and ſuch is Sandwich now.
lontague, in bleſſed hour
rt up, and climb the ſtairs of Pow'r;
her fears at once was eas'd,
her many foes, was once diſplea'd.
he news, and told it *Couſin* Spain;
nd told it *Couſin* France again;
r relinquiſh'd his deſign
e to ſpice, and mine to mine,
lainies he thought no more,
) us on our native ſhore;
fame, (which winds with open mouth
m Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South)
World ſhall yield us her increaſe,
ſons be ſoften'd into peace;
Monarchs ſhall exhauſt their ſtores,
ounded wealth, on Albion's ſhores;
ealth, which from thoſe golden ſcenes,
'd by honourable means,
le Chief ſhall hither ſteer,
bts, and ſet the nation clear,
ſelves, allur'd by thy renown,
homage to the Engliſh crown,
their King our King receive——
Directors give them leave.
me ſhall mark each riſing year,
omplain'd of, tho' ſevere;
deſtroyer ſhall become,
rith her thouſand mouths be dumb;
k man thy meekneſs ſhall prevail,
pirited thy ſpirit fail:
rce of reaſon ſhall ſubmit,
converts to thy princely wit;
thee ſhall ſtill a Nation's cries,
nrence crown a grand exciſe;
rs of the firſt degree,
faith in God, have faith in thee.
ange jumble, whimſical and vain,
egion of each heated brain;
ere fools to cenſure, ſome to praiſe,
mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
onwealth's-men, ſtarting at the ſhade
ir own wild fancy had been made,

Egremont. He died Auguſt 1763.

Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with State-bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, ſtruck with fancies not leſs vain,
Saw mighty Kings by their own ſubjects ſlain,
And in each friend of Liberty and Law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell ſaw;
Thy manly zeal ſtepp'd forth, bade diſcord ceaſe,
And ſung each jarring atom into peace;
Liberty, chear'd by thy all-chearing eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, ſtriding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilſt Privilege, hung betwixt earth and ſky,
Shall not well know, whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And ſeem'd to totter, Commerce ſhiv'ring ſtood;
When Credit, building on a ſandy ſhore,
Saw the ſea ſwell, and heard the tempeſt roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blaſt, and in each wave
Or ſaw, or fancied that ſhe ſaw her grave;
When Property, tranſferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd fickly thro' the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppreſs'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of State;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A ſponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be ſav'd we muſt be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better Genius, born to bleſs,
And ſnatch his ſinking Country from diſtreſs,
Did'ſt thou ſtep forth, and without ſail or oar
Pilot the ſhatter'd veſſel ſafe to ſhore;
Nor ſhalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and faſt,
She rides ſecure, and mocks the threat'ning blaſt!
Born in thy houſe, and in thy ſervice bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy ſage counſels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Oeconomy her needful aid ſhall join
To forward and compleat thy grand deſign,
And, warm to ſave, but yet with ſpirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals ſay what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are ſpendthrifts ſtill.
In vain have ſly and ſubtle Sophiſts tried
Private from public juſtice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainſt all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High-treaſon in the eye of Common Senſe,
To think a Stateſman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to ſee
Our debts diſcharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honeſty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wond'rous man,
With what delight ſurvey thy ſterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder muſt behold,
And ſtamp thy age the only age of gold.
Nor reſt thy triumphs here—That Diſcord fled,
And fought with grief the hell where ſhe was bred;
That Faction, 'gainſt her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble ſcatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her beſt friends a ſtanding jeſt become,
Her fools turn'd ſpeakers, and her wits ſtruck dumb;

That our moſt bitter foes (ſo much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (ſuch terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gaſping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows ſtronger from diſeaſe; that thou haſt ſav'd
Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of braſs defies the rage of time;
Than plates of braſs more firm, that ſacred rime
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muſe alone can give;
Theſe heights of Virtue, theſe rewards of Fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.
But that poor ſickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold ſhade,
By thoſe who knew her purpoſely forgot,
And made the jeſt of thoſe who knew her not.
Whilſt Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a prieſt, paſs'd by on t' other ſide,
Recover'd from her wretched ſtate, at length
Puts on new health, and cloaths herſelf with ſtrength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to poſſeſs the land.
This praiſe, tho' in a Court, and near a throne,
This praiſe is thine, and thine, alas! alone.
With what fond rapture did the Goddeſs ſmile,
What bleſſings did ſhe promiſe to this iſle,
What honour to herſelf, and length of reign!
Soon as ſhe heard, that thou did'ſt not diſdain
To be her ſteward; but what grief, what ſhame,
What rage, what diſappointment ſhook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will diſpute,
When youth was inſolent, and age was mute.
That young men ſhould be fools, and ſome wild few,
To wiſdom deaf, be deaf to int'reſt too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men grown grey
In ſearch of wiſdom, men who own'd the ſway
Of Reaſon, men who ſtubbornly kept down
Each riſing paſſion, men who wore the gown,
That they ſhould croſs her will, that they ſhould dare
Againſt the cauſe of int'reſt to declare,
That they ſhould be ſo abject and unwiſe,
Having no fear of loſs before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, ſcorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all thoſe honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of State;
That they ſhould dare a Hardwicke to ſupport,
And talk within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar Conſcience, who undone,
And ſtarv'd herſelf, ſtarves ev'ry wretched ſon;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her ſwear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward ſons who ſcorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful ſhore.
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, which diſgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Tho' Dullneſs there unrivall'd ſtate *doth* keep,
Would ſhe at Wincheſter with Burton* ſleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying ſcene
For ſomething ſtill more dull, and ſtill more mean,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, ſhe would fly
Far, far beyond the ſearch of *Engliſh* eye,
And reign amongſt the Scots: to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.
O, ſtay thy flight, fair Science! What tho' ſome,
Some baſe-born children rebels are become,
All are not rebels; ſome are duteous ſtill,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'reſt is oppos'd by thoſe alone,
Who either know not, or oppoſe their own.
Of ſtubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marſhall'd by Form, and by Diſcretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black † Smith of Trinity; on Chriſtian ground
For faith in myſteries none more renown'd.
Next (for the beſt of cauſes now and then
Muſt beg aſſiſtance from the worſt of men)
Next (if old ſtory lies not) ſprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched maid! committed to his truſt,
To a rank letcher's courſe and bloated luſt,
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had ſold,
And thought himſelf and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off ſuch traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a College bred,
No woman knew but thoſe which made their bed,
Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous ſhore,
Continued ſtill Male Virgins at threeſcore,
Comes Sumner ‡, wiſe, and chaſte as chaſte can be,
With Long §, as wiſe, and not leſs chaſte than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cauſe,
Who, for thy ſake, defying penal laws,
Were, to ſupport thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jerſey and the Iſle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, ſhall ſpeak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo ſtill,
Who may, perhaps, in ſome ten years, or more,
Be aſcertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a ſtill more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With ſuch a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcaſes, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchaſe life on terms of ſhame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, ſound retreat.
But if perſuaſions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterneſs of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? Why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wiſh, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves reſign,
And jilt the baniſh'd Stuarts, to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and ſoon as ſhe could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the deſpot's creed,
She, of ſubjection proud, ſhall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;

* Dr. John Burton, Maſter of Wincheſter School.

† Dr. Robert Smith, Maſter of Trinity-College, Cambridge.

‡ Dr. John Sumner, Provoſt of King's College, Cambridge.

§ Dr. Roger Long, Maſter of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

will implicitly receive,
ſpeak, nor think, without thy leave.
glory of imperial ſway,
ne but juſt commands obey?
en only is obedience ſeen,
mmand, they dare do all that's mean.
wing thy flight, here fix thy ſtand,
ing thy Sandwich in thy hand.
h what joy (for Fancy now ſupplies,
future open to my eyes)
what joy I ſee the worthies meet,
Litchfield * brother Sandwich greet!
greetings, bleſt each dear embrace,
'elves, and to the human race.
virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
her baſer nature to impeach,
a whirlwind's boſom hurl'd,
ſearch the corners of the world,
preſent times, look back to paſt,
uture, and confeſs at laſt,
aſt, preſent, or to come, could e'er
l bleſs the world with ſuch a pair.
, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Monmouth, and eſcap'd from death,
Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
s ardour for the common-weal,
n'd his loyal heart, and bleſs'd his
ie,
lips the cauſe of rebels hung;
anhood, in habit of a nun,
lies, by backward monks undone;
ck'ning, like an alehouſe ſcore,
the aged chalks behind a door,
hire a foe to caſt it up;
hall pour, from a communion cup,
he goddeſs without eyes,
ob in Cyder and Exciſe.
e deep ſhades, where Vanity, unknown,
: for her pride, and pines alone;
rſelf, by her own thoughts undone,
es all, but can be ſeen by none;
o longer, miſtreſs of the Schools,
loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
t a diſtance; in deſpair
croud, and put in for a ſhare,
h thought a thouſand diff'rent ways,
friends new-modelling old praiſe,
l ſenſe ſo very fine is ſpun,
lve hours, tho' not enough for one,
ariſe, and burſting from the dead,
is *piebald* Latin at thy head.
hilſt aukward Affectation's hung
d labour'd accents on his tongue,
ſt their will makes junior blockheads
k,
both, new Latin, and new Greek,
was in Greece and Latium known,
dern cut, and all his own;

arl of Litchfield, then High Steward of

an Phillips. At this juncture he was ſo
to excite the rage of a mob at Monmouth

ncis Daſhwood, Lord Le Deſpenſer.
ing, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Ox-

Who threads, like beads, looſe thoughts on ſuch a
ſtring,
They're praiſe, and cenſure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and ſtile ſo full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew ſick;
Thoughts all ſo dull, ſo pliant in their growth,
They're verſe, they're proſe, they're neither, and
and they're both
Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praiſe)
Thy curious worth ſet forth in curious phraſe;
Obſcurely ſtiff, ſhall cruſh poor Senſe to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name;
Whilſt, beating out his features to a ſmile,
He hugs the baſtard brat, and calls it Stile.
Huſh'd be all Nature as the land of death;
Let each ſtream ſleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one ſound of care,
Preſſing for audience, wake the ſlumb'ring air;
Brown comes—behold how cautiouſly he creeps—
How ſlow he walks, and yet how faſt he ſleeps—
But to thy praiſe in ſleep he ſhall agree;
He cannot wake, but he ſhall dream of thee.
Phyſick, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaſte matron Camphire bound,
Phyſick, obtaining ſuccour from the pen
Of her ſoft ſon, her gentle Heberden.
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet ſpite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *Scholar*, ſtop their rebel breath,
And in each Recipe ſend *Claſſic* death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can ſound
And plumb the bottom of that vaſt profound,
Few grave ones with ſuch gravity can think,
Or follow half ſo faſt as he can ſink,
With nice diſtinctions gloſſing o'er the text,
Obſcure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With ſubtleties on ſubtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and ſubdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardneſs of youth in awe,
The ſcowling Blackſtone || bears the train of law.
Divinity, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right-hand a *New Court Kalendar*
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Iſis' alter'd ſhore,
A ſtranger long, but ſtranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleaſure and more wonder view
Men great at Court and great at Oxford too.
O ſacred Loyalty! accurs'd be thoſe
Who ſeeming friends, turn out thy deadlieſt foes;
Who proſtitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And ſoothe their paſſions to betray their fame:
Nor prais'd be thoſe, to whoſe proud nature clings
Contempt of Government, and hate of Kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A ſtrange intemperance of zeal avow,
And ſtart at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.
Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the State not wholeſome, like the dreams,

|| Sir William Blackſtone, afterwards one of the Judges of the Common Pleas.

From its rich ſtem ten thouſand virtues ſpring,
Ten thouſand bleſſings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reaſon call adore;
This, if not Reaſon, muſt be ſomething more.
But, (for I wiſh not others to confine,
Be their opinions unreſtrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a ſpice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide:
If it is virtuous, ſoothe an honeſt pride
With lib'ral praiſe, if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, ſhall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other ſcale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madneſs call)
Is it a virtue? That you ſcarce pretend:
Or can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and diſſolves the force
Of private ties, nay ſtops us in our courſe
To that grand object of the human ſoul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty iſle,
This nook, which ſcarce deſerves a frown or ſmile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is ſcarce worth one.
The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to ſoar,
Her ſtrength confirm'd in philoſophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with eaſe,
And, ſeeing all mankind, loves all ſhe ſees.

P. Was it moſt ſure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reaſon's creed, tho' found in yours,
That theſe two ſervices, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that however loth,
We neither ſerve, attempting to ſerve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to chuſe,
And which in common reaſon to refuſe.
Invented oft for purpoſes of art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world muſt be confeſt
A barren ſpeculation at the beſt.
Not one man in a thouſand, ſhould he live
Beyond the uſual term of life, could give,
So rare occaſion comes, and to ſo few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.
The love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlaſting ſpring
Of glorious actions, which become a King,
Nor leſs become a ſubject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practiſe ev'ry day.
Nor, for my life (ſo very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument), can I deſcry
What you with faith aſſert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country can remove,
And make me of neceſſity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Thoſe ties of private nature, ſmall extent,
In which the mind of narrow caſt is pent,
Are only ſteps on which the gen'rous ſoul
Mounts by degrees 'till ſhe includes the whole.
That ſpring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on ſelf, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The ſocial charities of blood, and friends,
'Till ſmaller ſtreams included, not o'erpaſt,
It riſes to our Country's love at laſt;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to Common Senſe
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your Country?

P. Can the ſon,
(Shame, ſhame, on all ſuch ſons) with ruthleſs eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, ſtand by,
And by ſome ruffian, from all ſhame divorc'd,
All virtue, ſee his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worſt of men,
Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, loſt
Beyond redemption, all her glories croſs'd
E'en when occaſion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while ſhe awakes to ſhame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her ſinking ſtate, than baſely to decline,
So great a cauſe, and in deſpair reſign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilſt more able patriots doubt, ſhe dies.
From a foul ſource, more deep than we ſuppoſe,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the ſtreets,
'Tis not a groſs attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege diſplay'd
Againſt the ſubject, whilſt ſhe wears no ſting
To diſappoint the purpoſe of a King;
Theſe are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With thoſe, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd,
Tell me, Philoſopher, is it a crime,
To pry into the ſecret womb of Time;
Or, born in ignorance, muſt we deſpair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it ſo—ſtill 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to caſt,
And judge of what's to come, by what is paſt.
Should there be found in ſome not diſtant year
(O how I wiſh to be no prophet here),
Amongſt our Britiſh Lords ſhould there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unſound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the ſprings of loyalty are dry;
Who wiſh to ſoar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the People and the Throne
To ſet up ſep'rate int'reſts of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholeſome growth,
And only join with, to deſtroy them both;
Should there be found ſuch men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot ſome milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.
Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knoweſt from the firſt their riſe and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate
When ruin muſt involve our equal State;
When law, alas! muſt be no more, and we,
To Freedom born, muſt be no longer free;

nob of tyrants ſeize the helm,
upſtarts league to rob the realm:
whatever other ills aſſail,
Ariſtocracy prevail.
ſhort, our courſe of Freedom run,
od pleaſure we ſhould be undone,
ne comfort in our griefs to bring,
one, and be that one a King.
s, accuſtom'd by their trade to feign,
ite creations of the brain
bſtance, and, themſelves deceiv'd,
e the fiction by mankind believ'd.
r caſe.—But grant, to ſoothe your pride,
now more than all the world beſide,
n hints, why make a moment's doubt?
nd like a man, at once ſpeak out,
r danger, tell us where it lies,
ſure our ſafety, make us wiſe.
er than bear the pain of thought, fools
y;
will rather loſe than aſk their way;
ſenſe what needs it to unfold
ale which they muſt know untold?
int'reſt warps the canker'd heart,
re hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
arch, ſubtle hypocrites contrive
: flames of diſcontent alive,
, with arts to honeſt men unknown,
s between the People and the Throne,
fear, where Reaſon never yet
fear, or could one doubt admit,
paſs unſuſpected in diſguiſe,
our real danger ſeal our eyes.
them, and let their names recorded
l
black roll, and ſtink thro' all the land.
might ſome courage, but no prudence be;
them, and jeopardy to me.
out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;
: Judges ſometimes fill up blanks?
Country's laws in doubt then you reject?
aws I love, the lawyers I ſuſpect:
:lve Judges may not one be found,
re poſſibility I ground
ome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
ncreate, and from the bench,
, ſmiles, nods, and ſuch like paltry arts,
nd worm into a Jury's hearts;
here, may, turbulent of ſoul,
high office, and their rights controul;
ho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
lies out by the way of charge,
rpretation all the way,
cts, his wicked will obey,
; law without the leaſt defence,
is conſcience to approve his ſenſe?
:, the true guardians of this charter'd

rfect vigour, Juries ſtand,
ain ſhall awe, cajole, perplex.
e I ſhould be tried in Middleſex?
k a Jury they will never dare.
s no occaſion to pack Juries there.
: prejudice all arguments are weak,
If without effect muſt ſpeak.
Country, like a coward fly,
r int'reſt, and her laws defy.

But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vaſt wrath ſuffice?
Cannot thy miſbegotten Muſe lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counſel taken, what ſhould Satire do?
Where could ſhe find an object that is new?
Thoſe travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
And ſend abroad to ſee and to be ſeen,
With whom, leſt they ſhould fornicate, or worſe,
A Tutor's ſent, by way of a dry nurſe,
Each of whom juſt enough of ſpirit bears,
To ſhew our follies, and to bring home their's,
Have made all Europe's vices ſo well known,
They ſeem almoſt as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpoſe better do?

P. In one reſpect at leaſt—there's ſomething new.

F. A harmleſs people, in whom Nature ſpeaks
Free and untainted; 'mongſt whom Satire ſeeks,
But vainly ſeeks, ſo ſimply plain their hearts,
One boſom where to lodge her poiſon'd darts.

P. From knowledge ſpeak you this, or doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and reſolv'd, hath Reaſon found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reaſon taught,
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name?
Propenſity to vice in both the ſame,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himſelf withſtood.
Nabobs, as well as thoſe who hunt them down,
Deſerve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debaſe
As any poliſh'd Prince of Chriſtian race.

F. Could you, a taſk more hard than you ſuppoſe,
Cou'd you, in ridicule whilſt Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.
Howe'er well-drawn, the picture after all,
Becauſe we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try,
And if your obſervations ſterling hold,
If the piece ſhould be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the ſide of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, ſomething ſeem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us ſomething that we know,
And from all honeſt men applauſe to win,
I'll groupe the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by ſhame ſuppreſs'd,
Add not diſtreſs to thoſe too much diſtreſs'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal, miſled, laid bare
Thoſe ſores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their myſteries ſo low,
That what the wiſe ſuſpected not, fools know?
From their firſt riſe e'en to the preſent hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuſe of pow'r;
Made it impoſſible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;
Whilſt unſeduc'd by Miniſters, the Throne
Regards our intereſt, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other ſubject chance to fail,
Thoſe who have fail'd, and thoſe who wiſh to fail
In the laſt fleet, afford an ample field,
Which muſt beyond my hopes a harveſt yield.

F. On ſuch vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot ſtarve, if there was only Clive.

END OF THE FAREWELL.

THE

TIMES.

THE time hath been, a boyiſh, bluſhing time,
When modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime;
When the moſt wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When thoſe, who, in the cauſe of Sin grown grey,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak an aukward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our ſires more wiſe,
Such paltry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.
Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm;
Ere luxury ſat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for buſineſs, or allow'd for grace;
Ere Vanity had ſo far conquer'd Senſe
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool ſtrive to outvie another,
And every coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;
Ere baniſh'd Induſtry had left our ſhores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleneſs prevail'd ſole Queen in Courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And diſſipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the ſun look on;
Ere a great nation not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged honeſty was out of vogue,
Ere Faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame,
Who dar'd abuſe and falſify his truſt,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjuſt;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crouded ſtreets in ſolitude,
Nor could his rank, and ſtation in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might ſuch revive
To keep expiring Honeſty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not juſt thro' principle, but juſt thro' pride.
Our times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; payment a diſgrace.
Men of weak winds, high-plac'd on Folly's liſt,
May gravely tell us trade cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor all thoſe thouſands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once deſtroy'd.
Why—be it ſo—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradeſmen to a Lord?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradeſmen in his ear,
Of tradeſmen by his villainy betray'd,
And, vainly ſeeking juſtice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He ſits at eaſe, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionleſs as ſtone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they ſtand, or only heard by thoſe,
Thoſe ſlaves in livery, who only mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in ſtate.
The helpleſs widow, wrung with deep deſpair,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her ſtarving babes with ſtreaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the ſkies.
What is't to Faber? He ſtands ſafe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breaſt a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple braſs, which bears
The name of Privilege 'gainſt vulgar awe;
He feels no Conſcience, and he fears no Law.
Nor think, acquainted with ſmall knaves alone,
Who have not ſhame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on ſuch men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded ſtand thro' all the Land of Shame.
No—to his porch, like Perſians to the ſun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As ſmall their conſcience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by ſuch clients, and without controul
From all that's honeſt in the human ſoul,
In grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe, and fools will truſt,
Careſs'd and courted, Faber ſeems to ſtand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a ſad truth to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit, when 'tis told in rimes)
Did not ſtrict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety
(Who, link'd with Honour, for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt men amongſt her friends)
Forbids us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be Miniſter of State.
But why enlarge I on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our ſires ended, and improve in ſin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our ſons to do.
Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps ſhe reigns
O'er ſober citizens, and ſimple ſwains;
E'en in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increaſe the horror of our State,
To make her empire laſting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curſes which neither Art nor Time can heal,
All ſhame diſcarded, all remains of pride,
Meanneſs ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide;

who gleans out of the human mind
ood ſeeds which Vice had left behind,
which might in time to virtue tend,
he ſoul without a pow'r to mend;
t ſight of whom, with brave diſdain
f Manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain,
n Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
n is compell'd to quit her ſeat;
hich, like that mark by bloody Cain
forehead for a brother ſlain,
great and all-ſubduing rage,
ſtanding mark of this vile age.
l hero trucks his fame for gold,
virtue for a place is ſold,
an bargains for his Country's ſhame,
ferment prieſts their God diſclaim.
ith luſt, her day of letch'ry o'er,
trains the daughter which ſhe bore
oaths; the father aids the plan,
the innocent is ripe for man,
ſome old letcher for a wife,
her an adultereſs for life,
pers bids his name appear,
ſes for a L———;
d wife (whom Av'rice muſt applaud)
e the charge of pimp and bawd;
they play themſelves, a frugal pair,
he infamy, the gain to ſhare;
d to find, when they the profits tell,
ave play'd the whore and rogue ſo well.
heſe things (which might imply a ſpark
ill left) tranſacted in the dark.
public they are open laid,
on like any other trade.
mince damnation, and too proud
e works of darkneſs in a cloud,
igour Vice maintains her ſway;
marts, and open at noon-day.
now wed to Impudence, no more
ſkulks, and trembles, as of yore,
ight breaks upon her coward eye;
talks on earth, and to the ſky
oud head, nor fears left time abate,
er huſband's love to canker'd hate,
to make them more ſincerely one,
d their loves with Montague their ſon;
te his dam, ſo like his ſire,
e mother's craft, the father's fire,
o expreſs in every part,
ll bad qualities of heart,
they fifty children, he alone
d as heir apparent to the throne.
r own iſland vices not content,
neighbours on the continent,
pe round, and viſit ev'ry Court,
ir follies and their crimes import.
t lands for diff'rent ſins we roam,
y freighted, bring our cargo home,
ſtrious to make vice appear
ſtate, and perfect only here.
and, where Politeneſs ever reigns,
nitive Sincerity remains,
a ſtand, where Freedom in her courſe
er name, tho' ſhe hath loſt her force
other lands, where ſimple Trade
in the garb of Fraud array'd,
'rice never dar'd to ſhew his head,
e a ſmiling cherub, Mercy, led
By Reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place,
To Holland for that Charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and pow'r reſtor'd,
For all thoſe countries, which the hero's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;
France hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd, of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to and melt the heart of ſlaviſh fears
Which break the ſpirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not ſend abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth—
Gives us that jealouſy, which, born of fear
And mean diſtruſt, grows not by nature hero—
Gives us that ſuperſtition, which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends—
That cruelty, which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the ſlave;
That cruelty, which led her chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her without remorſe whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a ſin.
India, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of Senſe and Virtue waſte,
Who mars whilſt ſhe pretends to mend our taſte;
Italia, to compleat and crown our ſhame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatneſs without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without eſtate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cauſe, revenge without remorſe,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealouſy without love, ſound without ſenſe,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reaſon, goſpel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pithleſs, are debarr'd
From man's beſt joys—no ſooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and *noble* dame,
To ſerve her luſt, and yet ſecure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at laſt decreed;
Women, who dance in poſtures ſo obſcene,
They might awaken ſhame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the myſteries of night,
Might make the Muſes, in a corner plac'd
To view their monſtrous luſts, deem Sappho chaſte;
Theſe, and a thouſand follies rank as theſe,
A thouſand faults, ten thouſand fools, who pleaſe
Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves,
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies, and us as ſlaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taſte, and Common Senſe.
Nor ſtop we here—the ſoft luxurious Eaſt,
Where man, his ſoul degraded, from the beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two.
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt character, ſins worſe

Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold,
And ſtrike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame;
Sins, if ſuch ſins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, ſins 'gainſt Nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and man for man
Burn in thoſe fires, which Hell alone could raiſe
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.
Be grace ſhut out, be mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful rod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair;
Diſtending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
For thoſe who thus offend amongſt mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monſtrous weight,
On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilſt the laws, falſe grace, falſe mercy ſhewn,
Are taught to wear a ſoftneſs not their own,
Men, whom the beaſts would ſpurn, ſhould they appear
Amongſt the honeſt herd, find refuge here.
No longer by vain fear or ſhame controul'd,
From long, too long ſecurity grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our ſtreets,
And Lumley e'en at noon his miſtreſs meets:
So public in their crimes, ſo daring grown,
They almoſt take a pride to have them known;
And each unnat'ral villain ſcarce endures
To make a ſecret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and ſtares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honeſt whores.
Theſe who are men in high paramours ſecure,
And the rich guilty ſcreen the guilty poor;
The ſin too proud to fear from reaſon awe,
And thoſe who practiſe it too great for law.
Woman, the pride and happineſs of Man,
Without whoſe ſoft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With ſofteſt arts, and ſure, tho' hidden ſkill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd *here*,
With the perſuaſive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our iſle,
Or win us to her purpoſe with a ſmile;
Woman, by fate the quickeſt ſpur decreed,
The faireſt, beſt reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the ſtamp of honour; at whoſe name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilſt o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcaſes of Princes ſlain,
Confuſion proudly ſtrode, whilſt Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death ſtalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having loſt its uſe; no more the eye
With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that ſeat where love reſides,
Each breath drawn quick and ſhort, in fuller tides
Life poſting thro' the veins, each pulſe on fire,
And the whole body tingling with deſire,
Pants for thoſe charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the froſt of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muſcle ſtrain,
And giving pleaſure which is almoſt pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleaſure we muſt have a Ganymede;
A fine, freſh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To ſerve our purpoſes of beaſtly joy.
Faireſt of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd moſt worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilſt a croud
Purſue, and conſecrate the ſteps ———.
She, hapleſs maid, born in a wretched hour,
Waſtes Life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r,
Sweet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilſt he, admir'd, careſs'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral luſt a common ſewer.
Dine with Apicius—at his ſumptuous board
Find All the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (ſo much diſtemper'd ſpirits pall
The ſickly appetite (amidſt them all
Apicius finds no joy, but, whilſt he carves
For ev'ry gueſt, the landlord ſits and ſtarves.
The foreſt haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
But ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
And loaths what he had deified before;
The turtle, of a great and glorious ſize,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taſte all riſques would run,
Itſelf a feaſt, and ev'ry diſh in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dreſs'd by Quin:
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dreſs'd it, he may eat it too,
Apicius cannot.—When the glaſs goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roof with mirth reſound,
Sober he ſits, and ſilent—All alone
Tho' in a croud, and to himſelf ſcarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suſpend his cares, and make him ceaſe to pine.
Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedleſs, o'er delicates, which from the ſky
Might call down Jove? where now his gaudy wiſh,
That, to invent a new and better diſh,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roaſt a Phœnix at the fire?
Why ſwims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
Of ſixty years, never ſhew'd one ſign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his ſtomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of ſorrow? Hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to ſecond life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by ſtricteſt juſtice taught,
Compell'd him to reſtore the dower ſhe brought?

old creditor againſt his will
and forc'd him to diſcharge a bill,
g had no ſhare? Hath ſome vain wench
wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
ral glutton got the ſtart,
n in his own luxurious art;
ı for which Apicius could not pay,
dainties in a newer way?
ık, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
ı fit to entertain the gods;
e varlet, croſs'd by cruel fate,
wn the price of empires in a plate?
ne of theſe—his ſervants all are try'd,
walk on ice, and never ſlide;
n acquiſition made in France,
ı Chloe out of countenance,
ld Holles ſtill maintains his ſtand,
e rival glutton in the land;
all the objects of his hate,
e all unpaid, and yet his ſtate
rity and triumph held,
nce a knave ſhould be expell'd;
till a whore, and in his pow'r,
gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r;
: grave (thanks to his filial care
r'd the draught, and kindly ſent him
e)
leeps, and, 'till the laſt trump ſhake
ı of the earth, ſhall not awake.
flows this ſorrow then? Behind the chair
not ſee, deck'd with a ſolitaire,
iis bare breaſt glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
ornaments, a ſtripling plac'd,
ſmug, ſtripling, in life's faireſt prime?
not mind too, how from time to time
ous letcher, tempted to deſpiſe
ainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
m'd inly to reproach us all,
: his fix'd attention to recall,
e wiſh'd, e'en at the time of grace,
, to have had a double face?
if grief behold in that fair boy;
es, and Corydon is coy.
ı unthinking ſtripling! When the glaſs
too curious eye, and, as you paſs,
preſents in ſmiles thy image there,
thou bleſs the gods, who made thee fair?
r large bounties, and with reaſon blame;
ſe thy beauty, for it leads to ſhame.
hot Lord, to work thee to his end,
ı of gold into thy breaſt deſcend,
ı gifts, nor the vile giver truſt;
its for virtue, and ſmell ſtrong of luſt.
ay, gaudy trappings which adorn
e of thy body, look with ſcorn,
ı with horror; they pollution mean,
it ruin: thou haſt often ſeen,
gſt the herd, the faireſt and the beſt
ingled out, and richly dreſt,
deur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
eater pomp at laſt to bleed.
in time, the threaten'd danger ſhun,
moment is to be undone.
, temptation proof, thy virtue ſhine,
can move, nor arts can undermine,
methods failing, one reſource
ind, and thou muſt yield to force.

Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape,
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, whilſt thou can'ſt,
eſcape;
Mind not his promiſes—they're made in ſport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at Court?
Truſt not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not regiſter'd in Heav'n—he mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conſcience—for he knows her not,
So long a ſtranger, ſhe is quite forgot—
Nor think thyſelf in law ſecure and firm—
Thy maſter is a Lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupplied with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does thee grace.
Fly, then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
But whither can'ſt thou go? on whom rely
For wiſh'd protection? Virtue's ſure to meet
An arm'd hoſt of foes in ev'ry ſtreet.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the houſe of pray'r,
If ſure to meet with an Apicius there?
Truſt not old age, which will thy faith betray,
Saint Socrates is ſtill a goat tho' gray;
Truſt not green youth; Florio will ſcarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath ſurfeited the town;
Truſt not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainſt common fame—place H——— in thy view;
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two;
Truſt not to marriage—T——took a wife,
Who chaſte as Dian might have paſs'd her life,
Had ſhe not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And ſave expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Truſt not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S——new wed.
Would'ſt thou be ſafe? Society forſwear,
Fly to the deſart, and ſeek ſhelter there,
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There's not one brute ſo dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongſt them that refuge find,
Which luſt denies thee here among mankind;
Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you ſee thoſe honeſt creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But if the thoughts of ſolitude alarm,
And ſocial life hath one remaining charm,
If, ſtill thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongſt the monſters of Auguſta's breed,
Lay by thy ſex, thy ſafety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live ſecure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb aſſume their manners too.
Had the *light-footed* Greek of Chiron's ſchool
Been wiſe enough to keep this ſingle rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his miſtreſs' room,
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue, which they do for vice.

Thus ſhalt thou paſs untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus ſtand uncourted in the drawing-room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the ſtreet,
And run no danger but of being beat.
Where is the mother, whoſe officious zeal
Diſcreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what ſhe felt herſelf in days of yore,
Againſt that letcher Man makes faſt the door?
Who not permits, e'en for the ſake of pray'r,
A prieſt, uncaſtrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wiſhes and her care prevail)
Would ſuffer in the houſe a fly that's male?
Let her diſcharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them ſo.
Tho' they more freſh, more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day ſun, adorn
The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in every daughter's face;
Undiſciplin'd in dull Diſcretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-ſchools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run Pleaſure down,
Start where ſhe will, diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their ſteps—They're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unleſs they breed, like carrion, in the ſun.
Men, dead to pleaſure, as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the law of Nature ſet their face,
The grand primæval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the Law is on their ſide.
Broke down, and ſtrength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L———, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T——lives no more, or lives not to our iſle;
No longer bleſt with a Cz———'s ſmile
T——— is at P——— diſgrac'd,
And M——— grown gray, perforce grows chaſte;
Nor, to the credit of our modeſt race,
Riſes one ſtallion to ſupply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Tho' cloſely kept, *now*, when the Dog-Star's heat
Enflames the marrow in the very ſtreet,
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by thoſe
Who daintily paſs by, and hold their noſe.
Poor, plain Concupiſcence is in diſgrace,
And ſimple Letch'ry dares not ſhew her face,
Leſt ſhe be ſent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To ſave their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which firſt had left off them; to *Wellcloſe Square*
Fine, freſh, young ſtrumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for ſubſiſtence; pimps no longer thrive,
And penſions only keep L—— alive.
Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and anſwer'd in an heir?
Short-ſighted woman! little doth ſhe know
What ſtreams of ſorrow from that ſource may flow;
Little ſuſpect, while ſhe ſurveys her boy,
Her young Narciſſus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curſe; that ſhe may live,
Ere ſixteen winters their ſhort courſe have run,
In agonies of ſoul, to curſe that ſon.
Pray then for daughters, ye wiſe mothers, pray;
They ſhall reward your love, not make you gray
Before your time with ſorrow they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilſt ye live
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and ſave,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.
That ſenſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of ſoul, that ſtretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted moſt, that purity of taſte
Which Critics mention by the name of Chaſte
Adorn'd with elegance, that eaſy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing, with that will to pleaſe,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the currriſh Pope extorted praiſe,
We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow;
Be from that hour the houſe with ſables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he firſt began
To wail and whine; let him not ſee a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, tho' rich, was ſold,
And gave his body up to ſhame for gold.
Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarſe, indelicate and brown,
An antidote to luſt, his face deep ſcarr'd
With the ſmall-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running ſore.
Should'ſt thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praiſe betray'd;
Give him out fair, letchers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, ſhall to thine repair,
And force a paſſage, tho' a God is there.
Let him not have one ſervant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, ſervants oft prevail.
Some vices they propoſe, to all agree;
H——— was guilty, but was M——— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than truſt his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor truſt him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For baſe deſigns; ourſelves have liv'd to ſee
More than one parſon in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A ſcene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father ſit with him alone.
Be all his ſervants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of Nature ſpur thy heir

f venery, if, hot and wild,
to get ſome ſcore of maids with child,
: forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
ore at this than any other time,
dulgence, and, 'mongſt ſuch a race,
baſtard is ſome ſign of grace.
ſuch times, ſhould I ſit tamely down,
ıy rage, and ſaunter thro' the town
o knew not, or who ſhar'd theſe crimes?
t leſſer evils point my rimes,
s giant ſin, in the full eye
ction, paſs unwounded by?
meek wives, paſſive obedience taught,
ear thoſe wrongs for which they ought,
ırave ſpirit of their dams poſſeſs'd,
dagger in each huſband's breaſt.
male increaſe from this fair iſle,
ur Thames into another Nile;
his Sunday, the ſmug pulpiteer,
ſt all other crimes, is ſilent here,
s himſelf abſolv'd, in the pretence
y, which meant for the defence
irtue, and to raiſe her price,
n agent for the cauſe of Vice;
aw ſleeps, and thro' the care they take
er well, may never more awake;
:h times, nor with that patience curſt
nts may boaſt of, I muſt ſpeak, or burſt.
too eager in my bold career.
ound the nice and chaſter ear,
ıarded, all too rude, I ſpeak,
ıp bluſhes in the maiden's cheek,
re fair—my real motives view
giveneſs add your praiſes too.
write—nor wiſh a better plan,
of Woman is moſt worthy Man—
ſtill will write, nor hold my hand,
re's one ſlave of Sodom in the land.
n fly far, and ſkulk from place to place,
to meet manhood face to face,
ı I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
ry may hide their heads, or reſt their feet,
in wrath ſhall let his vengeance fall,
a great example of them all,
one grand pile this town expire,
in duſt, her Thames a lake of fire;
oſt worth our wiſh) convinc'd, tho' late,
ıſt crimes, and dangerous eſtate,
women with repentance buy,
to honour them, as much as I.

END OF THE TIMES.

DEPENDENCE.

Y the *Bard* (tho' few ſuch *Bards* we find)
o, 'bove controulment, dares to ſpeak his mind;
ıſh'd, in ev'ry place appear,
g fears, but what he ought to fear.
on cannot tempt, him abject Need
npel, him Pride cannot miſlead
To be the ſlave of Greatneſs, to ſtrike ſail,
When, ſweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, paſſes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due ſtate,
And is above converſing with the great.
Periſh thoſe ſlaves, thoſe minions of the quill,
Who have conſpir'd to ſeize that ſacred hill
Where the Nine Siſters pour a genuine ſtrain,
And ſunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and ſervile art,
No ſpark of virtue living in their heart,
Have baſely turn'd apoſtates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have diſgrac'd,
Like Eli's ſons, the altars where they ſtand,
And caus'd their names to ſtink thro' all the land,
Have ſtoop'd to proſtitute their venal pen
For the ſupport of great but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a *Lord*.
What is a *Lord*? Doth that plain ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? As ſoon as heard,
Like an alarum-bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' Reaſon's Court doth it unqueſtion'd go
E'en on the mention, and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of wit
Pleaſing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaſte,
Of ſterling genius with ſound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—ſhe gave them ears—they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us, they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think:
'Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;
'Till they, diſdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,
More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
Came forth a ſpecies altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*Lords* are Things,
Which, never made by me, were made by Kings.
A *Lord* (nor let the honeſt and the brave
The true, old noble with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; curſt be that thought of mine,
Which with a B— and F— ſhould Grafton join)
A *Lord* (nor here let cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome, abuſe of all,
And as of *late*, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my Muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Tho' well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole Minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere *Lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man; himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank

For ſmuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A *Bard* owes all to Nature and himſelf.
Gods, how my ſoul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom Genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!
And what's the cauſe? Why theſe ſame ſons of Scorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,
And could not help it; by chance hither ſent,
And only deities by accident.
Hard fortune on our getting chanc'd to ſhine,
Their birthright honours had been *your*'s or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random ſtroke; and ſhould the Throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a Bard, might'ſt be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a Wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of theſe few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of Kings.
Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.
A *Bard*—a *Lord*—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land;
Obſerve which word the people can digeſt
Moſt readily, which goes to market beſt,
Which gets moſt credit; whether men will truſt
A *Bard* becauſe they think he may be juſt,
Or on a *Lord* will chuſe to riſk their gains,
Tho' *Privilege* in that point ſtill remains.
A *Bard*—a *Lord*—let Reaſon take her ſcales,
And fairly weigh thoſe words; ſee which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by ſinking, we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a ſynod in the ſacred grove.
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And ſit in ſtate the Senate of the ſky;
Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know
What they're tranſacting. Reaſon takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true.
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of vigour ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.
The *firſt* was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What ſhe in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the croud,
He deem'd them pigmies all: looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones; his face ſo very thin,
So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That Phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion ſoft, expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhew'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
"Obſerve, good people, how I ſhake the ſky."
In his right-hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Diſtinct, and plain for thoſe who run to ſee,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
This, with an air of ſcorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reaſon's ſcales, and on that bar,
Which from his ſoul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddeſs titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove ſtar'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
"Good Heaven bleſs us all, is that a *Lord*!"
Such was the *firſt*—the *ſecond* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His dam deſpis'd, and left *unlick'd* in ſcorn;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art undone,
She could not finiſh when ſhe had begun;
An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could ſtrike one ſpark of light.
Broad were his ſhoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vaſt were his bones, his muſcles twiſted ſtrong;
His face was ſhort, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, ſave that we might ſpy
Senſe low'ring on the penthouſe of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs ſo ſtout
That they might bear a manſion-houſe about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Deſign'd by Fate a much leſs weight to bear.
O'er a brown *Caſſock*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A ſight moſt ſtrange, and aukward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*.
Juſt at the time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He ſtarted up a fop, and, fond of ſhow,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.
A ſubject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy muſt allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With ſuch accoutrements, with ſuch a form,
Much like a porpoiſe juſt before a ſtorm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was ſeen to ſimper.; at the ſound
(Nor was the cauſe unknown, for from his youth,
Himſelf he ſtudied by the glaſs of Truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor ſhall the gods condemn,
If, whilſt they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reaſon view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his ſoul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other ſcale the name of *Bard*.
Then (for ſhe did as Judges ought to do,
She nothing of the caſe beforehand knew,
Nor wiſh'd to know; ſhe never ſtretch'd the laws,
Nor, baſely to anticipate a cauſe,
Compell'd Sollicitors, no longer free,
To ſhew thoſe briefs ſhe had no right to ſee)
Then ſhe with equal hand her ſcales held out,
Nor did the cauſe one moment hang in doubt;
She held her ſcales out fair to public view,
The *Lord*, as ſparks fly upwards, upwards flew.
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his ſtate.
Reaſon approv'd, and with a voice whoſe ſound
Shook earth, ſhook heaven, on the cleareſt ground,

for the *Bards* a full decree
hoſe muſt honour *them*, who honour *me*;
a this preſens day, where'er I reign,
m right, precedence ſhall obtain:
here; be it enough that *Birth*
, and ſways the fools of earth."
that here, in hatred to a Lord;
:ale, or alter'd a record;
rou will (I am not now in ſport)
regiſter'd in Reaſon's Court.
:hat Envy here hath ſtrung my lyre,
iate what I moſt admire;
itles with an eye of ſcorn,
not to a title born.
nade me, I am much more proud,
ıſied to have a croud
I paſs, and cry,—" That's he—
t honeſt Bard, who dares be free
ruption," than to have a train
evee-ſlaves to make me vain
ght to bluſh for; to run, fly,
ı the motion of my eye;
's than man, my faults t' adore,
think that I am ſomething more.
imes, bring back the days of old,
t Noble bore his honours bold,
: of peril when he dar'd
his legal baſtard, if declar'd,
:redit; faithful to his truſt,
ſt points of juſtice juſt,
all, and lov'd by all he knew,
:g, and to his Country true;
:, above the baits of gain,
ſs, and in his manners plain;
alth, gen'rous but not profuſe,
:hes, for he knew their uſe;
ı, and yet deſerving more,
high honours which he wore
, and in return gain'd fame,
paid, becauſe he did not claim;
war was plac'd in dread array,
m roaring for his prey,
yal whelps foredone,
ld as the departing ſun,
ng whereſoe'er he turn'd,
ng, nor himſelf unlearn'd;
Pity's tender call,
poor, a friend to all;
es, and from the grave bring back
is, my heart ſhall bend, or crack,
de give way, my tongue proclaim,
: conſpire to ſwell his fame,
l to him that praiſe allow,
ot deny to Temple now.
:laims, nor ſhall the Bard forget,
:he taſk, to pay that debt,
man, and in his lays,
rorth, prove his own right to praiſe.
: and Prejudice miſdeem,
mpty titles are my theme;
, are vain, and nothing worth,
ue, but I laugh at Birth.
that's honeſt, frank, and brave,
but cannot be his ſlave;
d but blockheads would pretend
, where they may make a friend.
, and will make them known,
, but can't forget my own.

Give me a Lord, who, to a title born,
Boaſts nothing elſe, I'll pay him ſcorn with ſcorn.
What, ſhall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if ſuch a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd ſtand, and bend my knee
To ſuch a ſhadow of nobility,
A ſhred, a remnant? He might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my leaſt regards,
Is treaſon to the *Majeſty* of *Bards*.
By Nature form'd (when for her honour's ſake
She ſomething more than common ſtrove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour ſhe impreſt
Her ſtamp moſt ſtrongly on the favour'd breaſt)
The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little, piddling, witlings, who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the Murphys of the ſtage,
The Maſons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which they call verſe)
The real *Bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every Maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
Would ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his *prerogative*.
Methinks I ſee old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the ſeaſon be a Peer,
Tho' now, againſt his will, of figures ſick,
He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
E'en whilſt he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old cloaths to ſell about the ſtreets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* bob turn'd to a dreſs'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—" What doth this jargon mean?
" Was ever ſuch a damn'd dull blockhead ſeen?
" *Majeſty*——*Bard*——*Prerogative*——Diſdain
" Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
" To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and ſtraw—
" I'm very ſenſible he's mad in law.
" A ſaucy groom who trades in reaſon, thus
" To ſet himſelf upon a *par* with us;
" If this *here*'s ſuffer'd, and if that *there* fool
" May when he pleaſes ſend us all to ſchool,
" *Why* then our only buſineſs is outright
" To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
" I've kept a *Bard* myſelf *this* twenty years,
" But nothing of this kind in him appears.
" He, like a thorough true-bred ſpaniel, licks
" The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
" He fetches and he carries, blacks my ſhoes,
" Nor thinks it a diſcredit to his Muſe;
" A creature of the right Cameleon hue,
" He wears my colours, yellow or true-blue,
" Juſt as I wear them; 'tis all one to him,
" Whether I change thro' conſcience, or thro' whim.
" Now this is ſomething like; on ſuch a plan
" A *Bard* may find a friend in a great man;
" But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that all
" Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old* Paul."

Injurious thought! accurſed be the tongue
On which the vile inſinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! Curſt be thoſe,
Thoſe *Bards*, who not themſelves alone expoſe,
But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
By which they're call'd, a ſtanding mark of ſhame.
Talk not of cuſtom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which Guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me, then, that from the birth of Rime,
No matter when, down to the preſent time,
As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the great;
Conſcious of weakneſs, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their ſtem,
Flouriſh'd on high; to gain this wiſh'd ſupport,
E'en Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court;
As to the cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe: had *Bards* but truly known
That ſtrength, which is moſt properly their own,
Without a *Lord*, *unpropp'd*, they might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe giants of the wood.
But why, when preſent times my care engage,
Muſt I go back to the *Auguſtan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And muſt I ſeek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a *Knight*;
They mention him, as if to uſe his name
Was in ſome meaſure to partake his fame,
Tho' Virgil, were he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the *Fleet*.
See how they redden, and the charge diſclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet*!—Forbid it, Shame.
Hence, ye vain boaſters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if LLOYD is there*.
Patrons, in days of yore, were men of ſenſe,
Were men of taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never ſpell a word;
Some of them too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And kept their Secretaries, as the great
Do many other fooliſh things, for ſtate.
Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent ſtrain,
With neither ſenſe nor taſte, againſt the grain,
They patronize for faſhion ſake—no more—
And keep a *Bard*, juſt as they keep a *Whore*.
Melcombe † (on ſuch occaſion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deſerve their *Clergy* by their *Creed*;
Others can write, but ſuch a *pagan* hand,
A Willes ‡ ſhould always at our elbow ſtand;
Many, if begg'd, a *Chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at firſt ſight.
Thoſe who ſtand faireſt to the public view,
Take to themſelves the praiſe to others due;
They rob the very *ſpital*, and make free
With thoſe, alas! who've leaſt to ſpare.—We ſee,
——— hath not had a word to ſay,
Since winds and waves bore Singleſpeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *Bard* ſhould make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the preſent day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural eaſe, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, ſnug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, paſs his days
In his own ways, and pay his rent in praiſe.
Horace lov'd wine, and thro' his friend at Court,
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy ‖ and I may do,
Nor in thoſe moments paid the leaſt regard
To which was *Miniſter*, and which was *Bard*.
Not ſo our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themſelves*, they keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her ſtrength—
'Tis beſt to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the ſcanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice ſuch,
They promiſe little, and they give not much.
Let the weak *Bard*, with proſtituted ſtrain,
Praiſe that proud Scot, whom all good men diſdain;
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rime;
Or (if he ſtrives true patriots to diſgrace)
May at the *ſecond* table get a place,
With ſomewhat greater ſlaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.
And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's ſile
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair iſle
The air of Freedom, with ſo little gall,
So low a ſpirit, proſtrate thus to fall
Before theſe idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a ſtone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The ſight of men, and in ſome cave, ſecure
From all the outrages of pride, to feaſt
On Nature's ſallads, and be free at leaſt.
Better (tho' that, to ſay the truth, is worſe
Than almoſt any other modern curſe)
Diſcard all ſenſe, divorce the thankleſs Muſe,
Critics commence, and write in the *Reviews*;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can ſucceed.
But (not to make a brave and honeſt Pride
Try thoſe means firſt, ſhe muſt diſdain when tried)
There are a thouſand ways, a thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts

* Mr. Lloyd died in the Fleet, Dec. 15, 1764, ſhortly after the publication of this poem.

† George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. He died July 28, 1762.

‡ Decypherer to the State.

‖ A Frenchman, Secretary to Mr. Wilkes.

living, gain what Nature craves;
who pine for more, live, and be ſlaves.
ants in a ſmall compaſs lye,
Appetite with eager eye,
conſtant fever, more requires,
burnt up with our own deſires.
dependence, hence our ſlav'ry ſprings;
contented, are as great as Kings.
re to ourſelves the cauſe of ill;
e independent, if we will.
who ſuits his ſpirit to his ſtate,
n equal footing with the great;
mſelves are not more rich, and he
the Engliſh nation, not more free.
e not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
than others, but they've worn them long,
re wear them ſtill; they've quite forgot
dom is, and therefore prize her not.
y, tho' in their ſleep, could they but
ew
gs which from Independence flow;
but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
, tho' 'twas but in a dream;
d no more in bondage bend their knee,
made Freemen, would be always free.
, if ſhe one moment freedom gains,
more ſubmit to ſing in chains.
age, far from the feather'd throng,
pays his keeper with his ſong,
e playful child ſets wide the door,
flies, and thinks of home no more,
of liberty begins to burn,
ſtarves than to his cage return.
dependence—by true reaſon taught,
have known, and priz'd thee as they
ght.
thee up for riot; ſome, like boys,
e, in their childiſh moods, for toys;
ſome, ſome avarice miſleads,
th caſes Independence bleeds:
a queſt of thee, how many roam,
they had thee in their reach at home;
s' about their paths, their beds about,
r had the ſenſe to find thee out;
who know of what they are poſſeſs'd,
al miſers, lock thee in a cheſt,
the reſolution to produce
d times, and bring thee forth for uſe.
pendence—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
leſpiſe thee, I will not deſpiſe,
ne moment longer than I priſe
nce, and enjoy: by angry Fate
n, and almoſt cruſh'd, *Thou* cam'ſt, tho'
e,
'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
me know what life was truly worth.
pendence—never may my cot,
get thee, be by thee forgot;
O thither, oftentimes repair;
whom thou lov'ſt too, ſhall meet thee
ere;
hts, but what ariſe from joy, give o'er;
ills within, and Law ſhall guard the door.

* Humphrey Cotes.

O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door, what Law?
The Law of England?——To controul, and awe
Thoſe ſaucy hopes, to ſtrike that ſpirit dumb,
Behold, in ſtate, Adminiſtration come.
Why let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to ſuffer all ſhe dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her ſtrength, but will not change my ſide.
This melting maſs of fleſh ſhe may controul
With iron ribs, ſhe cannot chain my ſoul.
No—to the laſt reſolv'd her worſt to bear,
I'm ſtill at large, and *Independent* there.
Where is this Miniſter? Where is the band
Of ready ſlaves, who at his elbow ſtand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the firſt time, are they ſlow to ill?
When ſome grand act 'gainſt Law is to be done,
Doth ——ſleep; doth bloodhound —— run
To L——; and worry thoſe ſmall deer,
When he might do more precious miſchief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuſe to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth Webb, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his ſon,
And, his more honeſt rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchaſe a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; —— is —— ſtill,
And never ſleeps, when he ſhould wake to ill;
—— doth leſſer miſchiefs by the bye,
The great ones 'till the Term in *petto* lie;
Webb lives, and to the ſtricteſt juſtice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.
O my poor Country—weak and overpower'd
By thine own ſons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing griefs thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel for *thee*.
I grieve, but can't deſpair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom preſents a choice, but faithful band
Of *loyal* patriots, men who greatly dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe, men fit to bear
The weight of empires; *Fortune*, *Rank*, and *Senſe*,
Virtue and *Knowledge*, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a ſmile
Approves her honeſt ſons, whilſt down her cheek,
As 'twere by ſtealth (her heart too full to ſpeak)
One tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt tear,
And ſeems to ſay, "Why is not Granby here?"
O ye brave *few*, in whom we ſtill may find
A love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
Go forth, in majeſty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your Country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to thoſe ſons ſhe ſtill can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or ſhe begs for death—
Fly then, each duteous ſon, each Engliſh chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the ſiren voice of Eaſe
Tempt ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
With many a fair, falſe, fatal art is hung,

Like Bethel's fawning prophet croſs your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—"A lion in the ſtreets"—
Damp your free ſpirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—Concord ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your ſight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land,
And may the battle proſper in your hand—
It may, it muſt—Ye cannot be withſtood—
Be your Hearts honeſt, as your Cauſe is good.

END OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE

JOURNEY.

SOME of my *friends* (for *friends* I muſt ſuppoſe
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good-will, and, not more full of ſpite
Than full of craft, under falſe colours fight)
Some of my *friends* (ſo laviſhly I print)
As more in ſorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will ſcarce admit a doubt)
That I ſhall run my ſtock of genius out,
My no great ſtock, and, publiſhing ſo faſt,
Muſt needs become a bankrupt at the laſt.
"The huſbandman, to ſpare a thankful ſoil,
"Which, rich in diſpoſition, pays his toil
"More than a hundred fold, which ſwells his ſtore
"E'en to his wiſh, and makes his barns run o'er,
"By long experience taught who teaches beſt,
"Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it reſt.
"The land, allow'd its loſſes to repair,
"Refreſh'd, and full in ſtrength, delights to wear
"A ſecond youth, and to the farmer's eyes
"Bids richer crops and double harveſts riſe.
"Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
"It reaches to the culture of the mind.
"The mind of man craves reſt, and cannot bear,
"Tho' next in pow'r to God's continual care.
"Genius himſelf (nor here let Genius frown)
"Muſt, to enſure his vigour, be laid down,
"And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
"Which the moſt ſlight obſerver ſcarce could miſs,
"He might have flouriſh'd twenty years or more,
"Tho' now, *alas!* poor man! worn out in four."
Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, *alas!* this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each adviſing friend,
And am, if not too late, reſolv'd to mend,
Reſolv'd to give ſome reſpite to my pen,
Apply myſelf once more to books and men,
View what is preſent, what is paſt review,
And my old ſtock exhauſted, lay in new.
For twice ſix moons (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice ſix moons, I ſwear,
No Muſe ſhall tempt me with her ſiren lay,
Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way;
Verſe I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing ſhall a rime commend.
It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in meaſure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in proſe begin,
But ere I write one ſentence, verſe creeps in,
And taints me thro' and thro': by this good light,
In verſe I talk by day, I dream by night;
If now and then I curſe, my curſes chime,
Nor can I pray, unleſs I pray in rime,
E'en now I err, in ſpite of common ſenſe,
And my confeſſion doubles my offence.
Reſt then, my *friends*—ſpare, ſpare your precious breath,
And be your ſlumbers not leſs ſound than death;
Perturbed ſpirits reſt, nor thus appear
To waſte your counſels in a ſpendthrift's ear,
On your grave leſſons I cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor e'en in verſe become *œconomiſt*;
Reſt then, my *friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy in the ſhape of Pity riſe
To blaſt me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry ſon of phlegm
Find ample room to cenſure and condemn.
Read ſome three hundred lines, (no eaſy talk;
But probably the laſt that I ſhall aſk)
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not ſo much, revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, "Ere Time hath turn'd the glaſs,
"Lo! what *we* prophecied is come to paſs."
Let thoſe, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let thoſe, who are by fiction's charms enſnav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well ſav'd;
Let thoſe, who love a little gall in rime,
Poſtpone their purchaſe now, and call next time;
Let thoſe, who, void of nature, look for art;
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let thoſe, who energy of diction priſe,
For Billingſgate quit Flexney, and be wiſe;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and ſuch as come of courſe,
The ſubject not leſs ſimple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.
Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
I neither aſk, nor can receive their aid.
Pegaſus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Siſters of the Hill
Behold their Bard in ſuch a diſhabille.
Abſent, but only abſent for a time,
Let them careſs ſome dearer ſon of rime;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without ſuſpicion, play the fool with wits,

s be guarded ; 'tis a certain rule,
lſe things, there's danger in a fool.
, tho' modeſt, Gray more modeſt wooe ;
ith Maſon bleat, and bray, and cooe ;
with Franklin, proud of ſome ſmall
ek,
ocles diſguis'd, in Engliſh ſpeak ;
ith Glover o'er Medea doze ;
ith Dodſley wail Cleone's woes,
fine feeling creature, all in tears,
ey melt, and weeps with weeping peers ;
ith ſimple Whitehead; taught to creep
ſoft, lay Fontenelle aſleep * ;
ith Browne contrive, to vulgar trick,
e dead, and make the living ſick † ;
n charity to Murphy give
French piece, that he may ſteal and
e ;
with *antick* Foote ſubſcriptions get,
tiſe a Summer-houſe of Wit.
or in any better way they pleaſe,
e great men, or with great men like
ſe,
their appetite for laughter feed ;
urney all alone proceed.
nable grown, and fond of pow'r,
'ross Scots let them diſport their hour :
lance, fairy-like, round Oſſian's tomb ;
orge *lies*, and *hiſtories* for Hume ;
ith Home, the very prince of verſe,
ething like a Tragedy in *Erſe* ;
k Allegory's ſlimſey veil
with Ogilvie ſpin out a tale
length ; Let them plain things obſcure,
at's truly rich, and what is poor
er ſtill by jargon moſt uncouth ;
y pert, prim prettineſs of youth
lſe Taſte, with Fancy (like a child
ing what it cries for) running wild,
ted ſtile, by affectation taught,
h falſe colouring, and little thought,
ſes ſtrange, and dialect decreed
never to have paſs'd the *Tweed*,
ds which Nature meant each other's foe,
compound whether they will or no ;
a materials, let them, if they will,
at once their pleaſantry and ſkill,
a bard to war 'gainſt Common Senſe,
compliment to Providence ;
with Armſtrong, taking leave of Senſe,
y lectures on *Benevolence*,
e pages of his gaping *Day*,
l his former fame was thrown away,
l but barren labour was forgot,
rain ſtiffneſs of a *letter'd* Scot ;
with Armſtrong paſs the term of light,
ne hour of darkneſs ; when the night
this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,
our paſt miſdoings Conſcience takes
venge, when by Reflection led,
s his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,

Let ev'ry Muſe be gone ; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for ſleep ; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breaſt,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him reſt :
Tho' ſoft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch ſeems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deſerve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed ;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

DEDICATION

TO

CHURCHILL's SERMONS.

HEALTH to great Gloſter—from a man unknown,
Who holds his health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modeſt fear
Call up one maiden bluſh—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And ſuits not with the frankneſs of my heart.
Truth beſt becomes an *Orthodox* Divine,
And, ſpite of hell, that character is mine :
To ſpeak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear ;
But truth, *my Lord*, is panegyric here.
Health to great Gloſter—nor, thro' love of eaſe,
Which all Prieſts love, let this addreſs diſpleaſe.
I aſk no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this buſy brain reſts in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have reſt)
I will not trouble you with one bequeſt ;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a ſon,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave ;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—To great Gloſter *health* ;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a falſe alarm—in purſe tho' poor,
In ſpirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, tho' a Dedicator, ſcorn a fee.
Let thy own offſpring all thy fortunes ſhare ;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.
Think not, a thought unworthy thy great ſoul,
Which pomps of this world never could controul,

The School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead,
n Fontenelle.
The Cure of Saul, by Dr. Browne.

Which never offer'd up at Power's vain ſhrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinſel trumpery of ſtate,
'Tis not thy title, Doctor, tho' thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by miſtaken kings,
Titles are oft miſplac'd; mitres, which ſhine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unleſs ſet off by Virtue: who deceives
Under the ſacred ſanction of *Lawn Sleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double ſin;
So fair without, and yet ſo foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy eaſy mien,
Thy ſweet complacency, thy brow ſerene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambuſh, lie,
Which can from ſixty to ſixteen impart
The force of love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy ſoul, tho' there diſplay'd
We ſee thy mind at large, and thro' thy ſkin
Peeps out that courteſy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories ſhine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make thoſe arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyſelf, thy ſire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy *alone?*
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right juſt eſtimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholeſome ſource thy mind,
Thy known contempt of perſecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Chriſt, ſo well approv'd 'mongſt men,
Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen:
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Biſhop, but the Saint I praiſe.
Rais'd by that theme, I ſoar on wings more ſtrong,
And burſt forth into praiſe with-held too long.
Much did I wiſh, e'en whilſt I kept thoſe ſheep,
Which, for my curſe, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
Thoſe ſheep which never heard their ſhepherd's voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which ſtray'd themſelves, yet griev'd that I ſhould ſtray,
Thoſe ſheep, which my good Father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet ſtarv'd himſelf; e'en at that time,
Whilſt I was pure, and innocent of rime,
Whilſt ſacred dullneſs ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wiſh, tho' little could I hope,
A friend in him who was a friend of Pope.
His hand, ſaid I, my youthful ſteps ſhall guide,
And lead me ſafe where thouſands fall beſide;
His temper, his experience ſhall controul,
And huſh to peace the tempeſt of my ſoul;
His judgment teach me, from the public ſchool,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Inſtruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakeſpeare was in right;
Where they are juſtly prais'd, and where thro' whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the ſlav'ry of common rules,
Of common ſenſe, of modern, ancient ſchools,
Thoſe feelings baniſh'd, which miſlead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He, by his great example, might impart
A better ſomething, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might ſhew me what is taſte, by what is not;
By him ſupported, with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beſide;
He (ſhould a world perverſe and peeviſh grown,
Explode his maxims, and aſſert their own)
Might teach me, like himſelf to be content,
And let their folly be their puniſhment;
Might like himſelf teach his adopted ſon,
'Gainſt all the world, to quote a Warburton.
Fool that I was, could I ſo much deceive
My ſoul with lying hopes; could I believe
That he, the ſervant of his Maker ſworn,
The ſervant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of ſouls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waſte his precious time,
On which ſo much depended, for a rime?
Should he forſake the taſk he undertook,
Deſert his flock, and break his paſt'ral crook?
Should he (forbid it Heaven) ſo high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of Grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muſes' Hill,
Let the ſalvation of mankind ſtand ſtill?
Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be ſuch revolt from Grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not ſo, not ſo, hath Warburton been taught,
Not ſo learn'd Chriſt—Recall that day, well known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blaſphemers forth—Methinks I now
See ſtern rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from this tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Chriſtian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry ſinner's ſoul—
In vain they ſtrive to fly—flight cannot ſave,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conſcious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witneſs to himſelf, whilſt all men knew,
By goſpel rules, his witneſs to be true.
O glorious man, thy zeal I muſt commend,
Tho' it depriv'd me of my deareſt friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes muſt the juſtice of that anger own,
And could thy boſom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himſelf, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wiſely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, fooliſhly laid down.
Hence double ſtrength our *Holy Mother* drew:
Me ſhe got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away

it ſhadows, let the ſubſtance ſlip ;
my *Lord*, renounc'd Attorneyſhip
er purpoſe, and more noble aim,
y play'd a more ſubſtantial game.
ew mourn, bleſs'd in her younger ſon,
ield does what Gloſter would have done.
Dean, *Biſhop*, *Gloſter*, and *My Lord*,
heſe high titles may accord
meek ſpirit, if the barren ſound
lelights thee, to the topmoſt round
e's ladder got, deſpiſe not one,
if ſmooth hypocriſy undone,
below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
out envy, ſees thee plac'd ſo high ;
y brain (as brains leſs potent might)
nfounded, giddy with the height,
d, and loſe diſtinction, loſe her ſkill
ed powers of knowing good from ill,
truth from falſehood, friends from foes ;
r well remember, how he roſe,
is back on men who made him great ;
not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with
te,

Forget what once he was, the' now ſo high ;
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * Cætera deſunt †

† It is preſumed the ſudden death of the Author will ſufficiently apologize for the DEDICATION remaining unfiniſh'd.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

END OF CHURCHILL'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS OF MR. FALCONER.

THE

SHIPWRECK.

——quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.——
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Propoſal of the ſubject—Invocation—Apology—Allegorical deſcription of Memory—Appeal to her Aſſiſtance—The ſtory begun—Retroſpect of the former part of the voyage—The ſhip arrives at Candia—Ancient ſtate of that iſland—Preſent ſtate of the adjacent iſles of Greece—The ſeaſon of the year—Character of the maſter and his officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—Evening deſcribed—Midnight—The ſhip weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring ſhores—Operation of taking the ſun's azimuth—Deſcription of the veſſel as ſeen from the land.

The ſcene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

The ſcene of the Second Canto lies in the ſea, between Cape Freſchin in Candia, and the Iſland of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada.—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring intereſts wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the ſcene, where war, with ruthleſs hand,
Spreads deſolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin ſmile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That ſtands all lonely on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Far other themes of deep diſtreſs to ſing
Than ever trembled from the vocal ſtring.
No pomp of battle ſwells th' exalted ſtrain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the ſcene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumphs rides upon the deeps.
Here hoſtile elements tumultuous riſe,
And lawleſs floods rebel againſt the ſkies;
Till hope expires, and Peril and Diſmay
Wave their black enſigns on the watery way.
Immortal train, who guide the maze of ſong,
To whom all ſcience, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly ſtray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd ſhade,
To hear the ſweetly mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecſtaſy of pain;
Or liſten, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elyſium warbled thro' the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blaſt that moans around,
That ſweeps the wild harp with a plaintive ſound;
By the long ſurge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whoſe vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verſe to glow,
The ſad memorial of a tale of woe!
A ſcene from dumb oblivion to reſtore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the ſacred Nine,
Their ſuppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy ſhore,
To plow the tide where wintry tempeſts roar?
Or ſhall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!—
Far from the Muſes' academic grove,
'Twas his the vaſt and trackleſs deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar ſkies congeal th' eternal ſnow,
Or equinoctial ſuns for ever glow.
Smote by the freezing or the ſcorching blaſt,
"A ſhip-boy on the high and giddy maſt *."
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coaſts of ſavage Labrador.

* Shakeſpeare.

ere Damaſcus, pride of Aſian plains!
r proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
e the Iſthmus *, lav'd by adverſe tides,
nd Pacific ſeas divides.
e he meaſur'd o'er the painful race,
e's wild illimitable chace,
', companion of his way!
the victim hung with iron ſway;
' diſtreſſes ev'ry inſtant grow,
each change of place with change of woe.
s where the Almighty's chaſtening hand
d peſtilence afflicts the land;
pale Famine blaſts the hopeful year,
want and miſery ſevere!
, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
le ſhips in flaming combat join;
ie torn veſſel wind and wave aſſail,
her crew diſtreſs and death prevail—
he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
iis weary ſteps with laſting hate!
y her mandate, ſtorms of black array
the morn of life's advancing day;
he ſinews of the living lyre,
ch the kindling ſpark of vital fire.—
ile forgotten or unknown he wooes,
e to win the coy reluctant Muſe!
not Cenſure, with malignant joy,
eſt of his humble hope deſtroy!
no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
tur'd braſs to tell the poet's name.
ncouth, and jarring phraſes, wound
r ſenſe with inharmonious ſound,
let liſtening ſympathy prevail,
ſcious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
! the Power that wakes th' eventful ſong,
her from Lethæan banks along:
e the gloom, and ruſhing on the ſight,
er the kindling ſcene propitious light!
ot hand an ample roll appears,
ith long annals of preceding years;
y wiſe and noble art of man,
the circling hours their courſe began:
ſilver wand on high diſplay'd,
agic touch diſpels oblivion's ſhade.
r look; on radiant wings that glow,
's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
and ſwifter than the courſe of light,
r rapid intellectual flight.
ive ideas ſhe reſtores,
the wandering thought from Lethe's ſhores.
long paſt a ſecond date ſhe gives,
r Time from her freſh youth receives.
ſiſter of immortal Fame,
her power, and Memory is her name.
born daughter of primeval Time!
tranſmitted down in every clime,
of ages long elaps'd are known,
n'd glories ſpread from zone to zone;
ath diſſolves the gloom of mental night,
h' obſcur'd idea pours the light!
g unerring glides thro' time and place,
leſs ſcours th' immenſity of ſpace!
hat ſeas, for thou alone canſt tell,
miſhap a fated ſhip befel,
tempeſts, girt with hoſtile ſhores?—
ouch! unlock thy treaſur'd ſtores!

A ſhip from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds her courſe for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that iſle her name the veſſel drew.
The wayward ſteps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft to ruin, eager they purſu'd.
And, dazzled by her viſionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal ſnare;
Tho' warn'd full oft' the ſlippery track to ſhun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The ſcene of peace, and ſocial joy reſign'd.
Long abſent they from friends and native home,
The cheerleſs ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to ſevere diſtreſs,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with ſucceſs;
Still, to atone for toils and hazards paſt,
Reſtor'd them to maternal plains at laſt.
Thrice had the ſun, to rule the varying year,
Acroſs th' equator roll'd his flaming ſphere,
Since laſt the veſſel ſpread her ample ſail
From Albion's coaſt, obſequious to the gale.
She o'er the ſpacious flood, from ſhore to ſhore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial ſtore.
The richeſt ports of Afric ſhe had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her courſe purſu'd;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning iſle,
And viſited the margin of the Nile:
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage haſtens to its goal.
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blaſt their hope foreſaw;
But from gay Venice ſoon expect to ſteer
For Britain's coaſt, and dread no perils near.
A thouſand tender thoughts their ſouls employ,
That fondly dance to ſcenes of future joy.
Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathleſs tide
Their ſhips thro' Grecian ſeas the pilots guide.
Occaſion call'd to touch at Candia's ſhore,
Which, bleſt with favouring winds, they ſoon explore;
The haven enter; borne before the gale,
Diſpatch their commerce, and prepare to ſail.
Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of deſolating war!
Here Art and Commerce, with auſpicious reign,
Once breath'd ſweet influence on the happy plain!
While o'er the lawn, with dance and feſtive ſong,
Young Pleaſure led the jocund hours along.
In gay luxuriance Ceres too was ſeen
To crown the vallies with eternal green.
For wealth, for valor, courted, and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born ſpirit of her ſons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer fame the drooping heart inſpires,
For rude oppreſſion quench'd its genial fires.
But ſtill her fields, with golden harveſts crown'd,
Supply the barren ſhores of Greece around.
What pale diſtreſs afflicts thoſe wretched iſles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleaſure never ſmiles.
The vaſſal wretch obſequious drags his chain,
And hears his famiſh'd babes lament in vain.
Theſe eyes have ſeen the dull reluctant ſoil
A ſeventh year ſcorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the deſart ſhore,
Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.

* Darien.

No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes inchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here fullen Beauty ſheds a twilight ray,
While ſorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
Thoſe charms, ſo long renown'd in claſſic ſtrains,
Had dimly ſhone on Albion's happier plains!

Now, in the ſouthern hemiſphere the ſun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;
And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
'Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ſhip was moor'd beſide the wave-worn ſtrand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden ſand:
For ſickening vapours lull the air to ſleep,
And not a breeze awakes the ſilent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft' deems the prelude of approaching ſtorms.
True to his truſt when ſacred duty calls,
No brooding ſtorm the maſter's ſoul appals:
Th' advancing ſeaſon warns him to the main;
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to ſail from Candia's bay;
Determin'd, from whatever point they riſe,
To truſt his fortune to the ſeas and ſkies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whoſe voluntary gleams my verſe inſpire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
'Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unbleſt purſuit of fortune hither drew!
Can ſons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for ſordid gold?

They can! for gold too oft', with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulſe of the heart:
This crowns the proſperous villain with applauſe,
To whom, in vain, ſad Merit pleads her cauſe:
This ſtrews with roſes life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleaſure's bleſt abode;
With ſlaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And ſmooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay veſſel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command;
Tho' train'd in boiſterous elements, his mind
Was yet by ſoft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad conteſt the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, juſt, the calm domeſtic ſcene
Had o'er his temper, breath'd a gay ſerene.
Him ſcience taught by myſtic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ſhip in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by ſeas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every ſhore and every zone.
He ſaw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and ſink the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial ſource,
He ſaw ſtill wandering with diminiſh'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's ſhadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd ſoul,
The chief beheld tempeſtuous oceans roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Roſe with the ſtorm, and all its dangers ſhar'd.

The ſecond powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy ſon of England's furtheſt ſhore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her ſavage train
In ſable ſquadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails ſtor'd, reſort,
A ſooty tribe! to fair Auguſta's port.
Where'er in ambuſh lurk the fatal ſands,
They claim the danger; proud of ſkilful hands!
For while with darkling courſe their veſſels ſweep
The winding ſhore, or plough the faithleſs deep,
O'er bar * and ſhelf the watery path they ſound,
With dext'rous arm; ſagacious of the ground!
Fearleſs they combat every hoſtile wind,
Wheeling in many tracks with courſe inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:—
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undiſciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft' enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boiſterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To ſcenes that ſhame the conſcious cheek of truth;
To ſcenes that Nature's ſtruggling voice controul,
And freeze compaſſion riſing in the ſoul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
ſhore,
With foul intent the ſtranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Juſtice ſlumbers o'er her ſword—
Th' indignant Muſe, ſeverely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme ſhe bluſhes to reveal!
Too oft' example, arm'd with poiſons fell,
Pollutes the ſhrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The ſacred ſocial paſſions never knew:
Unſkill'd to argue; in diſpute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;
In art unſchool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily deſpis'd:
Yet tho' full oft' to future perils blind,
With ſkill ſuperior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' ſnares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight ſhades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngeſt of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the ſons of Fame?
While yet a ſtripling, oft' with fond alarms,
His boſom danc'd to Nature's boundleſs charms;
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But frowning Fortune with untimely blaſt
The bloſſom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercaſt.
Forlorn of heart, and by ſevere decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithleſs ſea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful Siſters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each diſtant realm unknown,
And rage excurſive o'er th' untravell'd zone.

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a ridge of earth or ſand collected by the ſurge of the ſea, at the entrance of a river or haven; ſo as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

rade Adverſity's command,
rgin of each famous land,
ing ire his ſteps oppos'd,
e of hope againſt him clos'd.
ſe, ye bleſt Pierian train,
this ill-fated ſwain!
bard unhappy, on his head
s their hoſtile influence ſhed,
ating numbers, o'er the deep,
s anguiſh taught the harp to weep;
raging ſurge in ſafety bore
ion panting to the ſhore.
regic ſtory from the wave
ion haply yet may ſave;
ſympathy may yet complain,
embrance bleeds at every vein.
the pilots; tutor'd to divine
l courſe by geometric line;
mand, and range the various ſail,
force conforms to every gale.—
the commerce, hither alſo came
th, Palemon was his name:
n reſentment doom'd to prove,
victim of unhappy love!
Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
et flame his boſom fed.
etched ſlaves of Folly ſcorn
paſſion, Nature's eldeſt-born!
a laſting anguiſh to complain,
ng Anna mourn'd the cauſe in vain.
form, by Nature taught to pleaſe,
melt the female breaſt with eaſe,
ion told his tender tale,
ice of ſummer's evening gale.
ſaw her lovely eyes relent;
maiden ſmil'd with ſweet conſent.
nes of a neighbouring grove,
y breath'd alternate vows of love:
y their paſſion grew,
g bloſſom fed with vernal dew.
h' officious tongue of Fame
ecret of their mutual flame.
nd anger ſtruggling in his breaſt,
her heard the tale confeſt.
liſten'd with Suſpicion's ear,
agacious, this event to fear.
r youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
ture's warm impreſſions true!
wiſdom ſtrove, with fruitleſs toil,
to pollute that generous ſoil:
mpregnated with nobler ſeed,
ulture of ſo rank a weed.
ealth, in active commerce won,
in the ſmile of Fortune's ſun,
e parent ey'd the lowly ſhade,
he beauties of this charming maid.
rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
promiſe of his future joy!
nd menac'd, anxious to reclaim
paſſion, or divert its aim:
outh where circling joys delight
ſenſe, or beauty charms the ſight.
powers inchanting Muſic fail'd,
's ſyren-voice no more prevail'd.
nt, kindling then with proud diſdain,
pice aſſum'd an harſher ſtrain.
w his only hope remain'd;
ſtern decree his will ordain'd.

Deep anguiſh, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a ſaddening gloom.
In vain with bitter ſorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that ſordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge conſign'd.
The ſtately ſhip, forſaking England's ſhore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart ſtill panted for its ſecret home.
The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him ſince young Arion firſt was known;
Who, wandering here thro' many a ſcene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the veſſel found;
Where, anxious to review his native ſhore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.
Oft', by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night;
In whoſe ſad boſom many a ſigh ſuppreſt,
Some painful ſecret of the ſoul confeſt.
Perhaps Arion ſoon the cauſe divin'd,
Tho' ſhunning ſtill to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chaſtity of ſilent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to beſtow;
He, with Palemon, oft recounted o'er
The tales of hapleſs love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent ſhore,
The ſcene thus preſent, and its ſtory known,
The lover ſigh'd for ſorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendſhip bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their paſſions ſeem'd to roll,
By kindred-age, and ſympathy of ſoul.
These o'er th' inferior naval train preſide,
The courſe determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the reſt, an undiſtinguiſh'd crew!
Her wing of deepeſt ſhade Oblivion drew.
A ſullen langour ſtill the ſkies oppreſt,
And held th' unwilling ſhip in ſtrong arreſt.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the ſailors range the ſhore,
Where famine, war, and ſtorm are felt no more:
The hour to ſocial pleaſure they reſign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.
On deck, beneath the ſhading canvas ſpread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coaſt,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghoſt—
But with Arion, from the ſultry heat
Of noon, Palemon ſought a cool retreat.
And lo! the ſhore with mournful proſpects crown'd*,
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the ſtrand;
Bewail the ſtroke of War's tremendous hand,
What ſcenes of woe this hapleſs iſle o'erſpread!
Where late thrice fifty thouſand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve ſummers were yon towers aſſail'd,
'Till barbarous Ottoman at laſt prevail'd;

* The intelligent reader will readily diſcover, that theſe remarks allude to the ever-memorable ſiege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then conſidered as impregnable, and eſteemed the moſt formidable fortreſs in the univerſe.

While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier ſcenes ariſe!
Elyſian vales ſalute their raviſh'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful ſhade,
Where light with gay romantic error ſtray'd.
The myrtles here with fond careſſes twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the ſtream, renown'd in claſſic ſong,
Sad Lethe, glides the ſilent vale along.
On moſſy banks beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region langour ſtole,
And with ſweet melancholy charm'd the ſoul.
Here firſt Palemon, while his penſive mind
For conſolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding boſom pour'd the ſtream
Of love's ſoft anguiſh, and of grief ſupreme—
Too true thy words!—by ſweet remembrance taught,
My heart in ſecret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the ſolitary ſhade,
By every action, every look betray'd!
The pride of generous woe diſdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting froſts congeal:
Yet ſure, if right Palemon can divine,
The ſenſe of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy ſympathy ſhall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.
Albert thou know'ſt with ſkill and ſcience grac'd,
In humble ſtation tho' by fortune plac'd,
Yet never ſeaman more ſerenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring ſquadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Auguſta's ſpires are ſeen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling ſtands in modeſt pride,
Where Thames, ſlow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleaſure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object theſe prepare;
Whatever can allure the ſmell or ſight,
Or wake the drooping ſpirits to delight.
This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her ſpotleſs ſoul, where ſoft compaſſion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no ſickening folly ſtain'd,
No fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whoſe boſom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconſcious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquiſite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's ſweet attraction dreſt,
The ſmile of maiden innocence expreſt;
While health, that riſes with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the ſofteſt bluſh of May.
Still in her look complacence ſmil'd ſerene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural ſcene.
'Twas at that ſeaſon when the fields reſume
Their loveliest hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ſhip, rich-freighted from th' Italian ſhore,
To Thames' fair banks her coſtly tribute bore:
While thus my father ſaw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treaſure ſtor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he ſent
To Albert's humble manſion; ſoon I went,
Too ſoon, alas! unconſcious of th' event—
There ſtruck with ſweet ſurprize and ſilent awe,
The gentle miſtreſs of my hopes I ſaw:
There, wounded firſt by love's reſiſtleſs arms,
My glowing boſom throbb'd with ſtrange alarms.
My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conſcious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that ſweetly-painful hour,
When from thoſe eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering ſpirits firſt th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faultering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my raviſh'd eyes forſook,
And every limb unſtrung with terror ſhook!
With all her powers diſſenting reaſon ſtrove
To tame at firſt the kindling flame of love;
She ſtrove in vain! ſubdu'd by charms divine,
My ſoul a victim fell at beauty's ſhrine.
Oft from the din of buſtling life I ſtray'd,
In happier ſcenes, to ſee my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour thro' flow'ry meads.
There, while my heart's ſoft anguiſh I reveal'd,
To her with tender ſighs my hope appeal'd.
While the ſweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her ſnowy breaſt with ſecret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural ſcenes from earlieſt youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damſel's art,
Whoſe frothy pertneſs charms the vacant heart!—
My ſuit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips perſuaſion hung.
Her eyes with conſcious ſympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the roſy current flew.—
Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's faireſt ſunſhine gilds the vernal day!
For here the ſigh, that ſoft affection heaves,
From ſtings of ſharper woe the ſoul relieves.
Elyſian ſcenes, too happy long to laſt!—
Too ſoon a ſtorm the ſmiling dawn o'ercaſt!
Too ſoon ſome demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguiſh tore—
My pride to kindle, with diſſuaſive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleaſure, ſought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawleſs wind;
For love had aim'd the fatal ſhaft too ſure:
Hope fed the wound, and abſence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he ſaw
Still baffled by ſuperior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various ſchemes revolv'd;
At laſt on cruel exile he reſolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguiſh to complain!
His ſoul, that never love's ſweet influence felt,
By ſocial ſympathy could never melt;
With ſtern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the diſtant wave.
The ſhip was laden and prepar'd to ſail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that ſad period, firſt to prove
The heart-felt torments of deſpairing love.
Th' impatient wiſh that never feels repoſe;
Deſire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy diſtant ſtill, and ſorrow ever near!

le the pangs of thought ſeverer grew,
n breezes inauſpicious blew,
he moment of our laſt adieu.
parted on the falling tide;
e ſacred hour to love ſupply'd.
was ſilent, and, advancing faſt,
o'er Thames her ſilver mantle caſt.
ope the midnight path explor'd,
: to the nymph my ſoul ador'd.
ick footſteps ſtruck my liſtening ear!
onſeſt! the lovely maid drew near!
hat force of language can impart
ous joy that glow'd in either heart!
oſe melting hearts are form'd to prove
ling ecſtaſies of genuine love!
th delicious agony, the thought
rge of high delirium wrought;
t ſympathy alone can tell
ures then the throbbing boſom ſwell:
e nerves what tender tumults roll,
: with ſweet inchantment melts the ſoul!
ort loſt, by trembling hope impreſt,
ng virgin ſunk upon my breaſt;
's congenial beat with fond alarms:
oftneſs! paradiſe of charms!
n our eyes, in warm tranſfuſion flew
ng ſpirits, that each other drew!
reame! where virtue's ſelf can melt
that guilty pleaſure never felt!
refine the thought with chaſte deſire,
: ſweet affection's pureſt fire!
efore ſhould my hopeleſs love, ſhe cries,
ow burſt with interrupting ſighs,
ſtin'd to lament in vain,
ring, fond ideas entertain?
thro' ſcenes of fair illuſion ſtray'd,
creed for ſome ſuperior maid.
to feel the ſharpeſt ſtings of grief,
er gentle hope affords relief,
dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
is tortur'd boſom beat alone!
ing anger yet thou may'ſt appeaſe;
dear youth! nor tempt the faithleſs ſeas!
me happier daughter of the town,
me's fairer joys thy love to crown;
iling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
ſhall hail each new-born day,
thou know'ſt good Albert's niggard fate,
: ſuſtain thy father's hate;
I charge thee, by thy generous love,
to my father thus may prove!
ne let dark affliction fall!
urt, for thee, will gladly ſuffer all.
: thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
hope to brave oppoſing fate!
'd; while anguiſh in her angel-face
r beauties ſhower'd celeſtial grace.
, in her bridal charms array'd,
ſo lovely as this gentle maid.
all my wiſhes! I reply'd,
ſt fabric ſtem affliction's tide?
, fair emblem of exalted truth!
doom the ſummer of thy youth;
rfidious! all that ſweetneſs ſee
o laſting miſery for me?
moment may the eternal doom
the ſilent earth entomb!

Atteſt thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whoſe luſtre ſickens at this mournful ſight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That ſweet poſſeſſion only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin ſad dominion keep;
Tho' tyrant duty o'er me threatening ſtands,
And claims obedience to her ſtern commands:
Should fortune cruel or auſpicious prove,
Her ſmile or frown ſhall never change my love!
My heart, that now muſt every joy reſign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
O ceaſe to weep! this ſtorm will yet decay,
And theſe ſad clouds of ſorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taſte the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in ſplendid wretchedneſs complain.
For this proſperity, with brighter ray,
In ſmiling contraſt gilds our vital day.
Thou too, ſweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail Palemon to his native ſhore,
Where never intereſt ſhall divide us more.
Her ſtruggling ſoul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of ſhort relief:
So melts the ſurface of the froſen ſtream,
Beneath the wintry ſun's departing beam.
With warning haſte the ſhades of night withdrew,
And gave the ſignal of a ſad adieu.
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hang,
A thouſand racking doubts her ſpirit wrung;
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With ſoft perſuaſion I diſpell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondneſs languiſh'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her ſoul to heaven in ſuppliant ſighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who hear the ſad complaint of bleeding love!
Ye, who the ſecret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wiſh'd atonement of long-ſuffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian miniſter attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!
With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by ſtrong attraction, met again.
At laſt, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender paſſion ſtream'd in either heart,
Our eyes tranſfix'd with agoniſing look,
One ſad farewel, one laſt embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Penſive and pale; of every joy bereft.
She to her ſilent couch retir'd to weep,
While her ſad ſwain embark'd upon the deep.
His tale thus cloſ'd, from ſympathy of grief,
Palemon's boſom felt a ſweet relief.
The hapleſs bird, thus raviſh'd from the ſkies,
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
In ſecret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Compos'd at length, his ſadly-warbling ſtrain
In ſweet oblivion charms the ſenſe of p[illegible]

Ye tender maids, in whoſe pathetic ſouls
Compaſſion's ſacred ſtream impetuous rolls;
Whoſe warm affections exquiſitely feel
The ſecret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the faithleſs main
Pour through your breaſt the ſoft delicious bane!
May never fatal tenderneſs approve
The fond effuſions of their ardent love.
O! warn'd by friendſhip's counſel, learn to ſhun
The fatal path where thouſands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,
Firſt, with attention rouz'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happieſt ſymmetry diſplay'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces ſhine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine,
With lighten'd heart he ſmil'd ſerenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the ſon of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer ſwain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain!

The ſun's bright orb, declining all ſerene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland ſcene.
Creation ſmiles around; on every ſpray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe ſkipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were ſeen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The cryſtal ſtreams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glaſſy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the ſandy ſhore:
And lo! his ſurface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the weſt, a ſea of living gold!
While, all above, a thouſand liveries gay
The ſkies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian ſweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around inchantment reigns!
While yet the ſhades, on Time's eternal ſcale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the ſongſters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the ſoul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive maſter ſees
Th' auſpicious omens of an eaſtern breeze.—
Now radiant veſper leads the ſtarry train,
And night ſlow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charg'd bowl the ſailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or ſing;
As love or battle, hardſhips of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely ſtrain:
Then ſome the watch of night alternate keep,
The reſt lie buried in oblivious ſleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid ſkies,
While infant breezes from the ſhore ariſe.
The waning moon, behind a watery ſhroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her ſilver throne,
With parting meteors croſt, portentous ſhone.
This in the troubled ſky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a ſignal of tempeſtuous gales.—
While young Arion ſleeps, before his ſight
Tumultuous ſwim the viſions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy ſwain,
Approach'd the ſacred Hymeneal fane:
Anon t[illegible]ndous lightnings flaſh between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are ſeen!

Now with Palemon up a rocky ſteep,
Whoſe ſummit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful ſtep he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love
Then ſudden from the ſlippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering ſound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upſtarting from his couch, on deck he ſprung;
Thrice with ſhrill note the boatſwain's whiſtle r
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boiſterous cry:
All hands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply!
Rous'd from repoſe, aloft the ſailors ſwarm,
And with their levers ſoon the windlaſs * arm.
The order given, up-ſpringing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel the engine round
At every turn the clanging pauls reſound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor riſes o'er the wave.
Along their ſlippery maſts the yards aſcend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the veſſel o'er the ſilver ſtream:
Along the glaſſy plain ſerene ſhe glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her ſides.
From eaſt to north the tranſient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter ſoon decay.
A calm enſues; they dread th' adjacent ſhore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are ſent before:
With cordage faſten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to ſea the ſtately ſhip they tow †.
The nervous crew their ſweeping oars extend;
And pealing ſhouts the ſhore of Candia rend.
Succeſs attends their ſkill; the danger's o'er:
The portſis doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering o
ſight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But ſternly frowning, wrapt in ſullen ſhade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the ſight.
North-eaſt the guardian iſle of Standia lies,
And weſtward Freſchin's woody capes ariſe.

With winning poſtures, now the wanton ſails
Spread all their ſnares to charm th' inconſtant g
The ſwelling ſtu'n ſails † now their wings extc
Then ſtay-ſails ſidelong to the breeze aſcend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are pla
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac

* The windlaſs is a ſort of large roller, w
wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor.
turned about vertically, by a number of long l
levers; in which operation it is prevented from
ing, by the pauls.

† Towing is the operation of drawing a ſhip fo
by means of ropes, extending from her fore-p
one or more of the boats rowing before her.

‡ Studding-ſails are long, narrow ſails, whi
only uſed in fine weather and fair winds, on th
ſide of the larger ſquare-ſails. Stay-ſails are
cornered ſails, which are hoiſted up on the
when the wind croſſes the ſhip's courſe either d
or obliquely.

horizon lowering vapours ſhroud,
s ſun, yet ſtruggling in the cloud:
ide atmoſphere, condens'd with haze,
orb emits a ſanguine blaze.
ow their rules of art apply,
needle's devious aim to try.
s plac'd to catch the riſing ray *,
nt's ſhadows ſtudious they ſurvey!
rch the gradual index ſlides,
has down the vertic circle glides.
on ocean's utmoſt verge to ſwim,
t vibrant with his nether limb.
xperience thus explores the height
iſtance of the ſource of light:
the chiliads triple maze, they trace
r that proves the magnet's place.
rd ſteel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
: attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.
es, while the ſhip departs the land,
admiration gazing ſtand.
ſlow, before the breeze,
np ſhe marches on the ſeas.
hite bottom caſt a ſofter gleam,
bling thro' the green tranſlucent ſtream.
, that cloſe above in contraſt ſhone,
ng fabric with a jetty zone.
iding awful on the prow,
he vaſſal-wave that roll'd below:
e mov'd, the vaſſal-waves were ſeen
ſequious and confeſs their queen.
l trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
rule the ſurge, like Moſes' wand,
empire of the main to keep,
er ſquadrons o'er the trembling deep.
pitious bore a myſtic ſhield,
ſe margin rolls the wat'ry field.
old genius, in his floating car,
d billow hurls the ſtorm of war—
e beaſts, that oft with jealous rage
mbat met, from age to age,
Union, yok'd in friendſhip's chain,
ond chariot round the vanquiſh'd main.
oad margin to the center grew
cks, and whirlpools, hideous to the
!—
al ſhield from Neptune ſhe receiv'd,
er head above the waters heav'd.
o'er her limbs an azure veſt;
utcheon glitter'd on her breaſt;
a one parent ſoil, for ever young,
ng roſe and hardy thiſtle ſprung.
heal an oaken wreath was ſeen,
laurels of unfading green.
a ſculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
vith orient gum, above the wave,
g ſides a yellow radiance gave.

eration of taking the ſun's azimuth, in
over the eaſtern or weſtern variation of
al needle.
ales, here alluded to, are an aſſemblage
aks which envelope the lower part of the
wherein they are broader and thicker than
l appear ſomewhat like a range of hoops
ates the bottom from the upper works.

On the broad ſtern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never ſervile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth expreſt,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confeſt,
The warlike nymph with fond regard ſurvey'd:
No more his hoſtile frown her heart diſmay'd.
His look, that once ſhot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as ſummer's evening ſkies ſhe ſaw;
Serene yet firm; tho' mild, impreſſing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils ſevere,
Brandiſh'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian ſpear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills ſhe wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hoſtile gore.
Blue was her rocky ſhield; her piercing eye
Flaſh'd, like the meteors of her native ſky;
Her creſt, high-plum'd, was rough with many a ſcar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern ſtar.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame;
The hardy offſpring of ſome Runic dame.
Looſe o'er his ſhoulders hung the ſlacken'd bow,
Renown'd in ſong, the terror of the foe!
The ſword, that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
The ſcourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his ſide.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George imblazon'd on his corſelet ſhone.
Faſt by his ſide was ſeen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
Whoſe ſtrings unlock the witches' midnight ſpell;
Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulphs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The ſongs of heaven! the muſic of the ſpheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air ſhe flies,
Where other ſuns to other ſyſtems riſe!—
Theſe front the ſcene conſpicuous—over-head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches ſpread:
While on the ſea-beat ſhore obſequious ſtood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There on the watch, ſagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an Engliſh maſtiff lay.
Yonder fair commerce ſtretched her winged ſail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-bluſhing armors all the tops inveſt;
And warlike trophies either quarter dreſt:
Then tower'd the maſts; the canvas ſwell'd on high;
And waving ſtreamers floated in the ſky.
Thus the rich veſſel moves in trim array,
Like ſome fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a ſwan ſhe cleaves the wat'ry plain;
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-spout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ship's progress along the shore—Wind strengthens—The sails reduced—A shoal of porpoises—Last appearance of Cape Spado—Sea rises—A squall—The sails further diminished—Mainsail split—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another mainsail fitted to the yard—The gale still encreases—Topsails furled—Top-gallant-yards sent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-set—Courses reefed—Four seamen lost off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous situation—Resolute behaviour of the sailors—The ship labours in great distress—The artillery thrown overboard—Dismal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous sea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Consultation and resolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Necessary disposition to veer before the wind—Disappointment in the proposed effect—New dispositions equally unsuccessful—The mizen-mast cut away.

ADIEU, ye pleasures of the rural scene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell serene!
To me in vain, on earth's prolific soil,
With summer crown'd the Elysian vallies smile!
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
For these, alas! reluctant I forego,
To visit storms and elements of woe!
Ye tempests, o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul!
In black progression, lo! they hover near;
Hail social horrors, like my fate severe!
Old Ocean hail, beneath whose azure zone
The secreet deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea,
And fearless view this awful scene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you; judge if she depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her power,
Her steps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the vessel glides.
Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Already Britain's parent-cliffs arise,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous sailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
E'en they, th' impressive dart of love can feel,
Whose stubborn souls are sheath'd in triple steel.
Nor less o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth
In distant bosoms equal ardors glow,
And mutual passions mutual joy bestow.—
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was raising on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they descry
A liquid column towering shoot on high.
The foaming base an angry whirlwind sweeps,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror thro' the skies.
The swift volution and th' enormous train
Let sages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling surges fly!—
The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers
'Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful sound,
Convulsive, shook the slumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted surge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills disclos'd th' abyss of hell.
But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides; the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirsty canvass, all around supplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.
From burnish'd scales they beam refulgent rays,
'Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond unerring o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim thro'.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk sustain;
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west,
With parting beams all o'er profusely dress.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamel'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye;
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.
But here description clouds each shining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers display?

Now, while on high the fresh'ning gale fits fair,
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels.
The auxiliar sails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high stations sink by slow degrees.

il ruler of the helm no more,
ttention, eyes the adjacent ſhore;
racle of truth below,
ous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
that ſtill the impreſſive canvas ſwell'd,
ore ſwift the yielding bark impell'd.
us ſhe glides along the coaſt,
ind the hill of Jove is loſt:
loof from Retimo ſhe ſteers,
reland full in front appears.
n iſthmus ſtands the cypreſs-grove
cloſe'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
emorial of his name! is found
marble ruins on the ground.
tyrant, whoſe triumphant yoke
ng ſtates around to ſlav'ry broke,
e for murder, rape, and inceſt known,
rais'd to high Olympus' throne.—
; their venal ſtrains adorn
whom bluſhing virtue holds in ſcorn.
nd Greece record his endleſs fame,
on' mountain yet retains his name.
in confluence borne before the blaſt,
l on clouds the duſky noon o'ercaſt;
ing ocean curls; the winds ariſe;
k ſcud * in ſwift ſucceſſion flies.
volin canvas bends the maſts on high,
raves the leeward cannon lie †.
ow, to give the ſhip relief,
topſails by a ſingle reef ‡.
ard with ſlacken'd cordage reels,
reaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
ll maſts the topſails ſink amain;
dge'd, aſſume their poſt again.
grew receding Candia's ſhore;
rd of the weſt Cape Spado bore.
s the ſun his high meridian throne
d o'er Atlantic regions ſhone;
clouds, that all the ſkies invade,
: ſullied orb a diſmal ſhade.
p-low'ring blots the ſouthern ſky,
: boiſterous breath the waters fly.
he topſails can no more ſuſtain,
, reef, the boatſwain calls again!

s a name given by ſeamen to the loweſt
ch are driven with great rapidity along
ere, in ſqually or tempeſtuous weather.

the wind croſſes a ſhip's courſe, either
obliquely; that ſide of the ſhip upon
, is called the weather-ſide; and the op-
which is then preſſed down-wards, is cal-
de. Hence all the rigging and furniture
are, at this time, diſtinguiſhed by the
h they are ſituated: as the lee-cannon,
s, the weather-braces, &c.

ſails are large ſquare ſails of the ſecond de-
t and magnitude. Reefs are certain diviſi-
s by which the principal ſails are reduced
d increaſes; and again enlarged proporti-
its force abates.

The haliards * and top-bowlines † ſoon are gone,
The clue-lines and reef-tackles ‡ next they run:
The ſhivering ſails deſcend; and now they ſquare
The yards, while ready ſailors mount in air.
The weather-earings and the lee they paſt ‖;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made faſt.
Their taſk above thus finiſh'd, they deſcend,
And vigilant th' approaching ſquall attend.
It comes reſiſtleſs, and with foaming ſweep
Upturns the whitening ſurface of the deep.
In ſuch a tempeſt, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward Siſters ſcour the blaſted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And ſtorm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her ſide the reeling veſſel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick §! the maſter cries,
Man the clue-garnets ¶! let the main ſheet fly †!—
The boiſterous ſquall ſtill preſſes from on high,
And ſwift, and fatal as the lightning's courſe,
Thro' the torn main-ſails burſts with thundering force.
While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the ſtooping bark inclin'd.—
Bear up the helm ** a-weather! Rodmond cries;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with ſecret inſtinct veers apace;
And now the fore-ſail right athwart they brace:
With equal ſheets reſtrain'd, the bellying ſail
Spreads a broad concave to the ſweeping gale.

* Haliards are either ſingle ropes or tackles, by which the ſails are hoiſted up and lowered when the ſail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the ſail ſteady, and prevent it from ſhaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes uſed to truſs up the clues or lower corners of the principal ſails to their reſpective yards, particularly when the ſail is to be cloſe reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef cloſe up to the yard, ſo that the interval becomes ſlack, and is therefore eaſily rolled up and faſtened to the yard by the points employed for this purpoſe.

‖ Earings are ſmall cords, by which the upper corners of the principal ſails and alſo the extremities of the reefs are faſtened to the yard-arms.

§ The mizen is a large ſail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-maſt.

¶ Clue-garnets are employed for the ſame purpoſes on the main-ſail and fore-ſail as the clue-lines are upon all other ſquare ſails.

† It is neceſſary in this place to remark, that the ſheets, which are univerſally miſtaken by the Engliſh poets and their readers for the ſails themſelves, are no other than the ropes uſed to extend the clues, or lower corners of the ſails to which they are attached. To the main-ſail and fore-ſail there is a ſheet and tack on each ſide; the latter of which is a thick rope ſerving to confine the weather-clue of the ſail down to the ſhip's ſide, whilſt the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the oppoſite ſide. Tacks are only uſed in a ſide-wind.

** The helm is ſaid to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the ſide of the ſhip next the wind.

While o'er the foam the ſhip impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer * the helm applies.
As in purſuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid ſpace;
So, govern'd by the ſteerſman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion ſtill commands.
But now the tranſient ſquall to leeward paſt,
Again ſhe rallies to the ſullen blaſt.
The helm to ſtarboard † turns; with wings inclin'd
The ſidelong canvas claſps the faithleſs wind.
The mizen draws; ſhe ſprings aloof once more,
While the fore ſtay-ſail ‡ balances before.
The fore-ſail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
Then on the leeward ſheet the ſeamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowſprit end.
To topſails next they haſte; the buntlines gone,
The cluelines thro' their wheel'd machinery run:
On either ſide below the ſheets are mann'd;
Again the fluttering ſails their ſkirts expand.
Once more the topſails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient poſt reſume.
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd ‖;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.
The ſail, by whirlwinds thus ſo lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,
With brails § refix'd another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending, ſpreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope ¶ they extend,
And ſoon their earings and the roebins ↓ bend,
That taſk perform'd, they firſt the braces ** ſlack,
Then to its ſtation drag th' unwilling tack;
And, while the lee-clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet, they tally and belay ††.

* Timoneer (from timonnier, Fr.) the helmſman or ſteerſman.

† The helm, being turned to ſtarboard, or to the right ſide of the ſhip, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice verſa. Hence the helm being put a-ſtarboard, when the ſhip is running northward, directs her prow towards the weſt.

‡ This ſail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmaſt-ſtay-ſail, is a triangular ſail that runs upon the fore topmaſt-ſtay, over the bowſprit. It is uſed to command the fore part of the ſhip, and counterbalance the ſails extended towards the ſtern. See alſo the laſt note of this Canto.

‖ A yard is ſaid to be braced, when it is turned about the maſt horizontally, either to right or left: the ropes employed in this ſervice are called braces.

§ The ropes uſed to truſs up a ſail to the yard or maſt whereto it is attached, are, in a general ſenſe, called brails.

¶ The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the ſail is ſewed.

↓ Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are ſmall cords, uſed to faſten the upper edge of any ſail to its reſpective yard.

** Becauſe the lee-brace confines the yard ſo that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are caſt looſe.

†† Taught implies ſtiff, tenſe, or extended ſtraight: and tally is a phraſe particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the ſheets, or drawing them towards the ſhip's ſtern. To belay, is to faſten.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning ſhore,
A troop of porpoiſes their courſe explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in ſparkling trails along the main.
Theſe fleeteſt courſers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,
Their route to leeward ſtill ſagacious form,
To ſhun the fury of th' approaching ſtorm.
Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the veſſel from th' inſulting ſea:
Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Rous'd from their ſecret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly ſhore,
And all the ſcene an hoſtile aſpect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ſhip betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair diſguiſe,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.——
Toſs'd on the tide ſhe feels the tempeſt blow,
And dreads the vengeance of ſo fell a foe.
As the proud horſe, with coſtly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the ſhock of fight;
Even ſo, capariſon'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding veſſel dances on the tide.—
Fierce and more fierce the ſouthern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ſhip no longer can her topſails ſpread,
And every hope of fairer ſkies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
Cluelines haul'd down, and ſheets let fly amain;
Clued-up each topſail, and by braces ſquar'd;
The ſeamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the ſail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling-tackles * then confin'd.
While o'er the ſhip the gallant boatſwain flies,
Like a hoarſe maſtiff thro' the ſtorm he cries:
Prompt to direct the unſkilful ſtill appears;
Th' expert he praiſes, and the fearful cheers.
Now ſome to ſtrike top-gallant yards † attend;
Some travellers ‡ up the weather backſtays ‖ ſend;
At each maſt-head the top-ropes § others bend.

* The rolling-tackle is an aſſemblage of pulli uſed to confine the yard to the weather-ſide of t maſt, and prevent the former from rubbing aga the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ſhip i turbulent ſea.

† It is uſual to ſend down the top-gallant ya on the approach of a ſtorm. They are the high yards that are rigged in a ſhip.

‡ Travellers are ſlender iron rings, encircling backſtays and uſed to facilitate the hoiſting or lowe ing of the top-gallant yards, by confining them the backſtays, in their aſcent or deſcent, ſo as to p vent them from ſwinging about by the agitation of t veſſel.

‖ Backſtays are long ropes, extending from t right and left ſide of the ſhip to the topmaſt-hea which they are intended to ſecure, by counteracti the effort of the wind upon the ſails.

§ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-g lant yards are hoiſted up from the deck, or lowe again in ſtormy weather.

geſt ſailors from the yards above
rels *, lifts †, and braces ſoon remove;
an-end, and to the travellers tied,
rith their ſails, they down the backſtays
de.
ſecure along the booms ‡ reclin'd;
se the flying cords aloft confin'd.—
reduced and all the rigging clear,
e crew relax from toils ſevere.
eir ſpirits, with fatigue oppreſt,
pect th' alternate hour of reſt:
redoubling force the tempeſt blow,
y hills in fell ſucceſſion flow.
ſhade o'ercaſts the frowning ſkies;
ales grow; new difficulties riſe.
this from duty to deſcend!—
on deck, th' eventual hour attend.
e perform'd, the ſacred lamp of day
in weſtern clouds his parting ray.
ing fires, half-loſt in ambient haze,
long the duſk a crimſon blaze;
immerg'd the languid orb declines,
to cheerleſs night the ſky reſigns!
g's hour, how different from the paſt!
g pomp, no bluſhing glories caſt.
friendly light is ſeen around;
and ſtars in hopeleſs ſhade are drown'd.
p no longer can her courſes || bear:
e courſes is the maſter's care:
s ſummon'd aft, a daring band!
enfolding brails at his command.
he doubtful officers diſpute,
nd judgment prejudice confute.——
whoſe genius never ſoar'd beyond
w rules of art his youth had conn'd,
hoſtile fury of the wind
he ſheet, and kept the tack confin'd.
ried practice obſtinately warm,
conviction, and relies on form.
ge maſter his advice declines;
m Arion in opinion joins.—
ıful ſeaman, whoſe ſagacious eye
perience may with truth rely,
the reigning cauſe foretels th' effect,
arous practice ever will reject.
ring looſe in air, the rigid ſail
to ruins in the furious gale;

parrel, which is uſually a moveable band of
nployed to confine the yard to its reſpective

are ropes extending from the head of any
e extremities of its particular yard, to ſup-
eight of the latter; to retain it in balance;
one yard-arm higher than the other, which
gly called topping.

booms in this place imply any maſts or
on the deck in reſerve, to ſupply the place
which may be carried away by diſtreſs of
&c.

courſes are generally underſtood to be the
foreſail and mizen, which are the largeſt
ſails on their ſeveral maſts: the term is
metimes taken in a larger ſenſe.

And he who ſtrives the tempeſt to diſarm,
Will never firſt embrail the lee yard-arm.
The maſter ſaid;—obedient to command,
To raiſe the tack, the ready ſailors ſtand ⸸.——
Gradual it looſens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The ſheet and weather-brace they now ſtand by *;
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lies ply.
Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the ſheet*, he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies;
Shivering at firſt, till by the blaſt impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas ſwell'd:
By ſpilling lines † embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unſhaken by the wind.
The foreſail then ſecur'd, with equal care
Again to reef the mainſail they repair.—
While ſome high mounted over-haul the tye,
Below the down-haul-tackle ‡ others ply.
Jears §, lifts, and brails, a ſeaman each attends,
Along the maſt the willing yard deſcends.
When lower'd ſufficient they ſecurely brace;
And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
The reef-lines ** and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant ſhrouds ¶, they man the yard,
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatſwain here;
That in the van to front the tempeſt hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.

⸸ It has been remarked before, that the tack is always faſtened to windward: accordingly as ſoon as it is caſt looſe, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the ſail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation muſt be carefully performed in a ſtorm, to prevent the ſail from ſplitting, or being torn to pieces by ſhivering.

* It is neceſſary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the ſheet is caſt-off, to preſerve the ſail from ſhaking violently.

† The ſpilling-lines, which are only uſed on particular occaſions in tempeſtuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the ſail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard ſo much outward from the maſt on theſe occaſions, that it cannot eaſily be lowered ſo as to reef the ſail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the maſt. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle.

§ Jears are the ſame to the mainſail, foreſail and mizen, as the haliards are to all the inferior ſails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

** Reef-lines are only uſed to reef the mainſail and foreſail. They are paſſed in ſpiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the ſails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, ſo as to lace the reef cloſe up to the yard.

¶ Shrouds are thick ropes, ſtretching from the maſt-heads downwards to the outſide of the ſhip, ſerving to ſupport the maſts. They are alſo uſed as a range of rope-ladders by which the ſeamen aſcend or deſcend, to perform whatever is neceſſary about the ſails and rigging.

Each earing to its ſtation firſt they bend;
The reef-band ‡ then along the yard extend;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd
By outer and by inner turns § they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd,
Thro' eye-let holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.
The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.
Hadſt thou, Arion! held the leeward poſt,
While on the yard by mountain billows toſt,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her duſky veil.——
But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to ſuffer and relate!
For, while their orders thoſe aloft attend,
To furl the mainſail, or on deck deſcend,
A ſea *, up-ſurging with tremendous roll,
To inſtant ruin ſeems to doom the whole.
O friends, ſecure your hold! Arion cries:—
It comes all-dreadful, ſtooping from the ſkies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, ſhe feels
The ſhock, and on her ſide half-bury'd reels:
The ſail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the ſeamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three ſailors with their gallant boatſwain fell.
Torn with reſiſtleſs fury from their hold,
In vain their ſtruggling arms the yard unfold:
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas! a ſolid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight ſurge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.
High o'er their heads the rolling billows ſweep;
And down they ſink in everlaking ſleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades ſee
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitleſs ſorrow their loſt ſtate bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!
In dark ſuſpence on deck the pilots ſtand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Tho' ſtill they knew the veſſel's armed ſide
Impenetrable to the claſping tide;
Tho' ſtill the waters by no ſecret wound
A paſſage to her deep receſſes found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A ſtorm, a dangerous ſea, and leeward ſhore!
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their ſails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or ſhould they ſtand, beneath the dreadful ſtrain
The down-preſt ſhip may never riſe again;
Too late to weather † now Morea's land,
Yet verging faſt to Athens' rocky ſtrand.—
Thus they lament the conſequence ſevere,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.

Long in their minds revolving each event,
At laſt to furl the courſes they conſent.
That done to reef the mizen next agree,
And try * beneath it, ſidelong in the ſea.
Now down the maſt the ſloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jeers and topping-lift † confin'd.
The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peak, they bound.
The reef unwrapt, th' inſerted knittles ty'd,
To hoiſt the ſhorten'd ſail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they ſway'd;
The brails relax'd, the extended ſheet belay'd.
The helm its poſt forſook, and, laſh'd a-lee §,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the ſea.
When ſacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coaſt,
With notes divine implor'd his conſort loſt;
Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies ſtood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was the attempt to move
The powers of hell with ſtrains of heavenly love,
Than mine to bid th' unwilling muſe explore
The wilderneſs of rude mechanic lore.
Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;
Till Art her ſalutary help beſtow'd
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the ſweet Pierian lay,
The muſe, that tun'd to barbarous ſounds her ſtrin
Now ſpreads like Dædalus a bolder wing;
The verſe begins in ſofter ſtrains to flow,
Replete with ſad variety of woe.
As yet amid this elemental war,
That ſcatters deſolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor diſtreſs appear
To ſink the ſeamen with unmanly fear
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honour boaſt,
They ſcorn the wretch that trembles in his poſt;
Who from the face of danger ſtrives to turn,
Indignant from the ſocial hour they ſpurn.
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the veſſel's ſide,
No future ills unknown their ſouls appall;
They know no danger, or they ſcorn it all;
But ev'n the generous ſpirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly reſpite crave;
A ſhort repoſe alone their thoughts implore,
Their harraſs'd powers by ſlumber to reſtore.
Far other cares the maſter's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes deſtroy.
In vain he ſpreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the diſtance by the rules of art;

‡ The reef-band is a long piece of canvas ſewed acroſs the ſail, to ſtrengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

§ The outer turns of the earing ſerve to extend the ſail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope cloſe to its ſurface.

* A ſea is the general name given by ſailors to a ſingle wave or billow: hence when a wave burſts over the deck, the veſſel is ſaid to have ſhipped a ſea.

† To weather a ſhore, is to paſs to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the ſtorm.

* To try, is to lay the ſhip with her ſide in the direction of the wind and ſea, with the ſomewhat inclined to the windward; the helm laid a-lee to retain her in that poſition. See a fu illuſtration of this in the laſt note of this Canto.

† The topping-lift which tops the upper end mizen-yard. This line and the ſix following de the operation of reefing and balancing the ma The reef of this ſail is towards the lower end, knittles being ſmall ſhort lines uſed in the ree points for this purpoſe; they are accordingly kn underthe foot-rope, or lower edge of the ſail.

§ Laſhed a-lee, is faſtened to the lee ſide.

rart the mimic ſeas expands
ſſes to circumjacent lands.
taſk! for no aſylum trac'd,
pen'd from the wat'ry waſte.
to guard, with adamantine mound,
o every friendly port around.
rt thus, with ſecret doubts diſmay'd,
tric diſtances ſurvey'd,
e watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
lives,—graſp every man a ſhroud!—
n his trance he mounts with eyes aghaſt;
the ſhip, in undulation vaſt,
ge down-ruſhes from on high,
d aft diſſever'd ruins lie.—
Britannia's empire to maintain,
ke deſcends in thunder on the main;
brazen voice of battle roars,
ightning blaſt the hoſtile ſhores;
: ſtorm their ſhatter'd navies groan,
ing deeps recoil from zone to zone:
orn veſſel felt th' enormous ſtroke;
beneath the thundering deluge broke;
ed from their planks the burſting rings,
led cordage all aſunder ſprings.
fair machinery ſtrews the deck,
and needles ſwim in floating wreck.
'd mizen, rending to the head,
g ruins from the margin fled.
onvulſive ſhook on groaning beams;
rith labour, yawn'd the pitchy ſeams.
d the well *, and terrible to hear;
nmers'd along the line appear.
ump they ply the clanking brake †,
y turn th' ungrateful office take.
Arion, and Palemon, here,
taſk, all diligent appear.
ir caſtle, ſhook by rude alarms,
ng th' approach of hoſtile arms;
around her plants his black array,
and ſorrow mark his horrid way;
e deſtin'd hour, againſt her wall
rage the fatal thunders fall;
irts crack, the ſolid bulwarks rend;
: troops the ſhatter'd breach aſcend;
t inmates ſtill the foe retard,
ill death their ſacred charge to guard:
re mariners their pumps attend,
nceſſant by rotation lend;
vain,—for now the ſounding cord,
nd undiminiſh'd depth explor'd.
were diſtreſs is found alone;
ppreſt by ponderous cannon groan.—
ig from the wat'ry volume's height,
'd ſides ſeem burſting with their weight.
lorus, with convulſive throes,
iis veins the burning earthquake glows;
o' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
al thunders rend his groaning frame—
ted miſchiefs thus ariſe,
rindictive all their ſkill defies.

well is an apartment in the ſhip's hold, incloſe the pumps. It is founded by drop- ſured iron rod down into it by a long line. : increaſe or diminution of the leaks are vered.

brake is the lever or handle of the pump, it is wrought.

One only remedy the ſeaſon gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers leſs ſhall groan;
But arduous is the taſk their lot requires;
A taſk that hovering Fate alone inſpires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to eaſe,
That ever and anon are drench'd with ſeas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling ſweep,
May whirl the helpleſs wretches in the deep.
No ſeaſon this for counſel or delay!
Too ſoon the eventful moments haſte away!
Here perſeverance, with each help of art,
Muſt join the boldeſt efforts of the heart.
Theſe only now their miſery can relieve;
Theſe only now a dawn of ſafety give!—
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad ſurges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a choſen crew,
This office in the face of death purſue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond deſcending claim'd the weather-ſide.
Fearleſs of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude aſſaults of every wave.
Like ſome ſtrong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whoſe rocky baſe the foaming waters ſweep,
Untam'd he ſtood; the ſtern aerial war
Had mark'd his honeſt face with many a ſcar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traverſing the waiſt *,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's aſſociates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms acroſs the ſteep defile;
Then, hurl'd from ſounding-hinges o'er the ſide,
Thundering they plunge into the flaſhing tide.
The ſhip thus eas'd, ſome little reſpite finds,
In this rude conflict of the ſeas and winds,
Such eaſe Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his ſide he tore;
When, ſtung with burning pain, he ſtrove, too late,
To ſtop the ſwift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of ſevenfold pangs endur'd!
Such, and ſo ſhort, the pauſe of woe ſhe found!
Cimmerian darkneſs ſhades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings gleaming on the ſight,
Flaſh thro' the gloom a pale diſaſtrous light.
Above all æther, fraught with ſcenes of woe,
With grim deſtruction threatens all below.
Beneath the ſtorm-laſh'd ſurges furious riſe,
And wave uproll'd on wave aſſails the ſkies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they ſurround
The ſhip, half ſwallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaſeleſs hazard and fatigue oppreſt,
Diſmay and anguiſh every heart poſſeſt;
For, while with boundleſs inundation o'er
The ſea-beat ſhip, th' involving waters roar,
Diſplac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient ſtation to reſume;

* The waiſt of a ſhip of this kind is an hollow ſpace, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter deck and forecaſtle, and having the upper deck for its baſe or platform.

By ſecret ambuſhes, their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel firſt they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking ſtrokes reſound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil ſubdu'd,
The tough bull-hide muſt ever be renew'd.
Their ſinking hearts unuſual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews diſtil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with ſome new woe each moment teems!
Again the chief th' inſtructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the ſun's refulgent throne:
But here, alas! his ſcience nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverſes, ſince twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way * explor'd,
As ſwept acroſs the graduated chord.
Her place diſcover'd by the rules of art,
Unuſual terrors ſhook the maſter's heart;
When Falconera's rugged iſle he found
Within her drift, with ſhelves and breakers bound;
For if on thoſe deſtructive ſhallows toſt,
The helpleſs bark with all her crew are loſt:
As fatal ſtill appears, that danger o'er,
The ſteep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeleſs ſtate
In mournful conſultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appall,
When ſome proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave ſpread,
Nor ſtoried pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of ſhade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, diſaſtrous to the view!
Dire was the ſcene, with whirlwind, hail and ſhower;
Black melancholy rull'd the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flaſhing tide,
Where fate on every billow ſeem'd to ride.—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unſubdu'd,
Great in diſtreſs the maſter-ſeaman ſtood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to adviſe;
Expert in Action; and in council wiſe;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his ſoul the chief referr'd:
Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble ſhare,
Approv'd companions of your maſter's care!
To you alas! 'twere fruitleſs now to tell
Our ſad diſtreſs, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft:
No ſkill nor long experience could forecaſt
Th' unſeen approach of this deſtructive blaſt.
Theſe ſeas, where ſtorms at various ſeaſons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know,

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are ſynonymous terms, is the movement by which a ſhip is driven ſideways at the mercy of the wind and ſea, when ſhe is deprived of the government of the ſails and helm.

The hour, th' occaſion all your ſkill demands;
A leaky ſhip embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no tranſient jeopardy ſurrounds;
Groaning ſhe lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To ſhun the fury of the ſeas and wind.
For in this hollow ſwell, with labour ſore,
Her flank can bear the burſting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills ſhe muſt endure;
A dire diſeaſe, and deſperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counſel and your voice.
Theſe only in our power are left to try;
To periſh here, or from the ſtorm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment caſt,
For various reaſons I prefer the laſt.
'Tis true, the veſſel and her coſtly freight,
To me conſign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, ſince the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counſels I reſign;
Forbid it, heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But ſhould we now reſolve to bear away,
Our hopeleſs ſtate can ſuffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every ſail,
Attempt to ſteer obliquely on the gale.
For then, if broaching ſideward to the ſea,
Our dropſy'd ſhip may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may ſoon her frame devour.
He ſaid the liſtening mates with fixed regard,
And ſilent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the queſtion in debate,
And o'er their counſels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a ſcene of peril try'd,
Had oft the maſter's happier ſkill deſcry'd.
Yet now, the hour, the ſcene, th' occaſion knowth,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his ſpeech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blaſt;
The firſt in danger, in retreat the laſt:
Sagacious balancing th' oppoſ'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus diſſents.
Too true the perils of the preſent hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our ſtrength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road purſue,
With death before ſtill opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true no ſhelter here can find,
Sore ſhatter'd by the ruffian ſeas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chac'd by this tempeſt and outrageous ſea!
For while its violence the tempeſt keeps,
Bereft of every ſail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to preſent death we haſte;
And one ſhort hour perhaps may be our laſt.
In vain the gulph of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a paſſage free;
Since, if before the blaſt the veſſel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers riſe.
Here Falconera ſpreads her lurking ſnares;
There diſtant Greece her rugged ſhelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom ſtrike that rocky ſhore,
The ſplitting bark that inſtant were no more;
Nor ſhe alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to periſh too.
Thus if to ſcud too raſhly we conſent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.

our purpoſe this appears the ſcope,
h the danger with the doubtful hope.
ſorely buffeted by every ſea,
unbroken long may try a-lee.
r, tho' harraſs'd long with toils ſevere,
heir pumps perceive no hazards near.
, incautious, then the danger tell,
their courage and their hope to quell?
forbids!—This ſouthern tempeſt ſoon
ge its quarter with the changing moon.
tho' terrible, may ſoon ſubſide,
mountains laſh th' unruly tide.
ks ſhall then decreaſe; the ſails once more
r courſe to ſome relieving ſhore.—
while he ſpoke, around from man to man
pump a hollow murmur ran.
the veſſel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,
elow, th' invading water drinks,
her depth, they ey'd the wetted ſcale,
the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
eir poſt, by terrors unſubdu'd,
h redoubling force their taſk purſued.
ow the ſenior pilot ſeem'd to wait
oice to cloſe the dark debate.
y a bitter ſtorm, with peril fraught,
une's ſchool the wandering ſtripling
ught,
: nine ſummers yet matur'd his thought.
bled by fortune's cruel dart,
laſt innoxious on his heart,
ſtill ſhunning care with ſecret hate,
: indolence reſign'd to fate.
the horrors that around him roll,
s'd to action his rekindling ſoul.
ix'd attention, pondering in my mind
diſtreſſes on each ſide combin'd;
re we linger in the paſs of fate,
oment left for ſad debate.
deciſion if we wiſh to form,
ur veſſel ſink beneath the ſtorm,
r'd ſtate and yon deſponding crew
ggeſt what meaſures to purſue.
aring hull already ſeems half fill'd
ers thro' an hundred leaks diſtill'd;
ropſy, wallowing with her freight,
vn'd ſhe lies, a dead inactive weight!
ench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
defenceleſs, floats a naked wreck;
ded flanks no longer can ſuſtain
l invaſions of the burſting main.
pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
heir load, the quivering bowſprit-end.
warning! ſince the maſts on high
upport with trembling hope-rely.
pump our ſeamen pant for breath,
iſmay anticipating death.
ir powers th' increaſing leaks defy:
it ſea, no ſhore, no haven nigh.
of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
nd ſave us from the watery tomb.
us ſhun the death impending here;
the following blaſt, and ſhoreward ſteer.
indeed, the fury of the gale
the help of every guiding ſail;
n before it on the wat'ry waſte,
ſhores and ſcenes of death we haſte.
Falconera we may ſhun:
Grecian coaſts is yet the ruin:
Leſs harraſs'd then, our ſcudding ſhip may bear
Th' aſſaulting ſurge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied ſtorm as ſoon ſhall die,
Or leſs torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at laſt be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the ſea,
The hull diſmaſted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind heaven, with interpoſing power,
May curb the tempeſt ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we ſtay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.
He ſaid;—Palemon ſaw, with grief of heart,
The ſtorm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In ſilent terror and diſtreſs involv'd,
He heard their leaſt alternative reſolv'd.
High beat his boſom; with ſuch fear ſubdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of ſome enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering ſwain explor'd,
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the ſongs of hell.
Arion ſaw, with ſecret anguiſh mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendſhip's genial heat,
His boſom felt conſenting tumults beat.
Alas! no ſeaſon this for tender love;
Far hence the muſic of the myrtle grove!—
With comfort's ſoothing voice, from hope deriv'd,
Palemon's drooping ſpirit he reviv'd.
For conſolation, oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus reſolv'd,
When, like the faithful ſhepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpoſe Albert thus directs:
Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whoſe gallant ſpirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry ſtorm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adverſity, ſtill bear
The firmeſt front when greateſt ills are near!
The truth tho' grievous I muſt now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward ſhores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The ſeas that thunder o'er her batter'd ſide:
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging ſea ſhe cannot live,
One only refuge from deſpair we find;
At once to wear and ſcud before the wind *.
Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may ſteer;
For broken ſhores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and inſtant death is here:
Yet there, by heaven's aſſiſtance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, ſhelter'd by ſome rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blaſt ſubſide.
But if determin'd by the will of heaven,
Our helpleſs bark at laſt aſhore is driven,
Theſe counſels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating ſailors in the ſurf may ſave.

* For an explanation of theſe manœuvres, the reader is referred to the laſt note of this Canto.

And firſt let all our axes be ſecur'd,
To cut the maſts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the veſſel and the ſhore.
The longeſt cordage too muſt be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may faſten on the ſtrand.
When'er, loud thundering on the leeward ſhore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to ſtarboard every yard.
So ſhall our maſts ſwim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our ſeamen ſave.
Then weſtward turn the ſtern, that every maſt
May ſhoreward fall, when from the veſſel caſt.—
When o'er her ſide once more the billows bound,
Aſcend the rigging till ſhe ſtrikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft th' alarming ſhock
That ſtrikes her bottom on ſome pointed rock,
The boldeſt of our ſailors muſt deſcend,
The dangerous buſineſs of the deck to tend:
Then each, ſecur'd by ſome convenient cord,
Should cut the ſhrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next aſſail each maſt;
And booms and oars and rafts to leeward caſt.
This, while the cordage ſtretch'd aſhore may guide
Our brave companions thro' the ſwelling tide,
This floating lumber ſhall ſuſtain them, o'er
The rocky ſhelves, in ſafety to the ſhore.
But as your firmeſt ſuccour, till the laſt,
O cling ſecurely on each faithful maſt!
Tho' great the danger, and the taſk ſevere,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that ſlaviſh yoke your ſpirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itſelf farewell!

I know, among you ſome full oft have view'd,
With murdering weapon's arm'd, a lawleſs brood,
On England's vile inhuman ſhore who ſtand,
The foul reproach and ſcandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the ſtrand.
Theſe, while their ſavage office they purſue,
Oft wound to death the helpleſs plunder'd crew,
Who 'ſcap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
Such blood-hounds all her circling ſhores diſown:
Her ſons, by barbarous tyranny oppreſt,
Can ſhare affliction with the wretch diſtreſt:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendleſs ſtranger yield relief.

With conſcious horror ſtruck, the naval band
Deteſted for awhile their native land.
They curs'd the ſleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian ſailor's cauſe.
Mean while the maſter's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.

No more remains—but now a truſty band
Muſt ever at the pump induſtrious ſtand;
And while with us the reſt attend to wear,
Two ſkilful ſeamen to the helm repair!—
O ſource of life! our refuge and our ſtay!
Whoſe voice the warning elements obey,
On thy ſupreme aſſiſtance we rely;
Thy mercy ſupplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this ſtorm is ſent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring ſhores to ſcourge diſeaſe and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to truſt:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is juſt."

He ſaid; and with conſenting reverence fraught,
The ſailors join'd his prayer in ſilent thought.
His intellectual eye, ſerenely bright;
Saw diſtant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that laſting wars oppreſs,
That groans beneath misfortune and diſtreſs;
Whoſe wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks ſinking, as her troops decay;
Some bold ſagacious ſtateſman, from the helm,
Sees deſolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hoſtile unions riſe!
With deep attention marks the invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and fruſtrates every blow;
Tries his laſt art the tottering ſtate to ſave,
Or in its ruin finds a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the veſſel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either ſide they riſe; tremendous ſcene;
A long dark melancholy vale between *.

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ſhip's ſtate when trying, and of the change of her ſituation to that of ſcudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of thoſe articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the ſituation in which a ſhip lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the ſea in a tempeſt, particularly when it blows contrary to her courſe.

In trying as well as in ſcudding, the ſails are always reduced in proportion to the increaſe of the ſtorm, and in either ſtate, if the ſtorm is exceſſive, ſhe may have all her ſails furled; or be, according to the ſea phraſe, under bare poles.

The intent of ſpreading a ſail at this time is to keep the ſhip more ſteady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by preſſing her ſide down in the water; and alſo to turn her head towards the ſource of the wind, ſo that the ſhock of the ſeas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when ſhe lies along the trough of the ſea, or in the interval between two waves. While ſhe lies in this ſituation, the helm is faſtened cloſe to the lee-ſide, to prevent her, as much as poſſible, from falling to leeward. But as the ſhip is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her ſails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and ſtern, ſhe is moved by a ſlow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where ſhe ſtops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary exceſs of the angle to leeward is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, as uſed in the preſent ſenſe, may be defined, the movement by which a ſhip changes her ſtate from trying to that of ſcudding, or of running before the direction of the wind and ſea.

It is an axiom in natural philoſophy, "That every body will perſevere in a ſtate of reſt, or if moving uniformly in a right line, unleſs it be compelled to change its ſtate by forces impreſſed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impreſſed, and made acording to the right line in which that force acts."

c'd ship, now forward, now behind,
impression of the waves and wind,
right and left by turns inclin'd.

t is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled
to any direction by the force of the wind,
n any part of her length in lines parallel to
f the horizon. Thus in the act of veering,
a necessary consequence of this invariable
the object of the seaman is to reduce the
e wind on the ship's hind part, and to re-
most exertion on her fore part, so that the
be pushed to leeward. This effect is either
y the operation of the sails, or by the im-
the wind on the masts and yards. In the
e the sails on the hind-part of the ship are
ed or arranged nearly parallel to the di-
the wind, which then glides ineffectually
surfaces; at the same time the foremost
read abroad, so as to receive the greatest
f the wind. The fore-part accordingly
this impulse, and is put in motion; and
, necessarily conspiring with that of the
es the ship about as much as is requisite
the desired effect.

n the tempest is so violent as to preclude
sails, the effort of the wind operates
illy on the opposite ends of the ship, be-
masts and yards situated near the head
serve to counterbalance each other, in
s impression. The effect of the helm is
rably diminished, because the head-way
s life and vigour to all its operations, is
e feeble and ineffectual. Hence it be-
ssary to destroy this equilibrium which
reen the masts and yards before and be-
to throw the balance forward to prepare

If this cannot be effected by the arran-
he yards on the masts, and it becomes ab-
essary to veer, in order to save the ship
ction (see line 17, p. 129.), the mizen-
e cut away, and even the main-mast, if
nains incapable of answering the helm by
prow to leeward.

is that movement in navigation by which
ried precipitately before a tempest.

flies with amazing rapidity through the
never this expedient is put in practice,
ttempted in a contrary wind, unless when
n renders her incapable of sustaining the
rt of the wind and waves any longer on
ithout being exposed to the most immi-

ther scuds with a sail extended on her
or, if the storm is excessive, without any
in the sea phrase is called scudding under

sipal hazards incident to scudding are,
sea striking the ship's stern; the difficulty
perpetually exposes her to the danger
g-to; and the want of sufficient sea-
es which strikes the stern violently may
pieces, by which the ship must inevitably
ly broaching-to suddenly, she is threat-
ning all her masts and sails, or being im-
verturned; and for want of sea-room, she
the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-

TH.

But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—
The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowsprit stretch'd the tortur'd sail,
As on the rack, distends beneath the gale.
But scarce the yielding prow its impulse knew,
When in a thousand flitting shreds it flew!—
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremast yards aback!
His great example every bosom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inspires;
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries.—
Haste, with your weapons cut the shrouds and stay;
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!
He said; th' attentive sailors on each side,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound;
The tall mast groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gash'd with sores, the tott'ring structure rings,
And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings.
Thus when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays;
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
Resolv'd at last, he quits th' unequal strife,
Severs the member, and preserves the life.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry—Applied to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Epaminondas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern appearance—Arcadia—Its former happiness and fertility—Present distress, the effect of slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycenæ—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos—Leander and Hero—Delphos—Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The subject resumed—Sparkling of the sea—Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail and meteors—Darkness, lightning and thunder—Approach of day—Discovery

of land—The ſhip in great danger paſſes the iſland of St. George—Turns her broadſide to the ſhore—Her bowſprit, foremaſt and main-top-maſt carried away—She ſtrikes a rock—Splits aſunder—Fate of the crew.

The Scene ſtretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The time is about ſeven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human ſavage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When ſullen Ignorance her flag diſplay'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the ſhores of light the Muſes came,
The dark and ſolitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawleſs paſſions to controul,
And melt in tender ſympathy the ſoul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breaſts celeſtial flame.
The kindling ſpirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the ſwelling Lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primæval night,
At once fair Truth and Reaſon ſprung to light.—
When great Mæonidas, in rapid ſong,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each raviſh'd boſom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulſes beat to arms.
From earth upborn, on Pegaſean wings,
Far thro' the boundleſs realms of thought he ſprings;
While diſtant poets, trembling as they view
His ſunward flight, the dazzling track purſue
But when his ſtrings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire diſtreſs Laertes' ſon befel,
The ſtrains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,
Bid ſacred ſympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muſes' heavenly breath
With vital force diſſolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to ſing,
Taught by the maſter of the vocal ſtring.—
'Tis mine, alas! thro' dangerous ſcenes to ſtray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the ſad wanderer loſt upon the ſhore;
But o'er that ſcene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subſervient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, the unravel'd proſpect to diſplay,
And [illegible]in th' events in regular array.
Th[illegible]rd the taſk, to ſing in varied ſtrains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the ſecret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the ſad numbers draw compaſſion's tear
For kin[illegible]miſeries, oft beheld too near:
For kind[illegible]wretches, oft in ruin caſt
On Albion's ſtrand, beneath the wint'ry blaſt:
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her braveſt ſons, her faithful ſailors know!
So [illegible] guſhing o'er each Britiſh breaſt,
Might ſympathiſe with Britain's ſons diſtreſt:
For this, my theme thro' mazes I purſue,
Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.

Awhile the maſt, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanc'd the impreſſion of the helm and wind:
The wounded ſerpent, agoniz'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain,
But now the wreck diſſever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards *! the attentive maſter calls—
You, timoneers, her motion ſtill attend!
For on your ſteerage all our lives depend.
So, ſteddy †! meet her, watch the blaſt behind,
And ſteer her right before the ſeas and wind!
Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, the obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel ‡ revolves; the ringing axle burns!
The ſhip no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her ſide th' invaſions of the ſea:
All loanly o'er the deſart waſte ſhe flies,
Scourg'd on by ſurges, ſtorm and burſting ſkies.
As when the maſters of the lance aſſail,
In Hyperborean ſeas, the ſlumbering whale;
Soon as the javelins pierce his ſcaly hide,
With anguiſh ſtung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies! no friendly reſpite found;
His life-blood guſhes thro' th' inflaming wound.

The wounded bark, thus ſmarting with her pain,
Scuds from purſuing waves along the main;
While, daſh'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elaſtic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now ſhivering, o'er the topmoſt wave ſhe rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again ſhe flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the ſkies.
As that rebellious angel who from heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadleſs he forſook the Stygian ſhore,
The diſtant realms of Eden to explore;
Here on ſulphureous clouds ſublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in ſome hideous gulf deſcending prone,
Far in the rayleſs void of night was thrown:
Even ſo ſhe ſcales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyſs precipitates her flight.
The maſts, around whoſe tops the whirlwinds ſing,
With long vibration round her axle ſwing.
To guide the wayward courſe amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different poſts aſſume.
Albert and Rodmond, ſtation'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To ſhun the cruiſers wandering o'er the deeps:

* To ſquare the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ſhip's length.

† Steddy, is the order to ſteer the ſhip according to the line on which ſhe advances at that inſtant without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ſhips the helm is managed by a wheel.

ıe moves Palemon ſtill attends,
m his only hope depends:
dmond, fearful of ſome neighbouring
'e,
and anon, *Look out aſtore!*
thus ſcudding on the tide ſhe flew,
mera's rocky height they view.
s ſummit, thro' the gloom of night,
ering watch-tower caſts a mournful light.
zement rivetted they ſtand,
ıe breakers laſh the rugged ſtrand:
yond this ſhore the veſſel flies,
: rapid eagle cleaves the ſkies.
: fangs of her inſatiate foe,
ıad champain ſcuds the trembling roe.—
r paſt, reflects a feeble joy;
turning fears their hope deſtroy.
h' Atlantic, oft the ſailor eyes,
ing in the reign of ſofter ſkies,
of ice, from polar regions blown,
ıd influence of a warmer zone:
liffs attemper'd gales ſupply:
tream the aerial billows fly;
iver'd from the ſcorching heat,
ides the feverish pulſes beat.
n their trembling veſſel paſt this iſle,
ary joys the crew beguile:
: meteors of a lifeleſs fire!
ıey kindle, and too ſoon expire!
mory! thou from whoſe unerring tongue
flows the animated ſong!
ns now the flowing ſhip ſurround?
old, thro' all the world renown'd;
: the poet's theme the muſes boaſt,
ruins; in oblivion loſt!
whoſe ſad diſtreſs theſe lays deplore,
Grecian or in Roman lore,
s paſs each famous circling ſhore?
; for, blaſted in the barren ſhade,
o ſoon, the buds of ſcience fade:
genius, in untimely hour,
: bloom of every ſpringing flower.
droops, while ſullen cloud and ſtorm
us climate of the ſoul deform.
mong the wandering naval train,
g, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
ntranc'd in fancy's ſoothing dream,
to taſte the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream,
: ſalubrious ſtreams, with power divine,
nſe th' attemper'd ſoul refine)
with liberal commerce here unbleſt,
r! ſincerer grief poſſeſt.
youthful mind th' impreſſion caſt
glory, ſhall for ever laſt.
unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
th inextinguiſhable fire.
! Athens firſt, in ruin ſpread,
lies at Port Liono's head.
e of ſcience! whoſe immortal name
moſt in the glorious roll of fame.
le Socrates and Plato ſhone,
to truth, eternal honour won,
Virtue's cauſe his life reſign'd,
pronounc'd the wiſeſt of mankind:
vealed the ſpark of vital fire,
ine eſſence, never could expire.
dwelt, the philoſophic ſage,
iſiſtratus' vindictive rage.

Juſt Ariſtides here maintain'd the cauſe,
Whoſe ſacred precepts ſhine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her towering ſtructures, now alone
Some ſcatter'd columns ſtand, with weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering ſtranger, near the port, deſcries
A milk-white lion of ſtupendous ſize;
Unknown the ſculptor; marble is the frame:
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.
Next, in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whoſe gorgeous fabrics ſeem'd to ſtrike the ſkies;
Whom, tho' by tyrant victors oft' ſubdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd,
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd *,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.
But now, in fatal deſolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a diſmal ſhade.
Then further weſtward on Morea's land,
Fair Miſitra! thy modern turrets ſtand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with ſecret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?
Here once ſhe flouriſh'd, at whoſe trumpet's ſound
War burſt his chains, and nations ſhook around.
Here brave Leonidas from ſhore to ſhore
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Perſia's ſurgleſs troops to war,
Till Macedonia ſhrunk beneath his ſpear,
And Greece diſmay'd beheld the chief draw near;
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Oeta ſaw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gaſping millions, bleed on hoſtile lands.
Thus vanquiſh'd Aſia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens ſicken'd at thy fame!
Thy ſtate, ſupported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, ſuperlative applauſe.
Even great Epaminondas ſtrove in vain
To curb that ſpirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born ſpirit now!
Her abject ſons to haughty tyrants bow;
A falſe, degenerate, ſuperſtitious race
Infeſt thy region, and thy name diſgrace!
Not diſtant far, Arcadia's bleſt domains
Peloponneſus' circling ſhore contains.
Thrice happy ſoil! where ſtill ſerenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obſequious field,
Rich without art, ſpontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with ſome rural nymph ſupremely bleſt,
While tranſport glow'd in each enamour'd breaſt,
Each faithful ſhepherd told his tender pain,
And ſung of ſylvan ſports in artleſs ſtrain.
Now, ſad reverſe! Oppreſſion's iron hand
Enſlaves her natives, and deſpoils the land.
In lawleſs rapine bred, a ſanguine train
With midnight-ravage ſcour th' uncultur'd
Weſtward of theſe, beyond the Iſthmus,
The long-loſt iſle of Ithacus the wiſe;
Where fair Penelope her abſent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty
She, guarded only by her ſtripling ſon,
Each bold attempt of ſuitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud ſhe foil'd.

* Architecture.

True to her vows, and reſolutely chaſte,
The beauteous princeſs triumph'd at the laſt.
Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still ſeems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whoſe monarch led the Grecian hoſts
Far o'er the Ægean main to Dardan coaſts.
Unhappy prince! who, on a hoſtile ſhore,
Toil, peril, anguiſh, ten long winters bore.
And when to native realms reſtor'd at laſt,
To reap the harveſt of thy labours paſt;
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithleſs wife,
There ſacrific'd to impious luſt thy life!—
Faſt by Arcadia ſtretch theſe deſart plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Next the fair iſle of Helena * is ſeen,
Where adverſe winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian hoſt,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coaſt;
For whom ſo long they labour'd to deſtroy
The ſacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapleſs dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The port an image bears of Parian ſtone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.
Due eaſt from this appears the immortal ſhore
That ſacred Phœbus and Diana bore:
Delos, thro' all the Ægean ſeas renown'd!
(Whoſe coaſt the rocky Cyclades ſurround)
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even diſtant Perſia fear'd.
But now, a ſilent unfrequented land!
No human footſtep marks the trackleſs ſand.
Thence to the north, by Aſia's weſtern bound,
Fair Lemnos ſtands, with riſing marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' æthereal world.
There his eternal anvils firſt he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that ſhook the ſkies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by ſkill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul diſgrace
And living ſcandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt.
In fires profane can heavenly boſoms melt?
Eaſtward of this appears the Dardan ſhore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illuſtrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy tutelar gods in vain deſcend!
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cauſe were ſlain,
Tho' nations periſh'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious Helen's ſhame
Was doom'd at length to ſink in Grecian flame:
Now, by time's deep plough-ſhare harrow'd o'er,
The ſeat of ſacred Troy is found no more.
No trace of all her glories now remains;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant ſhore;
Scamander! oft' o'erflowed with hoſtile gore!
Now removed from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian ſtrand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Diſplay'd her creſcent each revolving night;

* Now known by the name of Macroniſi.

Whoſe gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Helleſpont to Aſia's ſhore;
Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coaſt
She ſaw her lover's lifeleſs body toſt:
Then felt her boſom agony ſevere;
Her eyes ſad-gazing pour'd the inceſſant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, frantic with deſpair,
She beat her beauteous breaſt and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain ſhe cry'd;
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide,
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.
Far weſt of Thrace, beyond the Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The ſacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount aroſe, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
Auguſt the fabric! elegant its ſtile!
On brazen hinges turned the ſilver doors,
And checquer'd marble pav'd the poliſh'd floors.
The roofs, where ſtoried tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of ſhining porphyry the ſhafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's ſuppliant prieſts, a blameleſs train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the ſun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The ſciences and arts around the ſhrine
Conſpicuous ſhone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æſculapius' ſnake diſplayed his creſt,
And burning glories ſparkled on his breaſt:
While from his eye's inſufferable light
Diſeaſe and Death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.
Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erſpread,
Parnaſſus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge ſav'd, by heaven's com-
Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand, [mand,
Repeopled all the deſolated land.
Around the ſcene unfaded laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol ſweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal ſpring that ſmiles beneath,
Young zephyrs borne on roſy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the ſun! the ſacred Nine,
Here wake to ecſtaſy their ſongs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in ſome ſweet alcove
Attune the tender ſtrings to bleeding love.
All ſadly ſweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to ſofteſt peace the tortur'd ſoul,
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The muſic of immortal harps reſound,
Fair Pleaſure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still ſcattering where ſhe moves Elyſian flowers!
Even now the ſtrains, with ſweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.—
Adieu ye vales, that ſmiling peace beſtow,
Where Eden's bloſſoms ever-vernal blow!
Adieu ye ſtreams, that o'er inchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill ſurround!
Ye fairy ſcenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, O farewell!
The ſoul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the ſenſe Lethean dews diſtil!

emory, from th' inglorious dream!
lungs reſume the kindling theme!
wers! arouſe thy vital fire!
he ſtorm, my verſe inſpire!
whirlwinds that enrage the main,
ır along the ſwelling ſtrain!
impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Attic ſhores the veſſel keeps:
the waves behind her ſwell,
wheeling ſtern their force repel.
t ſhould either quarter * feel,
: the tempeſt ſhe might reel.
1 every bidden turn apply;
left the ſpokes alternate fly.
me conquer'd hoſt retreats in fear,
eaders guard the broken rear;
r retire, and long oppoſe
es that around them cloſe;
: flanks; the routed ſquadrons join;
: flight in one embodied line:
the flying bark before
; floods that laſh her to the ſhore.
ghted traveller, thru' the ſhade,
devious path with heart diſmay'd;
ng ſavages behind him roar,
pits and quagmires lurk before—
poop th' audacious ſeas aſpire,
lls of fluctuating fire.
conqueror, frantic with ſucceſs,
: nations ruin and diſtreſs;
: wat'ry wilderneſs he roams,
venfold rage the tempeſt foams;
trembling pines, above, below,
ne cordage howls, with notes of woe.
s, wafted from the burning zone,
afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
gh battlements, to either ſide
ing, drink the briny tide:
hing'd, in paliſied languors play,
es beneath the noon-tide ray.
ſunder torn, a deluge pour;
us hail deſcends in whirling ſhower.
maſts, with pale and livid rays,
om portentous meteors blaze.
dome, in mournful pomp array'd.
ehind impenetrable ſhade;
g round intolerable light,
l the terrors of the night.
ınai's quaking hill o'erſpread,
n's loud trumpet ſounded o'er his head.
e wrathful Angel of the wind
orrors of the ſkies combin'd;
one ill-fated ſhip oppos'd,
dreadful magazine diſclos'd.
nendous o'er the deep he ſprings,
g ſulphur flaſhing from his wings!—
rong voice the diſmal ſilence breaks;
om the chains of death awakes!
re loud the rolling peals enlarge,
deck their blazing ſides diſcharge:
ghaſt, the ſhivering wretches ſtood,
uſpence and fear congeal'd their blood.
uge burſts the living flame,
nocuſſion rends th' aetherial frame;

Sick earth convulſive groans from ſhore to ſhore,
And nature ſhuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the ſad proſpect riſes on my ſight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful ſhade and light.
Swift thro' my pulſes glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers ſtrives in vain,
The glowing ſcene unequal to ſuſtain.
But lo! at laſt, from tenfold darkneſs born,
Forth iſſues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, ſacred viſion! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature ſmiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ſhip, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope deſcry'd.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates ſee
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the loſt lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his boſom torn,
The nymph ador'd reſigns her blooming charms,
To bleſs with love ſome happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That ſaw him parting never to return,
Herſelf in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, that genial ſource of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our ſight!
Go, with thy ſmile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the ſcenes where health and pleaſure reign:
But let not here, in ſcorn, thy wanton beam
Inſult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While ſhoreward now the bounding veſſel flies,
Full in her van St George's cliffs ariſe:
High o'er the reſt a pointed crag is ſeen,
Thus hung projecting over a moſſy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their ſkill relentleſs fates oppoſe.
For, while more eaſtward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck overflow.
While, as ſhe wheels, unable to ſubdue
Her ſallies, ſtill they dread her broaching-to *.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven ſide could bear th' invading ſea;
And if the following ſurge ſhe ſcuds before,
Headlong ſhe runs upon the dreadful ſhore;
A ſhore where ſhelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in ſecret ambuſh lurks around.—
Far leſs diſmay'd, Anchiſes' wandering ſon
Was ſeen the ſtraits of Sicily to ſhun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, deſcry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eaſtern ſide;
While in the weſt, with hideous yawn diſclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track purſu'd.
Thus, while to right and left deſtruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring veſſel flies.

arter is the hinder part of a ſhip's ſide;
rhich is near the ſtern.

* Broaching-to, is a ſudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ſhip, whilſt ſcudding or ſailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her ſide to windward. It is generally occaſioned by the difficulty of ſteering her, or by ſome diſaſter happening to the machinery of the helm. See the laſt note of the ſecond Canto.

With boundleſs involution, burſting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-daſhing ſurges roar.
Hoarſe thro' each winding creek the tempeſt raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Deſtruction round th' inſatiate coaſt prepares,
To cruſh the trembling ſhip, unnumber'd ſnares.
But haply now ſhe 'ſcapes the fatal ſtrand,
Tho' ſcarce ten fathoms diſtant from the land.
Swift as the weapon iſſuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haſte,
As on the tempeſt's wing, the iſle ſhe paſt.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The ſailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe, with India's richeſt ore,
A ſafe acceſſion to that barren ſhore!

When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Loſt to the chearful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive waſtes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his boſom agonize,
When far above the ſacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For ſcenes he never ſhall poſſeſs again.

But now Athenian mountains they deſcry,
And o'er the ſurge Colonna frowns on high.
Beſide the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
Firſt planted by devotion to ſuſtain,
In elder times, Tritonia's ſacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with mad'ning rage,
Where waves the rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The ſickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flaſh, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmſman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compaſſion gaz'd upon the blind;
And while around his ſad companions croud,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the ſhroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only ſuccour on the maſt relies!—
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now ſcarce ſubdu'd the wild unbridled courſe:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ſhip's tempeſtuous ſallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he ſaw her, o'er the ſounding foam
Upborn, to right and left diſtracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale diſmay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With raſh and impious hand the ſtripling try'd
Th' immortal courſers of the ſun to guide.—
The veſſel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate ſpurs her on.—Thus iſſuing from afar,
Advances to the ſun ſome blazing ſtar;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated courſe.

With mournful look the ſeamen ey'd the ſtrand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers paſt,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the laſt.
Now on the trembling ſhrouds, before, behind,
In mute ſuſpence they mount into the wind.—
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment ſeem'd to bring.
The fatal Siſters, on the ſurge before,
Yok'd their infernal horſes to the prore.—
The ſteerſmen now receiv'd their laſt command
To wheel the veſſel ſidelong to the ſtrand.
Twelve ſailors, on the foremaſt who depend,
High on the platform of the top aſcend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-preſt by wat'ry weight the bowſprit bends,
And from above the ſtem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremaſt totters, unſuſtain'd on high:
And now the ſhip, fore-lifted by the ſea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful ſtay
Drags the main-topmaſt from its poſt away.
Flung from the maſt, the ſeamen ſtrive in vain
Thro' hoſtile floods their veſſel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of ſtrength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hoſtile waters cloſe around their head,
They ſink for ever, number'd with the dead!

Thoſe who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their loſt companion's fate.
The heart that bleeds with ſorrow all its own.
Forgets the pangs of friendſhip to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the maſt appear;
Even they, amid th' unſpeakable diſtreſs,
In every look diſtracting thoughts confeſs;
In every vein the reſluent blood congeals,
And every boſom fatal terror feels.
Incloſ'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent ſhore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where ſad deſpair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breaſt,
While fancy views the manſions of the bleſt.
For heaven's ſweet help their ſuppliant cries implore;
But heaven, relentleſs, deigns to help no more!

And now, laſh'd on by deſtiny ſevere,
With horror fraught, the dreadful ſcene drew near!
The ſhip hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks riſe, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the ſacred ſhades of yore
Would arm the mind with philoſophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the lateſt breath,
To ſmile ſerene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's ſelf, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyſs had ſhudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wiſeſt of the ſons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this ſcene of phrenzy and diſtreſs,
His ſoul had trembled to its laſt receſs!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This laſt tremendous ſhock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reaſon yet ſuſtain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd
For now th' audacious ſeas inſult the yard;
High o'er the ſhip they throw a horrid ſhade,
And o'er her burſt, in terrible caſcade.
Uplifted on the ſurge, to heaven ſhe flies,
Her ſhatter'd top half buried in the ſkies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps reſound

bulk the dread concuſſion feels,
ring with the wound, in torment, reels.
convuls'd with agoniſing throes,
ing bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
plunges! hark! a ſecond ſhock
ſtrong bottom on the marble rock!
he vale of death, with diſmal cries,
victims ſhuddering roll their eyes
ſpair; while yet another ſtroke,
convulſion, rends the ſolid oak:
he mine, in whoſe infernal cell
ng dæmons of deſtruction dwell,
aſunder torn her frame divides,
ng ſpreads in ruin o'er the tides.
it mine with tuneful Maro's art
o ſympathy the feeling heart;
the ſmooth and mournful verſe to dreſs
omp of exquiſite diſtreſs!
ſeverely taught by cruel fate
all the perils I relate,
t I with unrivall'd ſtrains deplore
vious horrors of a leeward ſhore.
he ſurge the ſtooping main-maſt hung,
rigging thirty ſeamen clung:
ggling, on a broken crag were caſt,
by oozy tangles grappled faſt:
ey bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
mbat with their fate to wage;
umb'd and feeble they forego
ery hold, and ſink to ſhades below.
m the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
ridges, die without a groan.
Palemon on their ſkill depend,
he wreck on oars and rafts deſcend.
e mountain-wave on high they ride,
ward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
who ſeems in agony to ſtrive,
ing breakers heave on ſhore alive;
ſpeedier end of anguiſh knew,
the ſtony beach, a lifeleſs crew!
O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
decreed thee to the briny tomb!
es of miſery torment thy view!
ful ſtruggles of thy dying crew!
'd hopes all buried in the flood,
with corſes! red with human blood!
with anguiſh hoary Priam gaz'd,
y's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
ſevereſt ſorrow doom'd to feel,
neath the victor's murdering ſteel.
his helpleſs partners till the laſt,
! Albert hugs the floating maſt;
uld yet ſuſtain the mortal blow,
, alas! beneath ſuperior woe:
ſt nature's ſympathetic chain
s yearning heart with powerful ſtrain;
l wife for ever doom'd to mourn
las! who never ſhall return;
dverſity's approach expos'd,
and hardſhips unforeſeen enclos'd:
laughter left without a friend,
nce to ſuccour and defend;
nd indigence ſat forth a prey
guilt, that flatters to betray—
e reflections rack his feeling mind,
who hung beſide, his graſp reſign'd;
e tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
ſtch'd arms the maſter's legs enfold.—

Sad Albert feels the diſſolution near,
And ſtrives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The guſhing ſtreams roll back th' unfiniſh'd ſound!
He gaſps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the periſh'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which ſhoreward drives along;
With theſe Arion ſtill his hold ſecures,
And all the aſſaults of hoſtile waves endures.
O'er the dire proſpect as for life he ſtrives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet ſurvives.
Ah wherefore, truſting to unequal art,
Didſt thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! theſe rocks all human ſkill defy,
Who ſtrikes them once beyond relief muſt die:
And now, ſore wounded, thou perhaps art toſt
On theſe, or in ſome oozy cavern loſt.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of deſtruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal ſhafts commiſſion'd fly.
And now a breaking ſurge, with forceful ſway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gaſp! they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' eluſive weed!—
Another billow burſts in boundleſs roar!
Arion ſinks! and Memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preſide!
My ſtunn'd ear tingles on the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the diſmal proſpect opens round,
The wreck, the ſhores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And ſee! enfeebled by repeated ſhocks,
Thoſe two who ſcramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithleſs hold no longer can retain,
They ſink o'erwhelm'd, and never riſe again!
Two with Arion yet the maſt upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the ſhore:
Still trembling to deſcend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhauſted wave's retreat,
Then climb ſlow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whoſe ſovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they ſhuddering ſtand,
Receive the languid incenſe they beſtow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each ſoul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praiſe;
In every heart diſmay with wonder ſtrives,
And Hope the ſicken'd ſpark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health reſtore,
Till horror and deſpair are felt no more.
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft theſe perils of the deep deſcry,
Rous'd by the bluſtering tempeſt of the night,
Anxious had clim'd Colenna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the ſcene of ruin ſtood;
The ſurf with mangled bodies ſtrew'd around,
And thoſe yet breathing on the ſea-waſh'd ground!

Tho' loſt to ſcience and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with haſt'ning ſteps they hied,
Th' unhapy ſufferers to affiſt and guide.
Mean while thoſe three eſcap'd beneath explore
The firſt advent'rous youth who reach'd the ſhore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpleſs, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon:—oh; what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's ſoul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this ſole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And ſhare the future good or ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah! ſad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory ſorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on ſome reſiſting rock,
His ribs were daſh'd and fractured with the ſhock:
Heart-piercing ſight! thoſe cheeks ſo late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal ſhade!
Diſtilling blood his lovely breaſt o'erſpread,
And clogg'd the golden treſſes of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious ſtroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
Th' unconſcious figure ſmiling all ſerene,
Suſpended in a golden chain was ſeen.
Hadſt thou, ſoft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could expreſs
Thine agony! thine exquiſite diſtreſs?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes ſhall never ſee again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiouſly the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppreſt,
In faultering accents thus his friend addreſs'd:
" O reſcu'd from deſtruction late ſo nigh
" Beneath whoſe fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this laſt retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yeſter-morn enjoy'd,
" Inchanting hopes, for ever now deſtroy'd!
" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
" By thoſe fell breakers, where in vain I ſtrove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
" Far other ſcenes muſt ſoon preſent my ſight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
" Ah! wretched father of a wretched ſon,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguiſh and deſpair!
" Such dire effects from avarice ariſe,
" That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wiſe,
" With force ſevere endeavours to controul
" The nobleſt paſſions that inſpire the ſoul.
" But O, thou ſacred Power! whoſe law connects
" Th' eternal chain of cauſes and effects,
" Let not thy chaſtening miniſters of rage
" Afflict with ſharp remorſe his feeble age!
" And you, Arion! who with theſe the laſt
" Of all our crew ſurvive the Shipwreck paſt—
" Ah! ceaſe to mourn! thoſe friendly tears reſtrain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since heaven may ſoon thy wandering ſteps reſtore,
" When parted hence, to England's diſtant ſhore;
" Shouldſt thou, th' unwilling meſſenger of fate,
" To him the tragic ſtory firſt relate,
" Oh! friendſhip's generous ardour then ſuppreſs!
" Nor hint the fatal cauſe of my diſtreſs;
" Nor let each horrid incident ſuſtain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
" Ah! then remember well my laſt requeſt
" For her who reigns for ever in my breaſt;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpleſs maid to ſuccour and defend.
" Say, I this ſuit implor'd with parting breath,
" So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely Anna ſhouldſt thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the diſmal ſcene ſoft pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew,
" Lo! her bright image pendent on my neck,
" Is all Palemon reſcu'd from the wreck;
" Take it and ſay, when panting in the wave,
" I ſtruggled, life and this alone to ſave!
" My ſoul that fluttering haſtens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
" But ſtrives in vain!—The chilling ice of death
" Congeals my blood, and chokes the ſtream of breath:
" Reſign'd ſhe quits her comfortleſs abode,
" To courſe that long, unknown, eternal road.—
" O ſacred Source of ever-living light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful ſhore,
" Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!
" When thou ſome tale of hapleſs love ſhalt hear,
" That ſteals from pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaſte hearts, by mutual paſſion join'd,
" To abſence, ſorrow and deſpair confign'd,
" Oh! then, to ſwell the tides of ſocial woe,
" That heal th' afflicted boſom they o'erflow,
" While Memory dictates, this ſad Shipwreck tell,
" And what diſtreſs thy wretched friend befel!
" Then, while in ſtreams of ſoft compaſſion drown'd,
" The ſwains lament, and maidens weep around;
" While liſping children, touch'd with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconſcious tear;
" Oh! then this moral bid their ſouls retain,
" All thoughts of happineſs on earth are vain *."
The laſt faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His boſom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And ſhades eternal ſink upon his eyes!
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeleſs clay;
Tranſfix'd he ſtood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the ſilent drop diſtill'd.
Oh, ill-ſtarr'd vot'ry of unſpotted truth!
Untimely periſh'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful ſtory ſhall diſplay,
And all the horrors of this diſmal day!
Diſaſtrous day! what ruin haſt thou bred!
What anguiſh to the living and the dead!

* ——— ſed ſcilicet ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini; " dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet."
Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

ft the widow all forlorn,
l the orphan child to mourn;
ourney hopeleſs to complain!
e theſe events ordain?
! avoid that wond'rous maze,
ft in endleſs error, ſtrays!
my vale of life we run,
ll effects, "Thy will be done!"
Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
ſs few who yet ſurviv'd:
ey behold the waves o'erſpread
ſts and corſes of the dead,
benumb'd and faint they find,
ce on a rock reclin'd.
tives, mov'd with ſocial pain,
ers in their arms ſuſtain;
hs their hapleſs lot deplore,
rembling from the fatal ſhore.

CASIONAL

E G Y.

of death is clos'd, the mournful
ins
ing langour on the ear:
yet ſympathy complains,
pence awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

es with prophetic eye
ture and the paſt explore;
vion's influence can defy,
ſpirit to th' eternal ſhore.

on! if thy ſhade can hear
Friendſhip ſtill lament thy doom;
lations bend thine ear,
eal incenſe o'er thy tomb.

he gentle maid ſhall weep,
anguiſh nips her vital bloom;
me ſhall ſtern diſeaſes creep,
lovely victim to the tomb.

ry ſhall the Father ſting,
Virtue's ſchool diſtreſs to bear;
is tortur'd ſoul ſhall wring,
an and periſh in deſpair.

ons of diſtreſs, adieu!
l pains and dangers are no more!
w ſhall howl unheard by you,
ſmites in vain the trembling ſhore.

, ſurcharg'd with rain and ſnow,
ſmal nights no more ſhall beat:
he vertic ſun may glow,
he panting earth with baneful heat.

rful Maid, the ſprightly ſtrain,
e dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeleſs Love impart undying pain,
When far from ſcenes of ſocial joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waſte you ſtray,
While hunger and diſeaſe your life conſume;
While parching thirſt, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blaſted roſe of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with miſery ſevere;
No more behold pale Famine, ſcattering death,
With cruel ravage deſolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's ſwelling ſtrain,
Unheard ſhall from the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hoſtile ſquadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards ſtill moleſt
The wandring vaſſals of the faithleſs deep,
O! happier now eſcap'd to endleſs reſt,
Than we who ſtill ſurvive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crouds ſhall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your ſable bier,
Who ſadly liſten to the paſſing bell:

The tutor'd ſigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguiſh to the ſoul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends beſtow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no ſculptur'd pile your name diſplays,
Like thoſe who periſh in their country's cauſe;
What tho' no epic Muſe in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applauſe:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the ſpotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muſes crown
The ſlaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet ſhall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your ſcene, and ſigh with grief ſincere;
And ſoft Compaſſion, at your tragic tale,
In ſilent tribute pay her kindred tear.

A

P O E M,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of war's hoarſe alarms,
And the tremendous clang of claſhing arms,
Deſcend, my Muſe! a deeper ſcene to draw
(A ſcene will hold the liſt'ning world in awe*)

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

Is my intent: Melpomene inſpire,
While, with ſad notes, I ſtrike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with eaſy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the ſorrow it deſcribes, my ſong,
In ſolemn pomp, majeſtic, move along.
Oh! bear me to ſome awful ſilent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting ſhade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus ſhone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarſer winds howl murm'ring thro' the grove;
Where ſome unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring thro' the gloom;
Where Solitude and Meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpſe of hope can come:
Place me in ſuch an unfrequented ſhade,
To ſpeak to none but with the mighty dead:
T' aſſiſt the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarſe howling Boreas with my ſighs.
When Winter's horrors left Britannia's iſle,
And Spring in blooming verdure gan to ſmile;
When rills unbound, began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal ſong;
When ſprouting roſes, deck'd in crimſon dye,
Began to bloom,———
Hard fate! then, noble FRED'RIC, didſt thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable Fate's decree,
Th' approaching ſummer ne'er on earth to ſee;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whoſe flame the virtue of no herbs aſſwage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentleſs Deſtiny cries, "No delay."
Ye Pow'rs! and muſt a prince ſo noble die?
(Whoſe equal breathes not under th' ambient ſky:)
Ah! muſt he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
Cut by the ſcythe of all-devouring Time?
Yes, Fate has doom'd! his ſoul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of Fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of Deſtiny
Pronounc'd, All mortals muſt ſubmiſſive die.
The Princes wail around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noiſe the matrons ſcream around,
With female ſhrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A diſmal noiſe! Now one promiſcuous roar
Cries, "Ah! the noble FRED'RIC is no more!"
The Chief reluctant yields his lateſt breath,
His eye-lids ſettle in the ſhades of death;
Dark ſable ſhades preſent before each eye,
And the deep vaſt abyſs, Eternity!
Thro' Perpetuity's expanſe he ſprings;
And o'er the vaſt profound he ſhoots on wings:
The Soul to diſtant regions ſteers her flight,
And ſails incumbent on inferior night:
With vaſt celerity ſhe ſhoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To ſhine for ever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeleſs fate.
Diſconſolate they move, a mournful band!
In ſolemn pomp they march along the ſtrand:
The noble Chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.
Adown AUGUSTA'S pallid viſage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
Diſconſolate, hapleſs, ſee pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd iſle! forſaken and forlorn!
With deſp'rate hands her bleeding breaſt ſhe beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim Deſtruction threats
She mourns with heart-felt grief, ſhe rends her hair
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'ſt thou mourn thy Patriot's timeleſs end,
Thy Muſes patron, and thy Merchants friend.
What heart ſhall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
T' encourage arts, whoſe bounty now ſhall flow,
And learned ſcience to promote, beſtow?
Who now protect thee from the hoſtile frown,
And to the injur'd Juſt return his own?
From us'ry and oppreſſion who ſhall guard
The helpleſs, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaſeleſs woe to moan!
Impending Deſolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming Spring droops her enamel'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
The ſprouting leaves already drop away;
Languiſh the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, ſee; o'er the blaſted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
Wrapp'd in th' expanſive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarſe thunder mutters thro' th' aerial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the ſtorms renew,
And ſprouts, with fatal haſte, the baleful yew.
Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's ſinking ſtate!
Minerva, hover o'er young GEORGE'S ſoul;
May ſacred wiſdom all his deeds controul!
Exalted grandeur in each action ſhine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.
Methinks I ſee him ſhine a glorious ſtar,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praiſe reſound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, thro' ev'ry diſtant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he ſprung!
So ſable ſmoke, in volumes, curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the ſky:
Already ſo, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around th' admiring venerating world.
So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
Laments the abſence of all-cheering day;
Far diſtant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpſe does glimmer thro' the gloom
In thought he breathes, each ſigh his lateſt breath,
Preſent, each meditation, pits of death:
Irreg'lar, wild chimæras fill his ſoul,
And death, and dying, every ſtep controul.
Till from the eaſt there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vaniſh as a fleeting dream.
Hid in a cloud the Sun firſt ſhoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;
We ſee no ſpot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and loſt within th' exceſſive blaze.

D E

THE

SECOND DEPARTURE

AS REAR ADMIRAL.

THE ROYAL GEORGE.

ral ſtreamers play!
ard haſtes away;
an bowers,
ſprightly throng await!
gal Grandeur towers
its of ſtate!
Virtue's ſacred ſtrain
uſe complain!
is the comic ſtage,
nd a venal age;
he ſoft, melodious lay,
nies congenial play!
ſe, who dwell
Peace, farewell!
's of the Myrtle Grove
Fable diſplays;
happier realms of Love,
unfading bloom arrays:
g roſes blow,
pleaſures grow;
ts of youth no more
he peaceful ſhore:
onger charms,
ume alone can pleaſe.
m beats to arms,
moves, thro' ſtorms and win-

O R U S.

ts of youth no more
he peaceful ſhore,
ume alone can pleaſe;
es, thro' ſtorms and wintery

's hoſtile train appears
courſe that Honour ſteers;
ds the rugged way,
nd diſmay:
lls; to guard her laws,
gallant youth reſigns;
aval ſword he draws,
conducts her martial lines:
ghtly clarions play;
e leads the way!
ſe, the ſounding drum,
their Maſter's come.

O R U S.

ghtly clarions play;
e leads the way!

The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Maſter's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike Son
The thorny courſe of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to ſubdue:
For Pleaſure Venus' lovely form aſſum'd;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And ſtruck his raviſh'd ſight.
Tranſfix'd, amas'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Inchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confeſt
Th' alternate paſſions in his breaſt:
Her ſwelling boſom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thouſand tender pains inſtill'd,
A thouſand flatt'ring thoughts inſpir'd:
Perſuaſion's ſweeteſt language hung
In melting accent on her tongue:
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
Infus'd a magic power;
She preſt him to the roſy vale,
And ſhew'd th' Elyſian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
Conducts him bluſhing to the bleſt alcove:
Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to Nature's ſoft alarms!

CHORUS.

Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to Nature's ſoft alarms!

Aſſiſt, ye guardian powers above,
From Ruin ſave the ſon of Jove,
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame:
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whoſe point the magnet's influence feels,
Inſpir'd with awe,
He turning, ſaw
The Nymph divine
Tranſcendent ſhine;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a ſacred impulſe ſway'd:
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And Love, Regret, and Hope, divide his ſoul.
But ſoon her words his pain deſtroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celeſtial art,
Now ſwell'd to ſtrains of nobler joy.
Inſtructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy ſteps the realms explore
Where guilt and error are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath diſpelling, melt away:
Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd her ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd her ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turned,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other Hope ſhe ſhone,
Like him the royal youth ſhe won:
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial enſigns flow,
And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
The wat'ry profound,
Awak'd by the ſound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields:
High on the deck behold he ſtands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join:
They, while the warlike trumpet's ſtrain,
Deep ſounding, ſwells along the main,
Extend the embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

Now with ſhouting peals of joy,
The ſhips their horrid tubes diſplay,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the ſignal to deſtroy:
The ſailors all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their ſhouts ariſe,
And ſhake the vaulted ſkies!
Exulting with bacchanal rage,
Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And, when his proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And, when his proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remoteſt hoſtile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy reſiſtleſs martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul:
Thy ſeamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can ſubdue:
To thy great truſt
Severely juſt,
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim:
To meet the foe,
Their boſoms glow;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy ſeamen invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can ſubdue:
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
Triumphant ſtrike each living ſtring,
For him, in extacy divine,
Your choral Io Paeans ſing!
For him your feſtive concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
Wake! O wake the joyful ſong!
Ye Fauns of the woods,
Ye Nymphs of the floods,
The muſical current prolong!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain
To ſwell the grand chorus accor
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the main
Exulting acknowledge your Lord
Till all the wild numbers combin'd
That floating proclaim
Our Admiral's name,
In ſymphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful ſong
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the p
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the m
The muſical current prolong!

O! while conſenting Britons prai
Theſe votive meaſures deign to
For thee my Muſe awakes her la
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a ſoul ſincere.
Nor thou, illuſtrious Chief, refu
The incenſe of a nautic muſe!
For ah! to whom ſhall Neptune's ſons
But him whoſe arms unrivall'd rule t
Deep on my grateful breaſt
Thy favour is impreſt:
No happy ſon of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came!
A hapleſs youth, whoſe vital page
Was one ſad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthleſs fate, impelling tide
Bade wave on wave in dire ſucceſſion f
To glittering ſtars and titled names
Preferr'd his ſuit to thee alone.
The tale your ſacred pity mov'd
You felt, conſented, and approv'd,
Then touch my ſtrings, ye bleſt Pieri
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
y boſom kindle with Promethean fi
And ſwell each note with energy di
No more to plaintive ſounds of
Let the vocal numbers flow!
erhaps the Chief to whom I ſing
May yet ordain auſpicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lay
nd tune to war the nervous ſtring.

or who, untaught in Neptune's ſchool,
hough all the powers of genius he poſſeſs,
hough diſciplin'd by claſſic rule,
With daring pencil can diſplay
he fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents expreſs?
him, my Muſe, theſe warlike ſtrains belong!
rce of thy hope, and patron of thy ſong.

CHORUS.

him, my Muſe, theſe warlike ſtrains belong!
rce of thy hope, and patron of thy ſong.

THE

OND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

I.

YMPH of ev'ry charm poſſeſs'd,
hat native virtue gives,
ny boſom all-confeſs'd,
ht idea lives.
ny trembling numbers play
the pathleſs deep,
dly ſocial with my lay
inds in concert weep.

II.

's ſacred influence charms
ge of adverſe fate,
the pleaſing ſoft alarms
:ruel pangs create?
her thoughts, by ſenſe refin'd
ful truth expreſs,
efore ſenſe and truth are join'd
re my ſoul diſtreſs?

III.

her blooming lips I preſs,
a vernal fragrance fills,
my veins the ſweet exceſs
nbling motion thrills;
ce this ſecret anguiſh grows,
nial with my joy?
the touch, where pleaſure glows,
l vital peace deſtroy?

IV.

my fair, in melting ſong,
es the vocal lay,
our notes, ye Phocian throng,
pleaſing ſounds convey;
apt all o'er with fondeſt love,
heaves this broken ſigh?
my blood forgets to move,
, adore, and die.

V.

Accept, my charming maid the ſtrain
Which you alone inſpire;
To thee the dying ſtrings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding boſom eaſe,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happpy art to pleaſe,
Or deign to love like me.

THE

DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in theſe licentious times,
When with ſuch towering ſtrides Sedition climbs,
With ſenſe or ſatire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great deciſive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the paſs of fate to bar her way:
Whoſe heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking ſnares of ſpecious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And ſtem, with ſtubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, inſolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thouſand mortal ſhafts in ſecret fly;
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Purſues the incautious victim to deſtroy:
And Slander ſtrives, with unrelenting aim,
To ſpit her blaſting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble ſtings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Inclos'd with perils thus the conſcious Muſe,
Alarm'd, though undiſmay'd, her danger views.
Nor ſhall unmanly terror now controul
The ſtrong reſentment ſtruggling in her ſoul;
While indignation, with reſiſtleſs ſtrain,
Pours her full deluge thro' each ſwelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breaſt,
By ſordid caution is her voice ſuppreſt,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious ſtruts on Power's imperial ſtage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Diſcord, ſcreaming, ſhakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The ſacrilegious ſword Rebellion draws;
Shall ſhe at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! ſhe fears no threat'ning foe,
When conſcious Juſtice bids her boſom glow:
And while ſhe kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendſhip blame
She feels the ſting of keen reſentment goad,
Tho' guiltleſs yet of Satire's thorny road.

Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vaſſal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Aſs thro' Gotham bray!
Our poet brandiſhes a mimic ſword,
To rule a realm of dunces ſelf-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curſe his iron ſway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herſelf, unarm'd, the fearleſs Muſe
Thro' Reaſon's path her ſteady courſe purſues;
True to herſelf advances, undeterr'd
By the rude clamours of the ſavage herd.
As ſome bold ſurgeon, with inſerted ſteel,
Probes deep the putrid ſore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall ſhe with cauſtic's healing fires corrode.
Yet ere from patient ſlumber Satire wakes,
And brandiſhes th' avenging ſcourge of ſnakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark receſſes of his heart diſplay;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in ſevereſt danger's trying hour!
Let Truth conſenting, with the trump of Fame,
His glory, in auſpicious ſtrains, proclaim!
He bade the tempeſt of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from ſhore to ſhore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
How oft my boſom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applauſe beſtow'd;
Applauſe, that, genuine as the bluſh of youth
Unknown to guile, was ſanctify'd by truth!
How oft I bleſt the PATRIOT's honeſt rage,
That greatly dar'd to laſh the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and ſtrong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That Power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all Corruption's venal arts defy'd!
When from afar thoſe penetrating eyes
Beheld each ſecret hoſtile ſcheme ariſe;
Watch'd every motion of the faithleſs foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthuſiaſt, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in ſecret with congenial flame;
While my young boſom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.
Such then he ſeem'd, and ſuch indeed might be,
If Truth with Error ever could agree!
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object ſhe deſign'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue ſhould ſo ſoon decay,
And Faction's wild applauſe thy heart betray!
The Muſe with ſecret ſympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when thoſe dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread diſcord and diſtraction thro' the ſtate,
Reaſon ſhould then exert her utmoſt power
To guard our paſſions in that fatal hour.
There was a time, ere yet his conſcious heart
Durſt from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous ſentiment it glow'd,
A ſtranger to Corruption's ſlippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durſt avow
Thoſe honeſt maxims he deſpiſes now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the inſatiate German vulture rail!
Whoſe cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whoſe hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The miſts of error, that in darkneſs held
Our reaſon, like the ſun, his voice diſpell'd.
And lo! exhauſted, with no power to ſave,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;
Hung roung her neck, a millſtone's ponde
weight
Drags down the ſtruggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our boſom feels,
We bleſs the man this horror who reveals.
But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! poſſeſt of power's imperial reins,
Our chief thoſe viſionary ills diſdains!
Alas! how ſoon the ſteady PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change aſtoniſh'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accurs'd Weſtphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millſtone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, ſtrange to tell, ſtill ſtranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er ſaw, and heart could ne'er co
ceive,
At once, tranſplanted by the Sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in diſtant Auſtria ſtand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Weſtphalia utters groan for groan:
By ſympathy ſhe ſevers with her fires,
Burns as ſhe burns, and as ſhe dies expires.
From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Swoln with ſucceſs, and with applauſe inflam'd
He ſcorn'd all caution, all advice diſclaim'd;
Arm'd with War's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Thoſe patriot-principles maintain'd before.
Perverſe, inconſtant, obſtinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful ſtrand
He once devoted all his powers to brand!
Our hapleſs country views with weeping eyes,
On every ſide, o'erwhelming horrors riſe;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhauſted of her powe,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies waſted with inceſſant toils,
Or doom'd to periſh in contagious ſoils,
To guard ſome needy royal plunderer's throne,
And ſent to fall in battles not their own.
Th' enormous debt at home, tho' long o'erchang'd,
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Cruſh'd with increaſing taxes to the ground,
That ſuck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with ſevere diſtreſs th' induſtrious poor,
Driven by the ruthleſs landlord to the door.
While thus our land her hapleſs fate bemoans
In ſecret, and with inward ſorrow groans;
Tho' deck'd with tinſel trophies of renown,
All gaſh'd with ſores, with anguiſh bending down
Can yet ſome impious parricide appear,
Who ſtrives to make this anguiſh more ſevere?
Can one exiſt, ſo much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with freſh effuſion flow?
There can; to him in vain ſhe lifts her eyes,
His ſoul relentleſs hears her piercing ſighs!
Shameleſs of front, impatient of controul,
He ſpurs her onward to Deſtruction's goal!
Nor yet content on curſt Weſtphalia's ſhore,
With mad profuſion to exhauſt her ſtore,

pompous fulminations brand,
nble at the ſight of land:
'ars the public eye he turns;
l, and at reaſon ſpurns;
ı danger, by diſtreſs aſſail'd,
ourage, and o'er ſkill prevail'd;
g in the ſtorm himſelf had brew'd,
aſt its horrors to elude.
d ſhift muſt ſtill protect his name,
iltleſs head transfer his ſhame:
modeſt Diffidence oppoſe
:e, that golden time he choſe;
ſurges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
loriouſly forſook the helm.
events collected to relate,
ions recapitulate.
ım'd, by mean perfidious art,
tenets foreign to his heart:
country's fond applauſes ſwell'd,
If forward into power, and held
principles which he alone,
and wanton with ſucceſs, could own;
intereſt and abus'd her truſt;
prayers, forſook her in diſguſt;
ummery, and moſt vile grimace,
ıe city with a woeful face,
, a PATRIOT out of place!
merous Prince, and in the day
:ulks, becauſe he cannot ſway!
mes embroil'd him with allies!
ome the flames of DISCORD riſe!
! from Hell the exulting Fury ſprings!
leſtruction ſailing on her wings!
ſcream an hundred harpies fell!
demons ſhriek with hideous yell!
, in mortal venom dipt on high,
he deadlieſt ſhafts of ſative fly,
chill brandiſhes his clumſy club,
unloads his excremental tub,
ere Entick, aukward and unclean,
s native dſt, a worm obſcene!
h unnumber'd wings, from van to

nameleſs buzzing drones appear:
ark cells the angry inſects ſwarm,
ittle ſting attempt to arm.
ns*, *Privileges**, moulder round,
*Scourges** rot upon the ground:
r Kenrick ſtrives, with fruitleſs aim,
ſtreet ſlander to extend his name:
s the ſlavering, ſnarling cur,
s his famiſh'd jaws with fur.
in ſpreads the aſſaſſinating cloke,
ing rancour gives the ſecret ſtroke;
d with filth, around this ſenſeleſs block,
ſpider-bards obſequious flock:
emure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
ver hangs each flimſy woof;
rown, attempts, with aukward prance,
y theatre to bleat and dance.
d with iliac paſſion, mouthing Leech,
las! for Satire's whip to reach,
ack entrails, Faction's common ſewer,
l her excremental ſtore,

ı poems intended to be very ſatirical; but
efer our reader to the Reviews.

With equal pity and regret the Muſe
The thundering ſtorm that rage around her views;
Impartial views the tides of Diſcord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her Patriot heart with anguiſh torn,
Would eye the oppoſing chiefs with equal ſcorn.
Let Freedom's deadlieſt foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof ſhe ſtands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villainy the ſcourge of juſtice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
Let ſome ſoft mummy of a peer, who ſtains
His rank, ſome ſodden lump of aſs's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his ſanction give;
Support his ſlander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wiſdom all to him ſubmit!
Let proud Ambition's ſons, with hearts ſevere,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag diſplay,
And inembodied ranks her troops array!
While coward juſtice, trembling on her ſeat,
Like a vile ſlave deſcends to lick her feet!
Nor here let Cenſure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muſe has ſtray'd!
Sometimes the impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant burſting, ſwamps the adjacent grounds
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Thro' the deep channel ſtill purſues its way.
Our pilot now retir'd, no pleaſure knows,
But every man and meaſure to oppoſe;
Like Æſop's cur, ſtill ſnarling and perverſe,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curſe,
No more at Council his advice will lend,
But with all others who adviſe contend:
He bids diſtraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, ſwelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes*:

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary perſon is characteriſed, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very ſingular complexion and conſtitution, who was alſo diſtinguiſhed by a train of incidents pretty nearly reſembling thoſe we have mentioned above; although he poſſibly never anticipated the ſimilitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our hiſtorian informs us, that, "Luca Pitti, a bold and reſolute man, being now made gonfalonere of juſtice,—having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpoſe, he not only treated thoſe that were members of the council with great inſolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and ſoon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of Auguſt 1453, he called the people together into the Piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not ſo much as hear of before. Pitti had alſo very rich preſents, not only from Coſimo and the ſignory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generoſity to him; ſo that it was thought he had above twenty thouſand ducats given him at that time; after which he became

Swallows the penſion; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the profer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to ſave,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.
But ſhould ſome frantic wretch, whom all men know
To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to ſhame and friendſhip's ſocial tie;
Should ſuch a miſcreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wreſting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Would'ſt thou with this deteſted robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid it, Heaven! thou canſt not be ſo baſe,
To blaſt thy name with infamous diſgrace!
The muſe who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not ſo black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven, the Muſe her ignorance betray's
For while a thouſand eyes with wonder gaze,
Tho' gorg'd and glutted with his country's ſtore,
The vulture pounces on the ſhining ore;
In his ſtrong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.
The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, ſtrikes Expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and liſten to the Muſe's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair ſucceſſion ſhall impart.
Ere yet the deſolating god of war
Had cruſh'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had ſhook her ſhores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms!
In climes remote, beyond the ſetting ſun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial boſom groan!
What ſavage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and diſtant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flames conſum'd,
And the ſad owner to deſtruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguiſh torn,
Or left to periſh naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins ſhriek'd in vain!
In every look diſtraction ſeem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and deſpair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and inſtant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming ſword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That ſhook the deep abyſs from zone to zone;
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the ſtorm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet †.

came ſo popular, that the city was no longer governed by Coſimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inſpired him with vanity.—After this he had recourſe to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater preſents from the chief citizens, but alſo made the commonalty ſupply him with workmen and artificers." MACHIAVEL's Hiſt. Florence. This has an unlucky reſemblance to a certain great perſon's driving through the city with borrowed horſes, and being offered to have his horſes unyoked, and his chariot drawn by his good friends the mob. We ſhall, in due time and place, give ſome account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after ſome particular events, he was univerſally regarded.

† Although our author has no preſent inclination to enter into political controverſy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in ſome manner is connected with this part of his ſubject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-ſubjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ſhip provided in time of war to exchange the priſoners of any two hoſtile powers; alſo to carry any particular requeſt or propoſal from the one to the other: for this reaſon ſhe is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a ſingle gun for firing ſignals.

"Our honeſt Americans however, who have ſo ſorely grieved of late for paying a ſmall part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no ſcruple to diſobey and deſpiſe this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual ſupplies of proviſions to our enemies in the Weſt-Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen ſpirits, at a time when they were gaſping under the weight of our arms. With ſo much addreſs, indeed, did theſe oppreſt and unfortunate traders conduct this ſcheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the ſame time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. ſailed together for the French iſlands, and, in order to evade the ſtrict examination of our ſhips of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the ſame expert owners, to ſeize their own veſſels, and direct their courſe to the places of their firſt deſtination; but if they were examined by our ſhips of war, to an Engliſh port. But this clumſy trick did not long eſcape the vigilance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows ſent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-maſters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ſhip; and of conſequence only ſent to elude their ſcrutiny.

"The moſt bare-faced effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the ſeizing an armed veſſel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take theſe illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman, whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppoſe and diſtreſs. They employed a crew of ruffians, who ſeiſed his veſſel openly, in the moſt unwarranted and lawleſs manner, and brought home in triumph to the town, when ſhe had only five men aboard: and ſo inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a ſtronger confirmation of the truth of the above account, than the following letter of Mr. Pitt:

ars diſpell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
e grounds induſtriouſly improv'd,
ns with trade, with fleets her harbours
rown'd,
ity ſmiling on her plains around;
ſt with all that commerce could ſupply,
regards with jealous eye,
:er'd heart, the *Parent*, who ſo late
:h'd her gaſping from the jaws of Fate;
, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
:vous aggravated burdens tax'd,
ures waſted by a hungry brood
orants, that ſuck her vital blood;

a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the ſe-
Governors and Councils in North America,
g to the Flag of Truce Trade.

" Whitehall, Auguſt 24, 1760.

Gentlemen,

: commanders of his Majeſty's forces, &c.
America and the Weſt Indies have tranſ-
rtain and repeated intelligences of an illegal
pernicious trade carried on by the king's
n North America and the Weſt Indies, as
e French iſlands as to the French ſettlements
ntinent in America, and particularly to the
bile and Miſſiſippi; by which the enemies,
eat reproach and detriment of government,
ied with proviſions and other neceſſaries;
they are principally, if not alone, enabled
and protract this long and expenſive war.
rther appearing, that large ſums of bullion
y the king's ſubjects to the above places, in
ereof commodities are taken, which inter-
the product of the Britiſh colonies them-
open contempt of the authority of the mo-
try, as well as the moſt manifeſt prejudice
anufactures and trade of Great Britain:
therefore, to put the moſt ſpeedy and
ſtop to ſuch flagitious practices, ſo utterly
of all laws, and ſo highly repugnant to
eing of this kingdom:
s his majeſty's expreſs will and pleaſure,
lo forthwith make the ſtricteſt and moſt di-
quiry into the ſtate of this dangerous and
us trade; and that you do uſe every means
wer to detect and diſcover perſons concern-
n principals or acceſſaries therein; and that
ke every ſtep authoriſed by law to bring all
ous offenders to the moſt exemplary and
niſhment: and you will, as ſoon as may
om time to time tranſmit to me, for the
formation, full and particular accounts of
ſs you ſhall have made in the execution of
ajeſty's commands, to the which the king
at you pay the moſt exact obedience. And
rther to uſe your utmoſt endeavours to trace
veſtigate the various artifices and evaſions
:he dealers in this iniquitous intercourſe find
cover their criminal proceedings, and to
aw; in order that from ſuch lights due and
nſiderations may be had what farther pro-
y be neceſſary to reſtrain an evil of ſuch
nd pernicious conſequences.

I am, &c.

VIII.

Who now of *her* demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging ſword ſhe drew.
Scarce had America the juſt requeſt
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithleſs breaſt
Reſentment glows, enrag'd ſedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws ſhe ſpurns!
Her ſecret hate, incapable of ſhame
Or gratitude, incenſes to a flame,
Derides our power, bids inſurrection riſe,
Inſults our honour, and our laws defies;
O'er all her coaſts is heard th' audacious roar,
" England ſhall rule America no more!"
Soon as on Britain's ſhore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to puniſh, ſhe her ſcourge withheld
From her perfidious ſons who thus rebell'd:
Now ſtung with anguiſh, now with rage aſſail'd,
Till pity in her ſoul at laſt prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal ſteel
Till fair perſuaſion made one laſt appeal.
And now the great deciſive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling *Patriot* caſt her eye;
His voice like thunder will ſupport her cauſe,
Enforce her dictates, and ſuſtain her laws;
Rich with her ſpoils, his ſanction will diſmay,
And bid th' inſurgents tremble and obey.
He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to
hit,
Diſcover language or ideas fit?
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and ſwag-
ger,
The ſenſe to puzzle, and the brain to ſtagger?
Our *Patriot* comes!—with phrenzy fir'd, the Muſe
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portreſs of hell-gate he ſtands,
Bellona's ſcourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous ſhark,
' A cry of hell-hounds never ceaſing bark!'
And lo! th'enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millſtone hangs upon his neck!
On him Ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our *Patriot* comes!—the buckles of whoſe ſhoes
Not Cromwell's ſelf was worthy to unlooſe.
Repeat his name in thunder to the ſkies!
Ye hills fall proſtrate, and ye vales ariſe!
Thro' Faction's wilderneſs prepare the way!
Prepare, ye liſtening ſenates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him ſtand,
The alpha and omega of the land!
Methinks I hear the bellowing *Demagogue*
Dumb-ſounding declamations diſembogue,
Expreſſions of immeaſurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of ſtrength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the ſenſe;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exaſperated metaphors convey!
With theſe auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enraged Sedition beat the charge;
From England's ſanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And liſts to *guide* in inſurrection's cauſe.
And lo! where, in her facrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while ſhe yet ſuſpends her impious aim,
With thoſe infernal lungs aroufe the flame!
Tho' England merits not her leaſt regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes ſhall reward!

Ariſe, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The ſignal her black enſigns to diſplay*.
* * * * * * * * * * * *

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, preſuming upon his late alliance, and the promiſes which Pietro had made him; * * * *

But amongſt all the changes that enſued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the caſe of Luca Pitt, who ſoon began to experience the difference betwixt proſperity and adverſity, betwixt living in authority and falling into diſgrace. His houſe, which uſed to be crowded with ſwarms of followers and dependants, was now unfrequented as a deſert; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being ſeen with him, but durſt not even ſalute him if they met him in the ſtreet; ſome of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their eſtates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he began to build were abandoned by the workmen; the ſervices he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuſe; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable preſents, now came to demand them again, as only lent; and others, who before uſed to flatter and extol him to the ſkies, in theſe circumſtances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence; ſo that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. MACH. Hiſt. Flor.

To thee, whoſe ſoul, all ſtedfaſt and ſerene,
Beholds the tumults that diſtract our ſcene;
And, in the calmer ſeats of wiſdom plac'd,
Enjoys the ſweets of ſentiment and taſte;
To thee, O *Marius!* whom no factions ſway,
Th' impartial Muſe devotes her honeſt lay!
In her fond breaſt no proſtituted aim,
Nor venal hope, aſſumes fair friendſhip's name:
Sooner ſhall *Churchill's* feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *Demagogue* aſtray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in Error's night,
Eclipſe great *Mansfield's* ſtrong meridian light,
Than ſhall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendſhip in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering ſcenes of war;
Or in the bleſt retreat of Virtue laid,
Where Contemplation ſpreads her awful ſhade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven deſert me at my lateſt hour!

Still Satire bids my boſom beat to arms,
And throb with irreſiſtible alarms.
Like ſome full river charg'd with falling ſhowers,
Still o'er my breaſt her ſwelling deluge pours.
But reſt and Silence now, who wait beſide,
With their ſtrong flood gates bar th' impetuous tide.

* * * * * * * * * * *

END OF FALCONER'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS OF MR. LLOYD.

THE

THOR's APOLOGY.

Works are advertis'd for ſale,
d cenſures fly as thick as hail;
poor ſcheme of publication
e dearth of converſation.
ill the *World* ſay?—That's your cry.
: *World?* and what am I?
ut thank heaven, thoſe days are o'er,
ution reigns no more,
me hardy man alone,
e critic's vacant throne,
with neither taſte nor wit,
l catcall from the pit,
rce, and play, and actor down.
l the ſentence then?—the Town.
h upſtart puny elf
e *world*, and means *himſelf.*
he circle there are thoſe
'en more than open foes:
dſhip ſerves the talking turn,
rs to a kind concern,
wond'rous ſoft expreſſion
pon indiſcretion;
he Poems to the Man,
s the favourite plan
vn other's reputation,
heir own on that foundation.
lar grave, of taſte diſcerning,
on credit for his learning,
better claim to wit
ng at what others writ,
g kindneſs, friendly fear,
onjectures in your ear.
—and he's much to blame—
it have publiſh'd—but his name!
g might pleaſe a few, no doubt,
d privately about—
amuſe a friend or two,
tial friend like me and you;
n it comes to preſs and print
nd, I fear, but little in't.
s upon a dangerous brink
ters o'er the ſea of ink,

" Where reputation runs aground,
" The author caſt away, and drown'd.
" And then—'twas wilful and abſurd,
" (So well approv'd, ſo well preferr'd,)
" Abruptly thus a place to quit
" A place which moſt his genius hit,
" The theatre for Latin wit!
" With critics round him chaſte and terſe,
" To give a plaudit to his verſe!"
Latin, I grant, ſhews college breeding,
And ſome ſchool-common-place of reading.
But has in *Moderns* ſmall pretenſion
To real wit or ſtrong invention.
The excellence you critics praiſe
Hangs on a curious choice of phraſe;
Which pick'd and choſen here and there,
From proſe or verſe no matter where,
Jumbled together in a diſh,
Like Spaniſh olio, fowl, fleſh, fiſh,
You ſet the claſſic hodge-podge on
For pedant wits to feed upon.
Your wou'd-be Genii vainly ſeek
Fame for their Latin verſe, or Greek;
Who would for that be moſt admir'd
Which blockheads may, and have acquir'd.
A mere mechanical connection
Of favourite words,—a bare collection
Of phraſes,—where the labour'd cento
Preſents you with a dull memento,
How *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid* join,
And club together half a line.
Theſe only ſtrain their motly wits
In gathering patches, ſhreds, and bits,
To wrap their barren fancies in,
And make a claſſic Harlequin.
—Where I at once impower'd to ſhew
My utmoſt vengeance on my foe,
To puniſh with extremeſt rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger
Then uſing him as learning's tool
To make him Uſher of a ſchool.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren ſoil,
And lab'ring with inceſſant pains
To cultivate a blockhead's brains
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.

For whoſoe'er, though ſlightly, ſips,
Their grateful favour with his lips,
Will find it leave a ſmatch behind,
Shall ſink ſo deeply in his mind,
It never thence can be eras'd—
But, riſing up, you call it *Taſte*.
'Twere fooliſh for a drudge to chuſe
A gutto which he cannot uſe.
Better diſcard the idle whim,
What's *He to Taſte?* or *Taſte to Him?*
For me, it hurts me to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul:
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The ſyntax and the parts of ſpeech;
Or, what perhaps is drudging worſe,
The links and jumps of rules of verſe;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of *Oxford* ale;
—Oh! 'Tis a ſervice irkſome more
Than tugging at the ſlaviſh oar.
Yet ſuch *his* fate, a cardinal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth;
And while, a paltry ſtipend earning,
He ſows the richeſt ſeeds of learning,
And tills *their* minds with proper care,
And ſees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile
His own lies fallow all the while.
"Yet ſtill he's in the road, you ſay,
"Of learning."—Why, perhaps he may.
But turns like horſes in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor ſtanding ſtill:
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.
"Yet you can ſend advent'rous youth,
"In ſearch of letters, taſte, and truth,
"Who ride the highway road to knowledge
"Through the plain turnpikes of a college,"
True.—Like way-poſts, we ſerve to ſhew
The road which travellers ſhould go;
Who jog along in eaſy pace,
Secure of coming to the place,
Yet find, return whene'er they will,
The *Poſt*, and its direction ſtill:
Which ſtands an uſeful unthank'd guide,
To many a paſſenger beſide.
'Tis hard to carve for others meat,
And not have time one's ſelf to eat.
Though, be it always underſtood,
Our appetites are full as good.
"But there have been, and proofs appear,
"Who bore this load from year to year;
"Whoſe claim to letters, parts and wit,
"The world has ne'er diſputed yet.
"Whether the flowing mirth prevail
"In *Weſley's* ſong, or humorous tale;
"Or happier *Bourne's* expreſſion pleaſe
"With graceful turns of claſſic eaſe;
"Or *Oxford's* well-read poet ſings
"Pathetic to the ear of kings:
"Theſe have indulg'd the muſes' flight,
"Nor loſt their time or credit by't;
"Nor ſuffer'd fancy's dreams to prey
"On the due buſineſs of the day.
"Verſe was to them a recreation
"Us'd by way of relaxation."
Your inſtances are fair and true,
And genius I reſpect with you.
I envy none their honeſt praiſe;
I ſeek to blaſt no ſcholar's bays:
Still let the graceful foliage ſpread
Its generous honours round their head,
Bleſt, if the Muſes' hand entwine
A ſprig at leaſt to circle mine!
Come,—I admit, you tax me right.
Prudence, 'tis true, was out of ſight,
And you may whiſper all you meet,
The man was vague and indiſcreet.
Yet tell me, while you cenſure me,
Are you from error found and free?
Say, does your breaſt no bias hide,
Whoſe influence draws the mind aſide?
All have their hobby-horſe, you ſee,
From Triſtram down to you and me.
Ambition, ſplendour, may be thine;
Eaſe, indolence, perhaps, are mine.
Though prudence, and our nature's pride
May wiſh our weakneſſes to hide,
And ſet their hedges up before'em,
Some Sprouts will branch, and ſtraggle o'er 'em.
Strive, fight againſt her how you will,
Nature will be the miſtreſs ſtill,
And though you crub with double rein,
She'll run away with us again.
But let a man of parts be wrong,
'Tis triumph to the leaden throng.
The fools ſhall cackle out reproof,
The very aſs ſhall raiſe his hoof;
And he who holds in his poſſeſſion,
The ſingle virtue of diſcretion,
Who knows no overflow of ſpirit,
Whoſe want of paſſions is his merit,
Whom wit and taſte and judgment flies,
Shall ſhake his noddle, and *ſeem* wiſe.

THE ACTOR.

ADDRESSED TO BONNEL THORNTON, I

ACTING, dear Thornton, its perfection dr
From no obſervance of mechanic laws:
No ſettled maxims of a fav'rite ſtage,
No rules deliver'd down from age to age,
Let players nicely mark them as they will,
Can e'er entail hereditary ſkill.
If, 'mongſt the humble hearers of the pit,
Some curious vet'ran critic chance to ſit,
Is he pleas'd more becauſe 'twas acted ſo
By Booth and Cibber thirty years ago!
The mind recals an object held more dear,
And hates the copy, that it comes ſo near.
Why lov'd he Wilks's air, Booth's nervous tone
In them 'twas natural, 'twas all their own.
A Garrick's genius muſt our wonder raiſe.
But gives his mimic no reflected praiſe.
Thrice happy Genius, whoſe unrival'd name,
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!
'Tis thine to lead with more than magic ſtill,
The train of captive paſſions at thy will;

: burſting tear ſpontaneous flow
et ſenſe of ſympathetic woe:
v'ry vein I feel a chilneſs creep,
rors ſuch as thine *have murder'd ſleep*;
old man's look and frantic ſtare
alarms me, for I ſee him there.
nfin'd to tragic walks alone,
: Muſe too claims thee for her own.
delightful requiſite to pleaſe,
irit, Judgment, Elegance, and Eaſe,
ature forms thy only rule,
ger's rake to Drugger's vacant fool.
er's ſo pliant, and ſo various bleſt,
: we ſee the laſt, we like the beſt.
leas'd, at judgment's dear expence,
outrageous with the laugh of ſenſe.
n's top, with weary toil and pain,
s only that can hope to gain.
r's profeſſion (though I hate the phraſe,
kanic in theſe modern days)
trick, or attitude, or ſtart,
ue knowledge is the only art,
:-felt paſſion bolts into his face,
untouch'd, what is it but grimace!
e ſtandard make your juſt appeal,
he golden ſecret; learn to FEEL.
r monarch, happy, or diſtreſt,
leaſes that is not *poſſeſs'd*.
the ſtage, in Rome's declining days,
iſtians were the ſubject of their plays,
ution dropp'd her iron rod,
till wag'd an impious war with God,
ouriſh'd of no vulgar fame,
ſciple, and Geneſt his name.
ject for his ſkill he choſe,
lying 'midſt inſulting foes.
ith patience to religion's laws,
g monarchs in his Saviour's cauſe.
th' idea of the ſacred part,
eal beyond the reach of art,
e and voice, and geſture, all expreſt
ardour in the player's breaſt;
flame through all his boſom ran,
: actor and commenc'd the Man;
faith; his pagan gods denied,
he acted then, he after died.
yer's province they but vainly try,
it theſe pow'rs, *Deportment*, *Voice*, and
e.
itic Sight 'tis only *Grace* can pleaſe,
:harms us if it has not *Eaſe*.
who think the ſtature all in all,
he hero, if he is not tall.
g ſenſe all other want ſupplies,
ſtor's merit from his ſize.
ight requires ſuperior grace,
s a giant with a vacant face?
: monarchs, in their tragic gait,
nark the ſolemn pace of ſtate.
it forward in poſition ſtrong,
like its vaſſal, dragg'd along.
ch motion, ſo exact and ſlow,
n monarchs at a puppet ſhow.
delights us that has native grace,
tion ill ſupplies its place.
l actors, like your mimic apes,
e their bodies in a thouſand ſhapes;

However foreign from the poet's art,
No tragic hero but admires a ſtart.
What though unfeeling of the nervous line,
Who but allows his *attitude* is fine?
While a whole minute equipois'd he ſtands,
Till praiſe diſmiſs him with her echoing hands!
Reſolv'd, though nature hate the tedious pauſe,
By perſeverance to extort applauſe.
When Romeo ſorrowing at his Juliet's doom,
With eager madneſs burſts the canvas tomb,
The ſudden whirl, ſtretch'd leg, and lifted ſtaff,
Which pleaſe the vulgar; make the critic laugh.
To paint the paſſion's force, and mark it well
The proper action nature's ſelf will tell;
No pleaſing pow'rs diſtortions o'er expreſs,
And nicer judgment always loaths exceſs.
In ſock or buſkin, who o'erleaps the bounds,
Diſguſts our reaſon, and the taſte confounds.
Of all the evils which the ſtage moleſt,
I hate your fool who overacts his jeſt;
Who murders what the poet finely writ,
And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit,
With ſhrug, and grin, and geſture out of place,
And writes a fooliſh comment with his face.
Old Johnſon once, though Cibber's perter vein *
But meanly groupes him with a num'rous train,
With ſteady face, and ſober hum'rous mien,
Fill'd the ſtrong outlines of the comic ſcene;
What was writ down, with decent utt'rance ſpoke,
Betray'd no ſymptom of the conſcious joke;
The very man in look, in voice, in air,
And though upon the ſtage, appear'd no Play'r.
The word and action ſhould conjointly ſuit,
But acting words is labour too minute.
Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong;
While ſober humour marks th' impreſſion ſtrong.
Her proper traits the fixt attention hit,
And bring me cloſer to the poet's wit;
With her delighted o'er each ſcene I go,
Well-pleas'd, and not aſham'd of being ſo.
But let the generous actor ſtill forbear
To copy features with a Mimic's care!
'Tis a poor ſkill which every fool can reach,
A vile ſtage-cuſtom, honour'd in the breach.
Worſe as more cloſe, the diſingenuous art
But ſhews the wanton looſeneſs of the heart.
When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,
Drag private foibles on the public ſcene,
Forſaking nature's fair and open road
To mark ſome whim, ſome ſtrange peculiar mode,
Fir'd with diſguſt I loath his ſervile plan,
Deſpiſe the mimic, and abhor the man.
Go to the lame, to hoſpitals repair,
And hunt for humour in diſtortions there!
Fill up the meaſure of the motley whim
With ſhrug, wink, ſnuffle, and convulſive limb;
Then ſhame at once, to pleaſe a trifling age,
Good ſenſe good manners, virtue, and the ſtage!
'Tis not enough the voice be ſound and clear,
'Tis modulation that muſt charm the ear.
When deſperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their ſorrows in a ſee-ſaw tone,
The ſame ſoft ſound of unimpaſſioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.
The voice all modes of paſſion can expreſs,
That marks the proper word with proper ſtreſs.

* See Cibber's Apology, 8vo, 1750.

On rich preferments battens at his eaſe,
Nor ſweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.
Thus they adviſ'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear Colman, to the bar!
If genius warm thee, where can genius call
For nobler action than in yonder hall?
'Tis not enough each morn, on Term's approach,
To club your legal threepence for a coach;
Then at the hall to take your ſilent ſtand,
With ink-horn and long note-book in your hand,
Marking grave ſerjeants cite each wiſe report,
And noting down ſage dictums from the court,
With overwhelming brow, and law-learn'd face,
The index of your book of common-place.
These are mere drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the path their dull forefathers trod,
Doom'd thro' law's maze, without a clue, to range,
From *ſecond Vernon* down to *ſecond Strange*.
Do thou uplift thine eyes to happier wits!
Dulneſs no longer on the woolpack ſits;
No longer on the drawling droniſh herd
Are the firſt honours of the law confer'd;
But they whoſe fame reward's due tribute draws.
Whoſe active merit challenges applauſe,
Like glorious beacons, are ſet high to view,
To mark the paths which genius ſhould purſue.
O for thy ſpirit, MANSFIELD! at thy name
What boſom glows not with an active flame?
Alone from Jargon born to reſcue law,
From precedent, grave hum, and formal ſaw!
To ſtrip chican'ry of its vain pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Senſe!
PRATT*! on thy lips perſuaſion ever hung!
Engliſh falls, pure as Manna, from thy tongue;
On thy voice truth may reſt, and on thy plea
Unerring HENLEY † ſound the juſt decree.
HENLEY! than whom, to HARDWICKE's well-rais'd fame,
No worthier ſecond Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No lawyer of prerogative; no tool
Faſhion'd in black corruption's pliant ſchool;
Form'd 'twixt the People and the Crown to ſtand,
And hold the ſcales of right with even hand!
True to our hopes, and equal to his birth,
See, ſee in YORKE‡ the force of lineal worth!
But why their ſev'ral merits need I tell
Why on each honour'd ſage's praiſes dwell
WILMOT‖ how well his place, or FOSTER§ fills?
Or ſhrew'd ſenſe beaming from the eye of WILLES¶?
Such, while thou ſeeſt the public care engage,
Their fame increaſing with increaſing age,
Rais'd by true genius bred in Phœbus' ſchool,
Whoſe warmth of ſoul ſound judgment knew to cool;
—With ſuch illuſtrious proofs before your eyes,
Think not, my friend, you've too much wit to riſe.

Think of the bench, the coif, long robe, and
And leave the Preſs to * * * * * * * * * *

* Afterwards Earl Camden.

† Afterwards Earl of Northington.

‡ Charles Yorke, Eſq; ſecond ſon of Lord Hardwicke.

§ Sir John Eardley Wilmot, afterwards chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas.

‖ Sir Michael Foſter, one of the Judges of the King's Bench.

¶ Sir John Willes, Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas.

THE POETRY PROFESSOR

OLD ENGLAND has not loſt her pray'r,
And GEORGE, (thank heav'n!) has got
heir.
A royal babe, a PRINCE of WALES.
—Poets! I pity all your nails—
What reams of paper will be ſpoil'd!
What *graduſes* be daily ſoil'd
By inky fingers, greaſy thumbs,
Hunting the word that never comes!
Now *Academies* pump their wits,
And laſh in vain their lazy *tits*;
In vain they whip, and ſlaſh, and ſpur,
The callous jades will never ſtir;
Nor can they reach *Parnaſſus'* hill,
Try every method which they will.
Nay, ſhould the tits get on for once,
Each rider is ſo *grave* a dunce,
That, as I've heard good judges ſay,
'Tis ten to one they'd loſe their way;
Though not one wit beſtrides the back
Of uſeful drudge, ycleped hack,
But fine *bred things* of *mettled blood*,
Pick'd from *Apollo's* royal *ſtud*.
Greek, *Roman*, nay *Arabian* ſteeds,
Or thoſe our mother country breeds;
Some ride ye *in*, and ride ye *out*,
And to come *home* go round *about*,
Nor on the green ſward, nor the road,
And that I think they call an ODE.
Some take the pleaſant country air,
And ſmack their whips and drive a pair,
Each horſe with bells which clink and chime,
And ſo *tacy* march—and that is *rhime*.
Some copy with prodigious ſkill
The figures of a *buttery-bill*,
Which, with great folks of erudition,
Shall paſs for *Coptic* or *Phœnician*.
While ſome, as *patriot* love prevails,
To compliment a prince of *Wales*,
Salute the royal babe in *Welſh*,
And ſend forth *gutturals* like a belch.
What pretty things imagination
Will fritter out in adulation!
The *Pagan* Gods ſhall viſit earth,
To triumph in a *Chriſtian's* birth.
While *claſſic* poets, pure and chaſte,
Of *trim* and *academic* TASTE,
Shall lug them in by head and ſhoulders,
To be or *ſpeakers*, or *beholders*.
MARS ſhall preſent him with a lance,
To humble *Spain* and conquer *France*;
The GRACES, buxom, blith, and gay,
Shall at his cradle *dance the Hay*;
And VENUS, with her train of LOVES,
Shall bring a thouſand pair of *doves*

to coo, to whine, to ſqueak,
all the *dialects* of *Greek*.
y *ſwains* of claſſic breed,
ly tune their *oaten* reed,
; their *Doric* nymphs to town,
eir meaſures *up* and *down*,
lternate clear and ſweet,
ad-fingers in a ſtreet.
oſe who graſp at reputation,
ating imitation,
teach cranny, nook, and creek,
s fragments in the *Greek*,
he *ſpittle*, and the *waſte*,
and ſentiment, and taſte.
Latin *hodge-podge*, Grecian *haſh*,
rew *roots*, and Engliſh *traſh*,
emic cooks produce
it ſhow and future uſe!
! who've ſoak'd away their knowledge,
ſidence at college;
es are like a ſtagnant pool,
d placid, dull and cool;
king, eating; eating, drinking;
mpertinence of thinking;
no farther erudition,
to *ſet* an impoſition
, demoliſh and diſpirit,
begotten child of merit;
who, in the day's broad light,
: vice they act at night;
arity with *ſelf* begins,
s others venial ſins;
heir feet may ſafely tread,
ypocriſy inſtead,
g that muſt always hide
le of ſins beſide;
ty wit is at a ſtand,
freſhman at their hand;
rvice muſt of courſe create
eturn of ſev'n-fold hate)
t ſuch *good* and *uſeful* men
r turn to books again.
natter muſt be gravely plann'd,
les on fingers ſcann'd,
ng pangs rend lab'ring head,
Muſe is brought to-bed:
ting, changing, toiling, ſweating,
he uſual epithet in!
crampt meaſure kindly ſhows
verſe, but *ſhould* be proſe.
its neither light nor dark,
e ſpruce, or lawyer's clerk,
h, who takes her nightly ſtand
r corner in the Strand,
he cheſt, tight in the boddice,
he eye a perfect goddeſs;
d more minutely o'er,
an old, ſtale, batter'd whore.
ſt theſe ſons of GOWNED RAGE,
he Plumage of *Degrees*,
eir APATHY a while,
n the *Roman* ſtile,
incenſe at the ſhrine
POETRY *Divine*.
hrone the goddeſs ſits,
l by her *bully* wits;
s, COOPER, CALEPINE,
THIUS, FABER, CONSTANTINE;
VIII.

And he, who like DODONA ſpoke,
DE SACRA QUERCU, HOLYOAKE;
Theſe are her counſellors of ſtate,
Men of much words, and wits of *weight*;
Here GRADUS, full of *phraſes clever*,
Lord of her *treaſury* for ever,
With liberal hand his bounty deals;
SIR CENTO KEEPER of the *Seals*.
Next to the perſon of the queen,
Old madam PROSODY is ſeen;
Talking inceſſant, although dumb,
Upon her fingers to her thumb.
And all around her portraits hung
Of heroes in the *Latin* Tongue;
Italian, *Engliſh*, *German*, *French*,
Who moſt laborioufly entrench
In deep parade of language *dead*,
What would not in their *own* be read,
Without impeachment of that TASTE,
Which LATIN IDIOM turns to *chaſte*.
SANTOLIUS here, whoſe ſlippant joke,
Sought refuge in a *Roman* cloak:
With dull COMMIRIUS at his ſide,
In all the pomp of jeſuit pride.
MENAGE, the pedant figur'd there,
A trifler with a ſolemn air:
And there in looſe, unſeemly view,
The graceleſs, eaſy LOVELING *too*.
'Tis here grave poets urge their claim,
For ſome thin blaſt of tiny fame;
Here bind their temples drunk with praiſe,
With half a ſprig of *wither'd* bays.
O poet, if that honour'd name
Befits ſuch idle childiſh aim;
If VIRGIL aſk thy ſacred care,
If HORACE charm thee, oh forbear
To ſpoil with ſacrilegous hand,
The glories of the CLASSIC land:
Nor ſew thy *dowlas* on the SATTIN,
Of *their* pure uncorrupted Latin.
Better be native in thy verſe,——
What is FINGAL but genuine *Erſe*?
Which all ſublime ſonorous flows,
Like HERVEY's thoughts in drunken proſe.
Hail, SCOTLAND, hail, to thee belong
All pow'rs, but moſt the pow'rs of ſong;
Whether the rude unpoliſh'd *Erſe*
Stalk in the buckram *Proſe* or *Verſe*,
Or bonny RAMSAY pleaſe thee *mo'*,
Who *ſang ſae* ſweetly *aw* his woe.
If ought (and ſay who knows ſo well)
The ſecond-ſighted Muſe can tell,
The happy LAIRDS ſhall laugh and ſing,
When ENGLAND's GENIUS droops his wing.
So ſhall thy ſoil new wealth diſcloſe,
So thy own THISTLE choak the ROSE.
But what comes here? Methinks I ſee
A *walking* univerſity.
See how they preſs to croſs the TWEED,
And ſtrain their limbs with eager ſpeed!
While SCOTLAND, from her *fertile* ſhore,
Cries, On my ſons, return no more.
Hither they haſte with willing mind,
Nor caſt one *longing* look behind;
On *ten-toe* carriage to ſalute,
The k——, and q——n, and EARL OF BUTE.
No more the gallant *Northern* ſons
Spout forth their ſtrings of *Latin* puns;

Nor *courſe* all languages to frame,
The quibble ſuited to their name;
As when their anceſtors *be-vers'd*,
That *glorious* STUART, JAMES the FIRST.
But with that elocution's GRACE,
That oratorial flaſhy *Lace*,
Which the fam'd *Iriſh* TOMMY PUFF,
Would ſew on ſentimental *fluff*;
Twang with a ſweet pronunciation,
The flow'rs of bold imagination.
MACPHERSON leads the flaming van,
LAIRD of the *new* Fingalian clan;
While JACKY HOME brings up the rear,
With new-got penſion neat and clear
Three hundred *Engliſh* pounds a year.
While ſiſter PEG, our *ancient Friend*,
Sends MACS and DONALDS without end:
To GEORGE awhile they tune their lays,
Then all their choral voices raiſe,
To heap their panegyric wit on
Th' illuſtrious chief, and our NORTH BRITON.
Hail to the THANE, whoſe *patriot* ſkill
Can break all nations to his will;
Maſter of ſciences and arts,
MÆCENAS to all men of parts;
Whoſe ſoft'ring hand, and ready wit,
Shall find *us* all in places fit;
So ſhall thy friends no longer roam,
But change to meet a ſettled home.
Hail mighty THANE, for SCOTLAND born.
To fill her almoſt empty horn:
Hail to thy ancient glorious *ſtem*,
NOT THEY *from Kings*, BUT KINGS FROM THEM.

THE CIT's COUNTRY BOX. 1757.

Vos ſapere & ſolos aio bene vivere, quorum,
Conſpicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis. HOR.

THE wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wiſhes for the rural ſhade,
And buckles to his one horſe-chair,
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in cloſely by his ſide,
Sits Madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on the ſtool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce paſt the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country ſeems to ſmile!
And as they ſlowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While Madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry houſe ſhe ſees,
Admires its views, its ſituation,
And thus ſhe opens her oration.
What ſignify the loads of wealth,
Without that richeſt jewel, health?
Excuſe the fondneſs of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaſeleſs toil, ſuch conſtant care,
Is more than human ſtrength can bear.
One may obſerve it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break a pace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exerciſe and country air,
Sir Traffic has a houſe, you know,
About a mile from *Cheney-Row*;
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not ſo *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to ſneer—
One would not be out-done my dear!
Sir Traffic's name ſo well apply'd
Awak'd his brother merchant's pride;
And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmoſt deference to his wife.
Confeſs'd her arguments had reaſon,
And by th' approaching ſummer ſeaſon,
Draws a few hundreds from the ſtocks,
And purchaſes his Country-Box.
Some three or four mile out of town,
(An hour's ride will bring you down,)
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And ſo convenient does it lay,
The ſtages paſs it ev'ry day:
And then ſo ſnug, ſo mighty pretty,
To have an houſe ſo near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're ſet down at the very door.
Well then, ſuppoſe them fix'd at laſt,
White-waſhing, painting, ſcrubbing paſt,
Hugging themſelves in eaſe and clover,
With all the fuſs of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred!
And wanton in my lady's head.
Well to be ſure, it muſt be own'd,
It is a charming ſpot of ground;
So ſweet a diſtance for a ride,
And all about ſo *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradiſe;
I cannot bear thoſe naſty rails,
Thoſe ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppoſe, my dear, inſtead of theſe,
We build a railing, all Chineſe.
Although one hates to be expos'd;
'Tis diſmal to be thus incloſ'd;
One hardly any object ſees—
I wiſh you'd fell thoſe odious trees,
Objects continual paſſing by
Were ſomething to amuſe the eye,
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our houſe, beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,
Nothing its views to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little manſion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, that's Sir Thrifty's Country Seat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For Madam's TASTE can never fail.
Bleſt age! when all men may procure,
The title of a Connoiſſeur;

e and ignoble herd,
i'd by a ſingle word;
ike the royal Germandamnes,
hundred Chriſtian names;
, Fancy, Judgment, Gout,
price, Je-ne-ſcai-quoi, Virtù
ellations all deſcribe
nd the modern *taſteful* tribe.
cklay'rs, carpenters, and joiners,
eſe artiſts, and deſigners,
eir ſchemes of alteration,
his wond'rous reformation.
dome, which ſecret ſtood,
l in the yew-tree's wood,
r with amazement ſees
Gothic, or Chineſe,
/ a bell, and tawdry rag on,
d with a ſprawling dragon;
arch is bent aſtride
water, four foot wide,
s, curves, and zigzag lines,
penny's exact deſigns.
level lawn is ſeen,
ſhrub upon the green,
e would want its firſt great law,
ſkulking, fly *ha-ha*,
niraculous aſſiſtance,
proſpect two fields diſtance.
om Hyde-Park Corner come
of Athens, and of Rome.
by Cupids take their places,
s, and the clumſy Graces:
e, with aim ſo clever,
is leaden bow for ever;
without the pow'r to fly,
l a tip-toe Mercury.
thus completely grac'd,
at Thrifty has a Taſte;
n's female friends, and couſins,
non-council-men, by dozens,
Sunday to the Seat,
out them and to eat.

US, ENVY, AND TIME.

A FABLE;

SED TO WILLIAM HOGARTH, ESQ.;

ofeſſionary ſkill,
never was, nor ever will
ice, or exhibition,
re up in oppoſition;
'd, grave, pedantic dunce
m his lethargy at once,
akes his head, and rubs his eyes,
g dull, looks wond'rous wiſe,
nn phiz, and critic ſcowl,
m of his brother owl.
NS! He hates the very name;
ents have preſcriptive claim:—

But let the century be paſt,
And we have taſte and wit at laſt;
For at that period Moderns too
Juſt turn the corner of *Virtù*.
But merit now has little claim
To any meed of preſent fame,
For tis not worth that gets you friends,
'Tis excellence that moſt offends.
If, Proteus-like, a GARRICK's art,
Shews taſte and ſkill in every part;
If, ever juſt to nature's plan,
He is in all the very man,
E'en here ſhall Envy take her aim.
——— write, and ——— blame.
The JEALOUS WIFE, tho' chaſtly writ,
With no parade of frippery wit,
Shall ſet a ſcribbling, all at once,
Both giant wit, and pigmy dunce;
While Critical Reviewers write,
Who ſhew their teeth before they bite,
And ſacrifice each reputation,
From wanton falſe imagination.
Theſe obſervations, rather ſtale,
May borrow ſpirit from a tale.
GENIUS, a buſtling lad of parts,
Who all things did by fits and ſtarts,
Nothing above him or below him,
Who'd make a riot or a poem,
From excentricity of thought,
Not always do the thing he ought;
But was it once his own election,
Would bring all matters to perfection;
Would act, deſign, engrave, write, paint,
But neither from the laſt conſtraint,
Who hated all pedantic ſchools,
And ſcorn'd the gloſs of knowing fools,
That hold perfection all in all,
Yet treat it as *mechanical*.
And give the ſame ſufficient rule
To make a poem, as a ſtool—
From the firſt ſpring-time of his youth,
Was downright worſhipper of truth;
And with a free and liberal ſpirit,
His courtſhip paid to lady MERIT.
ENVY, a ſquint-ey'd, mere old maid,
Well known among the ſcribbling trade;
A hag, ſo very, very thin,
Her bones peep'd through her bladder-ſkin;
Who could not for her ſoul abide
That folks ſhou'd praiſe, where ſhe muſt chide,
Follow'd the youth where'er he went,
To mar each good and brave intent;
Would lies, and plots, and miſchief hatch,
To ruin HIM and ſpoil the match.
Honour ſhe held at bold defiance,
Talk'd much of *Faction*, Gang, Alliance,
As if the real ſons of taſte
Had clubb'd to lay a DESART waſte.
In ſhort, wherever GENIUS came,
You'd find this Antiquated Dame;
Whate'er he did, where'er he went,
She follow'd only to torment;
Call'd MERIT by a thouſand names,
Which decency or truth diſclaims,
While all her buſineſs, toil, and care,
Was to depreciate, lye, compare,
To pull the Modeſt Maiden down,
And blaſt her fame to all the town.

The youth, inflam'd with conſcious pride,
To Prince POSTERITY apply'd,
Who gave his anſwer thus in rhyme,
By his chief miniſter Old TIME.
" Repine not at what pedants ſay,
" We'll bring thee forward on the way;
" If wither'd ENVY ſtrive to hurt
" With lies, with impudence and dirt,
" You only pay a common tax
" Which fool, and knave, and dunce exacts.
" Be this thy comfort, this thy joy,
" Thy ſtrength is in its prime, my boy,
" And every year the vigour grows,
" Impairs the credit of my foes.
" ENVY ſhall ſink, and be no more
" Than what her NAIADS were before;
" Mere excremental maggots, bred;
" In poet's topſy-turvey head,
" Born like a momentary fly,
" To flutter, buzz about, and die.
" Yet, GENIUS, mark what I preſage;
" Who look through every diſtant age:
" MERIT ſhall bleſs thee with her charms,
" FAME lift thy offspring in her arms,
" And ſtamp eternity of grace
" On all thy numerous various race.
" ROUBILLIAC, WILTON, names as high
" As *Phidias* of antiquity,
" Shall ſtrength, expreſſion, manner give;
" And make e'en marble breathe and live;
" While SIGISMUNDA's deep diſtreſs,
" Which looks the ſoul of wretchedneſs,
" When I, with ſlow and ſoft'ning pen,
" Have gone o'er all the tints again,
" Shall urge a bold and proper claim
" To level half the antient fame;
" While future ages yet unknown
" With critic air ſhall proudly own
" Thy HOGARTH firſt of every eſtimate
" For humour keen, or ſtrong ſublime,
" And hail him from his fire and ſpirit,
" The child of GENIUS and of MERIT."

THE HARE AND TORTOISE, 1757.

A FABLE.

GENIUS, bleſt term, of meaning wide,
For ſure no term ſo miſapply'd,
How many bear the ſacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the ſpecious appellation,
Thus fools have chriſten'd inclination.
But yet ſuppoſe a genius true,
Exempli gratiâ, me or you:
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely eſcapes his apprehenſion;
Surmounting ev'ry oppoſition,
You'd ſwear he learnt by intuition.
Shou'd he rely alone on parts;
And ſtudy therefore but by ſtarts,
Sure of ſucceſs whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to riſe?
Suppoſe your watch a Graham make;
Gold, if you will, for value's ſake;
Its ſprings within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes ſo true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What ſervice is it in the wear?
Some genial ſpark of Phœbus' rays,
Perhaps within your boſom plays:
O how the purer rays aſpire,
If application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er ſometimes it ſeem to riſe:
Nay application will prevail,
When braggart part and genius fail:
And now to lay my proof before ye,
I here preſent you with a ſtory.
In days of yore, when time was young;
When birds convers'd as well as ſung,
When uſe of ſpeech was not confin'd,
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward Hare, of ſwiftneſs vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Wou'd oft deride the drudging croud:
For Geniuſes are ever proud.
He'd boaſt, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horſe he'd *beat them hollow*,
Nay, if he put forth all his ſtrength,
Outſtrip his brethren *half a length*.
A Tortoiſe heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
Oh Puſs, it bodes thee dire diſgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I lay my ſhell upon the trial:
'Twas done and gone, all fair, a bet;
Judges prepar'd, and diſtance ſet:
The ſcamp'ring Hare outſtrip the wind,
The creeping Tortoiſe lagg'd behind,
And ſcarce had paſs'd a ſingle pole,
When Puſs had almoſt reach'd the goal.
Friend Tortoiſe, quoth the jeering Hare,
Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your ſpeed, it were all well
That I ſhould eaſe you of your ſhell:
Jog on a little faſter pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.
So ſaid, ſo done, and ſafely ſure,
For ſay, what conqueſt more ſecure?
Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.
The tortoiſe heard his taunting jeer,
But ſtill reſolv'd to *perſevere*,
Still draw'd along, as who ſhould ſay,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal ſecurely crept,
While Puſs unknowing ſoundly ſlept.
The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor tortoiſe ſpake.
Puſs, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by ſtarts,
You may deride my awkward pace,
But *ſlow and ſteady* wins the race.

SATYR AND PEDLAR, 1757.

RDS are, ſo Wollaſton defines,
f our ideas merely ſigns,
e a pow'r at will to vary.
ague and arbitrary.
'd for inſtance—all agree,
e *ſuperlative degree*;
alone, and nothing more,
ken heretofore;
a word can't ſtand alone;
s no meaning of its own;
s or bad or good
neighbour's underſtood.
we may find enough.
igh, *damn'd* low, *damn'd* fine, *damn'd*
ff.
too with its relation.
ſubſtantive, *damnation*.
ith metaphors makes bold;
you he's *damnation* cold;
that metaphor forgot,
ſame wit's *damnation* hot.
a fable I remember—
ne middle of December;
ry head in ſnow is loſt;
river bound with froſt,
nilies get all together,
ngly talk o'er the weather;
ox on the deſcriptive rhyme—
t was the winter time,
Pedlar's happy lot,
to a Satyr's cot:
with cold, and almoſt froze,
rly drop upon his noſe,
rs' ends all pinch'd to death;
upon them with his breath.
l, quoth the Satyr, what intends
blowing on thy fingers' ends?
o warm them thus I blow,
ey are froze as cold as ſnow.
o inclement has it been
ke a cake of ice within."
uoth the Satyr, comfort, man!
r thy infide, if I can;
welcome in my homely cottage
rm fire, and meſs of pottage.
ſaid, the Satyr, nothing loth,
repar'd of ſav'ry broth,
with delight the Pedlar view'd,
king on the board it ſtood.
ough the very ſteam aroſe
ateful ardour to his noſe;
le ſip he ventur'd not,
el was ſo wond'rous hot.
n be done? with gentle puff
's it, 'till it's cool enough.
how now, Pedlar, what's the matter
hy blowing! quoth the Satyr.
o cool it, cries the Clown,
may get the liquor down:
For though I grant, you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, ſir, as hot as hell.
Then raiſing high his cloven ſtump,
The Satyr ſmote him on the rump.
"Begone, thou double knave, or fool,
"With the ſame breath to warm and cool:
"Friendſhip with ſuch I never hold
"Who're ſo *damn'd* hot, and ſo *damn'd* cold.

THE NIGHTINGALE, OWL, AND CUCKOW.

A FABLE,

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

ON THE REPORT OF HIS RETIRING FROM THE STAGE, DEC. 1760.

CRITICKS, who like the ſcarecrows ſtand
Upon the poet's common land,
And with ſeverity of ſenſe,
Drive all imagination thence,
Say that in truth lies all ſublime,
Whether you write in proſe or rhyme.
And yet the truth may loſe its grace,
If blurted to a perſon's face;
Eſpecially if what you ſpeak
Shou'd crimſon o'er the glowing cheek:
For when you throw that ſlaver o'er him,
And tumble out your praiſe before him,
However juſt the application,
It looks a-ſquint at adulation.
I would be honeſt and ſincere,
But not a flatterer, or ſevere.
Need I be ſurly, rough, uncouth,
That folks may think I love the truth?
And ſhe, good dame, with Beauty's Queen,
Was not at all times naked ſeen:
For every boy, with Prior, knows,
By accident ſhe loſt her cloaths,
When Falſhood ſtole them to diſguiſe
Her miſbegotten brood of lies.
Why ſhould the prudiſh Goddeſs dwell
Down at the bottom of a well,
But that ſhe is in piteous fright,
Leſt, riſing up to mortal ſight,
The modeſt world ſhould fleer and flout her;
With not a rag of cloaths about her?
Yet ſhe might wear a proper dreſs
And keep her eſſence ne'ertheleſs.
So Delia's boſom ſtill will riſe,
And faſcinate her lover's eyes,
Though round her ivory neck ſhe draws,
The decent ſhade of ſpecious gauze.
I hear it buzz'd about the table,
What can this lead to?—Sirs,

A FABLE.

When Birds allow'd the Eagles ſway,
Ere Eagles turn'd to fowls of prey,
His Royal Majeſty of Air
Took Muſick underneath his care;
And, for his queen and court's delight,
Commanded concerts every night.
Here every Bird of Parts might enter,
The Nightingale was made Præcentor;
Under whoſe care and juſt direction,
Merit was ſure to meet protection.
The Lark, the Blackbird, and the Robin
This concert always bore a bob in;
The beſt performers all were in it,
The Thruſh, Canary-bird, and Linnet.
But birds, alas! are apt to aim
At things, to which they've ſmalleſt claim.
The ſtaring Owl, with hideous hoot,
Offer'd his ſervice for a flute.
The Cuckow needs would join the band;
"The Thruſh is but a paultry hand:
"And I can beſt ſupply that place,
"For I've a ſhake, a ſwell, a grace."
The Manager their ſuit preferr'd:
Both tun'd their pipes, and both were heard;
Yet each their ſeveral praiſes miſs'd,
For both were heard, and both were hiſs'd.
The Cuckow hence, with rancour ſtirr'd,
(A kind of *periodic* bird,
Of naſty hue, and body ſcabby
No would-be-play-wright half ſo ſhabby)
Reviles, abuſes, and defames,
Screams from a branch, and calls hard names,
And ſtrikes at Nightingale or Lark,
Like Liſbon ruffians, in the dark.
The Owl harangues the gaping throng
On *Pow'rs*, and excellence of ſong,
"The Blackbird's note has loſt its force;
"The Nightingale is downright hoarſe;
"The Linnet's harſh; the Robin ſhrill;
"—The Sparrow has prodigious ſkill!"
At length they had what they deſir'd:
The ſkilful Nightingale retir'd.
When Folly came, with wild Uproar,
And Harmony was heard no more.

A TALE.

VENUS, of laugheer queen of love,
The greateſt demirep above,
Who ſcorn'd reſtriction, hated cuſtom,
Knew her own ſex too well to truſt 'em,
Proceeded on the noble plan,
At any rate, to have her man;
Look'd on decorum, as mere truth,
And liv'd like *** and ***,
From Paphos, where they her revere
As much as we do Cælia here,
Or from Cythera, where her altars
Are deck'd with daggers, true-love halters,
Garters yclept, and other trophies,
Which prove that man in love an aſs is,
According to appointment, came
To ſee CÆCILIA, tuneful dame,
Whoſe praiſe by Dryden's Ode is grown
Bright and immortal as his own;
And who hath been for many years
The chief directreſs of the ſpheres.
Thomas, who rode behind the car,
And for a flambeau held a ſtar,
Who, in the honeſt way of trade,
Hath forg'd more horns, and cuckolds made,
Than Vulcan and his brawny dolts
Ever for Jove forg'd thunderbolts,
Slipt gently down and ran before 'em,
Ringing the bell with due decorum.
But, truth to ſay, I cannot tell
Whether it Knocker was or Bell,
(This for vertù an anecdote is,)
Which us'd to give CÆCILIA notice,
When any lady of the ſky
Was come to bear her company.
But this I'm ſure, be which it will,
Thomas perform'd his part with ſkill.
Methinks I hear the reader cry—
His part with ſkill? why, You or I,
Or any body elſe, as well
As Thomas, ſure, could ring a bell,
Nor did I ever hear before
Of ſkill in knocking at a door.
Poor low-liv'd creature! I ſuppoſe,
Nay, and am ſure, you're one of thoſe
Who, at what door ſoe'er they be,
Will always knock in the ſame key.
Thinking that Bell and Knocker too
Were found out nothing elſe to do,
But to inform the houſe, no doubt,
That there was ſomebody without,
Who, if they might ſuch favour win,
Would rather chuſe to be within.
But had our ſervants no more ſenſe,
Lord! what muſt be the conſequence?
Error would error ſtill purſue,
And ſtrife and anarchy enſue,
Punctilio from her altar hurl'd,
Whence ſhe declares unto the world
Whate'er by fancy, is decreed,
Through all her niceties muſt bleed.
For if there was not to be found
Some wholeſome difference of ſound,
But the ſame rap foretold th' approach
Of him who walk'd, or rode in coach,
A poor relation now and then,
Might to my lord admittance gain,
When his good lordſhip hop'd to ſee
Some raſtal of his own degree;
And, what is more unhappy ſtill,
The ſtupid wretch who brings a bill,
Might paſs through all the motley tribe,
As free as one, who brings a bribe.
My lady too might pique her grace
With carriage ſtiff and formal face,
Which, ſhe deceiv'd, had taken care
For ſome inferior to prepare;
Or might ſome wretch from Lombard-ſtreet
With greater eaſe and freedom meet,

of honour will admit
ıy lady and a cit.
vils wiſely to prevent,
ut care and diſcontent,
ſmart, who rides behind,
and bag in taſte refin'd,
ck fully underſtand,
e ear and ſkilful hand;
urn be always found
connoiſſeur in ſound;
ll the gamut ſkilful fly
s notes, now low, now high,
as he ſhifts his place;
ely grumbling in the baſe,
ıg tenor, and again
aiſing his ſhrill ſtrain;
re, where'er he be,
's fortune and degree,
inguiſhing addreſs,
ll upon the door expreſs.
, whom I have nam'd before
at CÆCILIA's door,
t maſter of this art,
l alike in ev'ry part:
cilia knew, before
an came unto the door,
e form had told her ſo,
ım VENUS was below.
rs immediate open flew,
ıess, without more ado,
beauty's thouſand airs
ough the hall, and trip'd up ſtairs.
IA met her with a ſmile
elight, when all the while
e heart could have been ſeen,
ſhe had at Cyprus been.
es, ſkill'd in forms and arts
eir faces wear their hearts,
above like thoſe below,
ntly in outſide ſhow,
ı to keep up parade,
le by them ready-made.
ns, which ladies when they meet
ood-manners' ſake repeat,
ervant, how d'you do,
ırn, *pray how are you?*
ev'ry proper ſpace
nteguments of lace,
; Grace, and Goddeſhip,
for brevity ſhall ſkip,
ſt, in elbow-chair
ur ladies ſeated are.
nt ſubjects firſt they chuſe,
f weather and the news.
they ſit upon the ſtate,
t the decrees of fate,
ıgainſt Jove are hurl'd,
alone ſhould rule the world.
ticks at length they quit,
nature ſhew their wit;
ı hand, too well we know,
ates are ſaid to go,
ere either doth preſide
xiſtence is implied.
wit, ſo men deeme,
ıt doubt ill-natured be;
natur'd ſcarce forgets
ıſelf among the wits.

Malicious VENUS, who by rote
Had ev'ry little anecdote,
And moſt minutely could advance
Each intereſting circumſtance,
Which unto all intrigues related,
Since Jupiter the world created,
Diſplay'd her eloquence with pride,
Hinted, obſerv'd, enlarg'd, applied;
And not the reader to detain
With things impertinent and vain,
She did, as ladies do on earth
Who cannot bear a rival's worth,
In ſuch a way each tale rehearſe
As good made bad, and bad made worſe:
CÆCILIA too, with ſaint-like air,
But lately come from evening pray'r,
Who knew her duty, as a ſaint,
Always to pray, and not to faint,
And, rain or ſhine, her church ne'er miſt,
Prude, dovetee, and methodiſt,
With equal zeal the cauſe promoted,
Miſconſtru'd things, and words miſquoted,
Miſrepreſented, miſapplied,
And, inſpiration being her guide,
The very heart of man diſſected,
And to his principles objected.
Thus, amongſt us, the ſanctified,
In all the ſpirituals of pride,
Whoſe honeſt conſciences ne'er reſted,
Till, of carnalities diveſted,
They knew and felt themſelves t'inherit
A double portion of the ſpirit:
Who from one church to t'other roam,
Whilſt their poor children ſtarve at home,
Confid'ring they may claim the care
Of Providence, who ſent them there,
And therefore certainly is tied
To ſee their ev'ry want ſupplied;
Who unto preachers give away,
That which their creditors ſhould pay,
And hold that choſen veſſels muſt
Be generous before they're juſt.
And that their charity this way
Shall bind o'er heaven their debts to pay,
And ſerve their temp'ral turn, no doubt,
Better than if they'd put it out,
Whilſt nought hereafter can prevent,
Their ſure reward of cent. per cent.
Who honeſt labour ſcorn, and ſay
None need to work who love to pray,
For heav'n will ſatisfy their cravings,
By ſending of Elijah's ravens,
Or rain down, when their ſpirits fail,
A diſh of manna, or a quail;
Who from Moorfields to Tottenham Court
In furious fits of zeal reſort,
Praiſe what they do not underſtand,
Turn up the eye, ſtretch out the hand,
Melt into tears, whilſt———blows
The twang of nonſenſe through his noſe,
Or——deals in ſpeculation,
Or———hums his congregation,
Or———talks with the lord of hoſts,
———with pillars and with poſts;
Who ſtrictly watch, leſt Satan ſhou'd,
Roaring like lion for his food,
Enſnare their feet his fatal trap in,
And their poor ſouls be taken napping;

Who ſtrictly faſt, becauſe they find,
The fleſh ſtill wars againſt the mind,
And fleſh of ſaints, like ſinner's, muſt
Be mortified, to keep down luſt;
Who, four times in the year at leaſt,
Join feaſt of love to love of feaſt,
Which, though the profligate and vain
In terms of blaſphemy prophane,
Yet all the ceremony here is
Pure as the myſteries of Ceres;
Who, God's elect, with triumph feel
Within themſelves ſalvation's ſeal,
And will not, muſt not, dare not doubt,
That heav'n itſelf cant blot it out;
After they've done their holy labours,
Return to ſcandalize their neighbours,
And think they can't ſerve heav'n ſo well,
As with its creatures filling hell:
So that, inflam'd with holy pride,
They ſave themſelves, damn all beſide.
For perſons, who pretend to feel
The glowings of uncommon zeal,
Who others ſcorn, and ſeem to be
Righteous in very great degree,
Do, 'bove all others, take delight
To vent their ſpleen in tales of ſpite,
And think they raiſe their own renown
By pulling of a neighbour's down;
Still lying on with moſt ſucceſs,
Becauſe they charity profeſs,
And make the outſide of religion,
Like Mahomet's inſpiring pigeon,
To all their forgeries gain credit,
'Tis enough ſure that——ſaid it.
But what can all this rambling mean?
Was ever ſuch an hodge-podge ſeen?
VENUS, CÆCILIA, Saints, and whores,
Thomas, Vertù, Bells, Knockers, Doors,
Lords, Rogues, Relations, Ladies, Cits,
Stars, Flambeaux, Thunderbolts, Horns, Wits,
Vulcan, and Cuckold-maker, Scandal,
Muſic, and Footmen, Ear of Handel,
Weather, News, Envy, Politicks,
Intrigues, and Women's Thouſand Tricks,
Prudes, Methodiſts and Devotees,
Faſtings, Feaſts, Pray'rs, and Charities,
Ceres, with her myſterious train,
——, ——, ——, and ——,
Fleſh, Spirit, Love, Hate and Religon,
A Quail, a Raven and a Pigeon,
All jumbled up in one large diſh,
Red-Herring, Bread, Fowl, Fleſh, and Fiſh.
Where's the connection, where's the plan
The devil ſure is in the man.
All in an inſtant we are hurl'd
From place to place all round the world,
Yet find no reaſon for it—mum—
There, my good critic, lies the hum—
Well but me thinks, it would avail
To know the end of this—A TALE.

SHAKSPEAR

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GARRICK.

THANKS to much induſtry and pains,
Much twiſting of the wit and brains,
Tranſlation has unlock'd the ſtore,
And ſpread abroad the Grecian lore,
While Sophocles his ſcenes are grown
E'en as familiar as our own.
No more ſhall taſte preſume to ſpeak
From its incloſures in the Greek;
But, all its fences broken down,
Lie at the mercy of the town.
Critic, I hear thy torrent rage,
"'Tis blaſphemy againſt that ſtage,
"Which Æſchylus his warmth deſign'd,
"Euripides his taſte refin'd,
"And Sophocles his laſt direction,
"Stamp'd with the ſignet of perfection."
Perfection! 'tis a word ideal,
That bears about it nothing real;
For excellence was never hit
In the firſt eſſays of man's wit.
Shall *ancient* worth, or *ancient* fame
Preclude the Moderns from their claim?
Muſt they be blockheads, dolts, and fools,
Who write not up to Grecian rules?
Who tread in buſkins or in ſocks.
Muſt they be damn'd as Heterodox,
Nor merit of good works prevail,
Except within the claſſic pale?
'Tis ſtuff that bears the name of knowledge,
Not current half a mile from college;
Where half their lectures yield no more
(Beſure I ſpeak of times of yore)
Than juſt a niggard light, to mark
How much we all are in the dark:
As ruſhlights in a ſpacious room,
Juſt burn enough to form a gloom.
When Shakſpeare leads the mind a dance
From France to England, hence to France,
Talk not to me of time and place;
I own I'm happy in the chace.
Whether the drama's here or there,
'Tis nature, Shakſpeare, every where.
The poet's fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring paſt and preſent cloſe together,
In ſpite of diſtance, ſeas, or weather;
And ſhut up in a ſingle action
What coſt whole years in its tranſaction,
So, ladies at a play, or rout,
Can flirt the univerſe about.
Whoſe geographical account
Is drawn and pictured on the mount:
Yet, when they pleaſe; contract the plan,
And ſhut the world up in a fan.
True Genius, like Armida's wand,
Can raiſe the ſpring from barren land,
While all the art of Imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the firſt creation;

flowers, with uſeleſs toil,
in a foreign ſoil.
often ſets us right
active light,
liſtance of the laws
the moral cauſe;
itſelf diſcerning,
nyſtic rules of learning,
preſent intuition,
ith of compoſition.
ho breathe the claſſic vein,
mimic train,
ſteed with double bit,
with by their wit,
the pomp of rules,
edantry of ſchools,
like crutches, ne'er became
to the lame,)
hod ſet before 'em;
order, and decorum,
of fiction,
rnament, and diction,
gon of hard names,
hich dulneſs claims,
d by way of fence,
ain and common ſenſe,)
f antient days,
ric of their plays;
fable, all ſo chaſte,
ntient modern taſte,
le all the while,
deſcriptive ſtile.
narks the ſervile mode
tion, in an ode,
a perfect piece,
model of old Greece.
hee Critic, ſet before us,
ice of a chorus.
why then I'll produce
antient uſe.
r on the ſtage,
grief or rage;
go-between,
at each diſmal ſcene;
ow, or delight,
es, left and right,
te our modern notions;
re motions;
the deep diſtreſs,
royal wretchedneſs;
tears, and execration,
out all their lamentation,
: cataracts from their eyes,
s for ſupplies,
Hais, and *Hees*, and *Hoes*,
hony of woes.
Antient want the art
e upon the heart:
logues of a mile
it—humble ſtile,
l phraſe to ſay
inning of this play.
lydore, was found
or others drown'd!"
tleman, did wed,
ou'd never bed,
mnon's royal daughter,
g hither to draw water."

Or need the chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the audience feel;
And jog them, leſt attention ſink,
To tell them how and what to think?
Oh, where's the Bard, who at one view
Cou'd look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?
He ſcorn'd the modes of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakſpeare, thus, who ſtands alone—
—But why repeat what *You* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The feelings of our hearts muſt tell.

AN EPISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL,

AUTHOR OF THE ROSCIAD.

IF at a Tavern, where you'd wiſh to dine,
They cheat your palate with adulterate wine,
Would you, reſolve me, critics for you can,
Send for the maſter up, or chide the man?
The man no doubt a knaviſh buſineſs drives,
But tell me what's the maſter who connives?
Hence you'll infer, and ſure the doctrine's true,
Which ſays, no quarter to a foul Review.
It matters not who vends the nauſeous ſlop,
Maſter or 'prentice; we deteſt the ſhop.
Critics of old, a manly liberal race,
Approv'd or cenſur'd with an open face;
Boldly purſu'd the free deciſive taſk,
Nor ſtabb'd, conceal'd beneath a ruffian's maſk.
To works not men, with honeſt warmth, ſevere,
Th' impartial judges laugh'd at hope or fear:
Theirs was the noble ſkill, with gen'rous aim,
To fan true genius to an active flame;
To bring forth merit in its ſtrongeſt light,
Or damn the blockhead to his native night.
But, as all ſtates are ſubject to decay,
The ſtate of letters too will melt away,
Smit with the harlot charms of trilling ſound,
Softneſs now wantons e'en on Roman ground;
Where Thebans, Spartans, ſought their honour'd graves,
Behold a weak enervate race of ſlaves.
In claſſic lore, deep ſcience, language dead,
Though modern witlings are but ſcantly read,
Profeſſors * fail not, who will loudly bawl
In praiſe of either, with the want of all:
Hail'd mighty critics to this preſent hour.
—The tribune's name ſurviv'd the tribune's pow'r.

* The author takes this opportunity, notwithſtanding all inſinuations to the contrary, to declare, that he has no particular aim at a gentleman, whoſe ability he ſufficiently acknowledges.

Now Quack and Critic differ but in name,
Empirics frontleſs both, they mean the ſame;
This raw in Phyſic, that in Letters freſh,
Both ſpring, like warts, excreſcence from the
ſleſh.
Half form'd, half bred in printers' hireling ſchools,
For all profeſſions have their rogues and fools,
Though the pert witling, or the coward knave,
Caſts no reflection on the wiſe or brave.
Yet, in theſe leaden times, this idle age,
When, blind with dulneſs, or as blind with rage,
Author 'gainſt author rails with venom curſt,
And happy He who calls out blockhead firſt;
From the low earth aſpiring genius ſprings,
And ſails triumphant, born on eagles wings.
No toothleſs ſpleen, no venom'd critic's aim,
Shall rob thee Churchill, of thy proper fame;
While hitch'd for ever in thy nervous rhyme,
Fool lives, and ſhines out fool to lateſt time.
Pity perhaps might wiſh a harmleſs fool,
To ſcape th' obſervance of the critic ſchool;
But if low malice, leagu'd with folly, riſe,
Arm'd with invectives, and hedg'd round with
lies;
Should wakeful dulneſs, if ſhe ever wake,
Write ſleepy nonſenſe but for writing's ſake,
And, ſtung with rage, and piouſly ſevere,
Wiſh bitter comforts to your dying ear;
If ſome ſmall wit, ſome ſilk-lin'd verſeman rakes,
For quaint reflections in the putrid jakes,
Talents uſurp'd demand a cenſor's rage,
A dunce is dunce proſcrib'd in ev'ry age.
Courtier, phyſician, lawyer, parſon, cit,
All, all are objects of theatric wit.
Are ye then, actors, privileg'd alone.
To make that weapon, ridicule your own?
Profeſſions bleed not from his juſt attack,
Who laughs at pedant, coxcomb, knave, or quack;
Fools on and off the ſtage are fools the ſame,
And every dunce is ſatire's lawful game.
Freely you thought, where thought has freeſt room,
Why then apologize? for what? to whom?
Though Gray's-Inn wits with author ſquires unite,
And ſelf-made giants club their labour'd mite,
Though pointleſs ſatire make its weak eſcape,
In the dull babble of a mimic ape,
Boldly purſue where genius points the way,
Nor heed what monthly puny critics ſay.
Firm in thyſelf, with calm indifference ſmile,
When the wiſe Vet'ran knows you by your ſtile,
With critic ſcales weighs out the partial wit,
What I, or You, or He, or no one writ;
Denying thee thy juſt and proper worth,
But to give falſhood's ſpurious iſſue birth;
And all ſelf-will'd with lawleſs hand to raiſe
Malicious ſlander on the baſe of praiſe.
Diſgrace eternal wait the wretch's name
Who lives on credit of a borrow'd fame;
Who wears the trappings of another's wit,
Of fathers bantlings which he could not get!
But ſhrewd Suſpicion with her ſquinting eye,
To truth declar'd, prefers a whiſper'd lye.
With greedy mind the proffer'd tale believes,
Relates her wiſhes, and with joy deceives.
The World, a pompous name, by cuſtom due
To the ſmall circle of a talking few,
With heart-felt glee th' injurious tale repeats,
And ſends the whiſper buzzing through the ſtreets.
The prude demure, with ſober ſaint-like air,
Pities her neighbour for ſhe's wond'rous fair.
And when temptations lie before our feet,
Beauty is frail, and females indiſcreet:
She hopes the nymph will every danger ſhun,
Yet prays devoutly—that the deed were done.
Mean time ſits watching for the daily lie,
As ſpiders, lurk to catch a ſimple fly.
Yet is not ſcandal to one ſex confin'd,
Though men would fix it on the weaker kind:
Yet, this great lord, creation's maſter, man,
Will vent his malice where the blockhead can,
Imputing crimes, of which e'en thought is free,
For inſtance now, your Roſciad,—all to me.
If partial friendſhip, in thy ſterling lays,
Grows all too wanton in another's praiſe,
Critics, who judge by ways themſelves have known,
Shall ſwear the praiſe, the poem is my own;
For 'tis the method in theſe learned days
For wits to ſcribble firſt, and after praiſe.
Critics and Co. thus vend their wretched ſtuff,
And help out nonſenſe by a monthly puff,
Exalt to giant forms weak puny elves,
And deſcant ſweetly on their own dear ſelves;
For works per month by learning's midwives paid,
Demand a puffing in the way of trade:
Reſerv'd and cautious, with no partial aim
My muſe e'er ſought to blaſt another's fame.
With willing hand cou'd twine a rival's bays,
From candour ſilent where ſhe cou'd not praiſe:
But if vile rancour, from (no matter who)
Actor or mimic, printer, or Review;
Lies, oft o'erthrown, with ceaſeleſs venom ſpread
Still hiſs out ſcandal from their Hydra head;
If the dull malice boldly walk the town,
Patience herſelf wou'd wrinkle to a frown.
Come then with juſtice draw the ready pen,
Give me the works, I wou'd not know the men:
All in their turns might make repriſals too,
Had all the patience but to tread them through.
Come, to the utmoſt, probe the deſperate wound,
Nor ſpare the knife wheth'er infection's found!
But, prudence, Churchill, or her ſiſter, Fear,
Whiſpers forbearance to my fright'ned ear.
Oh! then with me forſake the thorny road,
Leſt we ſhould flounder in ſome Fleet-Ditch Ode,
And ſunk for ever in the lazy flood
Weep with the Naiads heavy drops of Mud.
Hail mighty Ode! which like a picture frame,
Holds any portrait, and with any name;
Or, like your nitches, planted thick and thin,
Will ſerve to cram the random herd in.
Hail mighty bard too—whatſo'er thy name,
———or Durfy, for it's all the ſame.
To brother bards ſhall equal praiſe belong,
For wit, for genius, comedy and ſong?
No coſtive Muſe is thine, which freely rakes
With eaſe familiar in the well-known jakes,
Happy in ſkill to ſouſe through foul and fair,
And toſs the dung out with a *lordly* air.
So have I ſeen, amidſt the grinning throng,
The ſledge proceſſion ſlowly dragg'd along,
Where the mock female ſhrew and hen-peck'd mate
Scoop'd rich contents from either copious pail,
Call'd burſts of laughter from the roaring rout,
And daſh'd and ſplaſh'd the filthy grains about.
Quit then, my friend, the Muſes' lov'd abode,
Alas! they lead not to preferment's road.

put on the priestly frown,
red, and becomes the gown.
rs, do a Christian deed,
ank you, for they know their need.
th by learning's sons possess'd,
rn wits might walk abreast,
t mourn his luckless doom,
s out of elbow room.
their love, nor fear their hate,
lence o'er the Muse's fate.
non now on Pindus' hill,
ures are by critic's will;
l guardians of the lady muse,
giants, dreadful tall REVIEWS,
in fam'd romance of yore,
, press forward to the door:
f, some bold advent'rous knight,
ampions to an equal fight,
spaceless nothing fall
, giants, dwarf and all.
h undiscerning rage,
in this polish'd age.
as stains these happy times,
ning, and no dearth of rhymes.
se that flows by *measur'd* laws,
rs, and affected pause,
e, sound's happy virtue fraught,
trouble and expence of thought,
on throughout the circling year,
ce charms the critic ear,
noter of poetic sin,
ft hand the lady in.
r write, how nervous, strong and

ICEAD's decent Muse *does* tell:
strives to cleanse each actor hurt,
praise, and rubs him into dirt.
t was happy æra known
so *tasteful* as our own.
ories rise at once COMPLETE,
d, as they're paid, per sheet.
ce which the world wou'd know,
shall every month bestow,
s fill the mind with awe,
an, Royal, British, Love,
nts will every reader fit,
e, *Philosopher*, and *Wit*;
hemes! which teach all things at

lant coxcomb of a dunce.
ter with such frenzy grow,
to strike down friend and foe,
homage duly paid,
e to the paltry trade.
ne not (though I boast a few,
r, and to letters too)
aise, but, when such *Things* oppose,
erse must make them ——'s foes.
SWON, with satyric rage,
lies of a trifling age,
se with genuine strength aspire,
ader with the poet's fire?
e, where creep the witling fry
lves, and light their rushlights by.
like GRAY's shall pleasing pensive

etly to the rustic woe?

Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master pour forth thoughts of fire?
E'en now to guard afflicted learning's cause,
To judge by reason's rules, and nature's laws,
Boast we *true critics* in their proper right,
While LOWTH and Learning, HURD and Taste unite.
Hail sacred names!—Oh guard the Muse's page,
Save your lov'd mistress from a ruffian's rage;
See how she gasps and struggles hard for life,
Her wounds all bleeding from the butcher's knife;
Critics, like surgeons, blest with curious art,
Should mark each passage to the human heart,
But not, unskilful, yet with lordly air,
Read surgeon's lectures while they scalp and tear.
To names like these I pay the hearty vow,
Proud of their worth, and not asham'd to bow,
To these inscribe my rude, but honest lays,
And feel the pleasures of my conscious praise:
Not that I mean to court each letter'd name,
And poorly glimmer from reflected fame,
But that the Muse, who owns no servile fear,
Is proud to pay her willing tribute here.

EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ. 1757

AGAIN I urge my old objection,
That modern rules obstruct perfection,
And the severity of Taste
Has laid the walk of genius waste.
Fancy's a flight we dead no more in,
Our authors creep instead of soaring,
And all the brave imagination
Is dwindled into declamation.
But still you cry in sober sadness,
"There is discretion e'en in madness."
A pithy sentence, which wants credit!
Because I find a poet said it:
Their verdict makes but small impression,
Who are known lyars by profession.
Rise what exalted flights it will,
True genius will be genius still;
And say, that horse would you prefer,
Which wants a bridle or a spur?
The mettled steed may lose his tricks;
The jade grows callous to your kicks.
Had Shakspeare crept by modern rules,
We'd lost his Witches, Fairies, Fools:
Instead of all that wild creation,
He'd form'd a regular plantation,
A garden trim, and all inclos'd,
In nicest symmetry dispos'd,
The hedges cut in proper order,
Not e'en a branch beyond the border:
Now like a forest he appears,
The growth of twice three hundred years;
Where many a tree aspiring shrouds
Its airy summit in the clouds,
While round its root still love to twine
The ivy or wild eglantine.

" But Shakſpeare's all creative fancy
" Made others love extravagancy:
" While cloud-capt nonſenſe was their aim,
" Like Hurlothrambo's mad lord Flame."
True—who can ſtop dull imitators?
Thoſe younger brothers of tranſlators,
Thoſe inſects, which from genius riſe,
And buzz about, in ſwarms, like flies?
Faſhion, that ſets the modes of dreſs,
Sheds too her influence o'er the preſs:
As formerly the ſons of rhyme
Sought Shakſpeare's fancy and ſublime;
By cool correctneſs now they hope
To emulate the praiſe of Pope.
But Pope and Shakſpeare both diſclaim
Theſe low retainers to their fame.
What taſk can dullneſs e'er effect
So eaſy, as to write *correct*?
Poets, 'tis ſaid, are ſure to ſplit
By too much or too little wit;
So, to avoid th' extremes of either,
They miſs their mark and follow neither;
They ſo exactly poiſe the ſcale
That neither meaſure will prevail,
And mediocrity the Muſe
Did never in her ſons excuſe.
'Tis true, their tawdry works are grac'd
With all the charms of modern taſte,
And every ſenſeleſs line is dreſt
In quaint expreſſion's tinſel veſt.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A monſieur-barber in the ſtreet,
Whoſe ruffle, as it lank depends,
And dangles o'er his fingers' ends,
His olive tann'd complexion graces
With little dabs of Dreſden laces,
While for the body Monſieur Puff,
Wou'd think e'en dowlas fine enough?
So fears it with our men of rhymes,
Sweet tinklers of poetic chimes.
For lace, and fringe, and tawdry cloaths,
Sure never yet were greater beaux;
But fairly ſtrip them to the ſhirt,
They're all made up of rags and dirt.
And ſhall theſe wretches bards commence,
Without or ſpirit, taſte, or ſenſe?
And when they bring no other treaſure,
Shall I admire them for their meaſure?
Or do I ſcorn the critic's rules
Becauſe I will not learn of fools?
Although Longinus' full-mouth'd proſe
With all the force of genius glows;
Though Dionyſius' learned taſte
Is ever manly, juſt, and chaſte,
Who, like a ſkilful wiſe phyſician,
Diſſects each part of compoſition,
And ſhews how beauty ſtrikes the ſoul
From a juſt compact of the whole;
Though judgment, in Quintillian's page,
Holds forth her lamp for ev'ry age;
Yet *Hypercritics* I diſdain,
A race of blockheads dull and vain,
And laugh at all thoſe empty fools,
Who cramp a genius with dull rules,
And what their narrow ſcience mocks
Damn with the name of Het'rodox.
Theſe butchers of a poet's fame,
While they uſurp the critic's name,
Cry—" This is taſte—that's my opinion."
And poets dread their mock dominion.
So have you ſeen with dire affright,
The petty monarch of the night,
Seated aloft in elbow chair,
Command the priſoners to appear,
Harangue an hour on watchmen's praiſe,
And on the dire effect of frays;
Then cry, " You'll ſuffer for your daring,
" And d—n you, you ſhall pay for ſwearing."
Then turning, tell the aſtoniſh'd ring,
I ſit to repreſent the KING.

EPISTLE TO THE SAME, 1757.

HAS my good dame a wicked child?
It takes the gentle name of wild;
If cheſts he breaks, if locks he picks,
'Tis nothing more than youthful tricks:
The mother's fondneſs ſtamps it merit,
For vices are a ſign of ſpirit.
Say, do the neighbours think the ſame
With the good old indulgent dame?
Cries goſſip Prate, " I hear with grief
" My neighbour's ſon's an arrant thief.
" Nay, could you think it, I am told,
" He ſtole five guineas, all in gold,
" You know the youth was always wild—
" He got his father's maid with child;
" And robb'd his maſter, to defray
" The money he had loſt at play.
" All means to ſave him muſt now fail,
" What can it end in?—In a Jail."
Howe'er the dame doats o'er her youth,
My goſſip ſays the very truth.
But as his vices love wou'd hide,
Or torture them to virtue's ſide,
So friendſhip's glaſs deceives the eye,
(A glaſs too apt to magnify)
And makes you *think* at leaſt you ſee
Some ſpark of genius ev'n in me,
You ſay I ſhou'd get fame: I doubt it:
Perhaps I am as well without it.
For what's the worth of empty praiſe?
What poet ever din'd on bays?
For though the Laurel, rareſt wonder!
May ſcreen us from the ſtroke of thunder,
This mind I ever was, and am in,
It is no antidote to famine.
And poets live on ſlender fare,
Who, like Cameleons, feed on air,
And ſtarve, to gain an empty breath,
Which only ſerves them after death.
Grant I ſucceed, like Horace riſe,
And ſtrike my head againſt the ſkies:
Common experience daily ſhews,
That poets have a world of foes;
And we ſhall find in every town
Goſſips enough to cry them down;
Who meet in pious converſation
T' anatomiſe a reputation,
With flippant tongue, and empty head,
Who talk of things they never read.

nſures I deſpiſe:
raiſes won't ſuffice.
nore then to the crime
the font of rhime.
aſwered all her end,
ons pleaſe a friend.
urthen'd with a ſtore,
d one ſcribbler more?

TO ****

UT TO PUBLISH A

E OF MISCELLANIES.

N IN THE YEAR 1755.

, all ſcruple's caſt away,
ts are riſing into day,
h I preſume to ſend
anſel of a friend.
verſe, as verſe now goes,
d of meaſur'd proſe;
roſe, which ſure is worſe,
ut meaſure to be verſe.
ir own imagination,
Muſe by imitation;
', howe'er expreſt,
s at the beſt.
n's all the mode—
hits, ten miſs the road.
hard with pleaſure ſees
naffected eaſe:
yle, affects a ſtory,
umſtance before ye,
hour, the name, the dwelling,
rious tale in telling:
eaſy Prior flows,
numbers down to proſe,
ſought the filthy ſtews
ſlip-ſhod Muſe.
genius, while it rakes
common-ſew'rs, and jakes,
h in rhyme expoſes,
ur eyes and noſes;
laſh—that muſt offend us,
* * * * *
* * * *

Hiatus non deflendus.

would'ſt thou bluſh to ſee,
rds who copy Thee?
n for his plan will chuſe:
bling Milton's Muſe?
hunder, rolls along
ſty of ſong;
pimics meanly creep,
te; nor quite aſleep;
under chance to roll,
f the muſtard bowl.

The ſtiff expreſſion, phraſes ſtrange,
The Epithet's prepoſterous change.
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verſe. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy Milton's ſtyle?
His faults religiouſly you trace,
But borrow not a ſingle grace.
How few, (ſay, whence can it proceed?)
Who copy Milton, e'er ſucceed!
But all their labours are in vain:
And wherefore ſo? the reaſon's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by thoſe
Milton's the model moſtly choſe,
Who can't write verſe, and won't write proſe.
Others, who aim at fancy, chuſe
To woo the gentle Spencer's Muſe.
This poet fixes for his theme
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waſte of ſlimſy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong Muſe takes wond'rous flights,
Whene'er ſhe ſings of peerleſs wights,
Of dens, of palfreys, ſpells and knights:
'Till allegory, Spencer's veil
T' inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale,
With him's no veil the truth to ſhroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.
Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivaling the fame of Pope.
Satyr's the word againſt the times—
Theſe catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by Pope's ſtrong wings,
Their Muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In theſe the ſpleen of Pope we find;
But where the greatneſs of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.
Some few, the fav'rites of the Muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eyes ſhe views;
Round whom Apollo's brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſh'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have ſweetly trod
In Imitation's dang'rous road.
Long as Tobacco's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room,
Oft as in elbow-chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes,
So long, O * Brown, ſhall laſt thy praiſe,
Crown'd with Tobacco-leaf for bays;
And whoſoe'er thy verſe ſhall ſee,
Shall fill another Pipe to thee.

* Iſaac Hawkins Brown, Eſq. author of a piece called the Pipe of Tobacco, a moſt excellent imitation of ſix different authors.

TWO ODES*.

Pindar, Olymp. II.

ODE I.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muſe, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canſt write,
And ſhadoweſt meaning with thy duſky veil!
What Poet ſings, and ſtrikes the ſtrings?
It was the mighty Theban ſpoke,
He from the ever-living Lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of Modern Rhimers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G——y,
Involv'd in tenfold ſmoke.

I. 2.

The ſhallow Fop in antic veſt,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be ſingly dreſt,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, ſhall not then the heav'n-born Muſes too
Variety purſue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the Muſe the ſtile of Cambria's ſons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia ſhe effect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy ſtill ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terreſtrial ball
The tyrant, Faſhion, governs all.
She, fickle Goddeſs, whom, in days of yore,
The Ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long ſhe paid him with diſdain,
And long his pangs in ſilence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-ſick pain
On thy bleſt Calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces, ſprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Faſhion, Goddeſs ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, She love to ride,
Upon a weather-cock, aſtride.
Each blaſt that blows, around ſhe goes,
While nodding o'er her creſt,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light Cameleon ſtands confeſt,
Changing its hues a thouſand times an hour.

And in a veſt is ſhe array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor toneleſs is her waiſt:
But fair and beautiful, I ween,
As the ceſtus-cinctur'd Queen,
Is with the Rainbow's ſhadowy girdle brac'd,

II. 2.

She bids purſue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt Ode.
Meantime each bard, with eager ſpeed,
Vaults on the Pegaſean Steed:
Yet not that Pegaſus, of yore
Which th' illuſtrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed;
High blood and youth his veins inſpire:
From Tottipontimoy he came,
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-ſhoulder'd Arab was his Sire;
* His White-noſe, He on fam'd Dun
plains
Reſign'd his fatal breath:
In vain for life the ſtruggling courſer ſtrains
Ah! who can run the race with death
The tyrant's ſpeed, or man or ſteed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chace, he wins the ra
We ſtumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from Whitenoſe ſprings
Pegaſus with eagle wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground;
While all the Turf with acclamation rings:
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, Yo
He too Newmarket won:
There Granta's Son
Seiz'd on the Steed;
And thence him led, (ſo fate decree
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's ſong,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in ſilence laves,
Winding ſlow his ſluggiſh ſtreams along.

III. 1.

What ſtripling neat, of viſage ſweet,
In trimmeſt guiſe array'd,
Firſt the neighing Steed aſſay'd?
His hand a taper ſwitch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elaſtic ſteel:
The whiles he wins his whiſtling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greenſward
Till fated with the pleaſing ride,
From the lofty Steed diſmounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conſcious pride,
By gurgling rill, or chryſtal fountai

* I take the liberty of inſerting the two following Odes, though I cannot, with ſtrict propriety, print them as my own compoſition. The truth is, they were written in concert with a friend; to whoſe labours I am always happy to add my own: I mean the Author of the Jealous Wife.

* The Author is either miſtaken in this pl
has elſe indulged himſelf in a very unwarr
poetical licence. White-noſe was not the Sir
a Son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Cl
Hi

III. 2.

t, a Bard, ſecure of praiſe,
nplacent countenance diſplays.
Muſtachios, ting'd with golden die,
ı meteor, to the troubled air:
:meanor, and his eagle eye,
th laviſh lid, yet ſhone with glorious

The grizzle grace
ruke ſhadow'd o'er his face.
ride boots, whoſe ponderous weight
nk each wight of modern date,
well pleas'd: ſo large a pair
gantua's ſelf might wear:
nature fierce and cruel,
e truſt to antient Ballad,
hree Pilgrims in a Sallad;
e germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

s, th' adventrous Youth
evel lawn, or velvet mead,
oſe ſide clear ſtreams meandring creep;
s on amain the fiery Steed
s ſhaggy ſide, or Cambrian rock un-
:
the venerable herd
s, with long and ſapient beard,
n Kidlings their blithe revels keep.
he mountain ſee him ſtrain!
down the vale he's toſt,
hes on the ſight again,
lpable Obſcure quite loſt.

IV. 1.

race eternal dangers wait,
or low, all, all, is woe,
hance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
'er every peril bounding,
ws not all the ills ſurrounding,
tiptoe on the mountains ſteep,
ſts not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

ſoars! with mighty wings outſpread,
long reſounding mane,
Courſer quits the plain.
air, ſee, ſee, him bear
Bard, who ſhrouds
ick Glory in the clouds,
o ſtrike the ſtars with lofty head!
headlong from the giddy height,
Cambrian Gulph immerg'd in endleſs

IV. 3.

l Divine! what daring ſpirit
hee now? though he inherit
: pride, nor ſelf-opinion,
elate the mighty Pair,
f Taſte the fav'rite minion,
g through the deſart air:
III.

By help mechanic of Equeſtrian-Block,
Yet ſhall he mount, with claſſic houſing's grac'd,
And, all unheeding of the Critick Mock,
Drive his light Courſer o'er the bounds of Taſte.

ODE II.

TO OBLIVION.

I.

*PARENT OF EASE! OBLIVION old,
Who lov'ſt thy dwelling-place to hold,
Where ſcepter'd Pluto keeps his dreary ſway,
Whoſe ſullen pride the ſhiv'ring ghoſts obey!
Thou, who delighteſt ſtill to dwell
By ſome hoar and moſs-grown cell,
At whoſe dank foot Cocytus joys to roll,
Or Styx' black ſtreams, which even Jove controul!
Or if it ſuit thy better will
To chuſe the tinkling weeping rill,
Hard by whoſe ſide the ſeeded poppy red
Heaves high in air his ſweetly curling head,
While, creeping in meanders flow,
Lethe's drowſy water's flow,
And hollow blaſts, which never ceaſe to ſigh,
Hum to each care-ſtruck mind their lulla-lulla-by!
A prey no longer let me be
To that goſſip MEMORY,
Who waves her banners trim, and proudly flies
To ſpread abroad her bribble-brabble lies.
With thee, OBLIVION, let me go,
For MEMORY's a friend to woe;
With thee, FORGETFULNESS, fair ſilent Queen,
The ſolemn ſtole of grief is never ſeen.

II.

All, All is thine. Thy pow'rful ſway
The throng'd poetic hoſts obey:
Though in the van of MEM'RY proud t'appear,
At thy command they darken in the rear.
What though the modern Tragic ſtrain
For nine whole days protract thy reign,
Yet through the Nine, like whelps of curriſh kind,
Scarcely it lives, weak, impotent, and blind.
Sacred to thee the Crambo Rhime,
The motley forms of Pantomime:
For Thee from Eunuch's throat ſtill loves to flow
The ſoothing ſalneſs of his warbled woe:
Each day to Thee falls Pamphlet clean:
Each month a new-born Magazine:
Hear then, O GODDESS, hear thy vot'ry's pray'r!
And, if Thou deign'ſt to take one moment's care,
Attend Thy Bard! who duly pays;
The tribute of his votive lays;

* According to Lillæus, who beſtows the Parental Function on Oblivion.
Verba OBLIVISCENDI *regunt* GENITIVUM.
Lib. xiii. Cap. 8.
There is a ſimilar paſſage in Buſbæus.

Whoſe Muſe ſtill offers at thy ſacred ſhrine;—
Thy Bard, who calls THEE *His*, and makes him THINE.
O, ſweet FORGETFULNESS, ſupreme
Rule ſupine o'er ev'ry theme,
O'er each ſad ſubject, o'er each ſoothing ſtrain,
Of mine, O GODDESS, ſtretch thine awful reign!
Nor let MEM'RY ſteal one note,
Which this rude hand to Thee hath wrote!
So ſhalt thou ſave me from the Poet's ſhame,
Though on the letter'd Rubric DODSLEY poſt my Name.

III.

O come! with opiate popples crown'd,
Shedding ſlumbers ſoft around!
O come! FAT GODDESS, drunk with Laureat's Sack!—
See where ſhe ſits on the benumb'd Torpedo's back!
Me, in thy dull Elyſium lapt, O bleſs
With thy calm Forgetfulneſs!
And gently lull my ſenſes all the while
With placid poems in the ſinking ſtile!
Whether the Herring-Poet ſing,
Great Laureat of the Fiſhes' King,
Or Lycophron prophetic rave his fill,
Wrapt in the darker ſtrains of Johnny—;
Or, If HE ſing, whoſe verſe affords
A *bevy* of the *choiceſt* words,
Who meets his Lady Muſe by moſs-grown cell,
Adorn'd with epithet and tinkling bell:
Theſe, GODDESS, let me ſtill forget,
With all the dearth of Modern Wit!
So may'ſt Thou gently o'er my youthful breaſt,
Spread, with thy welcome hand, OBLIVION'S friendly veſt.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1751.

I.

AH me! unhappy ſtate of mortal wight,
Sith ENVY'S ſure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth ſhe reſt from rancorous deſpight,
Until ſhe works him mickle woe and ſhame!
Unhappy he whom ENVY thus doth ſpoil,
Ne doth ſhe check her ever reſtleſs hate:
Until ſhe doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckleſs imp is he, whoſe worth elate,
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

II.

There ſtood an ancient mount, yclept Parnaſs,
(The fair domain of ſacred poeſy)
Which, with freſh odours ever-blooming, was
Beſprinkled with the dew of Caſtaly;
Which now in ſoothing murmurs whiſp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant ſoil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's ſteepy ſides,
Teaching the vales full beauteouſly to ſmile,
Dame NATURE'S handy-work, not form'd by lab'ring toil.

III.

The MUSES fair, theſe peaceful ſhades among,
With ſkilful fingers ſweep the trembling ſtring;
The air in ſilence liſtens to the ſong,
And TIME forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-viſag'd CARE, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the ſummit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the bliſsful ſeat;
Her unavailing ſtrength is ſpent in vain,
CONTENT ſits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

IV.

Oft PHOEBUS ſelf left his divine abode,
And here enſhrouded in a ſhady bow'r,
Regardleſs of his ſtate, lay'd by the God,
And own'd ſweet Muſic's more alluring pow'r.
On either ſide was plac'd a peerleſs wight,
Whoſe merit long had fill'd the trump of FAME;
This, FANCY'S darling child, was SPENSER hight,
Who pip'd full pleaſing on the banks of Tame;
That no leſs fam'd than HE, and MILTON was his name.

V.

In theſe cool bow'rs they live ſupinely calm;
Now harmleſs talk, now emulouſly ſing;
While VIRTUE, pouring round her ſacred balmy
Makes happineſs eternal as the ſpring.
Alternately they ſung; now SPENSER 'gan,
Of jouſts and tournaments, and champions ſtrong;
Now MILTON ſung of diſobedient man,
And Eden loſt: The bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their printes' ſong

VI.

Not far from theſe, Dan CHAUCER, antient wight,
A lofty ſeat on mount Parnaſſus held,
Who long had been the Muſes' chief delight;
His reverend locks were ſilver'd o'er with eld;
Grave was his viſage, and his habit plain;
And while he ſung, fair nature he diſplay'd,
In verſe albeit uncouth, and ſimple ſtrain;
Ne mote he well be ſeen, ſo thick the ſhade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

VII.

Next SHAKSPEARE ſat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which viſionary beings did create,
And turn the fouleſt droſs to pureſt gold;

ver spirits rove in earth or air,
or good, obey his dread command;
behests these willingly repair,
w'd by terrors of his magic wand,
h not all their pow'rs united might with-
nd.

VIII.

he bard there stood a beauteous maid,
glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
n-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
her name, ysprong of race divine;
ntle* wimpled low, her silken hair,
loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders
ay'd,
ade a net to catch the wanton air,'
love-sick breezes all around her play'd
'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly
id.

IX.

r and anon she wav'd in air
e, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
'd it round: Eftsoons there did appear
d witches, forms unknown before:
e lifts her wonder-working wand;
upon the flow'ry plain were seen
inhabitants of fairie land,
he attendants upon MAB their queen
ircles danc'd along th' inchanted green.

X.

ther side stood NATURE, goddess fair;
n seem'd she, and of manners staid;
is her form, majestic was her air,
attire of purest white array'd:
rod she bore, whose pow'r was such,
her darling's works may well be shown)
n with its soul-enchanting touch,
d or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
an's passions made subservient to her own.

XI.

thick fogs from out the earth arise,
ky mists the buxom air invade,
ith contagion dire infects the skies,
round their baleful influence shed;
ted sky, which whilom was so fair,
k Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread;
which wilom shone without compare,
n pitchy veil his radiant head,
he time sore-grieving seeks his wat'ry

XII.

he daughter of fell Acheron,
d of deadly hate and gloomy night)
recipitate her Stygian throne,
gh the frighted heavens wing'd her flight;

d. A word used by Spenser for *hung*
line inclosed within Commas is one of
his translation of Tasso.

With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe;
For happiness, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on religion base designs to serve.

XIII.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
SPENSER and MILTON met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness possest:
Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

XIV.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern stood:
Fit place for melancholy * dreary-head.
Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun,
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

XV.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief gone mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint, display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain;
MALICE the monster's name, a foe to God and man.

XVI.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den;
Around her waist, in place of silken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is † hardy-head.

XVII.

Impatient ENVY, through th' ætherial waste,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste.
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
A-while contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

* *Dreary-head.* Gloominess.
† *Hardy-head.* Courage.

XVIII.

Sifter, ariſe! ſee how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire Thou and I can boaſt,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praiſe,
Sith man is bleſt, and Thou and I are loſt:
See in what ſtate Parnaſſus' Hill appears;
See PHOEBUS' ſelf two happy bards atween;
See how the God their ſong attentive hears;
This SPENSER hight, that MILTON, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd ſike heart tormenting ſcene?

XIX.

Sifter, ariſe! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel theſe mortals own,
That mortal force unto our force ſhall ſtoop;
ENVY and MALICE then ſhall reign alone:
Thou beſt has known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with ſpecious bait:
Like TRUTH accoutred, ſpreadeſt forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Ariſe, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

XX.

The Fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
"Tremble, ye bards, within that bliſsful ſeat;
"MALICE and ENVY ſhall o'erthrow your joys,
"Nor PHOEBUS ſelf ſhall our deſigns defeat.
"Shall We, who under friendſhip's feigned veil,
"Prompted the bold archangel to rebel;
"Shall We, who under ſhow of ſacred zeal,
"Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in loweſt hell—
"Such vile diſgrace of us no mortal man ſhall tell.

XXI.

And now, more hideous rendered to the ſight,
By reaſon of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did caſt their rays aſkance,
While helliſh imps prepare the monſter's car,
In which ſhe might cut through the wide expanſe,
And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright ſtar.

XXII.

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell ſerpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon ſpit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;
A lofty ſeat the ſifter-monſters bore,
In deadly machinations cloſe combin'd,
Dull FOLLY drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel DISCORD follow'd faſt behind;
God help the man 'gainſt whom ſuch caitiff foes are join'd.

XXIII.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harſhly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed ſpires of ſmoke around them riſe,
The air depreſs'd unuſual burthen feels;
Deteſted fight! in terrible array,
They ſpur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger ſuffer cold delay,
Until the wiſh'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

XXIV.

Here, eldeſt ſon of MALICE, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falſities was built:
(Ah! worthleſs ſon, of worthleſs parent born!)
Under the ſhew of ſemblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his helliſh breaſt;
And by theſe guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profeſt;
The wolf more ſafely wounds when in ſheep's cloathing dreſt.

XXV.

Him then themſelves atween they joyful place,
(Sure ſign of woe when ſuch are pleas'd, alas!)
Then meaſure back the air with ſwifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnaſs.
Hither in evil hour the monſters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had loſt all ſenſe of virtuous ſhame,
Beholding worth with poiſonous deſpight;
On his ſucceſs depends their impious delight.

XXVI.

Long burnt He ſore the ſummit to obtain,
And ſpread his venom o'er the bliſsful ſeat;
Long burnt He ſore, but ſtill He burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet.
At length, at unawares, he out doth ſpit
That ſpite which elſe had to himſelf been bane;
The venom on the breaſt of MILTON lit,
And ſpread benumbing death thro' every vein;
The Bard of life bereft fell ſenſeleſs on the plain.

XXVII.

As at the banquet of Thyeſtes old,
The ſun is ſaid t' have ſhut his radiant eye,
So did he now through grief his beams with-hold,
And darkneſs to be felt o'erwhelm'd the ſky;
Forth iſſued from their diſmal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,
Shriek-owls and ravens, whoſe fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miſerable wight:
Did never mind of man behold ſike dreadful ſight?

XXVIII.

APOLLO wails his darling done to die
By foul attempt of ENVY's fatal bane;
The MUSES ſprinkle him with dew of Caſtaly,
And crown his death with many a living ſtrain;

ARNASSUS beats his aged breaſt,
it ne'er before did ſorrow know;
ers drooping their deſpair atteſt,
eved rivers querulouſly flow;
udden groan'd with ſympathetic woe.

XXIX.

he ſky a gayer livery wears,
ing clouds begin to fade apace,
the cloak of darkneſs diſappears,
kneſs ever thus to light give place!)
'd APOLLO jocund looks reſumes,
E renew their whilom chearful ſong,
PARNASSUS' aged breaſt conſumes,
the teeming earth new flowers ſprong,
ıs rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

XXX.

keen Bard freſh vital heat renews,
ood, erſt ſtagnate, ruſhes through his
s;
ıgh each pore her ſpirit doth infuſe,
E by MALICE unextinguiſhed reigns:
a form breaks forth, all heavn'ly bright,
y one of mortal progeny,
: Form, yclad in ſnowy white,
o fair at diſtance ſeen as nigh;
and TRUTH appear, ENVY and LAU-
die.

OLOGUE

TO THE

LOUS WIFE.

EN BY MR. GARRICK.

JEALOUS WIFE! a Comedy! poor
man!
ſubject! but a wretched plan.
wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
t treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
pbraidings, Jealouſies, and ſpleen,
miliar in the comic ſcene.
he language with heroic chime,
, Pathos, Character, Sublime!
l big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
huſband, and the wife a queen!
: diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
ı forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
death had rag'd without controul,
awn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl.
ıad ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
had thunder'd at each *Hah* and *Oh!*

But peace! the gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no *partial* aim,
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore.—
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.

If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhewn,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew
He brings more forward, in dramatic view;
To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.

But if all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others' land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand,
Do juſtice on him!—As on fools before,
And give to *Blockheads* paſt one *Blockhead* more,

PROLOGUE,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE, ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1761.

GENIUS, neglected, mourns his wither'd bays;
But ſoars to heav'n from virtue's generous praiſe.
When Kings themſelves the proper judges ſit
O'er the bleſt realms of ſcience, arts and wit,
Each eager breaſt beats high for glorious fame,
And emulation glows with active flame.
Thus, with Auguſtus roſe imperial Rome,
For arms renown'd abroad, for arts at home.
Thus, when Eliza fill'd Britannia's throne,
What arts, what learning was not then our own?
Then ſinew'd Genius, ſtrong and nervous roſe,
In Spenſer's numbers, and in Raleigh's proſe;
On Bacon's lips then every ſcience hung,
And Nature ſpoke from her own Shakſpeare's tongue,
Her patriot ſmiles fell, like refreſhing dews,
To wake to life each pleaſing uſeful Muſe,
While every virtue which the Queen profeſs'd,
Beam'd on her ſubjects, but to make them bleſt.
O glorious times!—O theme of praiſe divine!
—Be happy, Britain, then—ſuch times are thine.
Behold e'en now ſtrong ſcience imps her wing,
And arts revive beneath a Patriot King.
The Muſes too burſt forth with double light,
To ſhed their luſtre in a Monarch's ſight.
His cheering ſmiles alike to all extend—
Perhaps *this ſpot* may boaſt a Royal Friend.
And when a Prince, with early judgment grac'd,
Himſelf ſhall marſhal out the way to taſte,

Caught with the flame perhaps e'en *here* may riſe
Some powerful genius of uncommon ſize,
And, pleas'd with nature, nature's depth explore,
And be what our great Shakſpeare was before.

PROLOGUE TO HECUBA.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, 1761.

A Grecian bard, two thouſand years ago,
Plann'd this ſad fable of illuſtrious woe;
Waken'd each ſoft emotion of the breaſt,
And called forth tears, that would not be ſuppreſt.

Yet, O ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaſte,
Who, lacking Genius, have a deal of Taſte,
Can you forgive our modern ancient piece,
Which brings no chorus, tho' it comes from Greece?
Kind ſocial chorus, which all humours meets,
And ſings and dances up and down the ſtreets.
——Oh! might true taſte, in theſe unclaſſic days,
Revive the Grecian faſhions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on ſtilts, our Players would ſtalk and rage,
And, at three ſteps, ſtride o'er a modern ſtage;
Each geſture then would boaſt unuſual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, ſtuff'd body, ſprawling arms!
Your critic eye would then no pigmies ſee;
But Buſkins make a giant, even of me.
No features then the Poet's mind would trace,
But one black vizor blot out all the face.
O! glorious times, when actors thus could ſtrike,
Expreſſive, inexpreſſive, all alike!
Leſs change of face than in our punch they ſaw,
For punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw;
With one ſet glare they mouth'd the rumbling verſe;
Our Gog and Magog look not half ſo fierce?

Yet, though depriv'd of inſtruments like theſe,
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to pleaſe;
Which, whereſoe'er ſhe glows with genuine flame,
In Greece, in Rome, in England, is the ſame.

Of raillery then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Grecian poet for the player.
Theirs was the ſkill, with honeſt help of art,
To win, by juſt degree, the yielding heart,
What if our Shakſpeare claims the magic throne,
And in one inſtant makes us all his own;
They differ only in one point of view,
For Shakſpeare's nature, was their nature too.

ODE

SPOKEN ON A PUBLIC OCCASION AT

MINSTER SCHOOL.

NOR at Apollo's vaunted ſhrine,
Nor to the fabled Siſters Nine,
Offers the youth his ineffectual vow,
Far be their rites!—Such worſhip fits not now
When at Eliza's ſacred name
Each breaſt receives the preſent flame:
While eager genius plumes her infant wings,
And with bold impulſe ſtrikes the accordant ſtr
Reflecting on the crouded line
Of mitred ſages, bards divine,
Of patriots, active in their country's cauſe,
Who plan her councils, or direct her laws.

Oh Memory! how thou lov'ſt to ſtray,
Delighted, o'er the flow'ry way
Of childhood's greener years! when ſimple you
Pour'd the pure dictates of ingenuous truth!
'Tis then the ſouls congenial meet,
Inſpir'd with friendſhip's genuine heat,
Ere intereſt, frantic zeal, or jealous art,
Have taught the language foreign to the heart.

'Twas *here* in many an early ſtrain
Dryden firſt try'd his claſſic vein,
Spurr'd his ſtrong genius to the diſtant goal,
In wild effuſions of his manly ſoul;
When Buſby's ſkill and judgment ſage,
Repreſs'd the poet's frantic rage,
Cropt his luxuriance bold, and blended taught
The flow of numbers with the ſtrength of thou

Nor, Cowley, be thy Muſe forgot! which f
In wits ambiguous flowery maze,
With many a pointed turn and ſtudied art:
Though affectation blot thy rhyme,
Thy mind was lofty and ſublime,
And manly honour dignified thy heart:
Though fond of wit, yet firm to virtue's plan,
The *Poet*'s trifles ne'er diſgrac'd the *Man*.

Well might thy morals ſweet engage
Th' attention of the Mitred Sage,
Smit with the plain ſimplicity of truth.
For not ambition's giddy ſtrife,
The gilded toys of public life,
Which ſnare the gay unſtable youth,
Cou'd lure Thee from the ſober charms,
Which lapt thee in retirement's arms,
Whence Thou, untainted with the pride of ſtat
Coud'ſt ſmile with pity on the buſtling Great.

Such were Eliza's ſons. Her foſt'ring care
Here bade free genius tune his grateful ſtring;
Which elſe had waſted in the deſart air,
Or droop'd unnotic'd 'mid the vulgar throng.
—Ne'er may her youth degenerate ſtain
The glories of Eliza's name!
But with the poet's frenzy bold,
Such as inſpir'd her bards of old,
Pluck the green laurel from the hand of Fame!

EARS AND TRIUMPH OF PARNASSUS:

N O D E,

SICK AND PERFORMED AT DRURY-LANE, 1760.

ſcovers APOLLO *and the* NINE MUSES *in their proper Habits.*

APOLLO.

gave the word; the deed is done;
IGUSTUS is no more;
reer of fame is run,
nd all the l's deplore.
[*The Muſes tear off their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

s of the ſacred ſpring,
ou rend your golden hair;
ou now your dirges ſing,
vith cries the troubled air.

CHORUS.

e word, &c.

CLIO.

juſtice was his ſway;
ever mark'd his way.

CALLIOPE.

beſt ambition that can fire
's breaſt and all his ſoul inſpire,
us purpoſe of the noble mind,
mbition—to ſerve human kind.

APOLLO.

ins, yes; that wiſh ſublime
n with thoſe of earlieſt time,
:a people's welfare ſtrove;
its breathe aetherial air,
ir meed of earthly care,
ſectar with Olympian Jove.

CALLIOPE.

TH! fair daughter of the ſky.
CY!—that with aſking eye
: OMNIPOTENT do'ſt ſtand;
n mankind provoke his rage,
his knees, his wrath aſſuage,
the thunder from his hand!

CLIO.

-rob'd FAITH! celeſtial maid!
with JUSTICE! by whoſe aid
He liv'd the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's iſle
That bid'ſt eternal ſunſhine ſmile,
Who now will guard your ſacred cauſe?

CHORUS.

Dear liberty, &c.

CALLIOPE.

Where were ye, Muſes, when the fatal ſheers
The FURY rais'd, to cloſe his rev'rend years?
But ah! vain wiſh!—you could not ſtop the blow!
No Omen warn'd ye of th' impending woe.

APOLLO.

See! where BRITANNIA ſtands
With cloſe-infolded hands,
On yonder ſea-beat ſhore!
Behold her languid air!
To! her diſhevell'd hair!
Majeſtic now no more?
Still on the ſullen wave her eye is bent,
The TRIDENT of the MAIN thrown idle by;
OLD THAMES, his ſea-green mantle rent,
Inverts his urn, and heaves a doleful ſigh.
Hark! to the winds and waves
Frantic with grief ſhe raves,
And, cruel Gods! ſhe cries;
Each chalky cliff around,
Each rock returns the ſound,
And, cruel Gods! replies.

CALLIOPE.

See! the proceſſion ſad and ſlow,
Walks in a ſolemn pomp of woe
Through awful arches, gloomy iſles,
And rows of monumental piles,
Where lie the venerable juſt,
Where heroes moulder into duſt.
Now quietly inurn'd he lies,
Pale! pale! inanimate and cold:
Where round him baleful vapours riſe,
'Midſt bones of legiſlators old!

CLIO.

Of him who fought th' ambitious Gaul
Oe'r thick-embattled plains,
Who felt, who liv'd, and reign'd for all,
This only now remains.

APOLLO.

Bring, in handfuls, lillies bring
Bring me all the flow'ry ſpring.
Scatter roſes on his bier;
Ever honour'd, ever dear!

CHORUS.

Scatter Roſes, &c.

MERCURY *deſcends.*

No more, harmonious Progeny of Jove,
No more let fun'ral accents riſe;
The great, the good AUGUSTUS reigns above,
Tranſlated to his kindred ſkies.

CLIO.

No more for my hiſtoric page—

CALLIOPE.

No more for my great epic rage—

BOTH.

Will by the hero now be done—

CHORUS.

His great career of fame is run,
And all the loſs deplore.

Enter MARS.

Lo? Mars, from his beloved land,
Where freedom long hath fix'd her ſtand,
Bids ye collect your flowing hair,
And again the laurel wear:
For ſee! BRITANNIA rears her drooping head;
Again reſumes her TRIDENT of the main;
THAMES takes his urn, and ſeeks his wat'ry bed,
While gay content ſits ſmiling on the plain.
Hark! a glad voice.
Proclaims the people's choice.

CHORUS, *within the Scenes.*

He is our liege, our rightful lord!
Of heart and tongue with one accord
We all will ſing
Long live the king!
He is our liege!—he!—he alone!
With BRITISH HEART he mounts the throne;
Around him throngs a loyal band;
He will protect his NATIVE LAND!
He is our liege, &c.
[*The Muſes riſe and put on their laurels.*

CALLIOPE.

The muſes now their heads ſhall raiſe;
The arts to life ſhall ſpring;
Virgins, we'll trim our wither'd bayes,
And wake each vocal ſtring;
Now ſhall the ſculptor's happy ſkill
Touch the rude ſtone to life;
The painter ſhall his canvaſs fill,
Pleas'd with his mimic ſtrife.

CLIO.

Sweet MERCY! FAITH! CÆLESTIAL TRUTH!
Now by your aid the royal youth
Shall live the guardian of the laws;
Dear LIBERTY! round ALBION's iſle
That bid'ſt eternal ſunſhine ſmile,
He now will guard your ſacred cauſe.

APOLLO.

Bleſt Prince! whoſe ſubjects in each adverſe h
For freedom ſtill have ſtood!
Bleſt iſle! whoſe Prince but deems the ſo
pow'r,
The pow'r of doing good!

MARS.

Now open all your Helicon; explore
Of harmony the loftieſt ſtore;
Let the drum beat alarms,
Such as rouze us to arms;
The trumpet's ſhrill clangor ſhall pierce throu
ſky!
Swell the rapture, ſwell it high;
And in notes ſublime and clear
Pour the ſtrong melody, that Heav'n may hear

APOLLO.

Nothing mortal will I ſound;
Lo! the flame, the flame divine!
High I mount, I quit the ground,
Holy fury! I am thine.
With rage poſſeſt
Big ſwells my breaſt!
In viſions rapt, before my ſight appears
A brighter order of increaſing years.

MARS.

I ſee the Rhine devolve his flood
Deep-crimſon'd with the Gallic blood!
I hear, I hear the diſtant roar
Of ruin on yon hoſtile ſhore!
I ſee, young Prince, to thee I ſee
The ſavage Indian bend the knee!
Lo! AFRIC from her ſable kings
Her richeſt ſtores in tribute brings!
And fartheſt IND, beneath the riſing day
Lays down her arms, and venerates thy ſway.

CALLIOPE.

I ſee Bellona baniſh'd far!
I ſee him cloſe the gates of war,
While purple rage within
With gaſtly ire ſhall grin,
And rolling his terrific eyes,
Where round him heaps of arms ariſe,
Bound with a hundred brazen chains,
In vain ſhall foam, and thirſt for ſanguine pla

CLIO.

Sweet peace returns;
O'er Albion's ſons
She waves her dove-like wing:
On ev'ry plain
The ſhepherd train
Their artleſs loves ſhall ſing.
Pale DISCORD ſhall fly
From the light of the ſky.

black Cocytus hurl'd;
There, there ſhall feel
Ixion's wheel,
furies with their ſerpents curl'd;
ith the unceaſing toil ſhall groan
f the unconquerable ſtone,
ave in harmony the Britiſh world.

APOLLO.

l great days; lead on th' auſpicious years;
ars (—for lo! the ſcene of fate appears!)
ars, the DESTINIES have ſaid, ſhall roll;
ds conſent, and thunder ſhakes the pole.

ADIA. A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

:NE I. *A view of the country.*

HERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS.

HERDS, buxom, blithe and free,
's the time for jollity.

SYLVIA.

AIR.

haſte, and bring along
e and jocund ſong
ɔe and tabor beat
ıſures with your feet,
of time employ;
moſt of proffer'd joy,
ıtes the ſcanty rules
ut by dreaming fools.

CHORUS.

ds, buxom, blithe and free
time for jollity.
[*A dance of Shepherds, &c.*

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

ye happy ſwains, rejoice;
art that prompts the voice.
aniſh'd far away;
ll make it holy-day.
name can joy ſuppreſs?
-BORN to rule and bleſs.

DAMON.

t! from rock to rock the ſound
horn, and deep-mouth'd hound,
III.

Breaking with rapture on the ear,
Proclaims the blitheſome Phœbe near:
See where ſhe haſtes with eager pace,
To ſpeak the joys that paint her face.

SCENE II. *Opens to a proſpect of rocks. Huntſmen, Huntreſſes, &c. coming down from them.*

PHOEBE.

Hither I ſpeed with honeſt glee,
Such as befits the mind that's free;
Your chearful troop, blithe youth, to join,
And mix my ſocial joys with thine.
Now may each nymph, and frolic ſwain,
O'er mountain ſteep, or level plain,
Court buxom health, while jocund horn
Bids echo wake the ſluggard morn.

AIR.

When the morning peeps forth, and the zephyr's cool gale,
Carries fragrance and health over mountain and dale;
Up, ye nymphs, and ye ſwains, and together we'll rove,
Up hill, down the valley, by thicket or grove:
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

Let the wretched be ſlaves to ambition and wealth;
All the bleſſing we aſk is the bleſſing of health.
So ſhall innocence ſelf give a warrant to joys
No envy diſturbs, no dependance deſtroys.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

O'er hill, dale, and woodland, with rapture we roam;
Yet returning, ſtill find the dear pleaſures at home;
Where the chearful good humour gives honeſty grace,
And the heart ſpeaks content in the ſmiles of the face.
Then follow with me, where the welkin reſounds
With the notes of the horn, and the cry of the hounds.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small care, my friends, your youth annoys,
Which only looks to preſent joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white locks of ſilver'd age,
And long experience hail thee ſage;
I'll ſuits it in this joy, to wear,
A brow ſo over-hung with care.
Better with us thy voice to raiſe,
And join a whole Arcadia's praiſe.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that Thyrſis reigns
The guardian o'er his native plains;

But praiſe is ſcanty to reveal
The ſpeaking bleſſings all muſt feel.

DAMON.

True, all muſt feel—but thankleſs too?
Nor give to virtue, virtue's due?
My grateful heart ſhall ever ſhew
The debt I need not bluſh to owe.

AIR.

That I go where I liſt, that I ſing what I pleaſe,
That my labour's the price of contentment and eaſe,
That no care from abroad my retirement annoys,
That at home I can taſte the true family joys,
That my kids wanton ſafely o'er meadows and rocks,
That my ſheep graze ſecure from the robber or fox;
Theſe are bleſſings I ſhare with the reſt of the ſwains,
For it's Thyrſis who gave them, and Thyrſis maintains.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Periſh my voice, if e'er I blame
Thy duty to our guardian's name!
His active talents I revere,
But eye them with a jealous fear.
Intent to form our bliſs alone,
The generous youth forgets his own;
Nor e'er his buſy mind employs
To find a partner of his joys.
So might his happy offſpring own
The virtues which their ſire hath ſhewn.

AIR.

With joy the parent loves to trace
Reſemblance in his children's face:
And as he forms their docile youth
To walk the ſteady paths of truth,
Obſerves them ſhooting into men,
And lives in them life o'er again.

While active ſons, with eager flame,
Catch virtue at their father's name;
When full of glory, full of age,
The parent quits this buſy ſtage,
What in the ſons we moſt admire,
Calls to new life the honour'd ſire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent Sage forgive the zeal
Of thoughtleſs youth. With thee I feel,
The glories now Arcadia ſhares
May but embitter future cares.

Oh mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.

AIR.

So may all thy ſylvan train,
Dryad, nymph, and ruſtic faun,
To the pipe and merry ſtrain,
Trip it o'er the ruſſet lawn!
May no thorn or bearded graſs
Hurt their footſteps as they paſs,
Whilſt in gambols round and round
They ſport it o'er the ſhaven ground!

Though thy Syrinx, like a dream,
Flying at the face of day,
Vaniſh'd in the limpid ſtream,
Bearing all thy hopes away,
If again thy heart ſhould burn,
In careſſing,
Bleſt, and bleſſing,
May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd return.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! attend Arcadia's voice,
Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his choice.
[*A dance of huntſmen and*

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, ſhepherds, peace, with jocund air,
Which ſpeaks a heart unknown to care,
Young Delia haſtes. The glad ſurprize
Of rapture flaſhing from her eyes.

ENTER DELIA.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, ſhepherds, come away;
Sadneſs were a ſin to-day
Let the pipe's merry notes aid the ſkill of t
For our wiſhes are crown'd, and our heart
joice.
Rejoice, and be glad;
For ſure he is mad
Who, where mirth and good humour and
found,
Never catches the ſmile, nor lets pleaſure
Let the ſtupid be grave,
'Tis the vice of the ſlave;
But can never agree
With a maiden like me,
Who is born in a country that's happy and f

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this rapture, Delia? Shew
Th' event our boſoms burn to know.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant ſide,
Where Ladon rolls its ſilver tide,
All gayly deck'd in gorgeous ſtate,
Sail'd a proud barge of richeſt freight;
Where ſat a nymph, more freſh and fair
Than bloſſoms which the morning air
Steals perfume from; the modeſt grace
Of maiden bluſh beſpread her face.
Hither it made, and on this ſtrand
Pour'd it's rich freight for ſhepherds' hand.
Ladon, for this, ſmooth flow thy tide!
The precious freight was Thyrſis' bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

erds, if arright I hear,
of joy proclaim them near:
them, friends, I'll lead the way;
me young again to-day.

SCENE III.

w of the ſea, with a veſſel at a diſtance, follows a Paſtoral Proceſſion to the wedding Thyrſis.]

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

a with tender care,
wain and virgin fair;
ver thus impart
of heart for heart.
edges of their bliſs
knees to ſhare the kiſs.
teady blooming youth
tread the paths of truth,
ch from either ſide,
ridegroom and the bride.

CHORUS.

teady blooming youth,
tread the paths of truth,
ch from either ſide,
ridegroom and the bride.

'ISTLE TO MR. COLMAN.

ITTEN IN THE YEAR 1756.

know, dear George, I'm none of thoſe
at condeſcend to write in proſe;
ith pathos and ſublime,
ar—in doggrel rhyme,
: can aſk you how you do,
a jingling line or two.
always took delight in
rs the name of *eaſy writing*;
e reaſon makes it pleaſe
find it's writ with eaſe.

a notion here in private,
iblic taſte can ne'er connive at,
inks no wit or judgment greater
liſon and his Spectator
(it is no matter where,
e ſays it, I can ſwear)
verſe moſt Bards are ſmitten,
ey think it's *eaſy written*;
he *eaſier* it appears,
er marks of *care* it wears;

Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illuſtration:
The fam'd Mat Prior, it is ſaid,
Oft bit his nails, and ſcratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Becauſe he did not like the rhymes,
To make my meaning clear, and pleaſe ye,
In ſhort, he *labour'd* to write *eaſy*.
And yet, no critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a ſimile will hit him;
His verſe, like cloaths, was made to fit him,
Which (as no Taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried.

Though I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame.
'Tis the reſult of admiration
To ſpend itſelf in imitation;
If imitation may be ſaid,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than theſe,
That I'm idolater of *eaſe*.

Who, but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the preſent age?
Write what we will, our works beſpeak us
Imitatores, ſervum Pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road:
The proverb ſtill ſticks cloſely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas ſaid an age ago,
Ere Milton ſoar'd in thought ſublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Colman wrote in ſtile ſo pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burleſqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my ſcraps of wit,
And happy in the cloſe connexion,
T' acquire ſome name from their reflexion
So (the ſimilitude is trite)
The moon ſtill ſhines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the ſun for her lac'd cloaths.

Methinks there is no better time
To ſhew the uſe I make of rhyme,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-ſinning,
Preſuming on good nature's ſcore,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The firſt advantage which I ſee,
Is, that I ramble looſe and free:
The Bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are *fetters*, *links*, and *chains*,
And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keep him priſ'ner to the ſenſe.
Howe'er in common place he rage,
Rhyme's like your *fetters* on the *ſtage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only ſtrut the more,
While, raving in pathetic ſtrains,
He ſhakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handſome face,
Nonſenſe acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its ſcope,
That ſenſe may unperceived elope:
So miniſters of baſeſt tricks
(I love a fling at *politicks*)
Amuſe the nation, court, and king,
With breaking Fowke, and hanging Byng;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater* ſlink away.
This ſimile perhaps would ſtrike,
If match'd with ſomething more alike;
Then take it dreſs'd a ſecond time
In Prior's eaſe, and *my* ſublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the ſtreet,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haſte to catch a thief,
While the ſly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too cloſe beſet to run away,
Stop thief! ſtop thief! exclaims aloud,
And ſo eſcapes among the croud?
So Miniſters, &c.

O England how I mourn thy fate!
For ſure thy loſſes now are great;
Two ſuch, what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoiſſeur!

To-day, before the ſun goes down,
Will die the Cenſor, Mr. TOWN!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With bluſhing honours thick upon him;
O may his name theſe verſes ſave,
Be theſe inſcrib'd upon his grave!

Know, reader, that on Thurſday died
The CONNOISSEUR, a ſuicide!
Yet think not that his ſoul has fled,
Nor rank him 'mongſt the vulgar dead.
Howe'er defunct you ſet him down,
He's only *going out of Town*.

THE PUFF.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE BOOKSELLER AND AUTHOR.

BOOKSELLER.

MUSEUM, ſir! that's not enough.
New works, we know, require a Puff;
A title to entrap the eyes,
And catch the reader by ſurprize;
As gaudy ſigns, which hang before
The Tavern or the alehouſe door,
Hitch every paſſer's obſervation,
Magnetic in their invitation.
—That SHAKSPEARE is prodigious fine!
Shall we ſtep in, and taſte the wine?

Men, women, houſes, horſes, books,
All borrow credit from their looks.
Externals have the gift of ſtriking,
And lure the fancy into liking.

AUTHOR.

Oh! I perceive the thing you mean—
Call it *St. James's Magazine.*

BOOKSELLER.

Or the *New Britiſh*—

AUTHOR.

Oh! no more.
One name's as good as half a ſcore.
And titles oft give nothing leſs
Than what they *flaringly* profeſs.
Puffing, I grant, is all the mode;
The common hackney turnpike road:
But cuſtom is the blockhead's guide,
And ſuch low arts diſguſt my pride.
Succeſs on merit's force depends,
Not on the partial voice of friends;
Not on the *ſcenes*, that bully ſin;
But that *which paſſeth ſhew within*:
Which bids the warmth of friendſhip glow,
And wrings conviction from a foe.—
Deſerve ſucceſs, and proudly claim,
Not *ſteal* a paſſage into fame.

BOOKSELLER.

Your method, ſir, will never do;
You're right in theory, it's true.
But then, experience in *our* trade
Says, there's no harm in ſome parade.
Suppoſe we ſaid, by Mr. Lloyd?

AUTHOR.

The very thing I would avoid;
And would be rather pleas'd to own
Myſelf unknowing, and unknown:
What could th' unknowing muſe expect,
But information or neglect?
Unknown—perhaps her reputation
Eſcapes the tax of defamation,
And wrapt in darkneſs, laugh's unhurt,
While *critic* blockheads throw their dirt:
But he who madly prints his name,
Invites his foe to take ſure aim.

BOOKSELLER.

True—but a name will always bring
A better ſanction to the thing:
And all your ſcribling foes are ſuch,
Their cenſure cannot hurt you much;
And, take the matter ne'er ſo ill,
If *you* don't print it, ſir, *they* will.

AUTHOR.

be it ſo—that ſtruggle's o'er—
s ſhall prove one ſpur the more.
ſucceſs attends, if not,
y name, and made a blot.

BOOKSELLER.

ood print.

AUTHOR.

int? why there

honeſt LEACH's care.
to me? in verſe or proſe,
ſtuff, you make the cloaths ſ
', print, and all ſuch dreſs,
no credit from *his* preſs.

BOOKSELLER.

its miſtake the thing I mean,
h you, ſir, a MAGAZINE;
at picture there—the QUEEN.

AUTHOR.

:ation to her too!
not folly dare to do?
art! when happy ſkill
likeneſs whence it will;
traits aſk no REYNOLDS' aid,
ts and kings are ready made.
', my friend, by helps like theſe,
riſh my works ſhould pleaſe;
es taken from the life,
proportions are at ſtrife;
MING-BIRD, no PAINTED FLOWER,
T juſt landed in the TOWER,
EN NOTES, no COLOUR'D MAP,
ITRY-DANCE ſhall ſtop a gap;
MATH, be not ſevere,
problem meets you here;
ſlip A, and neighbour B,
good friends, with C and D;
G, H I K join;
e and *incidental* line
fall in, and croſs each other,
ſiſter and a brother.
ets, *tiny* wits,
about on *tiny* tits,
ds disjoin, and ſweetly ſing,
third part, and *take the thing*;
e the joints again, to frame
DY's, or ſome CITY's name,
r own, your proper *Phœbus*;
r make, nor print a REBUS.
IBO, no ACROSTIC fine,
ers lacing down each line;
CONUNDRUM, no invention
s reach of comprehenſion,
LE, which whoe'er unties,
elve MUSEUMS for the PRIZE,
e to pleaſe you, at th' expence
taſte, and common ſenſe.

BOOKSELLER.

But would not ORNAMENT produce
Some real grace, and proper uſe?
A FRONTISPIECE would have its weight,
Neatly engrav'd on copper-plate.

AUTHOR.

Plain letter-preſs ſhall do the feat,
What need of foppery to be neat?
The Paſte-board Guard delights me more,
That ſtands to watch a bun-houſe door,
Than ſuch a mockery of grace,
And ornament ſo out of place.

BOOKSELLER.

But one word more, and I have done—
A PATENT might inſure its run.

AUTHOR.

Patent! for what! can patents give
A Genius? or make blockheads live?
If ſo, O hail the glorious plan!
And buy it at what price you can.
But what alas! will that avail,
Beyond the *property* of ſale?
A property of little worth,
If weak our produce at its birth.
For fame, for honeſt fame we ſtrive,
But not to ſtruggle half alive,
And drag a miſerable being,
Its end ſtill fearing and foreſeeing.
Oh! may the flame of genius blaze,
Enkindled with the breath of praiſe!
But far be ev'ry fruitleſs puff,
To blow to light a dying ſnuff.

BOOKSELLER.

But ſhould not ſomething, ſir, be ſaid,
Particular on ev'ry head?
What your ORIGINALS will be,
What *infinite* variety,
Multum in Parvo, as they ſay,
And ſomething neat in every way?

AUTHOR.

I wiſh there could—but that depends
Not on myſelf, ſo much as friends.
I but ſet up a new machine,
With harneſs tight, and furniſh'd clean;
Where ſuch, who think it no diſgrace,
To ſend in time, and take a place,
The book-keeper ſhall minute down,
And I with pleaſure drive to town.

BOOKSELLER.

Ay, tell them that, ſir, and then ſay,
What letters come in every day;
And what great *Wits* your care procures,
To join their ſocial hands with yours.

AUTHOR.

What! muſt I huge propoſals print,
Merely to drop ſome ſaucy hint,
That real folks of real fame
Will give their works, and not their name?
—This Puff's of uſe, you ſay—why let it,
We'll boaſt ſuch friendſhip when we get it.

BOOKSELLER.

Get it! Ah, ſir, you do but jeſt,
You'll have aſſiſtance, and the beſt.
There's CHURCHILL—will not CHURCHILL lend
Aſſiſtance?

AUTHOR.

Surely—to his FRIEND.

BOOKSELLER.

And then your intereſt might procure
Something from either CONNOISSEUR.
COLMAN and THORNTON, both will join
Their ſocial hand, to ſtrengthen thine:
And when your name appears in print,
Will GARRICK *never* drop a hint?

AUTHOR.

True, I've indulg'd ſuch hopes before,
From thoſe you name, and many more;
And they, perhaps, again will join
Their hand, if not aſham'd of mine.
Bold is the taſk we undertake,
The friends we wiſh, the WORK muſt make:
For Wits, like adjectives, are known
To cling to that which ſtands alone.

BOOKSELLER.

Perhaps too, in our way of trade,
We might procure ſome uſeful aid:
Could we engage ſome able pen,
To furniſh matter now and then;
There's—what's his name, ſir? wou'd compile,
And methodize the news in *ſtyle*.

AUTHOR.

Take back your newſman whence he came.
Carry your crutches to the lame.

BOOKSELLER.

You muſt enrich your book, indeed!
Bare MERIT never will ſucceed;
Which readers are not now a-days,
By half ſo apt to buy, as praiſe;
And praiſe is hardly worth purſuing,
Which tickles authors to their ruin.
Books ſhift about, like ladies' dreſs,
And there's a faſhion in ſucceſs.
But could not we, like little *Bayes*,
Armies *imaginary* raiſe?
And bid our generals take the field,
To head the troops that lie conceal'd?
Bid *General* ESSAY lead the van,
Ay—Oh! the *Style* will ſhew the man:
Bid *Major* SCIENCE bold appear,
With all his pot-hooks in the rear.

AUTHOR.

True, true——our NEWS, our PROSE, our RHYMES,
Shall ſhew the colour of the times;
For which moſt ſalutary ends,
We've fellow-ſoldiers, fellow-friends.
For city, and for court affairs,
My lord duke's butler, and the mayor's.
For politicks—eternal talkers,
Profound obſervers, and park-walkers.
For plays, great actors of renown,
(Lately or juſt arriv'd in town)
Or ſome, in ſtate of abdication,
Of oratorial reputation;
Or thoſe who live on ſcraps and bits,
Mere green-room waſps, and temple wits;
Shall teach you, in a page or two,
What GARRICK ſhould, or ſhould not do.
Trim poets from the *City* deſk,
Deep vers'd in *rural* pictureſque,
Who minute down, with wond'rous pains,
What RIDER's Almanack contains
On flow'r and ſeed, and wind, and weather
And bind them in an *Ode* together;
Shall through the ſeaſons monthly ſing
Sweet WINTER, AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRI

BOOKSELLER.

Ah, ſir! I ſee you love to jeſt,
I did but hint things for the beſt.
Do what you pleaſe, 'tis *your* deſign,
And if it fails, no blame is mine;
I leave the management to you,
Your ſervant, ſir,

AUTHOR.

I'm yours,—Adieu!

CHIT-CHAT

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRI

IDYLL. XV.

MRS. BROWN.

IS Miſtreſs SCOT at home my dear?

SERVANT.

MA'M, is it you? I'm glad you're here;
My *Miſſes*, though reſolv'd to wait,
Is quite *impatient*—'tis ſo late.
She fancy'd you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, MA'M—Mrs. Brown

MRS. SCOT.

ervant, MADAM. Well, I ſwear
you over—Child, a chair.
A'M, be ſeated.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! my dear,
I almoſt dead with fear.
uch *ſcrouging* and ſuch *ſqueezing*,
are all ſo diſobliging;
the waggons, carts and drays
all thoſe narrow ways,
h the buſtle and the throng,
how I got along.
e walk is ſo *immenſe*—
grudge a coach expence,
it jumbles me to death,
was always ſhort of breath.
you live ſo far, my dear?
a journey to come here.

MRS. SCOT.

MA'M, I left it all to *Him*,
you know, will have their whim.
his houſe.—This houſe! this den—
e temper of ſome men.
rſooth, am hither hurl'd,
ite out of all the world.
indeed!

MRS. BROWN.

Hiſt! lower, pray,
I hears every word you ſay.
ne looks—

MRS. SCOT.

Jacky, come here,
good boy, look up; my dear.
: papa we talk'd about.
he cannot find it out.

MRS. BROWN.

w the urchin holds his hands.
life he underſtands.
a ſweet child, come, kiſs me, come,
y have a ſugar-plumb?

MRS. SCOT.

erſon, MADAM (call him ſo
the child will never know)
ſe to houſe would ramble out,
night a drunken bout.
wern he will ſpend
y ſhillings with a friend.
its fricaſeed and chicken,
ous choice of dainty picking,
t got ready at the *Crown*,
and punch to waſh 'em down,
rcely ſerve this belly-glutton,
muſt ſtarve on mutton, mutton.

MRS. BROWN.

My good man, too—Lord bleſs us! Wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,
Although his profits bring him clear
Almoſt two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of caſh ſo ſhort and bare,
That *I have not a gown to wear*;
Except my robe, and yellow ſack,
And this old luteſtring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waſte.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haſte.
The KING, God bleſs his majeſty, I ſay,
Goes to the houſe of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his ſtate
And then the Queen—

MRS. SCOT.

Aye, aye, you know,
Great folks can always make a ſhow.
But tell me, do—I've never ſeen
Her preſent majeſty, the Queen.

MRS. BROWN.

Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis *twelve* I vow.

MRS. SCOT.

KITTY, my things,—I'll ſoon have done,
It's time enough, you know at *one*.
—Why, girl! ſee how the creature ſtands!
Some water here, to waſh my hands.
—Be quick—why ſure the gipſy ſleeps!
—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That baſon there—why don't you pour,
Go on, I ſay—ſtop, ſtop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the huſſey down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown
—Bring me my ruffles—can't not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou haſt aukwardneſs enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.
—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done.
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the ſhelf,
And bring me back the key yourſelf.

MRS. BROWN.

That clouded ſilk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with ſuch,
But you've a charming taſte in dreſs,
What might it coſt you, Madam?

MRS. SCOT.

Gueſs.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh! that's impoſſible—for I
Am in the world the worſt to buy.

MRS. SCOT.

I never love to bargain hard,
Five ſhillings, as I think, a yard.

—I was afraid it ſhould be gone—
'Twas what I'd ſet my heart upon.

MRS. BROWN.

Indeed you bargain'd with ſucceſs,
For its a moſt delightful dreſs.
Beſides, it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis ſlop'd with ſuch an air.

MRS. SCOT.

I'm glad you think ſo,—*Kitty*, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay dont you cry,
Take *you abroad*!—indeed not I;
For all the *Bugaboos* to fright ye—
Beſides, the naughty horſe will bite ye;
With ſuch a mob about the ſtreet,
Bleſs me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you pleaſe, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber, than be lame.
The more you cry, the leſs you'll——
——Come, come then, give mamma a kiſs,
KITTY, I ſay, here take the boy,
And fetch him down the laſt new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to KITTY—there's a *man*,
Call in the dog, and ſhut the door,
Now, MA'M.

MRS. BROWN.

Oh Lard!

MRS. SCOT.

Pray go before,

MRS. BROWN.

I can't indeed, now.

MRS. SCOT.

MADAM, pray.

MRS. BROWN.

Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.

MRS. SCOT.

Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How ſhall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horſe-guards, my dear.
Let us croſs over—haſte, be quick,
—Pray ſir, take care—your horſe will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's ſo wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.

MRS. BROWN.

Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you ſee the guards are gone?

MRS. SCOT.

Well, I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almoſt ſcar'd to death
For when a horſe rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay, dont you laugh,
I'd rather ſee a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look ſo bold,
It makes my very blood run cold,
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vaſtly thick.

MRS. BROWN.

Come you from *Palace-yard*, old dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?

MRS. BROWN.

Was it much crowded when you came?

MRS. SCOT.

And is his majeſty gone by?

MRS. BROWN.

Can we get in, old lady, pray
To ſee him robe himſelf to-day?

MRS. SCOT.

Can you direct us, dame?

OLD WOMAN.

Endeavour.
TROY could not ſtand a ſiege for ever.
By frequent trying, TROY was won.
All things, by trying, may be done.

MRS. BROWN.

Go thy ways, Proverbs—well ſhe's gone—
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks preſs on before,
And throng impatient at the door.

MRS. SCOT.

Perdigious! I can hardly ſtand,
Lord bleſs me, Mrs. BROWN, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we muſt ſtick as cloſe as burrs,
Or in this racket, noiſe and pother,
We certainly ſhall loſe each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and ſack
Are almoſt torn from off my back.
Lard, I ſhall faint—Oh Lud—my breaſt—
I'm cruſh'd to atoms, I proteſt.
God bleſs me—I have dropt my fan,
——Pray did you ſee it, honeſt man?

MAN.

I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with ſome misfortune here.
—Stand back, I ſay—pray, ſir, forbear—
Why, don't you ſee the ladies there?
Put yourſelves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your ſafe protection.

MRS. SCOT.

You're very kind ſir; truly few
Are half ſo complaiſant as you.
We ſhall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always ſure to meet
A welcome, ſir, in—Lard! the ſtreet

e, I can't tell how
:e I live, I vow.
s all this noiſe and ſtir?
: a coming, ſir?

MAN.

hear the people ſhout?
juſt *going* OUT.

RS. BROWN.

goes, pray heav'n bleſs him!
ople all careſs him.
husband us'd to ſit,
to honeſt PITT,
is evening cheer,
edge this toaſt my dear.

MAN.

-don't you heſr the drumming?
v, the KING's a coming.
ſee the guards approach?

RS. BROWN.

ting?

RS. SCOT.

Which is the coach?

: OTCHMAN.

noble EARL OF BUTE,
gi him a ſalute.
d of aw our clan,
y muckle man.
e Coach, ſo very ſlow
s made to go,
read of ſtate,
nder its own weight.

RS. SCOT.

l, it's *monſtrous* fine!
gold upon't were mine!
ne gilding ſhews!
out as it goes.
of various hues,
lows, ſcarlets, blues!
a heavy price;
tain drawn by mice.

RS. BROWN,

lded, and ſo large,
ce my lord mayor's barge.
t how it reels!
—a barge on wheels.

MAN.

: paſs *St. James's* gate,
the arch ſo ſtrait,
to rumble through
coaches do.
-coachman get
ouſly ſit,
: (and no rare thing)
o drive the king.

RS. SCOT.

e thoſe two ugly things
ir hands upon the ſprings,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breaſts, and faces ſwell'd?
What could the ſaucy maker mean,
To put ſuch things to fright the QUEEN?

MAN.

Oh! they are Gods, Ma'm, which you ſee.
Of the *Marine Society*,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only riſe to blow their ſhell.

MRS. SCOT.

Gods, d'ye call thoſe filthy men?
Why don't they go to ſea again?
Pray, tell me, ſir, you underſtand,
What do theſe *Tritons* do on land?

MRS. BROWN.

And what are they? thoſe hindmoſt things,
Men, fiſh and birds, with fleſh, ſcales, wings?

MAN.

Oh, they are Gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which ſeldom come a-ſhore,
Nor ſeen about the King before.
For *Show*, they wear the *yellow Hue*,
Their *proper* colour is *True-blue*.

MRS. SCOT.

Lord bleſs us! what's this noiſe about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks holla, hiſs, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preſerve the EARL OF BUTE!
I cannot ſtay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I ſhall die.
Let's make for any houſe we can.
Do—give us ſhelter, honeſt man.

MRS. BROWN.

I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I ſhould have died with fear.
This noiſe and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in ſuch a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd loſt you, Mrs. *Scot*;
Where's Mrs. *Tape*, and Mr. *Grin*?
Lard, I'm ſo glad we're all got in.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND

FRIEND.

YOU ſay, "it hurts you to the ſoul
To brook confinement or controul."
And yet will voluntary run
To that confinement you would ſhun,
Content to drudge along the track,
With bells and harneſs on your back.
Alas! what genius can admit
A monthly tax on ſpendthrift wit,

Which often flings whole ſtores away,
And oft has not a doit to pay!
—Give us a work, indeed—of length—
Something which ſpeaks poetic ſtrength;
Is ſluggiſh fancy at a ſtand?
No ſcheme of conſequence in hand?
I, nor your plan, nor book condemn,
But why your name, and why A. M!

AUTHOR.

Yes—it ſtands forth to public view
Within, without, on white, on blue,
In proper, tall, gigantic Letters,
Not daſh'd—emvowell'd—like my betters.
And though it ſtares me in the face,
Reflects no ſhame, hints no diſgrace.
While thoſe unlaboured trifles pleaſe,
Familiar chains are worn with eaſe.
—Behold! to yours and my ſurprize,
Theſe trifles to a VOLUME riſe.
Thus will you ſee me, as I go,
Still gath'ring bulk like balls of ſnow,
Steal by degrees upon your ſhelf,
And grow a giant from an elf.
The current ſtudies of the day,
Can rarely reach beyond a PLAY:
A PAMPHLET may deſerve a look,
But Heav'n defend us from a BOOK!
A LIBEL flie on Scandal's wings,
But works of length are heavy things;
—Not one in twenty will ſucceed—
Conſider, ſir, how few can read.

FRIEND.

I mean a work of *merit*———

AUTHOR.

True.

FRIEND.

A man of *Taſte* MUST buy.

AUTHOR.

Yes;——You
And half a dozen more my friend,
Whom your good Taſte ſhall recommend.
Experience will by facts prevail,
When argument and reaſon fail;
The NUPTIALS now—

FRIEND.

Whoſe nuptials, ſir?—

AUTHOR.

A Poet's——did that poem *ſtir*?
No—fixt—tho' thouſand readers paſs,
It ſtill looks through its pane of glaſs,
And ſeems indignant to exclaim
Paſs on ye SONS of TASTE, for ſhame!
While duly each revolving moon,
Which often comes, God knows too ſoon,
Continual plagues my ſoul moleſt,
And *Magazines* diſturb my reſt,
While ſcarce a night I ſteal to bed,
Without a couplet in my head.
And in the morning when I ſtir,
Pop comes a *Devil*, "Copy ſir."
I cannot ſtrive with daring flight
To reach the bold *Parnaſſian* HEIGHT;
But at it's foot, content to ſtray,
In eaſy unambitious way,
Pick up thoſe flowers the muſes ſend,
To make a noſegay for my friend.
In ſhort, I lay no idle claim
To genius ſtrong, and noiſy fame.
But with a hope and wiſh to pleaſe,
I write, as I would live, with eaſe.

FRIEND.

But you muſt have a fund, a mine,
Proſe, poems, letters,

AUTHOR.

Not a ſine.
And here, my friend, I reſt ſecure;
We can't loſe much, who's always poor.
And if, as now, through numbers *five*,
This work with pleaſure kept alive
Can ſtill its currency afford,
Nor fear the breaking of its hoard,
Can pay you, as at ſundry times,
For *ſelf* per *Mag*, two thouſand Rhimes,
From whence ſhould apprehenſion grow,
That *ſelf* ſhould fail, with richer Co?
No *doer* of a monthly grub,
Myſelf alone a learned *club*,
I aſk my readers to no treat
Of ſcientifick *haſh'd-up* meat,
Nor ſeek to pleaſe theatrick friends,
With ſcraps of plays, and odds and ends.—

FRIEND.

Your method, ſir, is plain enough;
And all the world has read your PUFF*.
Th' alluſion's neat, expreſſion clean,
About your travelling MACHINE;
But yet—it is a *Magazine*.

AUTHOR.

Why let it be, and wherefore ſhame?
As JULIET ſays, what's in a name?
Beſides it is the way of *trade*,
Through which all ſcience is convey'd,
Thus knowledge parcels out her ſhares;
The COURT has hers, the LAWYERS theirs.
Something to SCHOLARS ſure is due,—
Why not *one* MAGAZINE for YOU?

FRIEND.

That's an Herculean taſk, my friend,
You toil and labour—to offend.
Part of your ſcheme—a free tranſlation,
To SCHOLARS is a profanation;
What! break up *Latin!* pull down *Greek!*
(Peace to the ſoul of ſir JOHN CHEKE!†)
And ſhall the gen'rous liquor run,
Broach'd from the rich FALERNIAN tun?

* See the PUFF.

† The firſt reſtorer of Greek learning in En

at to *Engliſh* ſwine,
l, old GREEK wine;
erage only fits
, and claſſic wits.

AUTHOR.

with ſatyrick ſtroke,
lant of his cloak;
cull and ſpout quotations,
ber, demonſtrations,
concern to ſhew,
s were *tied* or no *?*;
rcians took a ſlice
y, or only *twice*,
rk about his hole,
ind, laborious mole;
izzle, read, explain,
rk, and read again.
h they waſte the midnight oil
e, perplexing toil,
ing, do no good,
n, not underſtood.
apprehend me right,
ned, and polite,
dge unaffected flows,
as their cloaths;
hough an *ac* or *ſed*
langer PRISCIAN's head;
wit a grain the worſe,
ame a *Latin* verſe,
man proper word
ROMANS never heard.
xcept among the Great,
ver out of date,
genius more diſcerning,
regulars in learning.
, indeed, are learning's curſe,
CE is ſomething worſe:
eſt with reputation,
'ANT of EDUCATION,
letters duly bred,
the worſe, becauſe they've *read*,
s had better be unknown,
thought appear our own;
never ſpeak themſelves,
he authors on their ſhelves,
g ſmacks too much of reading.
ſpoils good breeding.

FRIEND.

that fault is ſeldom known,
ookiſh *college* drone.
t (as I've heard them ſay)
urteen hours a-day,
; cloſe, with dull attention,
ves out of apprehenſion;
an waſh their hands or face,
ſing time, or place,
hour to meat and drink,
f a one to THINK.

AUTHOR.

ave ſeen a thouſand ſuch,
r ſeems to read, too much.

ONIUS and MANUTIUS.

So have I known, in that rare place,
Where *Claſſics* always breed diſgrace,
A wight, upon diſcoveries hot,
As whether flames have heat or not,
Study himſelf, poor ſceptic dunce,
Into the very fire at once,
And clear the philoſophic doubt,
By burning all ideas out.
With ſuch, eternal books, ſucceſſive
Dead to no ſciences progreſſive,
While each dull fit of ſtudy paſt,
Juſt like a wedge drives out the laſt,
From theſe I ground no expectation
Of genuine wit, or free tranſlation;
But you miſtake me, friend. Suppoſe,
(Tranſlations are but modern cloaths)
I dreſs my boy—(for inſtance ſake
Maintain theſe children which I make)
I give him coat and breeches—

FRIEND.

True—

But not a bib and apron too!
You would not let your child be ſeen,
But dreſt conſiſtent, neat, and clean.

AUTHOR.

So would I cloath a free tranſlation,
Or as Pope calls it, imitation;
Not pull down authors from my ſhelf,
To ſpoil their wit, and plague myſelf,
My learning ſtudious to diſplay,
And loſe their ſpirit by the way.

FRIEND.

Your HORACE now—e'en borrow thence
His eaſy wit, his manly ſenſe,
But let the Moraliſt convey
Things in the manners of to-day,
Rather than that old garb aſſume,
Which only ſuits a man at *Rome*.

AUTHOR.

Originals will always pleaſe,
And copies too, if done with eaſe.
Would not old PLAUTUS wiſh to wear,
Turn'd *Engliſh* hoſt, an *Engliſh* air,
If THORNTON, rich in native wit,
Would make the modes and diction fit?
Or, as I know you hate to roam,
To fetch an inſtance nearer home;
Though in an idiom moſt unlike,
A ſimilarity muſt ſtrike,
Where both of ſimple nature fond,
In art and genius correſpond;
And *native* both (allow the phraſe
Which no one *Engliſh* word conveys)
Wrapt up their ſtories neat and clean,
Eaſy as———

FRIEND.

DENIS's you mean.
—The very man—not mere tranſlation,
But LA FONTAINE by tranſmigration.

AUTHOR.

Authors, as DRYDEN's maxim runs
Have what he calls poetic ſons,
Thus MILTON, more correctly wild,
Was richer Spenſer's lawful child:
And CHURCHILL, got on all the nine,
Is DRYDEN's heir in ev'ry line.
Thus DENIS proves his parents plain,
The child of EASE, and LA FONTAINE.

FRIEND.

His muſe, indeed, the work ſecures.
And aſks our praiſe as much as yours;
For, if delighted, readers too
May pay their thanks, as well as you.
But YOU, my friend (ſo folks complain)
For ever in this eaſy vein,
This proſe in verſe, this meaſur'd talk,
This pace, that's neither trot nor walk,
Aim at no flights, nor ſtrive to give
A real poem fit to live.

AUTHOR.

(To critics no offence, I hope)
PRIOR ſhall live as long as POPE,
Each in his manner ſure to pleaſe,
While both have ſtrength, and both have eaſe;
Yet though their various beauties ſtrike,
Their eaſe, their ſtrength is not alike.
Both with conſummate horſeman's ſkill,
Ride as they liſt, about the *hill*;
But take, peculiar in their mode,
Their favourite horſe, and favourite road.
For me, once fond of author-fame,
Now forc'd to bear its weight and ſhame,
I have no time to run a race,
A traveller's my only pace.
They, whom their ſteeds unjaded bear
Around *Hydepark*, to take the air,
May friſk and prance, and ride their fill,
And go all paces which they will;
We, *hackney* tits—nay, never ſmile,
Who trot our ſtage of *thirty* mile,
Muſt travel in a conſtant plan,
And run our journey, as we can.

FRIEND.

A critic ſays, upon whoſe ſleeve
Some pin more faith than you'll believe,
That writings which as *eaſy* pleaſe,
Are not the writings done with *eaſe*.
From whence the inference is plain,
Your friend MAT PRIOR wrote with pain.

AUTHOR.

With pain perhaps he might correct,
With care ſupply each looſe defect,
Yet ſure, if rhime, which ſeems to flow
Whether its maſter will or no,
If humour, not by ſtudy ſought,
But riſing from immediate thought,
Are proofs of eaſe, what hardy name
Shall e'er diſpute a PRIOR's claim!
But ſtill your critic's obſervation
Strikes at no POET's reputation,
His keen reflection only hits
Your rhiming fops and pedling wits.
As ſome take ſtiffneſs for a grace,
And walk a dancing-maſter's pace,
And others, for familiar air
Miſtake the ſlouching of a bear;
So ſome will finically trim,
And dreſs their lady-muſe too prim,
Others, mere ſlovens in their pen
(The mob of *Lords and Gentlemen*)
Fancy they write with eaſe and pleaſure,
By rambling out of rhime and meaſure.
And, on your critic's judgment, theſe
Write *eaſily*, and not with EASE.
There are, indeed, whoſe wiſh purſues,
And inclination courts the muſe;
Who, happy in a partial fame,
A while poſſeſs a poet's name,
But read their works, examine fair,
—Shew me invention, fancy there,
Taſte I allow; but is the flow
Of genius in them? Surely, no.
'Tis labour from the claſſic brain.
Read your own ADDISON's CAMPAIGN.
E'en he, nay, think me not ſevere,
A critic fine, of *Latin* ear,
Who toſſ'd his claſſic thoughts around
With elegance on *Roman* ground,
Juſt ſimmering with the muſe's flame
Woos but a cool and ſober dame;
And all his *Engliſh* rhimes expreſs
But beggar-thoughts in royal dreſs.
In verſe his genius ſeldom *glows*,
A POET only in his *proſe*,
Which rolls luxuriant, rich, and chaſte,
Improv'd by Fancy, Wit, and Taſte.

FRIEND.

I taſk you for yourſelf, my friend,
A ſubject you can ne'er defend,
And you cajole me all the while
With diſſertations upon ſtile.
Leave others wits and works alone,
And think a little of your own,
For FAME, when all is ſaid and done,
Though a coy miſtreſs, may be won;
And half the thought, and pains, and time
You take to jingle *eaſy* rhime,
Would make an ODE, would make a PLAY,
Done into Engliſh, MALLOCH's way,
—Stretch out your more *Heroic* feet,
And write an ELEGY complete.
Or, not a more laborious taſk,
Could you not pen a *Claſſic* MASQUE?

AUTHOR.

With will at large, and unclogg'd wings,
I durſt not ſoar to ſuch *high* things.
For I, who have more phlegm than fire,
Muſt underſtand, or not admire,
But when I read with admiration,
Perhaps I'll write in IMITATION.

FRIEND.

But buſineſs of this monthly kind,
Need that *alone* engroſs your mind.
Aſſiſtance muſt pour in a-pace,
New paſſengers will take a place,

your friends———

AUTHOR.

Aye, they indeed,
ke a better work ſucceed,
the helps which they ſhall give,
Magazine ſhall live.

FRIEND.

, and *eat*, and nothing more.

AUTHOR.

s——Authors did before·

THE POET.

PISTLE TO C. CHURCHILL.

LL——ſhall I wiſh you joy of fame,
That loudly echoes CHURCHILL's name,
ron on the Muſes' throne,
ght of conqueſt made your own?
(knowing how unfit
l eſteems a man of wit,
reſoever he appears,
ader if the knave has ears)
ith joy and lamentation,
INCE and CONGRATULATION,
:s, who only bring
ſs of verſe to every king,
mical in taſte,
row or their joy to waſte:
together, ſweet and ſow'r;
the thorn up with the flow'r?
mes 'tis Elegy, or Ode.
r's your only mode.
that ſtyle more glibly hits,
es of our rambling wits,
:e and kick at all oppreſſion,
o ſtraggle in digreſſion;
by writing to the GREAT
honours, or eſtate,
ore eaſy into fame,
ig to another's name,
their ſtrength our weakneſs yoke,
mbs about an oak;
-HUNTERS will buzz and purr
ELLOW-COMMONER,
will wing a higher flight,
ing round the floating kite.
er the motive, 'tis the mode,
I travel in the road.
nable track purſue,
my ſimple thoughts to YOU,
y riſe from head to heart,
all'd by the herald ART.
y or pleaſure led,
t of fame, or want of bread,
tart up ſons of rhime
C, EASY, or SUBLIME?

—You'd think, to hear what Critics ſay,
Their labour was no more than play:
And that, but ſuch a paltry ſtation
Reflects diſgrace on education,
(As if we could at once forſake
What education helps to make)
Each reader has ſuperior ſkill,
And can write better when he will.
In ſhort, howe'er you toil and drudge,
The world, the mighty world, is judge,
And nice and fanciful opinion
Sways all the world with ſtrange dominion;
Opinion! which on crutches walks,
And ſounds the words another talks.
Bring me eleven Critics *groſs*,
Ten have no judgment of their own:
But, like the Cyclops watch the nod
Of ſome informing maſter god:
Or as, when near his lateſt breath,
The patient fain would juggle death,
When DOCTORS ſit in CONSULTATION
(Which means no more than converſation,
A kind of comfortable chat
'Mongſt ſocial friends, on This and That,
As whether ſtocks get up or down,
And tittle-tattle of the town;
Books, pictures, politics, and news,
Who lies with whom, and who got whoſe)
Opinions never diſagree,
One doctor writes, *all* take the fee.
But eminence offends at once
The owliſh eye of critic dunce,
DULLNESS alarm'd, collects her Force,
And FOLLY ſcreams till ſhe is hoarſe.
Then far abroad the LIBEL flies
From all th' artillery of lies,
MALICE, delighted, flaps her wing,
And EPIGRAM prepares her ſting.
Around the frequent pellets whiſtle
From SATIRE, ODE, and pert EPISTLE;
While every blockhead ſtrives to throw
His ſhare of vengeance on his foe:
As if it were a Shrove-tide game,
And cocks and poets were the ſame.
Thus ſhould a wooden collar deck
Some woe-full 'ſquire's embarraſs'd neck,
When high above the croud he ſtands
With equi-diſtant ſprawling hands,
And without hat, politely bare,
Pops out his head to take the air;
The mob his kind acceptance begs
Of dirt, and ſtones, and addle-eggs.
O GENIUS! though thy noble ſkill
Can guide thy *Pegaſus* at will?
Fleet let him bear thee as the wind—
DULLNESS mounts up and clings behind,
In vain you ſpur, and whip, and ſmack,
You cannot ſhake her from your back.
Ill nature ſprings as merit grows,
Cloſe as the thorn is to the roſe.
Could HERCULANEUM's friendly earth
Give MÆVIUS' works a ſecond birth,
MALEVOLENCE, with lifted eyes,
Would ſanctify the noble prize.
While *modern* critics ſhould behold
Their near relation to the *old*,
And wond'ring gape at one another,
To ſee the likeneſs of a brother.

But with us *rhiming* moderns here,
Critics are not the only fear;
The poet's bark meets sharper shocks
From other sands, and other rocks.
Not such alone who understand,
Whose book and memory are at hand,
Who scientific skill profess,
And are great adepts—*more* or *less*;
(Whether distinguish'd by degree,
They write A. M. or sign M. D.
Or make advances somewhat higher
And take a new degree of 'SQUIRE.)
Who read your authors, Greek and Latin,
And bring your strange quotations pat in,
As if each sentence grew more terse
From odds and ends, and scraps of verse;
Who with true poetry dispense,
So social sound suits simple sense,
And load one Letter with the labours,
Which should be shar'd among its neighbours.
Who know that thought produces pain,
And deep reflection mads the brain,
And *therefore*, wise and prudent grown,
Have no ideas of their own.
But if the man of *Nature* speak,
Advance their Bayonets of *Greek*,
And keep plain sense at such a distance,
She cannot give a friend assistance.
Not these alone in judgment rise,
And shoot at genius as it flies,
But those who cannot *spell* will TALK,
As women scold, who cannot walk.
Your man of habit, who's wound up
To eat and drink, and dine and sup,
But has not either will or pow'r
To break out of his formal hour;
Who lives by rule, and ne'er outgoes it;
Moves like a clock, and hardly knows it;
Who is a kind of breathing being,
Which has but half the pow'r of seeing;
Who stands for ever on the brink,
Yet dare not plunge enough to think,
Nor has one reason to supply
Wherefore he does a thing, or why,
But what he does proceeds so right,
You'd think him always guided by't;
Joins poetry and vice together
Like sun and rain in April weather,
Holds rake and wit as things the same,
And all the difference but a NAME.
A Rake! Alas! how many wear
The brow of mirth, with heart of care!
The desperate wretch reflection flies,
And shuns the way where madness lies,
Dreads each increasing pang of grief,
And runs to FOLLY for relief,
There, 'midst the momentary joys
Of giddy mirth and frantic noise,
FORGETFULNESS, her eldest born,
Smooths the World's hate, and blockhead's scorn,
Then PLEASURE wins upon the mind,
Ye CARES, go whistle to the wind;
Then welcome frolic, welcome whim!
The world is all alike to *him*.
Distress is all in apprehension;
It ceases when 'tis past prevention:
And happiness then presses near,
When nor a hope's left, nor a fear.

—But you've enough, nor want my preaching,
And I was never form'd for teaching.
Male prudes we know, (those driv'ling things)
Will have their gibes, and taunts, and flings.
How will the sober Cit abuse,
The sallies of the Culprit muse;
To her and Poet shut the door—
And whip the beggar, with his whore!
POET!—a FOOL! a WRETCH! a KNAVE!
A mere mechanic dirty slave!
What is his verse, but cooping sense
Within an arbitrary fence?
At best, but ringing that in rhime,
Which prose would say in half the time?
Measure and numbers! what are those
But artificial chains or prose?
Which mechanism quaintly joins
In parallels of see-saw lines.
And when the frisky wanton writes
In PINDAR'S (what d'ye call 'em)—flights
Th' uneven measure, short and tall,
Now rhiming *twice*, now *not at all*,
In *curves* and *angles* twirls about,
Like *Chinese railing*, in and out.
Thus when you've labour'd hours on hours,
Cull'd all the *sweets*, cull'd all the *flow'rs*,
The churl, whose dull imagination
Is dead to every fine sensation,
Too gross to relish nature's bloom,
Or taste her *simple* rich perfume,
Shall cast them by as useless stuff,
And fly with keenness to his—snuff.
Look round the world, not one in ten,
Thinks Poets good, or honest men.
'Tis true their conduct, not o'er nice,
Sits often loose to easy vice.
Perhaps *their Temperance* will not pass
The due rotation of the glass;
And gravity denies 'em pow'r
T' unpeg their hats at such an hour.
Some vices must to all appear
As constitutional as FEAR;
And every Moralist will find
A ruling passion in the mind:
Which, though pent up and barricado'd
Like winds, where Æolus bravado'd;
Like them, will sally from their den,
And raise a tempest now and then;
Unhinge dame PRUDENCE from her place
And ruffle all the world of man.
Can authors then exemption draw
From nature's, or the common law?
They err alike with all mankind,
Yet not the same indulgence find.
Their lives are more conspicuous grown,
More talk'd of, pointed at, and shewn.
Till every *error* seems to rise
To SINS of most *gigantic* size.
Thus fares it still, however hard,
With every wit, and ev'ry bard.
His *publick* writings, *private* life,
Nay more, his mistress, or his wife,
And ev'ry social, dear connection,
Must bear a critical dissection;
While *friends* connive, and rivals hate,
Scoundrels traduce, and blockheads prate.
Perhaps you'll readily admit
There's danger from the *trading* wit,

fool, and such as those,
se the poet's foes:
er man alive,
friends would e'er *connive*.
marks on earliest time,
ncy of rhime,
y understood
o sects—the Bad, the Good.
ier by the ears,
up for volunteers.
by birth allied,
'd in on either side.
apons ran at once,
ry was "down with DUNCE!"
his social bands,
ause had join'd their hands.
e their zeal they show,
st the gen'ral foe,
rage flam'd fierce and cruel,
ll to fight a duel.
wit would meet his brother,
lt at one another.
very puff of fame.
t'ling of a name,
of half a line,
nma's your's or mine,
Bard a Bard engage,
friendship of an age.
nd modest wit
r to submit;
ss and publication,
ther's observation,
maggot in his brains,
rth the critic pains;
isgusts the sense or ear,
t, sir, be too *severe*.
correct, do what you will,
superior skill;
office of a friend,
oblige but can't offend."
too has his private clan,
he great, the only man.
the bottle and the bowl
oyous flow of soul,
mind, no doubt, grows stronger
legs can stand no longer)
gment takes the chair,
bout her with an air.
elf-puff'd, and hero grown,
with hosts alone,
ke, his murders blends,
foes, and then his *friends*.
r good word, or conversation,
rother reputation;
of preface quaintly penn'd,
consequence of friend,
the kind affection!
e partial fond connection!
uick, and *I'm* discerning,
wit, and *He* has learning,
t's strong, and *His* is chaste;
—ay BOTH, are men of taste.
or steal nor borrow aid,
or yourself in trade,
prudently to show
always Wit and *Co.*
ore unknown, arise,
looks with jealous eyes.

Though thousands may arrive at fame,
Yet never take one path the same,
An Authors vanity or pride
Can't bear a neighbour by his side,
Although he but delighted goes
Along the track which nature shows,
Nor ever madly runs astray,
To cross his brother in his way.
And some there are, whose narrow minds,
Center'd in self, self always blinds,
Who, at a friend's re-echoed praise,
Which their own voice conspir'd to raise,
Shall be more deep and inly hurt,
Than from a foe's insulting dirt.
And some, too timid to reveal
That glow of heart, and forward zeal,
Which words are scanty to express,
But friends must feel from friends' success,
When full of hopes and fears, the Muse,
Which every breath of praise pursues,
Won'd open to their free embrace,
Meet her with such a blasting face,
That all the brave imagination,
Which seeks the sun of approbation,
No more its early blossoms tries,
But curls its tender leaves, and dies.
Is there a man whose genius strong,
Rolls like a rapid stream along,
Whose Muse, long hid in chearful night,
Pours on us like a flood of light,
Whose acting comprehensive mind
Walks fancy's region's, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affection, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf,
To talk on with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure, or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the Wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, and judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends—yet loves them too:
CHURCHILL will be the last to know
His is the portrait, I would shew.

THE TWO RUBRIC POSTS,

A DIALOGUE.

IN *Russel-street*, enfued of late,
Between two posts a strange debate.
—Two posts—aye posts—for posts can speak,
In *Latin*, *Hebrew*, *French* or *Greek*,
One Rubric thus address'd the other:
" —A noble situation, brother,
" With authors lac'd from top to toe,
" Methinks we cut a *taring* show,

" The *Dialogues* of famous dead *,
" You know how much they're bought and read.
" Suppoſe again we raiſe their ghoſts,
" And make them chat through us two poſts;
" A thing's half finiſh'd well begun,
" So take the authors as they run.
" The liſt of names is mighty fine,
" You look down this, and I that line.
" Here's POPE and SWIFT, and STEELE and GAY,
" And CONGREVE, in the modern way.
" Whilſt you have thoſe, I cannot ſpeak,
" But ſound moſt wonderful in *Greek*.
" —A Dialogue—I ſhould adore it,
" With ſuch a ſhow of names before it."
" Modern, your judgment wanders wide,"
The antient Rubric ſtrait reply'd.
" It grieves me much, indeed, to find
" We never can be of a mind,
" Before one door, and in one ſtreet,
" Neither ourſelves nor thoughts can meet,
" And we, as brother oft with brother,
" Are at a diſtance from each other.
" Suppoſe among the *letter'd* dead,
" Some author ſhould erect his head,
" And ſtarting from his Rubric, pop
" Directly into *Davies'* ſhop,
" Turn o'er the leaves, and look about
" To find his own opinions out;
" D'ye think one author out of ten
" Would know his ſentiments again?
" Thinking, your authors differ leſs in,
" Than in their manner of expreſſing.
" 'Tis ſtile which makes the writer known,
" The mark he ſets upon his own.
" Let CONGREVE ſpeak as CONGREVE writ,
" And keep the ball up of his wit;
" Let SWIFT be SWIFT, nor e'er demean
" The ſenſe and humour of the DEAN.
" E'en let the antients reſt in peace,
" Nor bring good folks from *Rome* or *Greece*
" To give a cauſe for paſt tranſactions,
" They never dreamt of in their actions.
" I can't help quibbling, brother poſt,
" 'Twere better we ſhould *lay* the ghoſt,
" But 'twere a taſk of real merit
" Could we contrive to raiſe their *Spirit*.
" Peace, brother, peace, though what you ſay,
" I own has reaſon in his way,
" On Dialogues to bear ſo hard,
" Is playing with a dangerous card;
" Writers of rank are ſacred things,
" And cruſh like arbitrary kings.
" Perhaps your ſentiment is right,
" Heav'n grant we may not ſuffer by't.
" For ſhould friend DAVIES overhear,
" He'll publiſh ours another year."

* By Lord Lyttleton.

SONG.

THOUGH winter its deſolate train
Of froſt and of tempeſt may bring,
Yet *Flora* ſteps forward again,
And nature rejoices in ſpring.

Though the ſun in its glories decreaſt,
Of his beams in the evening is ſhorn,
Yet he riſes with joy from the eaſt,
And repairs them again in the morn.

But what can youth's ſunſhine recall,
Or the bloſſoms of beauty reſtore?
When its leaves are beginning to fall,
It dies, and is heard of no more.

The ſpring-time of love then employ,
'Tis a leſſon that's eaſy to learn,
For *Cupid's* a vagrant, a boy,
And his ſeaſons will never return.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO J. B. ESQ.

SHALL I, from worldly friends eſtrang'd,
Embitter'd much, but nothing chang'd
In that affection firm and true,
Which Gratitude excites to You;
Shall I indulge the Muſe, or ſtifle
This meditation of a trifle?
But you, perhaps, will kindly take
The trifle for the Giver's ſake,
Who only pays his grateful Mite,
The juſt acknowledgment of Right,
As to the Landlord duly ſent
A pepper-corn ſhall paſs for rent.
Yet Trifles often ſhew the Man,
More than his ſettled Life and Plan:
Theſe are the ſtarts of inclination;
Thoſe the mere gloſs of EDUCATION,
Which has a wond'rous knack at turning
A Blockhead to a man of Learning;
And, by the help of form and place,
The child of Sin to babe of Grace.
Not that it alters Nature quite,
And ſets perverted Reaſon right,
But, like Hypocriſy, conceals
The very paſſions which ſhe feels;
And claps a Vizor on his face,
To hide us from the World's diſgrace,
Which, as the firſt Appearance ſtrikes,
Approves of all things, or diſlikes.
Like the fond fool with eager glee,
Who ſold his all, and put to ſea,
Lur'd by the calm which ſeemed to ſleep
On the ſmooth ſurface of the Deep;
Nor dreamt its waves could proudly riſe,
And toſs up mountains at the ſkies.
APPEARANCE is the only thing,
A King's a Wretch, a Wretch a King.
Undreſs them both—You King, ſuppoſe
For once you wear the beggar's cloaths;
Cloaths that will take in every air;
—Bleſs me! they fit you to a hair.
Now you, Sir Vagrant, quickly don
The robes his Majeſty had on.
And now, O WORLD, ſo wond'rous wiſe,
Who ſee with ſuch diſcerning eyes,
Put obſervation to the Stretch,
Come—which is King, and which is Wretch?

it *this* World, the hardeſt taſk
nſtant to our Maſk.
nake direct impreſſions
are worn by all Profeſſions.
eed to dwell on topics ſtale?
s drunk with wine or ale?
rs, who with face of braſs,
Rhetoricians paſs?
ic Doctors big,
pent-houſe of their wig?
verſation hardly goes
f words, and hums! and Oh's!
s, of ſuperior *Taſte*,
it up for fear of waſte,
me bottle from their ſhelves,
always for themſelves?
s like theſe, my Soul diſdains,
their hearts as well as brains.
leighbour ſhould deſire
candle at your fire,
:prive your flame of Light,
ther profits by't?
a muſt often pay its court,
eat Scholars, *by report*,
a hoarded reputation,
no riſque of Converſation,
ithin a ſtore of Knowledge,
leſs us! for a College,
rudent care, no doubt,
grain ſhall ſtraggle out;
wit too nice and fine,
eir pearl and gold to *Swine*;
re, to prevent deceit,
Man a *Hog* they meet.
y perhaps as Scholars ſhine,
hemſelves out for a *Sign*.
es a Lion's ſkin,
s an Aſs within?
Lion, prithee roar;
y once, and ſtalk no more;
well as Looks be wiſe,
ly in Diſguiſe;
h wiſdom bottled up,
give your friends a ſup.
d your *nothings* thus to ſave?
he *Dial* in the *Grave*?
it and Reputation,
ts from all Communication.
t-bag, cheek by jole,
go from pole to pole,
ontain a wond'rous deal;
y travel under ſeal,
hey bear your wit about,
ever find it out,
'ax foregoes its uſe,
riſon'd meaning looſe?
lly often deems
uſt be from what he ſeems;
t a dwelling o'er,
arther than the Door:
ound Parſon, fat and ſleek,
only once a Week,
, Sloth, and Ven'ſon join
rthodox Divine;
ſs receives its beauty
large, and little Duty;
e Pipe, the Glaſs, the Smock,
Curate for his Flock.
I.

The world, obſequious to his nod,
Shall hail this oily man of God,
While the poor prieſt, with half a ſcore
Of prattling infants at his Door,
Whoſe ſober wiſhes ne'er regale
Beyond the homely jug of Ale,
Is hardly deem'd companion fit
For man of Wealth, or man of Wit,
Though learn'd perhaps and wiſe as He
Who ſigns with ſtaring S. T. P.
And full of ſacerdotal Pride,
Lays God and Duty both aſide.
" This Curate, ſay you, learn'd and wiſe!
" Why does not then this Curate riſe?"
This Curate then, at *forty-three*,
(Years which become a Curacy)
At no great mart of Letters bred,
Had ſtrange odd notions in his head,
That Parts, and Books, and Application,
Furniſh'd all means of Education;
And that a pulpiteer ſhould know
More than his gaping flock below;
That Learning was not got with pain,
To be forgotten all again;
That Latin words, and rumbling Greek,
However charming ſounds to ſpeak,
Apt or unapt in each Quotation,
Were *inſults* on a Congregation,
Who could not underſtand one word
Of all the learned ſtuff they heard;
That ſomething more than preaching fine,
Should go to make a ſound divine;
That Church and Pray'r, and holy *Sunday*,
Were no excuſe for ſinful *Monday*;
That pious doctrine, pious Life,
Should both make one, as Man and Wife.
Thinking in this uncommon Mode,
So out of all the prieſtly road,
What man alive can e'er ſuppoſe,
Who marks the way PREFERMENT goes,
That ſhe ſhould ever find her way
To this *poor Curate's* houſe of clay?
Such was the Prieſt, ſo ſtrangely wiſe!
He could not bow—How ſhould he riſe?
Learned He was, and deeply read;
—But what of that?—not duly bred.
For he had ſuck'd no grammar rules
From Royal founts, or Public ſchools,
Nor gain'd a ſingle Corn of Knowledge
From that veſt Granary—a College.
A Granary, which food ſupplies
To vermin of uncommon Size.
Aye, now indeed the Matter's clear,
There is a mighty error here.
A public ſchool's the place alone,
Where Talents may be duly known.
It has, no doubt, its imperfections,
But then, ſuch Friendſhips! ſuch connections!
The Parent, who has form'd his Plan,
And in his Child conſider'd Man,
What is his grand and golden Rule?
" Make your connections, Child, at School.
" Mix with your Equals, fly inferiors,
" But follow *cloſely* your Superiors;
" On them your ev'ry Hope depends,
" Be prudent, Tom, get *uſeful* Friends;
" And therefore like a ſpider wait,
" And ſpin your Web about the great.

"If *my Lord*'s Genius wants ſupplies,
"Why—You muſt make his Exerciſe.
"Let the young *Marquis* take your Place,
"And bear a whipping for his *Grace*.
"Suppoſe (ſuch Things may happen once)
"The Nobles wits, and You the Dunce,
"Improve the means of Education;
"And learn commodious Adulation,
"Your Maſter ſcarcely holds it ſin,
"*He* chucks his *Lordſhip* on the Chin,
"And would not for the World rebuke,
"Beyond a pat, the ſchool-boy *Duke*.
"The Paſtor there, of——what's the Place?
"With ſmiles eternal in his Face,
"With dimpling cheek, and ſnowy hand,
"That ſhames the whiteneſs of his band;
"Whoſe mincing Dialect abounds
"In Hums and Haths, and half form'd ſounds;
"Whoſe Elocution, fine and chaſte,
"Lays his *commands* with judgment *vaſt*;
"And left the Company ſhould hear,
"Whiſpers his Nothings in your Ear;
"Think you 'twas Zeal, or Virtue's Care
"That placed the *ſmirking* Doctor there?
"No—'twas Connections form'd at School
"With ſome rich Wit, or noble Fool,
"Obſequious Flattery, and Attendance,
"A wilful, uſeful, baſe dependance;
"A ſupple bowing of the Knees
"To any *human God* you pleaſe.
"(For true good-breeding's ſo *polite*,
"'Twould call the very Devil white)
"'Twas watching others' ſhifting Will,
"And veering to and fro with ſkill:
"Theſe were the means that made him riſe,
"Mind your *connections*, and be wiſe."
Methinks I hear ſon Tom reply,
I'll be a Biſhop by and by.
Connections at a public School
Will often ſerve a wealthy Fool,
By lending him a letter'd Knave
To bring him Credit, or to ſave;
And Knavery gets a profit *real*,
By giving parts and worth *ideal*.
The child that marks this ſlaviſh Plan,
Will make his Fortune when a Man.
While honeſt Wit's ingenious Merit
Enjoys his pittance, and his ſpirit.
The Strength of public Education
Is quick'ning Parts by EMULATION;
And Emulation will create
In narrow minds a jealous ſtate,
Which ſtifled for a courſe of Years,
From want of Skill or mutual Fears,
Breaks out in manhood with a zeal,
Which none but rival Wits can feel.
For when good people Wits commence,
They loſe all other kind of ſenſe;
(The maxim makes you ſmile, I ſee,
Retort it when you pleaſe on me;)
One writer always hates another,
As Emperors would kill a brother,
Or Empreſs Queen to rule alone,
Pluck down a Huſband from the throne.
When tir'd of Friendſhip and alliance,
Each ſide ſprings forward to defiance,
Inveterate Hate and Reſolution,
Faggot and Fire and Perſecution,
Is all their aim, and all their Cry,
Though neither ſide can tell you why.
To it they run like valiant Men,
And flaſh about them with their Pen.
What Inkſhed ſprings from Altercation!
What loppings off of Reputation!
You might as ſoon huſh ſtormy Weather,
And bring the North and South together,
As reconcile your letter'd foes,
Who come to all things but dry blows.
Your deſperate lovers wan and pale,
As needy culprits in a *jail*,
Who muſe and doat, and pine, and die,
Scorch'd by the light'ning of an eye,
(For ladies' eyes, with fatal ſtroke,
Will blaſt the verieſt heart of oak)
Will wrangle; bicker, and complain,
Merely to make it up again.
Though ſwain look glum, and miſs look fiery,
'Tis nothing but *amantium iræ*,
And all the progreſs purely this—
A frown, a pout, a tear, a kiſs.
Thus love and quarrels (April weather)
Like vinegar and oil together,
Join in an eaſy mingled ſtrife,
To make the ſallad up of life.
Love ſettles beſt from altercation,
As liquors after fermentation.
In a ſtage-coach, with lumber cramm'd,
Between two bulky bodies jamm'd,
Did you ne'er writhe yourſelf about,
To find the ſeat and cuſhion out?
How diſagreeably you ſit,
With b—m awry, and place unfit,
Till ſome kind jolt o'er ill-pav'd town,
Shall wedge you cloſe, and nail you down,
So fares it with your fondling dolts,
And all love's quarrels are but jolts.
When tiffs ariſe, and words of ſtrife
Turn one to two in man and wife,
(For that's a matrimonial courſe
Which yoke-mates muſt go through perforce,
And ev'ry married man is certain
T'attend the lecture call'd the *curtain*)
Though not another word is ſaid,
When once the couple are in bed:
There things their proper channel keep,
(They make it up, and go to ſleep)
Theſe fallings in and fallings out,
Sometimes with cauſe, but moſt without,
Are but the common modes of ſtrife,
Which oil the ſprings of married life,
Where fameneſs would create the ſpleen,
For ever *ſtupidly ſerene*.
Obſerve yon downy bed—to make it,
You toſs the feathers up and ſhake it.
So fondneſs ſprings from words and ſcuffling,
As beds lie ſmoothest after ſhuffling.
But authors' wranglings will create
The very quinteſſence of hate;
Peace is a fruitleſs vain endeavour,
Sworn foes for once, they're foes for ever.
—Oh! had it pleas'd my wiſer betters
That I had never taſted letters,
Then no Parnaſſian maggots bred,
Like fancies in a madman's head,
No graſpings at an idle name,
No childiſh hope of future fame,

nce of wit had ta'en
of my muſe-ſtruck brain.
birth, with fortune fit,
he dunce, or made the wit;
ield a ſhameful place,
paid me with diſgrace.
r a pittance of my own,
ght live unfought, unknown!
m all this peſtilent ſtrife,
e cares of buſt'ling life;
e wits, the fools, the great,
little would I hate.

HE MILK-MAID.

E'ER for pleaſure plans a ſcheme,
'ill find it vaniſh like a dream,
othing found or real,
pineſs is all ideal;
joy, or either ſtate,
lways antedate,
the thoughts on evil pore,
n makes it more.
e the mind the *future* ſees,
ll its *preſent* eaſe.
ire's ſcheme the point in view;
ly we all purſue!
Tueſday is th' appointed day;
wears the time away!
he interval between,
n'd o'er with clouds of ſpleen,
mind unlock her treaſure,
feed on promis'd pleaſure.
ſurveys, with curious eyes,
collected in the ſkies;
ſtorm may rend the air,
ay may be dry and fair;
round, my boys, and pray,
day may be holiday.
ly ſettled—what remains?
lay comes—alas! it rains;
r viſionary ſchemes
away, like golden dreams.
a time, a ruſtic dame,
r for the lady's name)
in deep imagination,
er pleaſing contemplation;
a bench ſhe took her ſeat,
the milk-pail at her feet,
hand ſhe chink'd the pence,
which aroſe from thence;
d ideas fill'd her brain,
up, and *monſtrous* gain,
penny which ſhe told,
ncy turn'd to gold;
ſing thus from computation,
aloud her meditation.
e heav'n but to preſerve my health,
ot I ſhall have ſtore of wealth;
of conſequence enſue,
ave ſtore of lovers too.
w I'll break their ſtubborn hearts,
the pride of female arts.

"What Suitors then will kneel before me.
"*Lords*, *Earls*, and *Viſcounts* ſhall adore me.
"When in my gilded coach I ride,
"*My Lady* at his *Lordſhip*'s ſide,
"How will I laugh at all I meet
"Clatt'ring in pattens down the ſtreet!
"And LOBBIN then I'll mind no more,
"Howe'er I lov'd him heretofore;
"Or, if he talks of plighted truth,
"I will not hear the ſimple youth,
"But riſe indignant from my ſeat,
"And ſpurn the lubber from my feet."
Action, alas! the ſpeaker's grace,
Ne'er came in more improper place,
For in the toſſing forth her ſhoe,
What fancied bliſs the maid o'erthrew!
While down at once, with hideous fall,
Came lovers, wealth, and milk, and all.
Thus fancy ever loves to roam,
To bring the gay materials home;
Imagination forms the dream,
And accident deſtroys the ſcheme.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

FROM THE REV. MR. HANBURY'S HORSE, TO THE REV. MR. SCOT.

AMONGST you *bipeds*, reputation
Depends on *Rank* and *Situation*;
And men increaſe in fame and worth,
Not from their merits, but their *Birth*.
Thus he is born to live obſcure,
Who has the ſin of being poor;
While wealthy dullneſs lolls at eaſe,
And is as witty as you pleaſe.
—"What did his *Lordſhip* ſay?—O! fine!
"The very *Thing! Bravo! Divine!*"
And then 'tis buzz'd from *Route* to *Route*,
While ladies whiſper it about,
"Well, I proteſt, a charming hit!
"His *Lordſhip* has a deal of wit:
"How elegant that double ſenſe!
"*Perdigious! vaſtly fine! immenſe!*"
When all my lord has ſaid or done,
Was but the *letting off* a pun.
Mark the fat *Cit*, whoſe good round ſum,
Amounts at leaſt to half a *Plumb*;
Whoſe chariot whirls him up and down
Some three or four miles out of town;
For thither ſober folks repair,
To take the *Duſt* which they call air.
Dull folly (not the wanton wild
Imagination's younger child)
Has taken lodgings in his face,
As finding that a *vacant* place,
And peeping from *his* windows, tells
To all beholders, where ſhe dwells.
Yet once a week, this purſe-proud cit
Shall ape the ſallies of a wit,
And after ev'ry Sunday's dinner,
To prieſtly ſaint, or city ſinner,
Shall tell the ſtory o'er and o'er,
H'as told a thouſand times before;

Like gamesters, who, with eager zeal,
Talk the game o'er between the deal.
Mark! how the fools and knaves admire
And chuckle with their Sunday 'squire:
While he looks pleas'd at ev'ry guest,
And laughs much louder than the rest;
And cackling with incessant grin,
Tripies the *Double* of his chin.
Birth, rank, and wealth, have wond'rous skill;
Make *Wits* and *Statesmen* when they will;
While genius holds no estimation,
From luckless want of *Situation*;
And, if through clouded scenes of life,
He takes dame poverty to wife,
Howe'er he work and teize his brain,
His pound of wit scarce weighs a *grain*;
While with his *Lordship* it *abounds*,
And one light grain swells out to *pounds*.
Receive, good sir, with aspect kind,
This wanton *gallop* of the mind;
But, since all things increase in worth,
Proportion'd to their rank and birth;
Lest you should think the letter base,
While I supply the poet's place,
I'll tell you whence and what I am,
My *Breed*, my *Blood*, my *Sire*, my *Dam*.
My *Sire* was PINDAR'S *Eagle*, son
Of *Pegasus* of HELICON;
My *Dam*, the *Hippograph*, which whirl'd
Astolpho to the lunar world.
Both high-bred things of *mettled blood*,
The best in all APOLLO'S stud.
Now CRITICS here would bid me speak
The OLD horse language, that is, *Greek*;
For HOMER made us talk, you know,
Almost three thousand years ago;
And men of *Taste* and *Judgment* FINE,
Allow the passage is *divine*.
They were fine mettled things indeed,
And of peculiar strength and breed;
What leaps they took, how far and wide!
—They'd take a country at a stride.
How great each leap, LONGINUS knew,
Who from dimensions ta'en of two,
Affirms, with equal ardour whirld,
A third, good lord! would clear the world.
But till some learned wight shall shew
If *Accents* MUST be us'd, or no,
A doubt, which puzzles all the wise
Of giant and of pigmy size,
Who waste their time, and fancies vex
With *asper*, *lenis*, *circumflex*,
And talk of *mark* and punctuation,
As 'twere a matter of salvation;
For when your pigmies take the pen
They fancy they grow up to *Men*,
And think they keep the world in awe
By brandishing a very *Straw*;
Till they have clear'd this weighty doubt,
Which they'll be centuries about,
As a plain nag, in homely phrase,
I'll use the language of *our* days;
And, for this first and only time,
Just make a *trot* in easy rhime.
Nor let it shock your thought or sight,
That thus a *quadruped* should write;
Read but the papers, and you'll see
More prodigies of wit than me;
Grown men and *Sparrows* taught to dance,
By monsieur *Passerat* from France;
The *learned* dog, the *learned* mare,
The *learned* bird, the *learned* hare;
And all are *fashionable* too,
And play at cards as well as you.
Of paper, pen, and ink possess'd,
With faculties of writing blest,
Why should not I then, *Hownnyhwn* bred
(A word that must be *seen*, not said)
Rid you of all that anxious care,
Which good folk feel for good and fair,
And which your looks betray'd indeed,
To more discerning eyes of steed;
When in the shape of useful hack,
I bore a poet on my back?
Know, safely rode my master's bride,
The bard before her for *my* guide.
Yet think not, sir, his awkward care
Ensured protection to the fair.
No—conscious of the prize I bore,
My wayward footsteps slipt no more.
For though I scorn the *Poet*'s skill,
My mistress guides me where she will.
Abstract in wond'rous speculation,
Lost in laborious meditation,
As whether 'twould promote *Sublime*
If *Silver* could be pair'd in rhyme;
Or, as the word of *sweeter Tune*,
Month might be clink'd instead of moon:
No wonder poets hardly know
Or what they do, or where they go.
Whether they ride or walk the street,
Their *heads* are always on their *feet*;
They now and then may get astride
Th' *ideal* Pegasus, and ride
Prodigious journeys—round a room,
As boys ride cock-horse on a broom.
Whether *Acrostics* teize the brain,
Which goes a hunting words in vain,
(For words most *capitally* fin,
Unless their letters right begin.)
Since how to man or woman's name,
Could you or I Acrostic frame.
Or make the *staring* letters join,
To form the word that tells us *thine*,
Unless we'ad *right* initials got,
S, C, O, T, and so made SCOT?
Or whether *Rebus*, *Riddle*'s brother
(Both which had DULLNESS for their mother)
Employ the gentle poet's care,
To celebrate some town or fair,
Which all *ad libitum* he slits
For *you* to pick it up by bits,
Which bits together plac'd, will frame
Some city's or some lady's name;
As when a worm is cut in twain,
It joins and is a worm again;
When thoughts *so* weighty, *so* intense.
Above the reach of common sense,
Distract and twirl the mind about,
Which fain would hammer something out;
A kind discharge relieves the mind,
As folks are eas'd by breaking wind;
Whatever whims or maggots bred
Take place of sense in poet's head,
They fix themselves without controul,
Where'er its seat is on the soul.

ur heathen idols, we
ed, but cannot ſee.
te the poet's part,
ood, am *Bard* at heart)
n deep immerſt,
e-bitten and *be-verſt*,
externals all,
ead againſt a wall,
gh a river as it flows,
idge before his noſe.
like theſe equeſtrians ſit
back of mettled tit?
well, for here comes *Bob*,
rve ſome hackney job;
or, for recreation,
bard to our *Plantation*.
s compts with *Burnam Black*,
ſervant, *Hanbury*'s hack.

EW-RIVER HEAD.

A TALE.

ED IN THE MANNER OF MR. C. DENIS.

BED TO J. WILKES Esq.

abetur in omne volubilis ævum. HOR.

WILKES, whoſe lively ſocial Wit
lains the prudiſh Affectation
Folks, who love to ſit
ers *ſhould* at Conſultation,
in familiar Strain
you from the idle hour
ng the NORTHERN THANE,
is pupper tools of Pow'r.
e Wretch, if ſenſe of ſhame
touch the miſcreant's breaſt,
o virtue as to fame,
ter whom the Gods deteſt)
or to himſelf. to court,
ſter or Monarch's ſmile;
in inſolence of ſport,
he CHARTER of our iſle.
ould I, who only ſtrive
g of an eaſy tale,
tention half alive
BODGOLAM and FLIMNAP rail?
r ENGLAND be the name,
which w're taught no more to prize)
IN, it is all the ſame,
liputian Stateſmen riſe
ce of gigantic ſize.
njoy their warmth a while,
I regard them with a ſmile.
, like GULLIVER, in ſport
e fire and ſave the Court.
rn—The tale is old;
t, truly none of mine—

What BERGALDUS gravely told;
I read it in that ſound divine.
And for indecency, you know
He had a faſhionable turn,
As prim obſervers clearly ſhew
In t'other Parſon, Doctor STERNE.
Yet POPE denies it all defence,
And call it, bleſs us! Want of ſenſe.
But e'en the *decent* POPE can write
* Of bottles, corks, and maiden ſighs,
Of charming beauties leſs in ſight,
Of the more ſecret precious hair,
† "And ſomething elſe of little Size,
You know where.
If ſuch Authorities prevail,
To varniſh o'er this petty ſin,
I plead a pardon for my tale,
And having hemm'd and cough'd—begin.
A Genius (one of thoſe I mean,
We read of in the Arabian nights;
Not ſuch as every day are ſeen
At Bob's or Arthur's, whilom White's;
For howſoe'er you change the name,
The Clubs and Meetings are the ſame;
Nor thoſe prodigious learned folks,
Your Haberdaſhers of ſtale Jokes,
Who dreſs them up ſo neat and clean
For News-paper or Magazine;
But one that could play wond'rous tricks,
Changing the very courſe of Nature,
Not ASMODEUS on two ſticks
Or ſage URGANDA could do greater.)
Once on a time incog came down
From his equivocal dominions,
And travell'd o'er a country town
To try folks' tempers and opinions.
When to accompliſh his intent
(For had the cobler known the king.
Lord! it would quite have ſpoil'd the thing)
In ſtrange diſguiſe he ſlily went
And ſtump'd along the high-way track,
With greaſy knapſack at his back;
And now the night was pitchy dark,
Without one ſtar's indulgent ſpark,
Whether he wanted ſleep or not,
Is of no conſequence to tell;
A bed and lodging muſt be got,
For genuiſes live always well.
At the beſt houſe in all the town,
(It was th' attorney's you may ſwear)
He knock'd as he'd have beat it down,
Knock as you would, no entrance there.
But from the window cried the dame,
Go, ſirrah go, from whence you came.
Here, Nell, John, Thomas, ſee who knocks,
Fellow, I'll put you in the ſtocks.
Be gentle ma'am, the Genius cried:
Have mercy on the wand'ring poor,
Who knows not where his head to hide,
And aſks a pittance at your door.
A mug of beer, a cruſt of bread—
Have pity on the houſeleſs head;
Your huſband keeps a lordly table,
I aſk but for the offal crumbs,

* Rape of the Lock.
† Pope's Letters.

And for a lodging—barn or ſtable
Will ſhroud me till the morning comes.
'Twas all in vain: ſhe rang the bell,
The ſervants trembl'd at the knell;
Down flew the maids to tell the men,
To drive the vagrant back again.
He trudg'd away in angry mind,
And thought but cheaply of mankind,
Till throught a caſement's dingy pane,
A ruſh light's melancholy ray,
Bad him e'en try his luck again;
Perhaps beneath a houſe of clay
A wand'ring paſſenger might find,
A better friend to human kind,
And far more hoſpitable fare,
Though not ſo coſtly, nice, or rare,
As ſmokes upon the ſilver plate
Of the luxurious pamper'd great.
So to this cot of homely thatch,
In the ſame plight the genius came:
Down comes the dame, lifts up the latch;
What want ye ſir?
God ſave you, dame.
And ſo he told the piteous tale,
Which you have heard him tell before;
Your patience and my own would fail
Were I to tell it o'er and o'er.
Suffice it, that my goody's care
Brought forth her beſt, though ſimple fare,
And from the corner-cupboard's board,
Her ſtranger gueſt the more to pleaſe,
Beſpread her hoſpitable board
With what ſhe had—'twas bread and cheeſe.
'Tis honeſt though but homely cheer;
Much good may't do ye, eat your fill.
Would I cou'd treat you with ſtrong beer,
But for the action take the will,
You ſee my cot is clean though ſmall,
Pray heav'n encreaſe my ſlender ſtock!
You're welcome, friend, you ſee my all;
And for your bed, Sir there's a flock.
No matter what was after ſaid,
He eat and drank and went to bed.
And now the cock his mattins ſung,
(Howe'er ſuch ſinging's light eſteem'd,
'Tis precious in the Muſes' tongue
When ſung, rhimes better than he ſcream'd;)
The dame and pedlar both aroſe,
At early dawn of riſing day,
She for her work of folding clothes,
And He to travel on his way;
But much he thought himſelf to blame.
If, as in duty ſurely bound,
He did not thank the careful dame
For the reception he had found,
Hoſteſs, quoth He, before I go,
I thank you for your hearty Fare;
Would it were in my pow'r to pay
My gratitude a better way;
But money now runs very low,
And I have not a doit to ſpare;
But if you'll take this piece of Stuff—
—No, quoth the dame, I'm as poor as you,
Your kindeſt wiſhes are enough,
You're welcome, friend, farewell—Adieu.
But firſt reply'd the wand'ring gueſt,
For bed and board and homely diſh,
May all things turn out for the beſt,
So take my bleſſing and my wiſh.
May what you firſt begin to do.
Create ſuch profit and delight,
That you may do it all day through,
Nor finiſh till the depth of night.
Thank you, ſaid ſhe, and ſhut the door,
Turn'd to her work, and thought no more,
And now the napkin which was ſpread
To treat her gueſt with good brown bread,
She folded up with niceſt care;
When lo! another napkin there!
And every folding did beget
Another and another yet.
She folds a ſhift—by ſtrange encreaſe,
The remnant ſwells into a piece.
Her Caps, her Laces, all the ſame,
Till ſuch a quantity of Linen,
From ſuch a very ſmall beginning,
Flow'd in at once upon the Dame,
Who wond'red how the deuce it came,
That with the drap'ry ſhe had got
Within her little ſhabby cot,
She might for all the town provide,
And break both York-ſtreet and Cheapſide.
It happen'd that th' attorney's wife,
Who to be ſure, took much upon her,
As being one in higher Life,
Who did the Pariſh mighty honour,
Sent for the Dame, who poor and willing,
Would take a job of charing work,
And ſweat and toil like any Turk,
To earn a ſixpence or a ſhilling.
She could not come, not ſhe indeed!
She thank'd her much but had no need.
Good news will fly as well as bad,
So out this wond'rous ſtory came,
About the Pedlar and the Dame,
Which made th' Attorney's wife ſo mad,
That ſhe reſolv'd at any rate,
Spite of her pride and Lady airs,
To get the Pedlar tete-a-tete,
And make up all the paſt affairs:
And though ſhe wiſh'd him at the devil,
When he came there the night before,
Determin'd to be monſtrous civil,
And drop her curtſie at the door.
Now all was racket, noiſe and pathos,
Nell running one way, John another,
And Tom was on the coach-horſe ſent,
To learn which way the Pedlar went.
Thomas return'd;—the Pedlar brought
—What could my dainty Madam ſay,
For not behaving as ſhe ought,
And driving honeſt folks away?
Upon my word, it ſhocks me much,
—But there's ſuch thieving here of late—
Not that I dream'd that you were ſuch,
When you came knocking at my gate,
I muſt confeſs myſelf to blame,
And I'm afraid you lately met
Sad treatment with that homely dame,
Who lives on what her hands can get,
Walk in with me at leaſt to-night,
And let us ſet all matters right.
I know my duty, and indeed
Would help a friend in time of need.
Take ſuch refreſhment as you find,
I'm ſure I mean it for the beſt,

it with a willing mind,
ave and ſober gueſt.
ume, and for his picking,
e table covers ſpread,
Goody's cheeſe and bread,
and fiſh, and fleſh, and chicken.
pear in greater ſtate,
and forks with ſilver handles,
leſticks of bright (French) plate
beſt mould (tallow) candles.
brought forth to be diſplay'd,
houſewifry parade,
ie Pedlar to regale,
: the wond'rous man her friend,
am'd of mantling ale,
and claret without end;
l and nobb'd, and ſmil'd and laugh'd,
ſſes, nam'd their toaſts, and quaff'd;
er every friend and foe,
drinking, talking paſt,
uſe-clock ſtruck twelve at laſt,
hing Madam *bon repos*,
leaded weary head,
bow, and want to bed.
im then at perfect eaſe,
ed, a good ſound ſleep,
tle reader, if you pleaſe,
lady take a peep.
not reſt, but turn'd and toſs'd
whiſper'd in her brain,
: her indiſcretion laſt,
cunning might regain.
n to ſo poor a dame!
'ſe fare! perplex'd her head;
it not ſhe expect the ſame,
civil, and well-bred?
retkon'd up her ſtore
icks, Hollands, Muſlins, Lawns,
and Purchaſes, and Pawns,
ıultiply them more,
ad got a Stock of Linen.
ɒwager to ſin in.
came, when up ſhe got,
nonioufly inclin'd
ıer ſagacious plot,
hat civil ſtuff we find
: who talk a wond'rous deal
neither mean nor feel.
I, Ma'm, reply'd the Gueſt,
ıitable return,
ntion and concern,
ivilities expreſt
muſt be ſtill in debt
ıdneſs he has met?
ur entertainment's ſake,
ood my wiſh can do,
you firſt ſhall undertake,
teaſing all day through.
who kindly underſtood
ſtually good,
a curtſie wond'rous low,
wanted him to go,
ht look up all her ſtore,
nto thouſands more.
ıaids were ſent to look
ıy, hole and nook,
which they could find
or any kind.

Draw'rs, Boxes, Cloſets, Cheſts and Caſes
Were unlock'd at once to get
Her Point, her Gawz, her Pruſſia-net,
With fifty names of fifty kinds,
Which ſuit variety of minds.
How ſhall I now my tale purſue,
So paſſing ſtrange, ſo paſſing true?
When every bit from every hoard,
Was brought and laid upon the board,
Left ſome more urgent obligation
Might interrupt her pleaſing toil,
And marring half her application.
The promiſ'd hopes of profit ſpoil,
Before ſhe folds a ſingle rag,
Or takes a cap from board or bag,
That nothing might her work prevent,
(For ſhe was now reſolv'd to labour,
With earneſt hope and full intent
To get the better of her neighbour)
Into the garden ſhe would go
To do that neceſſary thing,
Which muſt by all be done, you know,
By rich and poor, and high and low,
By Male and Female, Queen and King;
She little dream'd a common action,
Practis'd as duly as her pray'rs,
Should prove ſo tedious a tranſaction,
Or coſt her ſuch a ſea of cares.
In ſhort the ſtreams ſo plenteous flow'd,
That in the dry and duſty weather,
She might have water'd all the road
For ten or twenty miles together.
What could ſhe do? as it began,
Th' involuntary torrent ran.
Inſtead of folding Cap or Mob,
So dreadful was this diſtillation.
That from a ſimple watering job,
She fear'd a general Inundation,
While for her Indiſcretion's crime,
And coveting too great a ſtore,
She made a river at a time,
Which ſure was never done before.

A FAMILIAR LETTER OF RHIMES.

TO A LADY.

YES—I could rifle grove and bow'r
And ſtrip the beds of every flow'r,
And deck them in their faireſt hue,
Merely to be out bluſh'd by you.
The lilly, pale, by my direction,
Should fight the roſe for your complexion:
Or I could make up ſweeteſt poſies,
Fit fragrance for the ladies' noſes,
Which drooping, on your breaſt reclining,
Should all be withering, dying, pining,
Which every ſongſter can diſplay,
I've more authorities than GAY;
Nay, I could teach the globe its duty
To pay all homage to your beauty,
And, wit's creative pow'r to ſhow,
The very *fire* ſhould mix with *ſnow*;
Your eyes, that brandiſh burning *darts*
To ſcorch and ſinge our *tinder* hearts,

Should be the *lamps* for lover's ruin,
And light them to their own undoing;
While all the *ſnow* about your breaſt
Should leave them hopeleſs and diſtreſt.
For thoſe who rarely ſoar above
The art of coupling *love* and *dove*,
In their conceits and amorous fictions,
Are mighty fond of contradictions,
Above, in air; in earth, beneath;
And things that do, or do not breathe,
All have their parts, and ſeparate place,
To paint the fair one's various grace.
Her cheek, her eye, her boſom ſhow
The roſe, the lilly, diamond, ſnow.
Jet, milk, and amber, vales and mountains,
Stars, rubies, ſuns, and moſſy fountains,
The poet gives them all a ſhare
In the deſcription of his fair,
She *burns*, ſhe *chills*, ſhe pierces hearts
With locks, and bolts, and flames, and darts.
And could we truſt th' extravagancy
Of every poet's youthful fancy,
They'd make each nymph they love ſo well,
As *cold* as ſnow, as *hot* as——.
—O gentle lady, ſpare your fright,
No horrid rhime ſhall wound your ſight.
I would not for the world be heard,
To utter ſuch *unſeemly* word,
Which the politer parſon fears
To mention to politer ears.
But, could a female form be ſhown,
(The thought, perhaps, is not my own)
Where every circumſtance ſhould meet
To make the poet's nymph compleat
Form'd to his Fancy's utmoſt pitch,
She'd be as ugly as a witch.
Come then, O muſe, of trim conceit,
Muſe, always fine, but never neat,
Who to the dull unfated ear
Of *French* or *Tuſcan* SONNETEER,
Tak'ſt up the ſame unvaried tone,
Like the *Scotch* bagpipe's favourite drone,
Squeezing out thoughts in ditties quaint,
To poet's miſtreſs, whore, or ſaint;
Whether thou dwell'ſt on ev'ry grace,
Which lights the world from LAURA's face,
Or amorous praiſe expatiates wide
On beauties which the nymph muſt hide;
For wit affected, loves to ſhow
Her every charm from top to toe,
And wanton fancy oft purſues
Minute deſcription from the muſe,
Come and pourtray, with pencil fine,
The poet's *mortal* nymph *divine*.
Her *golden* locks of claſſic hair,
Are *nets* to catch the wanton air;
Her forehead *ivory*, and her eyes
Each a bright *ſun* to light the ſkies,
Orb'd in whoſe centre, *Cupid* aims
His darts proteſt us! tipt with *flames*;
While the ſly god's unerring bow
Is the half cirule of her *brow*.
Each lip a *ruby*, parting, ſhews
The precious *pearl* in even rows,
And all the loves and graces ſleek
Bathe in the dimples of her *cheek*.
Her *breaſts* pure *ſnow*, or white *as milk*,
Are *ivory* apples, ſmooth as ſilk,
Or elſe, as fancy trips on faſter,
Fine *marble* hills or *alabaſter*.
A figure made of wax wou'd pleaſe
More than an aggregate of theſe,
Which though they are of precious worth,
And held in great eſteem on earth,
What are they, rightly underſtood,
Compar'd to real fleſh and blood?
And I, who hate to act by rules
Of whining, rhiming, loving fools,
Can never twiſt my mind about
To find ſuch ſtrange reſemblance out,
And ſimile that's only fit
To ſhew my plenteous lack of wit.
Therefore, omitting flames and darts,
Wounds, ſighs and tears, and bleeding hearts,
Obeying, what I here declare,
Makes half my happineſs, the Fair,
The favourite ſubject I purſue,
And write, as who would not, for you.
Perhaps my muſe, a common curſe,
Errs in the manner of her verſe,
Which, flouching in the doggrel lay,
Goes tittup all her eaſy way.
Yes—an Acroſtic had been better,
Where each good natured prattling letter,
Though it conceal the writer's aim,
Tells all the world his lady's name,
But all Acroſtics, it is ſaid,
Shew wond'rous pain of empty head,
Where wit is cramp'd in hard confines,
And fancy dare not jump the lines.
I love a fanciful diſorder,
And ſtraggling out of rule and order;
Impute not then to vacant head,
Or what I've writ, or what I've ſaid,
Which imputation can't be true,
Where head and heart's ſo full of you.
Like TRISTRAM SHANDY, I could write
From morn to noon, from noon to night,
Sometimes obſcure, and ſometimes leaning,
A little ſideways to a meaning,
And unfatigu'd myſelf, purſue
The civil mode of teaſing you.
For as your folks who love the dwelling
On circumſtance in ſtory telling,
And to give each relation grace,
Deſcribe the time, the folks, the place,
And are religiouſly exact
To point out each unmeaning fact,
Repeat their wonders *undeſired*,
Nor think one hearer can be tired;
So they: who take a method worſe,
And *proſe* away, like me, in *verſe*,
Worry their miſtreſs, friends or betters.
With ſatire, ſonnet, ode, or letters,
And think the knack of pleaſing follows
Each jingling pupil of APOLLO's.
—Yet let it be a venial crime
That I addreſs you thus in rhime.
Nor think that I am *Phœbus*'-bit
By the *Tarantula* of wit,
But as the meaneſt critic knows
All females have a knack at proſe,
And letters are the mode of writing
The ladies take the moſt delight in;
Bold is the man, whoſe ſaucy aim
Leads him to form a rival claim;

eath the victim dies,
y wit as well as eyes.
mine diſgrace a lady's proſe,
ettle next a roſe?
l, ſo long as taſte prevails,
:. *James's* with *Verſailles?*
ngale, as ſtory goes,
he muſic of his woes,
nſt the artiſt try'd,
his tuneful throat—and died.
I ſought the rhiming way,
which have pow'rful ſway.
no doubt, with pleaſure ſues
he's ſure will not refuſe.
:ompaſſion may be found
eſs goddeſſes of ſound,
s happens to the ſhare
e cruel human fair;
fix their lover's pains,
the rattling of their chains,
their ſervant's grief,
ſin to give relief.
each eaſy fool about,
a in, nor let them out,
em twirling on the fire
ſion and deſire,
ſers, with corking pin
boy ſtabs to make them ſpin.
maxim in love's ſchool,
nan of ſenſe a fool;
nan, who loves indeed,
nd wiſhes to ſucceed;
fear and apprehenſion,
ys mars his beſt intention,
dreſs with proper eaſe
ſon he would pleaſe.
s, when theſe nymphs refuſe,
urting to the muſe.
e difference we find
eſſes and human kind;
favours are ideal,
carce, but always real.
a, with little pain,
:reſs in his brain,
traction, every grace
adorn the mind or face,
lyllis, with a ſcore
nd *Delias* more.
im of paſſion burns,
h frolic muſe by turns;
word of blame be ſaid,
e them all to bed.
:eſts coquettry's guilt,
manners of a jilt.
ſhoneſt hateful name,
ide, your ſex's ſhame.
bait their treacherous hook
dearing, winning look,
m in the eaſy heart
h moſt enſnaring art,
e and betray
ney mean to caſt away.
charming pleaſant angling
or fond creatures dangling,
e gudgeons to the bait,
miſchief they ſhould hate.
cruelties deface
f their faireſt grace.
[.

And pity, which in woman's breaſt,
Should ſwim at top of all the reſt,
Muſt ſuch inſidious ſport condemn,
Which play to you, is death to them.
So have I often read or heard,
Though both upon a trav'llers word,
(Authority may paſs it down,
So, *vide* TRAVELS, by ED. BROWN)
At METZ, a dreadful engine ſtands,
Form'd like a maid, with folded hands,
Which finely dreſt, with primmeſt grace,
Receives the culprit's firſt embrace;
But at the ſecond (diſmal wonder!)
Unfolds, claſps, cuts his heart aſunder.
You'll ſay, perhaps I love to rail,
We'll end the matter with a tale.
A *Robin* once, who lov'd to ſtray,
And hop about from ſpray to ſpray,
Familiar as the folks were kind,
Nor thought of miſchief in his mind,
Slight favours make the bold preſume,
Would flutter round the lady's room,
And careleſs often take his ſtand
Upon the lovely *Flavia's* hand.
The nymph, 'tis ſaid, his freedom ſought,
—In ſhort, the trifling fool was caught;
And happy in the fair one's grace,
Would not accept an *Eagle's* place:
And while the nymph was kind as fair,
Wiſh'd not to gain his native air,
But thought he bargain'd to his coſt,
To gain the liberty he loſt.
Till at the laſt, a fop was ſeen,
A *parrot*, dreſs'd in red and green,
Who could not boaſt one genuine note,
But chatter'd, ſwore and ly'd—by rote.
"Nonſenſe and noiſe will oft prevail,
"When honour and affection fail."
The lady lik'd her foreign gueſt,
For novelty will pleaſe the beſt;
And whether it is lace or fan,
Or ſilk, or china, bird or man,
None ſure can think it wrong, or ſtrange,
That ladies ſhould admire a change.
The *Parrot* now came into play,
The *Robin!* he had had his day,
But could not brook the nymph's diſdain,
So fled—and ne'er came back again.

THE

COBLER OF TISSINGTON's LETTER,

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. 1761.

MY predeceſſors often uſe
To cobble verſe as well as ſhoes;
As PARTRIDGE (*vide* SWIFT's diſputes)
Who turn'd BOOTES into *boots*,
Ah!—PARTRIDGE!—I'll be bold to ſay
Was a rare ſcholar in his day;
He'd tell you when t'wou'd rain, and when
The weather would be fine again;

Precisely when your bones *should* ache,
And when grow sound! by th' almanack.
For he knew ev'ry thing, d'ye see,
By, what d'ye call't, astrology,
And skill'd in all the starry system,
Foretold events, and often miss't'em.
And then it griev'd me sore to look
Just at the *keel-piece* of his book,
Where stood a man, Lord bless my heart!
(No doubt by *matthew maticks* art,)
Naked, expos'd to public view,
And darts stuck in him through and through.
I warrant him some hardy fool,
Who scorn'd to follow wisdom's rule,
And dar'd blasphemously despise
Our doctor's knowledge in the skies.
Full dearly he abides his laugh,
I'm sure 'tis SWIFT, or BICKERSTAFF.
Excuse this bit of a digression,
A cobler's is a learn'd profession.
Why may not I too couple rhimes?
My wit will not disgrace the times;
I too, forsooth, among the rest,
Claim one advantage, and the best,
I scarce know writing, have no reading,
Nor any kind of scholar *breeding*;
And *wanting* that's the sole foundation
Of half your poets' reputation.
While genius, perfect at its birth,
Springs up, like mushrooms from the earth.
You know they send me to and fro
To carry messages or so;
And though I'm somewhat old and crazy,
I'm still of service to the lazy,
For our good squire has no great notion
Of much alacrity in motion,
And when there's miles betwixt you know
Would rather *send* by half than go;
Then I'm dispatch'd to travel hard,
And bear myself by way of card.
I'm a two-legg'd excuse to show
Why other people cannot go;
And merit sure I must assume,
For once I went in GARRICK's room.
In my old age, 'twere wond'rous hard
To come to town, as trav'lling card,
Then let the post convey me there,
The clerk's direction tell him where,
For, though I ramble at this rate
He writes it all, and I *dictate*;
For I'm resolv'd—by help of neighbour,
(Who keeps a school, and goes to *labour*)
To tell you all things as they past;
Coblers will go beyond their last,
And so I'm told will authors too,
—But that's a point I leave to you;
Cobbling extends a thousand ways,
Some cobble shoes, some cobble plays;
Some—but this jingle's vastly clever,
It makes a body write for ever.
While with the motion of the pen,
METHOD pops in and out again,
So, as I said, I thought it better,
To set me down and *think* a letter,
And without any more ado,
Seal up my mind, and send it you.
You'll ask me, master, why I chuse
To plague your worship with my muse?
I'll tell you then—will truth offend?
Though cobler, yet I love my friend.
Besides, I like you merry folks,
Who make their puns, and crack their jokes;
Your jovial hearts are never wrong,
I love a story, or a song;
But always feel most grievous qualms,
From WESLEY's hymns, or WISDOM's psalms*
My father often told me, one day
Was for religion—that was Sunday,
When I should go to prayers twice,
And hear our parson battle vice;
And dress'd in all my finest cloaths,
Twang the *psalmody* through my nose.
But betwixt churches, for relief,
Eat bak'd plumb-pudding, and roast-beef;
And chearful, without sin, regale
With good home-brew'd, and nappy ale,
But not one word of *fasting* greetings,
And *dry* religious singing meetings.
But here comes folks a-preaching to us
A *saving* doctrine to *undo* us,
Whose notions fanciful and scurvy,
Turn old religion topsy-turvy.
I'll give my pleasure up for no man
And an't I right now, master SHOW-MAN?
You seem'd to me a person civil,
Our parson gives you to the devil;
And says, as how, that after grace,
You laugh'd directly in his face;
Ay, laugh'd out-right (as I'm a sinner)
I should have lik'd t' have been at dinner,
Not for the sake of master's fare,
But to have seen the doctor stare,
Odzooks, I think, he's perfect mad,
Scar'd out of all the wits he had,
For whereso'er the doctor comes,
He pulls his wig, and bites his thumbs,
And mutters, in a broken rage,
The MINOR, GARRICK, FOOTE, the STAG
(For I must blab it out—but hist,
His reverence is a *methodist*)
And preaches like an errant fury,
'Gainst all your *show* folks about DRURY,
Says actors all are hellish imps,
And managers the devil's pimps.
He knows not what he sets about;
Puts on his surplice inside out,
Mistakes the lessons in the church,
Or leaves a collect in the lurch;
And t'other day—God help his head,
The gardener's wife being brought to bed,
When sent for to baptize the child
His wig awry, and staring wild,
He laid the prayer-book flat before him,
And read the burial service o'er him.
—The folks must wait without their shoes,
For I must tell you all the news.
For we have had a deal to do,
Our squire's become a show-man too!
And horse and foot arrive in flocks
To see his worship's famous rocks,
Whilst, he with humourous delight,
Walks all about and shews the sight,

* Robert Wisdom was an early translator of Psalms. Wood says, "he was a good Latin English poet of his time." He died 1568.

he place, where trembling you
have bid the world adieu;
ſad remembrance ſtill,
call it GARRICK'S Hill.
heir uſual diſtance keep,
ave recourſe to ſheep;
ole ſcene wants nothing now,
ferry-boat and cow.
: deal more to ſay,
it expreſs away,
: ſquire's three children down
GTON from DERBY town;
N ſays he'll mend my rhime,
[write a ſecond time.

THE

OF CRIPPLEGATE'S LETTER

O ROBERT LLOYD, A. M.

'D to verſe, and tir'd, Heav'n knows,
rudging on in heavy proſe,
', year after year,
'e ſent the GAZETTEER;
: firſt time I eſſay
your own eaſy way.
LLOYD, I wiſh I had,
ad your ambling pad,
with all a poet's pride,
horſe of verſe might ride.
ie road that's rough and ſtoney,
whiſtle with your poney;
us you're *lazy* grown,
;all your huckle bone.
ides a nag ſo ſmall,
fear, ride none at all.
, and nought gives more offence,
me fav'rite excellence,
ore they introduce,
into conſtant uſe.
ICK ſtill in ev'ry part
nd attitude, and ſtart:
will allow, is good,
aps, the attitude;
s fine: but if not ſcarce,
becomes a farce.
, pardon me, ſome quarrel,
ranches of your laurel.
:, that ſtill defends
praiſes all your friends,
b of wits was met
giums on *the Set*;
: town for ever hear,
wer dare to ſneer,
ON'S humour, GARRICK'S nature,
N'S wit, and CHURCHILL'S ſatire;
, who—let it not offend,
e, though he's your friend,
:annot want excuſe,
CHILL nam'd for ſmart abuſe—
! who ever loves to raiſe
ang his muſhroom bays;

The prieſt, I grant, has ſomething clever,
A ſomething that will laſt for ever:
Let him, in part, be made your pattern,
Whoſe muſe, now queen, and now a ſlattern,
Trick'd out in ROSCIAD rules the roaſt,
Turns trapes and trollop in the GHOST,
By turns both tickles us, and warms,
And, drunk or ſober, has her charms.
GARRICK, to whom with lath and plaiſter
You try to raiſe a fine pilaſter,
And found on LEAR and MACBETH,
His monument e'en after death,
GARRICK'S a dealer in grimaces,
A haberdaſher of wry faces,
A hypocrite, in all his ſtages,
Who laughs and cries for hire and wages;
As undertakers' men draw grief
From onion in their handkerchief,
Like real mourners cry and ſob,
And of their paſſions make a job.
And COLMAN too, that little ſinner,
That eſſay-weaver, drama-ſpinner,
Too much the comic *Sock* will uſe,
For 'tis the ſaw muſt find him *Shoes*.
And though he thinks on fame's wide ocean
He ſwims, and has a pretty motion,
Inform him, LLOYD, for all his grin
That HARRY FIELDING holds his chin.
Now higher ſoar, my muſe, and higher,
To BONNEL THORNTON, hight Eſquire!
The only man to make us laugh,
A very PETER PARAGRAPH;
The grand conductor and adviſer
In CHRONICLE, and ADVERTISER,
Who ſtill delights to run his rig
On *Citizen* and *Perriwig*!
Good ſenſe, I know, though daſh'd with oddity,
In THORNTON is no ſcarce commodity:
Much learning too I can deſcry,
Beneath *his* perriwig doth lie.
——I beg his pardon, I declare,
His grizzle's gone for greaſy hair,
Which now the wag with eaſe can ſcrue,
With dirty ribband in a queue—
But why neglect (his trade forſaking
For ſcribbling, and for merry-making,)
With tye to overſhade that brain,
Which might have ſhewn in WARWICK-LANE?
Why not, with ſpectacles on noſe,
In chariot lazily repoſe,
A formal, pompous, deep phyſician,
HIMSELF A SIGN-POST EXHIBITION?
But hold, my Muſe! you run a-head:
And where's the clue that ſhall unthread
The maze, wherein you are entangled?
While out of tune the bells are jangled
Through rhimes rough road that ſerve to deck
My jaded Pegaſus his neck.
My muſe with LLOYD alone contends:
Why then fall foul upon his friends?
Unleſs to ſhew like handy-dandy,
Or CHURCHILL'S GHOST, or TRISTRAM SHANDY.
Now here, now there, with quick progreſſion,
How ſmartly you can make digreſſion:
Your rambling ſpirit now confine,
And ſpeak to LLOYD in ev'ry line.

Tell me then, LLOYD, what is't you mean
By cobbling up a MAGAZINE?
A MAGAZINE, a wretched Olio
Purloin'd from quarto and from folio,
From Pamphlet, News-paper, and Book;
Which toſt up by a monthly cook,
Borrows fine ſhapes, and titles new,
Of fricaſee or rich ragout,
Which dunces dreſs, as well as you.
Say, is't for you, your wit to coop,
And tumble through this narrow hoop?
The body thrives, and ſo the mind,
When both are free and unconfin'd;
But harneſs'd in like hackney tit,
To run the monthly ſtage of wit,
The racer tumbles in the ſhaft,
And ſhews he was not meant for draft.
Pot-bellied gluttons, ſlaves of taſte,
Who bind in leathern belt their waiſt,
Who lick their lips at ham or haunch,
But hate to ſee the ſtrutting paunch,
Full often rue the pain that's felt
From circumſcription of the belt.
Thus women too we ideots call,
Who lace their ſhapes too cloſe and ſmall.
Tight ſtays, they find, oft end in humps,
And take, too late, alas! to jumps.
The chineſe ladies cramp their feet,
Which ſeem, indeed, both ſmall and neat,
While the dear creatures laugh and talk,
And can do every thing—but walk;
Thus you, "who trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,"
And in the *Ring* are never ſeen,
Or *Rotten-Row* of Magazine,
Will cramp your muſe in four-foot verſe,
And find at laſt your eaſe your curſe.
CLIO already humbly begs
You'd give her leave to ſtretch her legs,
For though ſometimes ſhe takes a leap,
Yet quadrupeds can only creep.
While Namby-Pamby thus you ſcribble,
Your manly genius a mere ſribble,
Pinn'd down, and ſickly, cannot vapour,
Nor dares to ſpring, or cut a caper.
Rouſe then, for ſhame, your ancient ſpirit!
Write a great work! a work of merit!
The conduct of your friend examine,
And give a PROPHECY OF FAMINE;
Or like yourſelf, in days of yore,
Write ACTORS, as you did before:
Write what may pow'rful friends create you.
And make your preſent friends all hate you.
Learn not a ſhuffling, ſhambling, pace,
But go erect with manly grace;
For OVID ſays, and pr'y thee heed it,
Os homini ſublime dedit.
But if you ſtill waſte all your prime
In ſpinning Lilliputian rhyme,
Too long your genius will lie fallow,
And ROBERT LLOYD be ROBERT SHALLOW.

ON RHYME.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIE

BRING paper, Aſh, and let me ſend
My hearty ſervice to my friend.
How pure the paper looks and white!
What pity 'tis that folks will write,
And on the face of candour ſcrawl
With deſperate ink, and heart of gall!
Yet thus it often fares with thoſe
Who, gay and eaſy in their *proſe*,
Incur ill-natures ugly crime,
And lay about 'em in their *rhyme*.
No man more generous, frank and kind,
Of more ingenuous ſocial mind,
Than CHURCHILL, yet though CHURCHILL!
I will pronounce him too ſevere,
For, whether ſcribbled at or not,
He writes no name without a blot.
Yet let me urge one honeſt plea?
Say, is the Muſe in fault or He?
The man, whoſe genius thirſts for praiſe,
Who boldly plucks, not waits the bays;
Who drives his rapid car along,
And feels the energy of ſong;
Writes, from the *impulſe* of the Muſe,
What ſober reaſon might refuſe.
My Lord, who lives and writes *at* eaſe,
(Sure to be pleas'd, as ſure to pleaſe)
And draws from ſilver-ſtand his pen,
To ſcribble ſonnets *now* and *then*;
Who writes not what he truly feels,
But rather what he ſtily ſteals,
And patches up in courtly phraſe,
The manly ſenſe of better days;
Whoſe dainty Muſe is only kiſt;
But as his dainty lordſhip liſt,
Who treats her like a *Miſtreſs* ſtill,
To turn her off and keep at will;
Knows not the labour, pains and ſtrife,
Of him who takes the Muſe to *Wife*.
For then the poor good-natur'd man
Muſt bear his burden as he can;
And if my lady prove a ſhrew,
What would you have the huſband do?
Say, ſhould he thwart her inclination
To work his own, and her vexation?
Or giving madam all her rein,
Make marriage but a ſilken chain?
Thus we, who lead poetic lives,
The hen-peck'd culls of vixen wives,
Receive their orders, and obey,
Like huſbands in the common way:
And when we write with too much phlegm,
The fault is not in us, but them:
True ſervants always at command,
We *hold the pen*; they *guide the hand*.
Why need I urge ſo plain a fact
To you who catch me in the act?
And ſee me, (ere I've ſaid my grace,
That is, put SIR in proper place,
Or with epiſtolary bow,
Have prefac'd, as I ſcarce know how.)

ıe, as I ſaid before,
d down a page or more,
ıne word of tribute due
hip's altar, and to YOU.
hen, in or out of time,
: thanks, though writ in rhyme.
once paid, (to obligations
thanks grow ſtale vexations,
the liberal donor more,
his laviſh gifts before,)
ut, as whim prevails,
own friſky goats in WALES,
w where the Muſe ſhall lead,
e and ditch, o'er hill or mead.
ight the * Lordly writer praiſe
nventor of *Eſſays*,
anton fancy gaily rambles,
aces, gallops, trots, and ambles;
ings may be ſung or ſaid,
wſy METHOD's gone to bed,
the poet, or the rhymiſt,
y none of the ſublimeſt)
ıcing in his eaſy mode;
repiſtolary road,
ht the Muſe to play the fool,
from the pedant's ſchool,
ing, like a *taſteleſs* dunce,
he UNITIES at once;
e keep but clink and rhyme,
ACTION, PLACE, and TIME.)
tics, (who ſtill judge by rules,
ed down as guides to fools,
ſoe'er they prate about 'em,
ım wiſe folks who writ without 'em;)
ıe this frolic, wild excurſion,
ncy takes for her diverſion,
iſtent with the law,
eps the ſober Muſe in awe,
s not for her life diſpenſe,
ı *mechanic* chains for ſenſe.
ı are often apt to blame
ors they'd be proud to claim,
eir ſkill, of pigmy ſize.
us darings cannot riſe,
ic ſpleen and pedant phlegm,
ike all genius creep with them.
ın profeſſors of the art,
their wit betray their heart,
: againſt themſelves, to ſhow,
y would hate the world ſhou'd know.
he meaſur'd couplets curſe,
ıcles of Gothic verſe,
: trim bard in *eaſy* ſtrains,
ich of *fetters*, *clogs*, and *chains*;
ims that you ſhould think,
mingly he makes them clink.
ſeen in tragic ſtride,
of the Mourning Bride,
l ſullky tread the ſtage:
attention to engage,
his fetter'd arms about,
nay find ALPHONSO out.
re I heard it ſaid by thoſe,
t ſhou'd bluſh to be her foes,
ne's impertinent vexation,
he brave imagination,

* Shaftſbury.

Which longs with eager zeal to try
Her trackleſs path above the ſky,
But that the clog upon her feet,
Reſtrains her flight, and damps her heat.
From BOILEAU down to his tranſlators,
Dull paraphraſts, and imitators,
All rail at metre at the time
They write and owe their ſenſe to rhyme.
Had HE ſo maul'd his gentle ſtyle,
But for that lucky word QUINEAUT?
Or had his ſtrokes been half ſo fine,
Without that cloſing name COTIN?
Yet dares He on this very theme,
His own APOLLO to blaſpheme,
And talk of wars 'twixt rhyme and ſenſe,
And murders which enſu'd from thence,
As if they both reſolv'd to meet,
Like Theban ſons, in mutual heat,
Forgetful of the ties of brother,
To maim and maſſacre each other.
'Tis true, ſometimes to coſtive brains,
A couplet coſts exceeding pains;
But where the fancy waits the ſkill
Of fluent eaſy dreſs at will,
The thoughts are oft, like colts which ſtray
From fertile meads, and loſe their way,
Clapt up and faſten'd in the pound
Of meaſur'd rhyme, and barren ſound.
—What are theſe jarring notes I hear,
Grating harſh diſcord on my ear!
How ſhrill, how coarſe, th' unſettled tone,
Alternate 'twixt a ſqueak and drone,
Worſe than the ſcrannel pipe of ſtraw,
Or muſic grinding on a ſaw!
Will none that horrid fiddle break?
—O ſpare it for GIARDINI's ſake.
'Tis *His*, and only errs by chance,
Play'd by the hand of ignorance.
From this alluſion I infer,
'Tis not the art, but artiſts err,
And rhyme's a fiddle, ſweet indeed,
When touch'd by thoſe who well can lead,
Whoſe varied notes harmonious flow,
In tones prolong'd from ſweeping bow;
But harſh the ſounds to ear and mind,
From the poor fidler lame and blind,
Who begs in muſic at your door.
And thrums *Jack Latin* o'er and o'er.
Some MILTON-mad, (an affectation
Glean'd up from college education)
Approve no verſe, but that which flows
In epithetic meaſur'd proſe,
With trim expreſſions daily dreſt
Stol'n miſapply'd, and not conſeſt,
And call it writing in the ſtile
Of that great HOMER of our iſle.
Whilom, *what time*, *eſtſoons* and *erſt*,
(So proſe is oftentimes *beverſt*)
Sprinkled with quaint fantaſtic phraſe,
Uncouth to ears of modern days,
Make up the metre, which they call
Blank, CLASSICK BLANK, their All in All.
Can only blank admit ſublime?
Go read and meaſure DRYDEN's rhyme.
Admire the magic of his ſong,
See how his numbers roll along,
With eaſe and ſtrength and varied pauſe,
Nor cramp'd by ſound, nor metre's laws.

Is harmony the gift of rhyme?
Read, if you can, your MILTON's chime;
Where taſte, not wantonly ſevere,
May find the meaſure, not the ear,
As rhyme, rich rhyme, was DRYDEN's choice,
And blank has MILTON's nobler voice,
I deem it as the ſubjects lead,
That either meaſure will ſucceed.
That rhyme will readily admit
Of fancy numbers, force and wit;
But though each couplet has its ſtrength,
It palls in works of epic length.
For who can bear to read or hear,
Though not offenſive to the ear,
The mighty BLACKMORE gravely ſing
Of ARTHUR PRINCE, and ARTHUR KING,
Heroic poems without number,
Long, lifeleſs, leaden, lulling lumber;
Nor pity ſuch laborious toil,
And loſs of midnight time and oil?
Yet glibly runs each jingling line,
Smoother, perhaps, than yours or mine,
But ſtill, (though peace be to the dead,)
The dull, dull poems weigh down lead.
So have I ſeen upon the road,
A waggon of a mountain's load,
Broad-wheel'd and drawn by horſes eight,
Pair'd like great folks who ſtrut in ſtate:
While the gay ſteeds, as proud as ſtrong,
Drag the ſlow tottering weight along,
Each as the ſteep aſcent he climbs,
Moves to his bells, and walks in chimes.
The Muſes dwelt on OVID's tongue,
For OVID never ſaid, but *ſung*,
And POPE (for POPE affects the ſame)
In *numbers liſp'd*, for *numbers came*.
Thus, in hiſtoric page I've read
Of ſome queen's daughter, fairy-bred,
Who could not either cough or ſpit,
Without ſome precious flow of wit,
While her fair lips were as a ſpout,
To tumble pearls and diamonds out.
Yet though dame nature may beſtow
This nack of verſe, and jingling flow:
(And thouſands have that impulſe felt,
With whom the Muſes never dwelt)
Though it may ſave the hab'ring brain
From many a thought-perplexing pain,
And while the rhyme preſents itſelf,
Leaves BYSSHE untouch'd upon the ſhelf;
Yet more demand the critic ear,
Than the two catch-words in the rear,
Which ſtand like watchmen in the cloſe,
To keep the verſe from being proſe,
But when reflection has refin'd
This boiſt'rous bias of the mind.
When harmony enriches ſenſe,
And borrows ſtronger charms from thence,
When genius ſteers by judgment's laws
When proper cadence, varied pauſe
Shew nature's ſtrength combin'd with art,
And through the ear poſſeſs the heart;
Then numbers come, and all before
Is bab, dab, ſcab—mere rhymes—no more.
Some boaſt, which none could e'er impart,
A ſecret principle of art,
Which gives a melody to rhyme
Unknown to Bards of antient time.
And BOILEAU leaves it as a rule
To all who enter PHOEBUS' ſchool,
To make the metre ſtrong and fine,
Poets write firſt your *ſecond* line.
'Tis folly all—No poet flows
In tuneful verſe, who thinks in proſe;
And all the mighty ſecret here
Lies in the niceneſs of the ear.
E'en in this meaſure, when the muſe,
With genuine eaſe, her way purſues,
Though ſhe affect to hide her ſkill,
And walks the town in diſhabille,
Something peculiar will be ſeen
Of air, or grace, in ſhape or mien,
Which will, though carelefly diſplay'd,
Diſtinguiſh MADAM from her maid.
Here, by the way of critic ſample,
I give the precept and example.
Four feet, you know, in ev'ry line
Is PRIOR's meaſure, and is mine;
Yet Taſte wou'd ne'er forgive the crime
To talk of mine with PRIOR's rhyme.
Yet, take it on a Poet's word,
There are who fooliſhly have err'd,
And marr'd their proper reputation,
By ſticking cloſe to imitation.
A double rhyme is often ſought
At ſtrange expence of time and thought;
And though ſometimes a lucky hit
May give a zeſt to BUTLER's wit;
Whatever makes the meaſure halt
Is beauty ſeldom, oft a fault.
For when we ſee the wit and pains,
The twiſting of the ſtubborn brains,
To cramp the ſenſe within the bound
Of ſome queer double treble ſound:
Hard is the Muſes's travail, and 'tis plain
'Tis pinion'd ſenſe, and EASE in PAIN;
'Tis like a foot that's wrapt about
With flannel in the racking gout.
But here, methinks, 'tis more than time
To wave both ſimile and rhyme;
For while, as pen and Muſes pleaſe,
I talk ſo much of eaſe and eaſe,
Though the word's mention'd o'er and o'er,
I ſcarce have thought of yours before.
'Tis true, when writing to one's friend,
'Tis a rare ſcience when to end,
As 'tis with wits a common ſin
To want th' attention to begin.
So, Sir, (at laſt indeed) adieu,
Believe me, as you'll find me, true;
And if henceforth, at any time,
APOLLO whiſpers you in rhyme,
Or Lady Fancy ſhould diſpoſe
Your mind to ſally out in proſe,
I ſhall receive, with hallow'd awe,
The Muſe's mail from FLEXNEY's door.

AMILIAR EPISTLE.

END WHO SENT THE AUTHOR
A HAMPER OF WINE.

Exemplar vitiis imitabile. HOR.

the looſe familiar vein,
neither tires, nor cracks the brain,
rather truant grown
works of higher tone;
perhaps her pow'rs of rhyme,
fancies more ſublime,
ſy down-hill road,
leaps at five-barr'd ODE,
the Claſſic race
or an EPIC chace.
as other Bards, divine,
cris to the Nine,
I mean, with natural eaſe,
ot nature cannot pleaſe)
mes make his rhyming bow,
friend as I do now;
the critic train
judgment rather vain,
reſemblance true,
nd, a SHEPHERD * too.
, dear Sir, the Muſes nine,
Maids are wooed in wine,
, as beyond a doubt,
my dangling foible out,
reous inſpiration,
read Intoxication.
thoſe who vainly uſe
ixir of the Muſe,
their apiſh fit,
of maudlin wit,
akes a daring flight,
s, or PINLIMMON'S height.
f madman than of poet,
indeed, and do not know it.
whoſe charming meaſure flows
iative eaſe of proſe,
t flaſhy vain pretence,
'd Eternal Senſe,
hearful moral page,
kind in every age;
n folks whoſe ſituation
he mark of obſervation,
ives Folly riſe,
clings to Vice.
uld never write, 'tis ſaid,
tle in his head;
HORACE quaff'd his wine
raughts at BACCHUS' ſhrine:
ON would oft unbend,
genius with a friend;
hich is often dry,
wings, or cannot fly)

ard Shepherd, Author of a didactic
The Nuptials.

What precedents for fools to follow
Are BEN the DEVIL and APOLLO!
While the great gawky ADMIRATION,
Parent of ſtupid imitation,
Intrinſic proper worth neglects,
And copies Errors and Defects.
The man, ſecure in ſtrength of Parts,
Has no recourſe to ſhuffling Arts,
Seeks not his nature to diſguiſe,
Nor heeds the people's tongues, or eyes,
His wit, his faults at once diſplays,
Careleſs of envy, or of praiſe;
And foibles, which we often find
Juſt on the ſurface of the mind,
Strike common eyes, which can't diſcern
What to avoid, and what to learn.
Errors in wit conſpicuous grow,
To uſe GAY'S words, like ſpecks in ſnow;
Yet it were kind, at leaſt, to make
Allowance for the merit's ſake;
And when ſuch beauties fill the eye,
To let the blemiſhes go by.
Plague on your philoſophic ſots!
I'll view the ſun without its ſpots.
Wits are peculiar in their mode;
They cannot bear the hackney road
And will contract habitual ways,
Which ſober people cannot praiſe,
And fools admire: Such fools I hate;
—Begone, ye ſlaves, who imitate.
Poor SPURIOUS! eager to deſtroy
And murder hours he can't enjoy,
The laſt of witlings, next to dunce,
Would fain turn Genius all at once,
But that the wretch miſtakes his aim,
And thinks a Libertine the ſame.
Connected as the hand and glove,
Is Madam POETRY and LOVE;
Shall not *He* then poſſeſs his Muſe,
And fetch CORINNA from the ſtews,
The burthen of his amorous verſe,
And charming melter of his purſe,
While happy REBUS tells the name
Of His and DRURY'S common *Flame*?
How will the wretch at BACCHUS' ſhrine,
Betray the cauſe of wit and wine,
And waſte in bawdy, port, and pun,
In taſte a very GOTH or HUN,
Thoſe *little hours*, of value more
Than all the round of time before;
When fancy brightens with the flaſk,
And the heart ſpeaks without a maſk?
Muſt THOU, whoſe genius, dull and cool,
Is muddy as the ſtagnant pool;
Whoſe torpid ſoul and ſluggiſh brains,
Dullneſs pervades, and Wine diſdains;
Muſt *Thou* to nightly taverns run,
APOLLO'S gueſt, and JONSON'S ſon?
And in thy folly's beaſtly fit,
Attempt the ſallies of a wit?
Art thou the child of PHOEBUS' choir?
Think of the Adage—Aſs and Lyre*.
If thou wouldſt really ſucceed,
And be a *mimic* wit indeed,
Let DRYDEN lend thee SHEFFIELD'S blows
Or like WILL. DAVENANT loſe your noſe.

* Aſinus ad Lyram.

O LUCIAN, Sire of antient wit,
Who wedding HUMOUR, didſt beget
Thoſe doctors in the laughing ſchool,
Thoſe Giant ſons of RIDICULE,
SWIFT, RAB'LAIS, and † that favourite Child,
Who, leſs excentrically wild,
Inverts the miſanthropic Plan,
And hating vices, hates not Man:
How do I love thy gibing vein!
Which glances at the mimic train
Of ſots, who proud of modern beaux
Of birth-day ſuits, and tinſel cloaths,
Affecting cynical grimace
With philoſophic ſtupid face,
In dirty hue, with naked feet,
In rags and tatters, ſtrole the ſtreet;
OSTENSIVELY exceeding wiſe;
But Knaves, and Fools, and walking Lies,
External Mimicry their plan,
The monkey's copy after Man.
Wits too poſſeſs this affectation,
And live a life of imitation,
Are Slovens, Revellers and Brutes,
Laborious, abſent, prattlers, Mutes,
From ſome example handed down
Of ſome great Genius of Renown.
If ADDISON, from habit's trick,
Could bite his fingers to the quick,
Shall not I nibble from deſign,
And be an ADDISON to mine?
If POPE moſt feelingly complains
Of aching head, and throbbing pains,
My head and arm his poſture hit,
And I already *ache* for wit.
If CHURCHILL, following nature's call,
Has *head that never aches at all*,
With burning brow, and heavy eye,
I'll give my looks and pain the Lye.
If huge tall words of termination,
Which aſk a Critic's explanation,
Come rolling out along with thought,
And ſeem to ſtand juſt where they ought;
If language more in grammar dreſt,
With greater emphaſis expreſt,
Unſtudied, unaffected flows,
In ſome great Wit's *converſing* proſe:
If from the tongue the period round
Fall into ſtile, and ſwell the ſound,
'Tis nature which herſelf diſplays,
And JOHNSON ſpeaks a JOHNSON's phraſe.
But can you hear, without a ſmile,
The formal coxcomb ape his ſtyle,
Who, moſt dogmatically wiſe,
Attempts to cenſure, and deſpiſe,
Affecting what he cannot reach,
A trim propriety of ſpeech?
What though his pompous Language wear
The grand deciſive ſolemn Air,
Where quaint ANTITHESIS prevails,
And ſentences are weighed in ſcales,
Can you bow down with reverend awe
Before this puppet king of ſtraw?
Or huſh'd in mute contention ſit,
To hear this CRITIC, POET, WIT,
PHILOSOPHER, all, all at once,
And to compleat them all this—DUNCE?
—All this you'll ſay is mighty fine,
But what has this to do with Wine?
Have patience and the Muſe ſhall tell
What you my friend, know full as well,
Vices in Poets, Wits and Kings,
Are catching, *imitable* things;
And frailties ſtanding out to view,
Become the objects fools purſue.
Thus have I pictures often ſeen,
Where features neither ſpeak nor mean,
Yet ſpite of all, the Face will ſtrike,
And mads us that it ſhould be like,
When all the near reſemblance grows,
From ſcratch or pimple on the Noſe.
To Poets then (I mean not here
The ſcribbling Drudge, or ſcribbling Peer,
Nor thoſe who have the monthly fit,
The Lunatics of modern Wit)
To POETS Wine is inſpiration,
Blockheads get drunk in imitation.
As different Liquors different ways
Affect the body, ſometimes raiſe
The fancy to an Eagle's flight,
And make the heart feel wond'rous light;
At other times the circling mug,
Like LETHE's draught, or opiate drug,
Will ſtrike the ſenſes on a heap,
When Folks talk wiſe, who talk aſleep;
A whimſical imagination,
Might from a whimſical relation,
How every Author writes and thinks
Analagous to what he drinks,
While quaint Conjecture's lucky hit,
Finds out his bev'rage in his Wit.
Ye goodly dray-nymph Muſes, hail!
MUM, PORTER, STINGO, MILD and STALE
And chiefly thou of boaſted fame,
Of ROMAN and IMPERIAL name;
O Purl! all hail! thy vot'ry ſteals,
His ſtockings dangling at his heels,
To where ſome pendant head invites
The Bard to ſet his own to rights,
Who ſeeks thy influence divine,
And pours libations on thy ſhrine,
In wormwood draughts of inſpiration,
To whet his ſoul for defamation.
Hail too, your Domes! whoſe Maſter's ſkill
Takes up illuſtrious folks at will,
And careleſs or of place or name,
Beheads and *hangs* to public fame
Fine garter'd Knights, blue, red, or green,
Lords, Earls and Dukes, nay King, or Queen,
And ſometimes pairs them both together,
To dangle to the wind and weather;
Or claps ſome mighty General there,
Who has not any head to ſpare.
Or if it more his fancy ſuit,
Pourtrays or fiſh, or bird, or brute.
And lures the gaping, thirſty gueſt,
To SCOTT's *entire*, or TRUEMAN's *beſt*.
Ye *chequer'd* Domes thrice hail! for hence
The fire of Wit, the froth of Senſe,
Here gentle Puns, ambiguous Joke,
Burſt forth oracular in ſmoke,
And inſpiration pottle deep
Forgets her ſons, and falls aſleep.

† The late inimitable HENRY FIELDING, Eſq.

: Treatiſes and Rhymes,
nd Wonder of the Times,
idal, Piracies and Lies,
Pamphlets on EXCISE,
'rous Articles of News,
'HEATRICAL REVIEWS.
to their Urns, repair,
liſher, and minor Play'r,
he Porter's fogging head
m'd malice mightily ſhed,
eir batteries of dirt
, which they cannot hurt.
ot *their* works, if verſe or proſe
r eye, or ear, or noſe,
vapid, ſtale, hum-drum,
o, PORTER, PURL and MUM?
the muſe *politely* jokes,
find the Lady ſmokes?
f all her inſpiration,
alehouſe education?
ow very few are found,
le taſtes neat and full and ſound!
T's looſe ungovern'd vein
grant, much *burnt* CHAMPAGNE,
ET's lines all palates hit,
URGUNDY of wit.
obedient to the mode
ric, courtly ode,
eſtrides his annual hack,
iſte, and ſip and ſmack,
ivour of the SACK.
I ramble and refine
, Style, and Wit and Wine,
t, which I would not waſte,
to my proper taſte;
as 'tis more than time,
Letter, glaſs and rhyme,
bumper off to you,
HERD's health—dear friend, adieu.

ANDLE AND SNUFFERS.

A FABLE.

author ever ſpar'd a brother:
Wits are game cocks to one another."
ıathy ſo ſtrong,
ſo fiercely, laſts ſo long
ich rages in the breaſt
nd of *wit* profeſt:
er for ſome bold emprize,
n-like, affects the ſkies,
l of energy divine,
dupe of all the nine,
: ſoar on paper wing,
omes, and cuts the ſtring;
contention often grows
of verſe, and man of proſe;
-man deems the verſe-man fool,
es wit by line and rule,
lops off fancy's limb,
itioner of whim;
ill.

While genius, which too oft diſdains
To bear e'en honourable chains;
(Such as a ſheriff's ſelf might wear
Or grace the wiſdom of a may'r)
Turns rebel to dame REASON's throne
And holds no judgment like his own.
Yet while they ſpatter mutual dirt,
In idle threats that cannot hurt,
Methinks they waſte a deal of time,
Both fool in proſe, and fool in rhyme
And when the angry bard exclaims,
And calls a thouſand paltry names,
He doth his critic mighty wrong,
And hurts the dignity of ſong.
The prefatory matter paſt
The tale, or ſtory, comes at laſt.
A candle ſtuck in flaring ſtate
Within the noſzle of French plate,
Tow'ring aloft with ſmoaky light,
The ſnuff and flame of won'drous height;
(For, virgin yet of amputation,
No force had check'd its inclination)
Sullen addreſs'd with conſcious pride,
The Dormant ſnuffers at his ſide.
" Mean vulgar tools, whoſe envious aim
" Strikes at the vitals of my flame,
" Your rude aſſaults ſhall hurt no more,
" See how my beams triumphant ſoar!
" See how I gayly blaze alone
" With ſtrength, with luſtre all my own.
" Luſtre, good ſir!" the ſnuffers cried,
" Alas! how ignorant is pride!
" Thy light which wavers round the room,
" Shews as the counterfeit of gloom,
" Thy ſnuff which idly tow'rs ſo high
" Will waſte thy eſſence by and by,
" Which, as I prize thy luſtre dear
" I fain would lop to make thee clear.
" Boaſt not, old friend, thy random rays,
" Thy waſting ſtrength, and quiv'ring blaze;
" You ſhine but as a beggar's link,
" To burn away, and die in ſtink,
" No merit waits unſteady light,
" You muſt burn *true* as well as *bright*."
Poets like candles all are puffers,
And *critics* are the candle ſnuffers.

THE TEMPLE OF FAVOUR.

TO WILLIAM KENRICK.

THOUGH pilot in the ſhip no more,
To bring the cargo ſafe to ſhore *;
Permit, as time and place afford,
A paſſenger to come aboard.
The ſhepherd who ſurvey'd the deep,
When all its tempeſts were aſleep,

* When this was publiſhed in the Saint James's Magazine Mr. Lloyd had relinquiſhed the conduct of that work to Mr. Kenrick.

Dreamt not of danger; glad was he
To ſell his flock, and put to ſea:
The conſequence has ÆSOP told,
He loſt his venture, ſheep and gold.
So fares it with us ſons of rhyme,
From doggrel wit, to wit ſublime;
On ink's calm ocean all ſeems clear,
No ſands affright, no rocks appear;
No lightnings blaſt, no thunders roar,
No ſurges laſh the peaceful ſhore;
Till, all too vent'rous from the land,
The tempeſts daſh us on the ſtrand:
Then the low pirate boards the deck,
And ſons of theft enjoy the wreck.
The harlot muſe ſo paſſing gay,
Bewitches only to betray;
Though for a while, with eaſy air,
She ſmooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flow'ry dreams,
With fancy's tranſitory gleams.
Fond of the nothings ſhe beſtows,
We wake at laſt to real woes.
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
Conſider well the poet's caſe;
By turns protected and careſs'd,
Defam'd, dependent, and diſtreſs'd;
The joke of wits, the bane of ſlaves,
The curſe of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to ſtoop for ſervile ends,
To lacquey rogues, or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careleſs of the means to live:
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never priz'd,
Pitied by few, by more deſpis'd;
And loſt to friends, oppreſs'd by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he roſe.
O glorious trade, for wit's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made.
Let crazy LEE, neglected GAY,
The ſhabby OTWAY, DRYDEN grey,
Thoſe tuneful ſervants of the nine,
(Not that I blend their name with mine)
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world ſome uſeful ſhame.
At firſt the Poet idly ſtrays
Along the greenſward path of praiſe,
Till on his journies up and down,
To ſee, and to be ſeen, in town,
What with ill-natur'd flings and rubs
From ſlippant bucks, and *tuchey* ſcrubs,
His toils through duſt, through dirt, through gravel,
Take off his appetite for travel.
Tranſient is fame's immediate breath,
Though it blows ſtronger after death;
Own then, with MARTIAL, after fate
If glory comes, ſhe comes too late.
For who'd his time and labour give
For praiſe, by which he cannot live?
But in APOLLO's court of fame
(In this all courts are much the ſame)
By FAVOUR folks muſt make their way,
FAVOUR, which laſts, perhaps, a day,
And when you've twirl'd yourſelf about
To wriggle *in*, you're wriggled *out*.
'Tis from the ſunſhine of her eyes
Each courtly inſect lives or dies;
'Tis ſhe diſpenſes all the graces
Of profits, penſions, honours, places;
And in her light capricious fits
Makes wits of fools, and fools of wits,
Gives vices, folly, dullneſs birth,
Nay ſtamps the currency on worth;
'Tis ſhe that lends the muſe a ſpur,
And even *Kiſſing* goes by Her.
Far in the ſea a temple ſtands
Built by dame ERROR's haſty hands,
Where in her dome of lucid ſhells
The viſionary goddeſs dwells,
Here o'er her ſubject ſons of earth
Regardleſs or of place, or worth,
She rules triumphant; and ſupplies
The gaping world with hopes and lies,
Her throne, which weak and tott'ring ſeems,
Is built upon the wings of dreams;
The fickle winds her altars bear
Which quiver to the ſhifting air;
Hither hath REASON ſeldom brought
The child of VIRTUE or of THOUGHT,
And JUSTICE with her equal face,
Finds this, alas! no throne of Grace.
CAPRICE, OPINION, FASHION wait,
The porters at the temple's gate,
And as the fond adorers preſs
Pronounce fantaſtic happineſs;
While FAVOUR with a SYREN's ſmile,
Which might ULYSSES' ſelf beguile,
Preſents the ſparkling bright libation,
The Nectar of intoxication;
And ſummoning her ev'ry grace
Of winning charms, and chearful face,
Smiles away Reaſon from his throne,
And makes his votaries her own:
Inſtant reſounds the voice of fame;
Caught with the whiſtlings of their name,
The fools grow frantic, in their pride
Contemning all the world beſide:
Pleas'd with the gewgaw toys of pow'r,
The noiſy pageant of an hour,
Struts forth the ſtateſman, haughty, vain,
Amidſt a ſupple ſervile train,
With ſhrug, grimace, nod, wink, and ſtare,
So proud, he almoſt treads in air;
While levee-fools, who ſue for place,
Crouch for employment from his Grace,
And e'en good Biſhops, taught to trim,
Forſake their GOD to bow to him.
The Poet in that happy hour,
Imagination in his pow'r,
Walks all abroad, and unconfin'd,
Enjoys the liberty of mind:
Dupe to the ſmoke of flimſy praiſe,
He vomits forth ſonorous lays;
And, in his fine poetic rage,
Planning, poor ſoul, a deathleſs page,
Indulges pride's fantaſtic whim,
And all the WORLD muſt take to HIM.
A while from fear, from envy free,
He ſleeps on a pacific ſea;
Lethargic ERROR for a while
Deceives him with her ſpecious ſmile,
And flatt'ring dreams deluſive ſhed
Gay gilded viſions round his head.
When, ſwift as thought, the goddeſs lewd
Shifts the light gale; and tempeſts rude,

he northern ſkies deform,
ll DESTRUCTION guides the ſtorm,
t him to ſome dreary iſle
AVOUR never deign'd to ſmile.
aking, helpleſs, all alone,
aggy ſteeps and rocks unknown;
s of woe his pride confound,
OLATION ſtalks around.
e dull months no pleaſures bring,
s roll round without a ſpring;
le all hopeleſs, loſt, undone,
rleſs days that know no ſun;
bing SCORN her throne maintains,
ldews, blights, and blaſts, and rains.
ers, with ſubmiſſive knee,
s goddeſs! bow to Thee;
with fixt inceſſant aim
tle favour, faithleſs fame;
y's faſtidious ſlave
cind moments nature gave,
ions to the ſhrine
us and the fabled Nine,
or to his lateſt days,
ger, or from thirſt of praiſe,
hrough every ſubject roam
the uſeful morſel home;
on LIBERTY oppreſt,
neſs, when moſt diſtreſt,
kſeller's obſequious tool,
y's cat, a mere fool's fool;
unhallow'd wretch! profane
's dignity for gain,
he dunce his ſenſe contemns,
the knave his heart condemns,
a blockhead's bidding, force
genius from his courſe;
e, epiſtle, eſſay, libel,
es, or ſteal them, for the bible;
n, more judicial, ſit,
Lord Chief, on culprit wit,
our read, with paſſion blame,
, yet fear to put his name,
the dark, but uſeful ſhade,
for murd'rous ambuſcade,)
nthly ſhafts at merit hurl,
DON of ſome modern CURL,
, by adverſe fortune plac'd
he colleges of taſte,
poetic name;
e their proper fame;
metimes an eaſy vein,
eſign, and little pain,
o verſe, hath pleas'd a while,
it the reader's tranſient ſmile,
ath anſwer'd all her ends,
rſelf, while pleas'd her friends;
of liberty, diſdains
ſtraint, or clink her chains;
, to gain a *Monarch's* FAVOUR,
, or her ſons, enſlave her *.

two laſt lines were added by Mr. Kenrick;
e piece was originally addreſſed.

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

A TALE.

THE very ſilliest things in life
Create the moſt material ſtrife.
What ſcarce will ſuffer a debate,
Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
It *is*, you ſay; I ſay '*tis not*—
Why you grow warm—and you are hot.
Thus each alike with paſſion glows,
And words come firſt, and, after, blows.
Friend JERKIN had an income clear,
Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year,
And rented, on the farming plan,
Grounds at much greater ſums *per ann.*
A man of conſequence, no doubt,
'Mongſt all his neighbours round about;
He was of frank and open mind,
Too honeſt to be much refin'd,
Would ſmoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
Sing a good ſong, and drink his ale.
His wife was of another mould;
Her age was neither young nor old;
Her features ſtrong, but ſomewhat plain;
Her air not bad, but rather vain;
Her temper neither new nor ſtrange,
A woman's, very apt to change;
What ſhe moſt hated was conviction,
What ſhe moſt lov'd, flat CONTRADICTION.
A charming houſewife ne'ertheleſs;
—Tell me a thing ſhe could not dreſs,
Soups, haſhes, pickles, puddings, pies,
Nought came amiſs—ſhe was ſo *wiſe*.
For ſhe, bred twenty miles from town,
Had brought a world of breeding down,
And Cumberland had ſeldom ſeen
A farmer's wife with ſuch a mein:
She could not bear the ſound of *Dame*;
—No—*Miſtreſs* JERKIN was her name.
She could harangue with wond'rous grace
On gowns and mobs, and caps and lace;
But though ſhe ne'er adorn'd his brows,
She had a vaſt contempt for ſpouſe,
As being one who *took no pride*,
And was a *deal* too *countrified*.
Such were our couple, man and wife;
Such were their means and ways of life.
Once on a time, the ſeaſon fair
For exerciſe and chearful air,
It happen'd in his morning's roam,
He kill'd his birds and brought them home.
—Here, CICELY, take away my gun—
How ſhall we have theſe ſtarlings done?
Done! what my love? Your wits are wild;
Starlings, my dear; they're thruſhes child.
Nay now but look, conſider, wife,
They're ſtarlings—No—upon my life:
Sure I can judge as well as you,
I know a thruſh and ſtarling too.
Who was it ſhot them, you or I?
They're ſtarlings—thruſhes—ſounds you lie,
Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word,
I ſcorn your language as your bird.

It ought to make a huſband bluſh,
To treat a wife ſo 'bout a thruſh.
Thruſh, Cicely!—Yes—a ſtarling—No,
The lie again, and then a blow.
Blows carry ſtrong and quick conviction,
And mar the pow'rs of contradiction.
Peace ſoon enſued, and all was well:
It were imprudence to rebel,
Or keep the ball up of debate
Againſt theſe arguments of weight.
A year roll'd on in perfect eaſe,
'Twas *as you like*, and *what you pleaſe*,
'Till in its courſe and order due,
Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
Quoth Cicely, this is charming life,
No tumults now, no blows, no ſtrife.
What fools we were this day laſt year!
Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
—Sure it was idle and abſurd
To wrangle ſo about a bird;
A bird not worth a ſingle ruſh—
A ſtarling—no, my love, a thruſh,
That I'll maintain—that I'll deny.
—You're wrong, good huſband—wife, you lie,
Again the ſelf ſame wrangle roſe,
Again the lye, again the blows.
Thus every year (true man and wife)
Enſues the ſame domeſtic ſtrife.
Thus every year their quarrel ends,
They argue, fight, and buſs, and friends;
'Tis ſtarling, thruſh, and thruſh and ſtarling;
You dog, you b—; my dear, my darling.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO ******

WHAT, three months gone, and never ſend
A ſingle letter to a friend?
In that time, ſure, we might have known
Whether you fat or lean was grown;
Whether your hoſt was ſhort or tall,
Had manners good, or none at all;
Whether the neighb'ring ſquire you found
As mere a brute as fox or hound;
Or if the parſon of the place
(With all due reverence to his grace)
Took much more pains himſelf to keep,
Than to inſtruct and feed his ſheep;
At what hour of the day you dine;
Whether you drink beer, punch, or wine;
Whether you hunt, or ſhoot, or ride;
Or, by ſome muddy ditch's ſide,
Which you, in viſionary dream,
Call bubbling rill, or purling ſtream,
Sigh for ſome aukward country laſs,
Who muſt of conſequence ſurpaſs
All that is beautiful and bright,
As much as day ſurpaſſes night;
Whether the people eat and drink,
Or ever talk, or ever think;
If, to the honour of their parts,
The men have heads, the women hearts?
If the moon riſes and goes down,
And changes as ſhe does in town;
If you've returns of night and day,
And ſeaſons varying roll away;
Whether your mind exalted wooes
Th' embraces of a ſerious muſe;
Or if you write, as I do now,
The L—d knows what, the L—d knows how.—
Theſe, and a thouſand things like theſe,
The friendly heart are ſure to pleaſe.
Now will my friend turn up his eyes,
And look ſuperlatively wiſe;
Wonder what all this ſtuff's about,
And how the plague I found him out!
When he had taken ſo much pains,
In order to regale his brains
With privacy and country air,
To go, no ſoul alive knew where!
Beſides, 'tis folly to ſuppoſe
That any perſon breathing goes
On ſuch a ſcheme, with a deſign
To write or read ſuch ſtuff as mine,
And idly waſte his precious time
In all th' impertipence of rhyme.
My good, wiſe, venerable ſir!
Why about nonſenſe all this ſtir!
Is it, that you would ſtand alone,
And read no nonſenſe but your own;
Though you're (to tell you, by and bye)
Not half ſo great a fool as I;
Or is it that you make pretence,
Being a fool, to have ſome ſenſe?
And would you really have my muſe
Employ yourſelf in writing news,
And moſt unconſcionably teize her
With rhyming to Warſaw and Weſer;
Or toſs up a poetic olio,
Merely to bring in Marſhal Broglio?
Should I recite what now is doing,
Or what for future times is brewing,
Or triumph that the poor French ſee all
Their hopes defeated at Montreal,
Or ſhould I your attention carry
To Fred'rick, Ferdinand, or Harry,
Of flying Ruſſian, daſtard Swede,
And baffled Auſtria let you read;
Or gravely tell with what deſign
The youthful Henry paſs'd the Rhine?
Or ſhould I ſhake my empty head,
And tell you that the king is dead,
Obſerve what changes will enſue,
What will be what, and who'll be who,
Or leaving theſe things to my betters,
Before you ſet the ſtate of letters!
Or ſhould I tell domeſtic jars,
How author againſt author wars,
How both with mutual envy rankling,
Fr—k—n damns M—rp—y, M—rp—y Fr—k—n?
Or will it more your mind engage
To talk of actors and the ſtage,
To tell, if any words could tell,
What GARRICK acts ſtill, and how well,
That SHERIDAN with all his care
Will always be a labour'd play'r,
And that his acting at the beſt
Is all but art, and art confeſt;

DE*, if reaſon may preſume
by things paſt, things to come,
imes will tread the ſtage,
rm'd for love and rage,
PE for comic humour fam'd,
when CLIVE no more is nam'd.
iſdom I ſuppoſe can't bear
pantomime to hear;
you have a ſingle word
pain, and wooden ſword,
ſhew, fools tricks, and wry faces,
which lies all in grimaces,
I any thing advance
vented comic dance.
, perhaps, to things like theſe,
your worſhip better pleaſe,
more loaden than the camels,
rel in philoſophic trammels?
ttack the ſtars, and ſtray
h o'er the milky way,
the TITANS try to move
of empire royal JOVE,
ad my terrors all around,
atellites confound,
war far and wide to rage,
ſtar by turns engage?
er we ſhould ſhare between us,
with MARS and I with VENUS.
ild I rather, if I cou'd,
rords little underſtood,
:xcentric, epicycle,
s the vulgar ears to tickle!
, plenum, gravitation,
words of like relation,
ay agree with ſtudious men,
my teeth, and gag my pen;
ſuch grave and ſerious kind
y head and plague my mind;
writing to a friend
ay any nonſenſe ſend,
:hief merit's to impart,
ſt feelings of his heart.

ARITY. A FRAGMENT.

ED TO THE REV. MR. HANBURY.

RTH is exile'd, and Virtue pays
A heavy Tax for barren praiſe.
d to univerſal Man,
al good your plan?
perhaps your project bleſs
ſhall ſtrive to thwart ſucceſs.
he grand ſcheme thy thoughts purſue,
noble generous view.
HARITY o'er all preſides,
EX approves what VIRTUE guides,

Bride an Actreſs then of Drury-Lane The-
ſoon after quitted the Stage. See her cha-
he Rofciad.

Yet wars and tumults will commence,
For Rogues hate virtue, Blockheads ſenſe.
Believe me, Oppoſition grows
Not always from our real foes,
But (where it ſeldom ever ends)
From our more dangerous ſeeming friends.
I hate not foes, for they declare,
'Tis War for War, and dare who dare;
But your ſly, ſneaking, worming owls,
Whom FRIENDSHIP ſcorns and FEAR controuls,
Who praiſe, ſupport, and help by halves,
Like Heifers, neither Bulls, nor Calves;
Who, in Hypocriſy's diſguiſe,
Are truly *as the Serpent wiſe*,
But cannot ALL the precept love,
And be as harmleſs as the Dove.
Who hold each charitable meeting,
To mean no more than good ſound eating,
While each becomes a hearty fellow
According as he waxes mellow,
And kindly helps the main deſign,
By drinking its ſucceſs in wine;
And when his feet and ſenſes reel,
Totters with correſpondent zeal;
Nay, would appear a patron wiſe,
But that his wiſdom's in diſguiſe,
And would harangue, but that his mouth,
Which ever hates the ſin of drought,
Catching the full perpetual glaſs,
Cannot afford a word to paſs.
Such, who like true Churchwardens eat,
Becauſe the Pariſh pays the treat,
And of their bellyful ſecure,
O'erſee, or *over-look* the poor;
Who would no doubt be wond'rous juſt,
And faithful Guardians of their truſt,
But think the deed might run more clever
To them and to their Heirs for ever,
That Charity, too apt to roam,
Might end, where ſhe begins, at home;
Who make all public good a trade,
Benevolence a mere parade,
And Charity a cloak for ſin,
To keep it ſnug and warm within;
Who flatter, only to betray,
Who promiſe much and never pay,
Who wind themſelves about your heart
With hypocritic, knaviſh art,
Tell you what wond'rous things they're doing,
And undermine you to your ruin;
Such, or of low or high eſtate,
To ſpeak the honeſt truth, I hate:
I view their tricks with indignation,
And loath each fulſom proteſtation,
As I would loath a whore's embrace,
Who ſmiles, and ſmirks, and ſtrokes my face,
And all ſo tender, fond, and kind,
As free of body, as of mind,
Affects the ſoftneſs of the Dove,
And p—xes me to ſhew her Love.
The Maiden wither'd, wrinkled, pale,
Whoſe charms, tho' ſtrong, are rather ſtale,
Will uſe that weapon call'd a tongue,
To wound the beauteous and the young.
—What, DELIA handſome!—well!—I own
I'm either blind or ſtupid grown.
—The girl is well enough to paſs,
A rofy, ſimple, ruſtic laſs,

—But there's no meaning in her face,
And then her air, ſo void of grace!
And all the world, with half an eye,
May ſee her ſhape grows quite awry.
—I ſpeak not from an ill deſign,
For ſhe's a favourite of mine,
—Though I could wiſh that ſhe would wear
A more reſerv'd becoming air;
Not that I hear of indiſcretions,
Such folks, you know, make no confeſſions,
Though the WORLD ſays, that Parſon there,
That ſmock-fac'd Man with darkiſh hair,
He who wrote verſes on her bird,
The ſimpleſt things I ever heard,
Makes frequent viſits there of late,
And is become exceeding great;
This I myſelf aver is true,
I ſaw him lead her to his pew.
Thus ſcandal, like a falſe quotation,
Miſrepreſents in defamation;
And where ſhe haply cannot ſpy
A loop whereon to hang a lye,
Turns every action wrong ſide out
To bring her paultry tale about.
Thus Excellence of every kind,
Whether of body or of mind,
Is but a mark ſet upon high,
For knaves to guide their arrows by,
A mere Scotch Poſt for public itch,
Where Hog, or Man, may ſcrub his breech.
But thanks to nature, which ordains
A juſt reward for all our pains,
And makes us ſtern, with ſecret pride,
Hoarſe DISAPPOINTMENT's rugged tide,
And like a lordly ſhip, which braves
The roar of winds, and ruſh of Waves,
Weather all ſtorms, which jealous Hate
Or frantic Malice may create.
'Tis CONSCIENCE, a reward alone,
CONSCIENCE, who plac'd on Virtue's throne,
Eyes raging men, or raging ſeas,
Undaunted, firm, with heart at eaſe.
From her dark Cave, though ENVY riſe
With hollow cheeks, and jaundic'd eyes,
Though HATRED league with FOLLY vain,
And SPLEEN and RANCOUR join the train;
Shall VIRTUE ſhrink, abaſh'd, afraid,
And tremble at an idle ſhade?
Fear works upon the Fool, or Knave,
An honeſt man is always brave.
While OPPOSITION's fruitleſs aim
Is as the bellows to the flame,
And, like a Pagan perſecution,
Enforces FAITH and RESOLUTION.
Though prejudice in narrow minds,
The mental eye of reaſon blinds;
Though WIT, which not e'en friends will ſpare,
Affect the ſneering, laughing air,
Though DULLNESS, in her monkiſh gown,
Diſplay the WISDOM of a frown,
Yet TRUTH will force herſelf, in ſpite
Of all their efforts, into light.
See Bigot Monks in Spain prevail,
See GALILÆO dragg'd to gaol:
Hear the grave Doctors of the ſchools,
The *Golgotha* of learned Fools,
As *damnable* and *impious* brand
That art they cannot underſtand,
And out of zeal pervert the Bible,
As if it were a ſtanding Libel,
On every good and uſeful plan
That riſes in the brain of man.
O BIGOTRY! whoſe frantic rage
Has blotted half the claſſic page,
And in Religion's drunken fit,
Murder'd the Greek and Roman wit;
Who zealous for that Faith's encreaſe,
Whoſe *ways are righteouſneſs and peace*,
With rods and whips, and ſword, and axe,
With priſons, tortures, flames and racks,
With perſecution's fiery goad,
Enforcing ſome new-fangl'd mode,
Wouldſt pluck down REASON from her throne
To raiſe ſome phantom of thy own;
Alas! the fury undiſcerning,
Which blaſts, and ſtunts, and hews up Learning,
Like an ill-judging zealous friend,
Blaſphemes that Wiſdom you defend.
Go, kick the proſtituted whores,
The *nine* ſtale *virgins* out of doors;
For let the Abbeſs beat her drum,
Eleven thouſand troops ſhall come;
All female forms, and virgins true,
As ever Saint or Poet knew.
And glorious be the honour'd name
Of WINIFREDE, of SAINTED fame,
Who to the Church like light'ning ſped,
And ran three miles without her head;
(Well might the modeſt Lady run,
Since 'twas to keep her maiden one)
And when before the congregation
The Prince fell dead for reparation,
Secure of Life as well as Honour,
Ran back with both her heads upon her.
No matter of what ſhape or ſize,
Gulp down the Legendary Lies,
Believe, what neither God ordains,
Nor Chriſt allows, nor ſenſe maintains;
Make Saint of Pope, or Saint of Thief,
Believe almoſt in unbelief;
Yet with thy ſolemn prieſtly air,
By book and bell, and candle ſwear,
That God has made his own elect
But from your ſtem and favourite ſect;
That He who made the world, has bleſt
One part alone, to damn the reſt,
As if th' Allmerciful and juſt,
Who form'd us of one common duſt,
Had render'd up his own decree,
And lent his attributes to thee.
Thus his own eyes the Bigot blinds,
To ſhut out light from human minds,
And the clear truth (an emanation
From the great Author of creation,
A beam tranſmitted from on high,
To bring us nearer to the ſky,
While ev'ry path by ſcience trod
Leads us with wonder up to God,)
Is doom'd by Ignorance to make
Atonement at the Martyr's ſtake;
Though, like pure gold, th' illuſtrious flame,
Comes forth the brighter from the flame.
No perſecution will avail;
No inquiſition racks, nor gaol;
When Learning's more enlight'ned rays
Shall drive theſe ſickly fogs away;

age ſhall pay her more,
r troubles hurt before.
nd Scorn await on thoſe
dar'd to be her foes,
grateful voice of fame
and GALILÆO's name?
ul, obſtinate, and blind,
n herd of human kind!
e Wit, who well had tried
which his Parts defied,
's ſun begins to break,
ſtretch, and ſtrive to wake,
f Dunce with Dunce,
Genius all at once.
find the honey out,
the flies about.
men hate a toaſt;
t fruit is pick'd the moſt;
ds about the oak,
aireſt comes the ſmoke.
e dangers of the deep,
LIVER fell faſt aſleep,
the Lilliputian ſtrand,
pigmy Land;
inſt impending harms,
cried out, To arms;
s echoed all around,
ſlept exceeding ſound,
rds of undiſtinguiſh'd ſize
ody, legs, and thighs,
of arrows flew apace,
feathers on his face.

HE WHIM.

STLE TO MR. W. WOTTY.

raiſe of Genius will offend
no doubt, ſometimes a friend;
genius, wit, and parts;
ſcience, love of arts,
nt with the plan
od from man to man.
o will, may wear the bays,
uch idle praiſe:
g wits abuſe, defame
for an empty name,
is ſhuffling pace of rhyme,
ſtride of ſtiff ſublime,
her trump ſhould blow,
th ſcorn on folks below?
folly cloſe ally'd,
l like poverty, with pride?
ards for fame contend,
en ſpoils the friend;
enter'd feels alone
e eſteems his own,
'er-jealous, and ſevere,
a Turk, a brother near;
in, good nature flies,
, and friendſhip dies;

Peace to all ſuch, if peace can dwell
With thoſe who bear about a hell,
Who blaſt all worth with envy's breath,
By their own feelings ſtung to death.
None but a weak and brainleſs fool,
Undiſciplin'd in fortune's ſchool,
Can hope for favours from the wit:
He pleads preſcription to forget,
Unnotic'd let him live or rot,
And, as forgetful, be forgot,
Moſt wags, whoſe pleaſure is to *ſmoke*,
Wou'd rather loſe their friend, than joke;
A man in rags looks ſomething *queer*,
And there's *vaſt humour* in a ſneer;
That jeſt, alike all witlings ſuits,
Which lies no further than *the boots*.
Give me the man whoſe open mind
Means ſocial good to all mankind;
Who when his friend, from fortune's round,
Is toppled headlong to the ground,
Can meet him with a warm embrace,
And wipe the tear from ſorrow's face;
Who, not ſelf-taught and proudly wiſe,
Seeks more to comfort than adviſe,
Who leſs intent to ſhine than pleaſe,
Wears his own mirth with native eaſe,
And is from ſenſe, from nature's plan,
The jovial gueſt, the honeſt man;
In ſhort, whoſe picture, painted true,
In ev'ry point reſembles you.
And will my friend for once excuſe,
This offering of a lazy muſe?
Moſt I ſay,—leſt you think her not,
I'll draw her picture on the ſpot.
A perfect eaſe the dame enjoys;
Three chairs her indolence employs:
On one ſhe ſquats her cuſhion'd bum,
Which would not riſe, though kings ſhould come;
An arm lolls dangling o'er another,
A leg lies *couchant* on its brother,
To make her look ſupremely wiſe,
At leaſt like wiſdom in diſguiſe,
The weed which firſt by *Raleigh* brought,
Gives thinking looks inſtead of thought,
She ſmokes, and ſmokes; without all feeling,
Save as the eddies climb the cieling,
And waft about their mild perfume,
She marks their paſſage round the room,
When pipe forſakes the vacant mouth,
A pot of beer prevents her drought,
Which with *potations pottle deep*
Lulls the poor maudlin muſe to ſleep.
Her books of which ſh'as wond'rous need,
But neither pow'r nor will to read,
In ſcatter'd tomes lie all around
Upon the loweſt ſhelf—the ground.
Such eaſe no doubt ſuits *eaſy* rhyme;
Folks walk about who write SUBLIME,
While RECITATION's pompous ſound
Drawls words ſonorous all around,
And ACTION waves her hand and head,
As thoſe who bread and butter ſpread.
You bards who feel not fancy's dearth,
Who ſtrike the roof, and kick the earth,
Whoſe muſe ſuperlatively high
Take lodgings always near the ſky;
And like the lark with daring flight
Still ſoars and ſings beyond our ſight;

May trumpet forth your grand ſublime,
And ſcorn our lazy lounging rhyme.
Yet though the lark in aether floats,
And trills no doubt diviner notes,
Careleſly perch'd on yonder ſpray,
The linnet ſings a pretty lay.
What horrid, what tremendous ſight
Shakes all my fabric with affright!
With ARGUS' hundred eys he marks,
With triple mouth the monſter barks;
And while he ſcatters flaming brands
BRIAREUS lends him all his hands.
Hiſt! 'tis a CRITIC.—Yes—'tis he
What wou'd your graceleſs form with me?
Is it t' upbraid me with the crime
Of ſpinning unlaborious rhyme,
Of ſtringing various thoughts together
In verſe, or proſe, or both, or neither?
A vein, which though it muſt offend
You *lofty* ſirs who can't *deſcend*,
To fame has often made its way
From BUTLER, PRIOR, SWIFT, and GAY;
Is it for this your brow auſtere
Frowns me to ſtone for very fear?
Hear my juſt reaſon firſt, and then
Approve me right, or ſplit my pen.
I ſeek not by more labour'd lays
To catch the ſlipp'ry tail of praiſe,
Nor will I run a mad career
'Gainſt genius which I moſt revere;
When Phœbus burſts with genuine fire,
The little ſtars at once retire;
Who cares a farthing for thoſe lays
Which you can neither blame, nor praiſe?
I cannot match a CHURCHILL'S ſkill,
But may be LANGHORNE when I will:
Let the mere mimic, for each ſeaſon bears
Your mimic Bards as well as mimic play'rs.
Creep ſervilely along, and with dull pains
Laſh his ſlow ſteed, in whoſe enfeebled veins
The cold blood lags, let him with fruitleſs aim
By borrow'd plumes aſſume a borrow'd fame,
With ſtudied forms th' incautious ear beguile,
And ape the numbers of a CHURCHILL'S ſtyle.
Slaves may ſome fame from imitation hope;
Who'd be PAUL WHITEHEAD, tho' he honours POPE?
If clinking couplets in one endleſs chime
Be the ſole beauty, and the praiſe of rhyme;
If ſound alone an eaſy triumph gains,
While fancy bleeds, and ſenſe is hung in chains,
Ye happy triflers hail the riſing mode;
See, all Parnaſſus is a turnpike road,
Where each may travel in the highway track
On true bred hunter, or on common hack.
For me, who labour with poetic ſin,
Who often woo the muſe I cannot win,
Whom pleaſure firſt a willing poet made,
And folly ſpoilt by taking up the trade,
Pleas'd I behold ſuperior genius ſhine,
Nor ting'd with envy wiſh that genius mine.
To CHURCHILL'S muſe can bow with decent awe,
Admire his mode, nor make that mode my law:
Both may, perhaps, have various pow'rs to pleaſe:
Be his the STRENGTH of NUMBERS, mine the EASE,
Eaſe that rejects not, but betrays no care:
Leſs of the coxcomb than the ſloven's air,
Your taſte, as mine, all metre muſt offend
When imitation is its only end.
I could perhaps that ſervile taſk purſue,
And copy CHURCHILL as I'd copy you,
But that my flippant muſe, too ſaucy grown,
Prefers that manner ſhe can call own.

ODE TO GENIUS.

THOU child of nature, genius ſtrong,
Thou maſter of the poet's ſong,
Before whoſe light, Art's dim and feeble ray
Gleams like the taper in the blaze of day:
Thou lov'ſt to ſteal along the ſecret ſhade,
Where Fancy, bright aerial maid!
Awaits thee with her thouſand charms,
And revels in thy wanton arms;
She to thy bed, in days of yore,
The ſweetly-warbling Shakſpeare bore;
Whom every muſe endow'd with every ſkill,
And dipt him in that ſacred rill,
Whoſe ſilver ſtreams flow muſical along,
Where Phœbus' hallow'd mount reſounds with ra
ſong.

Forſake not thou the vocal choir,
Their breaſts reviſit with thy genial fire,
Elſe vain the ſtudied ſounds of mimic art,
Tickle the ear but come not near the heart.
Vain every phraſe in curious order ſet,
On each ſide leaning on the [ſtop-gap] epithet.
Vain the quick rhyme ſtill tinkling in the cloſe,
While pure deſcription ſhines in meaſur'd proſe,
Thou bear'ſt aloof, and look'ſt with higl
dain,
Upon the dull mechanic train;
Whoſe nerveleſs ſtrains flag on in languid tone.
Lifeleſs and lumpiſh as the bagpipe's drowzy dro

No longer now thy altars blaze,
No poet offers up his lays;
Inſpired with energy divine,
To worſhip at thy ſacred ſhrine.
Since taſte' * with abſolute domain,
Extending wide her leaden reign,
Kills with her melancholy ſhade
The blooming ſcyons of fair fancy's tree;
Which erſt full wantonly have ſtray'd
In many a wreath of richeſt poeſie.
For when the oak denies her ſtay,
The creeping ivy winds her humble way;
No more ſhe twiſts her branches round,
But drags her feeble ſtem along the barren grou

Where then ſhall exil'd genius go?
Since only thoſe the laurel claim,
And boaſt them of the poet's name,
Whoſe ſober rhymes in even tenour flow;
Who prey on words, and all their flow'rets cu
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.

* By Taſte, is here meant the modern affect
of it.

leep the ſons of genius now?
Wartons, reſts the lyre unſtrung?
thou, bleſt bard! around whoſe ſacred
,
dar's delegated wreath is hung:
id ſnatch the majeſty of ſong
neſs' ſervile tribe, and art's unhallow'd
g.

tenſide.

LOGUE, 1757.

Schola Rhetorices, celebrat quam crebra
uventus,
lo inflatos ejicit ore ſonos,
ſſumit tragicas novus hiſtrio partes,
iitur, verbum quin ſapit omne, pathos.
eſcunt, mox ſucceſſura theatris,
matoris, prompta ſubire vices.
riis Macbetha agitatus iniquis,
lum prendit inane manu.
ıfuſcat cui vultus ſuber aduſtum
:is ſævit raucus Othello minis.
tragicis opus eſt, hic arma parantur;
inſidiæ ſunt, oculiſque ſuæ:
iumque, pedumque, oriſque rotundi,
et vultûs vis, laterumque labor.
im geſtu ſtat fixus quiſque ſilenti,
acet a ſpeculo forma reflexa ſui!
cordi quibus ars et pompa theatri?
en eſt NOBIS *inde* petendus honor.
bes vultum ſibi ſumat apertum,
ı aſſuefcat fortius ore loqui;
ſem verba eluctantia labris
: timidus præpediatque pudor,
enam; nec clam Vos, Docta Corona,
a ab hoc tenui quanta labore fluant.
t ET PARI diſcit generoſa juventus,
ida accendit pectora Laudis amor.
orem mox ingrediemur arenam;
lita vigent Curia, Roſtra, Forum.

LOGUS, 1758.

hil ad populum—non pompa hic vana
heatri,
ne attonito plebs inhiare ſolet:
ſplendet magicâ variabilis arte,
formas prodigioſa novas:
ato ſubvectus ſune per auras,
is celeres itque reditque vias:
ulea turgent undoſa papyro,
ato fulgurat igne polus:
os aperit furtiva receſſus,
natim proferat umbra caput.
evia hæc vulgi crepitacula! jactant
ium, et ſimplex, noſtra theatra decus.
nin' audit?—fac ſurſum aulea trahantur!
uiſis qualis ſit, NOVA SCENA patet.

En Illæ, quas Vos ſemper coluiſtis, Athenæ,
Gratia quas voluit, quas ſibi Muſa domum.
Hic ſeſe oſtendunt priſci monumenta laboris,
Queis uſa eſt modulis Vitruviana Manus;
Hic ſtat Ventorum, Theſei hic venerabile Fanum,
Hic arce in ſummâ, Caſta Minerva tuum.
Omnia jam votis reſpondent. Attica jam ſunt
Omnia. Perſonæ, Fabula, Scena, Sales.
Quoque etiam magis hæ noſtræ lætentur Athenæ,
Cecropidas jactant Vos, recoluntque ſuos.

PROLOGUS,

IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

CUM Patres Populumque dolor communis haberet,
Fleret et Æmilium Maxima Roma ſuum,
Funebres inter ludos, his dicitur ipſis
Scenis extinctum condecorâſſe ducem.
Ecquis adeſt, ſcenam nocte hâc qui ſpectet eandem,
Nec nobis luctum ſentiet eſſe parem?
Utcunque arriſit pulchris victoria cæptis,
Qua Sol extremas viſit uterque plagas,
Succeſſus etiam medio de fonte Britannis
Surgit amari aliquid, legitimuſque dolor.
Si famæ generoſa ſitis, ſi bellica virtus,
Ingenium felix, intemerata fides,
Difficiles laurus, ipſoque in flore juventæ
Heu! nimium lethi præcipitata dies,
Si quid habent pulchrum hæc, vel ſi quid amabile, jure
Eſto tua hæc, WOLFI, laus, propriumque decus.
Nec moriere omnis—Quin uſque corona vigebit,
Unanimis Britonûm quam tibi nectit amor.
Regia quin pietas marmor tibi nobile ponet,
Quod tua perpetuis prædicet acta notis.
Confluet huc ſtudio viſendi martia pubes,
Sentiet et flammâ corda calere pari;
Dumque legit mediis cecidiſſe heroa triumphis,
Dicet, SIC DETUR VINCERE, SIC MORIARI.

EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS. 1759.

SYRUS LOQUITUR.

QUANTA intus turba eſt! quanto molimine ſudat,
Accinctus cultro et forcipe, quiſque cocus!
Monſtrum informe mari—TESTUDO—in prandia fertur,
Quæ, varia, et ſimplex, omnia ſola ſapit.
Pullina eſca placet?—vitulina?—ſuilla? bovina?
Præſto eſt. Hæc quadrupes ſingula piſces habet.
De gente Æthiopum conducitur Archimagirus,
Qui ſecet, et coquat, et concoquat, arte novâ.

Qui doctè contundat aromata; miſceat aptè
Thus, apium, thyma, ſal, cinnama, cepe, piper.
Qui jecur et pulmonem in fruſta minutula ſcindat,
Curetque ut penitus ſint ſaturata mero.
Multo ut ventriculus pulchré flaveſcat ab ovo;
Ut tremulus, circum viſcera, vernet adeps.
His rité inſtructis conchæ ſint ferenda! nam Tu,
TESTUDO! et patinis ſufficis, atque cibo.
Quàm cuperem in laudes utriuſque excurrere conchæ!
Sed vereor *Calipaſh* dicere—vel *Calipee*.
Vos etiam ad cænam mecum appellare juvaret,
Vellem et rellicuas participare dapum.
At ſunt convivæ tam multi, tamque guloſi,
Reſtabit, metuo, nil niſi concha mihi.

RECTE STATUIT BAXTERUS DE SOMNIORUM PHÆNOMENIS.

CUM nox tellurem ſuſcis amplectitur alis,
Mabba atomos jungit celeres, et vecta per auras
Inchoat aſſuetos ſimulatrix regia ludos,
Huic auriga culex tortum quatit uſque flagellum,
Acceleratque fugam tardis; retinacula currus
Etucæ ſunt texta levis, radiique rotarum
Cruſcula areneoli; currus, quem dente ſciurus
Finxerat e coryli fructu, primæva vetuſtas
Hunc Mabbæ artificem memorat: ſub nocte ſilenti
Hoc inſtructa modo egreditur, neque cernitur ulli.
Nonnunquam leviter cerebrum perſtringit Amantis;
Somniat ille faces jaculari et vulnera ocellos,
Malarum labrique roſas, perfuſaque collo
Lilia: mox Medici digitos titillat, avarus
Mercedis dextram qui pandit, et acritur aurum
Ter captat; ter vana manus eludit imago.
Nunc quoque ſopitæ demulcet labra Puellæ;
Somniat illa procum, pulvinoque oſcula libans
Abſens abſentem teneris amplectitur ulnis;
Væ tibi, ſi Lemurum videat Regina colorem
Mentitum fuco, vultuſque ex arte nitentes!
Præcipites aget ira manus, lacerabit acuto
Ungue genas, ſimul amiſſa dulcedine ſomni,
Oſculaque, et tenues vaneſcit amator in auras.
Ampla Sacerdotis nonnunquam tranſvolat ora;
Continuo roſtrum conſcendens Hic thema trinas
Dividet in partes, expoundoque laborat,
Vel vigilem credas, adeò dormitat. Ad aures
Militis hinc migrat; turbatur imagine belli
Fortis eques, gemituſque audit, ſtrepituſque, tubaſque,
Exilit, et paulum trepidans, inſomnia diris
Devovet, in lecto prolabitur,—obdormiſcit.
Nunc Rabulam palmâ mulcet, qui litibus aptus,
Defenſoris agit cauſam, actoriſque peritus,
Innectenſque moras ad finem decipit ambos.
Sin caſu viſat facilis regina Poetam,
Hunc ſibi plaudentem deludit amabilis error,
Et riguos fontes, et amœnos ſomniat hortos;
Cum vero vigil ille domum exploraverit omnem,
Viderit et triſtis quam ſit ſibi curta ſupellex,
Quam vellet ſemper dormire!—Volubilis inde
Judices invehitur trans naſum, et naribus illi
Emunctò ſubolet cauſa. Inerdumat Deus ſeſſo,
Blanditur Servo, qui libertate vagatur,
Exultans redit ad patriam caroſque penates,
Et gremio uxoris longis amplexibus hæret.
Deinde rotâ ſtrepitante fremit per colla Tyranni;
Umbrarum ante oculos ſurgit chorus, improbus orci
Quas dedit inſontes; furiis agitatur acerbis
Conſcia mens, lectoque quies ſimul exulat. Inde
Si curſus flectat, placidiſſima munera ſomni
Quà carpit Sceleris Purus; non territus ille
Spectrorum eſt cætu, et furiarum ultricibus iris,
Sed molli potitur requie, aut ſi ſomniat umbras
Delectant oculos gratæ; prœdulcis imago
Virtutis reficit mentem, et tellure relictâ
Radit iter liquidum cæli, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio felix. O Tu! quicunque beatum
Te velis, et tuto tranquillum carpere ſomnum;
I, pete, quo virtus ducit! ne vindice curru
Mabba ferux inſtet, vexentque cubilia curæ.
I, pete, quo virtus ducet! te numine molli
Mabba teget, radetque levi tua pectora curru.

In Comitiis Poſteribus, Apr. 5. 1753.

CARMINA AD NOBILISSIMUM THOMAM HOLLIS DUCEM DE NEWCASTLE INSCRIPTA, CUM ACADEMIAM CANTABRIGIENSEM BIBLIOTHECÆ RESTITUENDÆ CAUSA INVISERET.

Prid. Kalend. Maias, 1753.

DE REGE.

AUGUSTUS, Artium uſque fautor optimus,
Hic mœnia haud inauſpicato numine
Condi imperavit conſecrata literis;
Eo nitore & partium elegantiâ,
Ut invidenda ſint vel illis Ædibus
Quæ ſæculorum voce comprobantium
Præ cæteris ſuperbiunt, juſtiſſima
Romæ recentis & vetuſtæ gloria.
Nec his ſupellex digna deerit mœnibus,
Et Vaticanæ, Bodleanæque æmula;
Id Ille abundè caverat, noviſſimus
Dedit volenti jura qui Britanniæ.
Brunſvichianis ſcilicet ſanctiſſimum eſt
Legeſque tutari & fovere Literas.

AD CANCELLARIUM.

O Tu, qui doctis Cami feliciter artes
Protegis, Aonii duxque decuſque chori,
Quod Domus incipiat tam læto hæc omine condi,
Quæ nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum eſt.
Munera dant numeroſa manus procerumque patrumque,
Exemplo & monitis exſtimulata tuis.
Perge, fovere, Artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchrè Muſa rependet opus.
Hæc moles quanquam ipſa ruet; monumenta, Camenæ
Quæ condent, nullo unt ruitura die:

ELEGY,

IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

MR. GRAY.

rfew tolls the knell of parting day,
owing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
homeward plods his weary way,
the world to darkneſs and to me.

e glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
e beetle wheels his drony flight,
tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

n yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
g owl does to the moon complain
nd'ring near her ſecret bow'r
ancient, ſolitary reign.

rugged elms, the yew-tree's ſhade,
res the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
rrow cell for ever laid,
orefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

ll of incenſe-breathing morn,
w twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
rill clarion, or the echoing horn,
all rouſe them from their lowly bed.

nore the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
uſewife ply her evening care:
un to liſp their ſire's return,
is knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

arveſt to their fickle yield,
ow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke!
did they drive their team afield!
the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

ion mock their uſeful toil,
ely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
nd ſimple annals of the poor.

heraldry the pomp of pow'r,
at beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
h' inevitable hour:
of glory lead but to the grave.

proud, impute to theſe the fault,
o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
gh the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
g anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

CARMEN ELEGIACUM,

IN CÆMETERIO RUSTICO COMPOSITUM.

AUdiſtin! quam lenta ſonans campana per agros,
Ærato occiduam nuntiat ore diem.
Armenta impellunt crebris mugitibus auras,
Laſſatuſque domum ruſticus urget iter.
Solus ego in tenebris moror, & veſtigia ſolus
Compono tacitâ nocte, vacoque mihi.

Omnia palleſcunt jam decedentia viſu,
Et terra & cœlum, quà patet, omne ſilet.
Cuncta ſilent, niſi muſca ſuam ſub veſpere ſero
Rauciſonans pigram quà rotat orbe fugam;
Cuncta ſilent, niſi quà faciles campanula ſomnos
Allicit, et lento murmure mulcet oves.

Quàque hedera antiquas ſocia complectitur umbrâ
Turres, feralis lugubre cantat avis;
Et ſtrepit ad lunam, ſi quis ſub nocte vagetur
Imperium violans, Cynthia Diva, tuum.

Has propter veteres ulmos, taxique ſed umbrâ
Qua putris multo ceſpite turget humus,
Dormit, in æternum dormit, gens priſca colonûm,
Quiſque ſuâ anguſtâ conditus uſque domo.

Hos nec mane novum, Zephyrique fragrantior aura,
Nec gallus vigili qui vocat ore diem,
Nec circumvolitans quæ ſtridula garrit hirundo
Stramineumque altâ ſub trabe figit opus,
Undique nec cornu vox ingeminata ſonantis
Æterno elicient hos, repetentque toro.

Amplius his nunquam conjux bene fida marito
Ingeret ardenti grandia ligna foco;
Nec reditum expectans domini ſub veſpere ſero
Excoquet agreſtes officioſa dapes;
Nec curret raptim genitoris ad oſcula proles,
Nec reducem agnoſcent æmula turba patrem.

Quam ſæpe Hi raſtris glebam fregere feracem?
Sæpe horum cecidit falce reſecta ſeges.
Quam læti egerunt ſtridentia plauſtra per agros,
Et ſtimulis tardos increpuere boves!
Horum ſylva vetus quam concidit icta bipenni,
Quàque ruit latè vi tremefecit humum!

Ne tamen Ambitio riſu male læta maligno
Sortemve, aut luſus, aut rude temnat opus:
Nec fronte excipiat ventoſa Superbia torvâ
Pauperis annales, hiſtoriaſque breves.

Et generis jactatus honos, dominatio regum,
Quicquid opes, quicquid forma dedêre boni.
Supremam ſimul hanc expectant omnia noctem:
Scilicet ad lethum ducit honoris iter.

Nolite hos humiles culpæ inſimulare, Superbi,
Quod domini oſtendant nulla trophæa decus,
Quà canit amiſſum longo ordine turba patronum,
Claroſque ingeminant clauſtra profunda ſonos.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

An vanis inſcripta notis anguſtior urna,
Phidiacumve loquens nobile marmor opus,
An revocent animam fatali a ſede fugacem?
Detque iterum vitâ poſſe priore frui?
Poſſit adulantum ſermo penetrare ſepulchrum?
Evocet aut manes laus et inanis honor?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

Forſan in hoc, olim divino ſemine prægnans
Ingenii, hoc aliquis ceſpite dormit adhuc.
Neglecto hoc forſan jaceat ſub ceſpite, ſceptra
Cujus tractârint imperioſa manus.
Vel quales ipſo forſan vel Apolline dignæ
Pulſârint docto pollice fila lyræ.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Doctrinæ horum oculis antiqua volumina priſcæ
Nunquam divitias explicuêre ſuas.
Horum autem ingenium torpeſcere fecit egeſtas
Aſpera, & auguſtæ ſors inimica domi.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs in the deſert air.

Multa ſub oceano pellucida gemma lateſcit,
Et rudis ignotum fert & inane decus.
Plurima neglectos fragrans roſa pandit odores,
Ponit & occiduo pendula ſole caput.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Æmulus Hamdeni hic aliquis requieſcat agreſtis,
Quem patriæ indignans exſtimulavit amor;
Auſus hic exiguo, eſt villæ oppugnare tyranno,
Aſſerere et forti jura paterna manu.
Aut mutus forſan, fatoque inglorius alter
Hac vel Miltono par, requieſcat humo.
Dormiat aut aliquis Cromuelli hic æmulus audax,
Qui patriam poterit vel jugulaſſe ſuam.

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Eloquio arrectum prompto mulcere ſenatum,
Exilii immoto pectore ferre minas,
Divitias largâ in patriam diffundere dextrâ,
Hiſtoriam ex populi colligere ore ſuam,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

Illorum vetuit ſors improba;—nec tamen arctis
Tantum ad virtutem limite clauſit iter,
Verum etiam & vitia ulterius tranſire vetabat,
Nec dedit his magnum poſſe patrare ſcelus.
Hos vetuit temere per ſtragem invadere regnum,
Excipere et ſurdâ ſupplicis aure preces.

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Sentire ingenuum nec dedidicere ruborum,
Conſcia ſuffuſus quò notat ora pudor.
Luxuria hi nunquam ſeſe immerſere ſuperbâ,
Nec Muſæ his laudes proſtituere ſuas.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

At placidè illorum, procul a certamine turbæ
Spectabant propriam ſobria vota domum;
Quiſque ſibi vivens, & ſponte inglorius exul,
Dum tacito elabens vita tenore fluit.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Hæc tamen a damno qui ſervet tutius oſſa,
En tumulus fragilem præbet amicus opem!
Et vera agreſti eliciunt ſuſpiria corde
Incultæ effigies, indocileſque modi.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.

Atque locum ſupplent elegorum nomen & ætas
Quæ formâ inſcribit ruſtica Muſa rudi:
Multa etiam ſacri diffundit commata textûs,
Queis meditans diſcat vulgus agreſte mori.

› dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
ıſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
rm precincts of the chearful day,
ɔne longing ling'ring look behind?

nd breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
us drops the cloſing eye requires;
the tomb the voice of nature cries,
ur aſhes live their wonted fires.

vho, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
beſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
by lonely contemplation led,
ndred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate.

: hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
ave we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
; with haſty ſteps the dews away
ıeet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

: the font of yonder nodding beech
wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
eſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
ıore upon the brook that babbles by.

yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
ɔoping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
az'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

en I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd hill,
g the heath and near his fav'rite tree:
r came; nor yet beſide the rill,
up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

xt with dirges due, in ſad array,
through the church-yard path we ſaw him
me,
ch and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
r'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

HE EPITAPH.

. E reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
ce frown'd not on his humble birth,
elancholy mark'd him for her own.

i his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
did a recompence as largely ſend:
ɔ mis'ry, all he had, a tear,
in'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd), a
iend.

r ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
w his frailties from their dread abode,
ey alike in trembling hope repoſe)
ſom of his Father and his God.

Heu! quis enim dubiâ hâc dulcique excedere vitâ
Juſſus, et æternas jam ſubituris quas,
Deſcendit nigram ad noctem, cupiduſque ſupremo
Non ſaltam occiduam reſpicit ore diem?

Decedens alicui ſaltem mens fidit amico
In cujus blando pectore ponit opem;
Fletum aliquem expoſcunt jam deficientia morte
Lumina, amicorum qui riget imbre genas;
Quin etiam ex tumulo, veteris non inſcia flammæ,
Natura exclamat fida, memorque ſui.

At tibi, qui tenui hoc deducis carmine ſortem,
Et defunctorum ruſtica fata gemis,
Huc olim intentus ſi quis veſtigia flectat
Et fuerit qualis ſors tua forte roget,

Huic aliquis forſan ſenior reſpondeat ultro
Cui niveis albent tempora ſparſa comis;
" Vidimus hunc quàm ſæpe micantes roribus herbas
" Verrentem rapido, mane rubente, gradu.
" Ad roſeum ſolis properabat ſæpius ortum,
" Summaque tendebat per juga lætus iter.

" Sæpe ſub hâc fago, radices undique circum
" Quæ varie antiquas implicat alta ſuas,
" Stratus humi meditans medio procumberet æſtu,
" Luſtraretque inhians flebile murmur aquæ.

" Sæpius hanc ſylvam propter virideſque receſſus
" Urgeret meditans plurima, lentus iter,
" Intentam hic multâ oblectaret imagine mentem,
" Muſarumque frequens ſollicitaret opem.
" Jam veluti demens, tacitis erraret in agris,
" Aut cujus ſtimulat corda repulſus amor.

" Mane aderat nuper, tamen hunc nec viderat arbos,
" Nec juga, nec ſaliens fons, tacitumve nemus;
" Altera lux oritur; nec apertâ hic valle videtur,
" Nec tamen ad fagum, nec prope fontis aquam.

" Tertia ſucceſſit—lentoque exangue cadaver
" Ecce ſepulchrali eſt pompa ſecuta gradu.
" Tu lege, namque potes, cælatum in marmore carmen,
" Quod juxta has vepres exhibet iſte lapis."

EPITAPHIUM.

CUI nunquam favit fama aut fortuna ſecunda.
Congeſto hoc juvenem ceſpite ſervat humus.
Huic tamen arriſit jucunda Scientia vultu,
Selegitque, habitans pectora, Cura ſibi.

Largus opum fuit, & ſincero pectore fretus,
Accepit pretium par, tribuente Deo.
Indoluit miſerans inopi, lachrymaſque profudit.
—Scilicet id; miſeris quod daret, omne fuit,
A cælo interea fidum acquiſivit amicum,
Scilicet id, cuperet quod magis, omne fuit.

Ne merita ulterius defuncti exquirere pergas,
Nec vitia ex ſacrâ ſede referre petas.
Utraque ibi trepidâ pariter ſpe condita reſtant,
In gremio Patris ſcilicet atque Dei.

SONG, BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

FLutt'ring ſpread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a ſlave in thy dominions:
Nature muſt give way to art.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days conſuming,
All beneath you flow'ry rocks.

Thus the Cyprian goddeſs weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the Boar in ſilence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Diſcretion, ſtring the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking ſlumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir!

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the cryſtal mirrors,
Wat'ring ſoft Elyſian plains.

Mournful cypreſs, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

Melancholy, ſmooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
Softly ſeeks her ſilent mate,
See the bird of Juno ſtooping;
Melody reſigns to fate.

CARMEN ELEGANS.

TUQUE aleo roſeas expande volatilis alas,
Et leviter pectus tange, Cupido, meum.
Imperii's, pulchelle, tuis ego ſervulus ultro;
Naturam ars victrix ſcilicet uſque domat.

Arcades, æterno viridantes flore juventæ,
Nocte innutantes qualibet inter oves,
Aſpicite, ut ſenſim languens juvenilior ætas,
Hæc juxta, hæc, inquam florea ſaxa perit!

Ante omnes carum ſic levit Adonida Cypris,
Deceptuſque Deam triſtius urſit Amor;
Hunc, tacitè adrepens per denſa ſilentia noctis
Incautum ſævo dente momordit Aper.

Stringe lyram interea pulchrè Prudentia ludens,
Harmoniæque graves, Cynthia, funde modos!
Doctæ ambæ vigiles curas ſopire canendo,
Tuque tuum imperti, Præſes Apollo, chorum!

Tuque adamanteis, Pluton' armate catenis,
O Tu Terrorum Rex, metuende Deus,
Duc me, quà paſſim chryſtallina flumina currunt,
Elyſiique lavat lucida lympha nemus.

Vos etiam mæſti ſalices, triſteſque cupreſſi,
Aureliæ æternum ſerta dicata meæ;
Audi etiam, Morpheu, divum placidiſſime Morphee,
Ut queror, ut penitus maceror igne novo.

Triſtè fluens, ſed lenè fluens, Mæander, amæno
Murmure qui curſum flexilis orbe rotas!
Margine ſæpe etiam quam plurimus errat amator,
Cui tua ſubmittunt florea dona decus.

Sic quando ſenſim languens Philomela, ſilentem
Mollior aggreditur, nec fine voce, procum;
Aſpice, de cœlo interea Junonius ales
Deſcendens, fato cedit inane Melos.

PART OF HOMER'S

HYMN TO APOLLO,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

GOD of the Bow! Apollo, thee I ſing;
Thee, as thou draw'ſt amain the ſounding ſtring,
Th' immortal pow'rs revere with homage low,
And ev'ry godhead trembles at thy bow.
All but Latona: She with mighty Jove
Eyes thee with all a tender parent's love;
Cloſes thy quiver, thy tough bow unbends,
And high athid th' æthereal dome ſuſpends,
Then ſmiling leads thee, her all-glorious ſon,
To ſhare the mighty Thunderer's awful throne.
Goblets of nectar thy glad ſire prepares,
And thee, his faireſt, nobleſt ſon declares;
While ev'ry god ſits rapt, Latona's breaſt
Beats with ſuperior joy, and hails her ſon confeſt.
Thrice bleſt Latona! from thee, Goddeſs, ſprung
Diana chaſte, and Phœbus ever-young:
* Her in Ortygia's iſle, and Him you bore
At Cynthius' hill on Delos' ſea-girt ſhore,
Where the tall palm upbears its lovely head,
And clear Inopus laves the flow'ry mead.
O Phœbus, where ſhall I begin thy praiſe!
Well can'ſt thou rule the poet's artleſs lays.
Oft on the craggy rock, or mountain hoar,
By river ſide, or on the ſea's hoarſe ſhore,
Wand'ring well-pleas'd, with muſic's magic ſound,
And airs divine, thou charm'ſt the region round.

* Delos and Ortygia are mentioned as different Iſlands in the Original.

ſing how firſt on Delos' ſhore,
ious progeny, Latona bore *?
from other iſles, beſet with grief,
tortur'd mother ſought relief,
out-caſt woe denied abode,
ne iſle receive the future god.
o Delos came the lab'ring fair,
int thus beſought her needful care.
eceive Apollo, and O! raiſe
temple to record his praiſe!
He govern thee with gentle ſway,
'hœbus ſhall thine iſle obey.
h no flocks, nor herds, nor juicy vine,
of thouſand natures ſhall be thine,
: temple of the Bowyer-king †,
ich ſhall ev'ry nation bring;
m thy altars ſhall ariſe
t incenſe of burnt-ſacrifice.
then regret thy barren ſoil,
: God, and live by other's toil!
e: with inward rapture Delos ſmil'd,
d the ſuppliant pow'r with anſwer mild.
mighty Cæus' daughter fair,
gly wou'd Delos eaſe thy care,
gly behold her barren earth
: glories of Apollo's birth:
y God would raiſe my lowly name,
rate his native iſle to fame.
one diſtracts my beating heart;
O Goddeſs, liſt while I impart.
ione amid th' æthereal ſkies,
l all terrible ſhall riſe:
ſhall adore the mighty God,
and kingdoms tremble at his nod.
ah! dire fears my ſoul infeſt,
h horror my tumultuous breaſt)
glorious Godhead ſhall be born,
region will he view with ſcorn,
urn me, curſe my barren ſoil,
: into the waves my hated iſle.
t then to happier climes remove,
is ſhrine, plant there his ſacred grove.
n the briny main ſhall Delos lay,
finny brood a wretched prey.
tona! if, to quell my fear,
n a ſolemn ſacred oath to ſwear,
he God his glorious ſeat ſhall hold,
is ſapient oracles unfold,
d burthen here, Latona, lay,
the Godhead burſting into day.
elos pray'd, nor was her pray'r denied,
ith ſolemn vows thus ratified:
heaven and earth! O Stygian lake!
ition, that no God may break!
all Apollo's ſhrine be rear'd,
beſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd,
w'd Latona: Delos hail'd her earth
: glories of Apollo's birth.
ſe days and nights, with writhing throes,
anguiſh of a mother's woes,
tur'd lay; in ſorrowing mood,
r many a ſiſter-goddeſs ſtood.
aven imperial Juno ſat,
d relentleſs her unhappy fate.

Lucina too, the kind aſſuaging pow'r
That tends the lab'ring mother's child-bed hour,
And mitigates her woes, in golden clouds
High on Olympus' top the Goddeſs ſhrouds.
Her large full eyes with indignation roll,
And livid envy ſeiz'd her haughty ſoul,
That from Latona's loins was doom'd to ſpring
So great a ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
The milder pow'rs, that near the lab'ring fair
View'd all her pangs with unavailing care,
Fair Iris ſent, the many colour'd maid,
To gain with goodly gifts Lucina's aid.
But charg'd her heed, leſt Juno ſhould prevent
With prohibition dire their kind intent,
Fleet as the winged winds, the flying fair
With nimble pinion cut the liquid air.
Olympus gain'd, apart ſhe call'd the maid,
Then ſought with many a pray'r her needful aid,
And mov'd her ſoul: when ſoon with dove-like pace
Swiftly they meaſur'd back the viewleſs airy ſpace.
Soon as to Delos' iſle Lucina came
The pangs of travail ſeiz'd Latona's frame.
Her twining arms ſhe threw the palm around,
And preſt with deep-indented knee the ground:
Then into day ſprung forth the jolly boy,
Earth ſmil'd beneath, and heaven rang with joy.
The Siſter Pow'rs that round Latona ſtood
With chaſte ablutions cleans'd the infant-god.
His lovely limbs in mantle white they bound,
And gently drew a golden ſwathe around.
He hung not helpleſs at his mother's breaſt,
But Themis fed him with an heavenly feaſt.
Pleas'd while Latona views the heavenly boy,
And fondly glows with all a mother's joy,
The luſty babe, ſtrong with ambroſial food,
In vain their bonds or golden ſwathes withſtood,
Bonds, ſwathes, and ligaments with eaſe he broke,
And thus the wond'ring Deities beſpoke;
" The lyre, and ſounding bow, and to declare
" The Thund'rer's counſels, be Apollo's care!"
He ſpake; and onwards all majeſtic ſtrode;
The Queen of Heaven awe-ſtruck view'd the God.
Delos beheld him with a tender ſmile,
And hail'd, enrich'd with gold, her happy iſle;
Her happy iſle, Apollo's native ſeat,
His ſacred haunt, his beſt-belov'd retreat.
Grac'd with Apollo, Delos glorious ſhines,
As the tall mountain crown'd with ſtately pines.
Now ſtony Cynthus would the God aſcend,
And now his courſe to various iſlands bend.
Full many a fane, and rock, and ſhady grove,
River, and mountain did Apollo love;
But chiefly Delos: the Ionians there,
With their chaſte wives and prattling babes, repair.
There gladly celebrate Apollo's name
With many a ſolemn rite and ſacred game;
The jolly dance and holy hymn prepare,
And with the Cæſtus urge the manly war.
If, when their ſacred feaſt th' Ionians hold,
Their gallant ſports a ſtranger ſhou'd behold,
View the ſtrong nerves the brawny chiefs that brace,
Or eye the ſofter charms of female grace;
Then mark their riches of a thouſand kinds,
And their tall ſhips born ſwift before the winds,
So goodly to the ſight wou'd all appear,
The fair aſſembly Gods he wou'd declare.
There too the Delian Virgins, beauteous choir,
Apollo's handmaids, wake the living lyre

* ſeveral verſes containing nothing but a
the names of iſlands are omitted.
† *yer-king* and *Bowyer-God* are expreſſions
uſed by Dryden, in his verſion of the firſt
gnify Apollo.

To Phœbus firſt they conſecrate the lays,
Latona then and chaſte Diana praiſe,
Then heroes old, and matrons chaſte rehearſe,
And ſouth the raptur'd heart with ſacred verſe.
Each voice, the Delian maids, each human ſound
With apteſt imitations ſweet reſound:
Their tongue ſo juſtly tune with accents new,
That none the falſe diſtinguiſh from the true.
Latona! Phœbus! Dian, lovely fair!
Bleſt Delian nymphs, Apollo's chiefeſt care,
All hail! and O with praiſe your poet crown,
Nor all his labours in oblivion drown!
If haply ſome poor pilgrim ſhall enquire,
"O, virgins, who moſt ſkilful ſmites the lyre?
"Whoſe lofty verſe in ſweeteſt deſcant rolls,
"And charms to extaſy the hearers ſouls?"
O anſwer, a blind bard in Chios dwells,
In all the arts of verſe who far excells.
Then o'er the earth ſhall ſpread my glorious fame,
And diſtant nations ſhall record my name.
But Phœbus never will I ceaſe to ſing,
Latona's noble ſon, the mighty Bowyer-king.
Thee Lycia and Mæonia, thee, great Pow'r,
The bleſt Miletus' habitants adore;
But thy lov'd haunt is ſea-girt Delos' ſhore.
Now Pytho's ſtony ſoil Apollo treads,
And all around ambroſial fragrance ſheds,
Then ſtrikes with matchleſs art the golden ſtrings,
And ev'ry hill with heavenly muſic rings.
Olympus now and the divine abodes
Glorious he ſeeks, and mixes with the Gods.
Each heavenly boſom pants with fond deſire
To hear the lofty verſe and golden lyre.
Drawn by the magic ſound, the Virgin-Nine
With warblings ſweet the ſacred minſtrel join:
Now with glad heart, loud voice, and jocund lays
Full ſweetly carol bounteous heaven's praiſe;
And now in dirges ſad, and numbers ſlow
Relate the piteous tale of human woe;
Woe, by the Gods on wretched mortals caſt,
Who vainly ſhun affliction's wintry blaſt,
And all in vain attempt with fond delay
Death's certain ſhaft to ward, or chaſe old age away.
The Graces there, and ſmiling Hours are ſeen,
And Cytherea, laughter-loving Queen,
And Harmony, and Hebe, lovely band,
To ſprightlieſt meaſures dancing hand in hand.
There, of no common port or vulgar mien,
With heavenly radiance, ſhines the Huntreſs-Queen,
Warbles reſponſive to the golden lyre,
Tunes her glad notes, and joins the virgin choir.
There Mars and Mercury with aukward play,
And uncouth gambols, waſte the live-long day.
There as Apollo moves with graceful pace
A thouſand glories play around his face;
In ſplendor dreſt he joins the feſtive band,
And ſweeps the golden lyre with magic hand.
Mean while, Latona and imperial Jove
Eye the bright Godhead with parental love;
And, as the Deities around him play,
Well pleas'd his goodly mien and awful port ſurvey.*

* The Tranſlator, when he began this piece, had ſome thoughts of giving a complete Engliſh verſion of all Homer's Hymns, being the only parts of his works never yet tranſlated; but (to ſay nothing of his opinion of this ſpecimen of his tranſlation) fearing that this ſpecies of poetry, though it has its beauties, and does not want admirers among the learned, would appear far leſs agreeable to the mere Engliſh reader, he deſiſted. They, who would get the juſteſt idea of this ſort of compoſition among the ancients, may be better informed, by peruſing Dr Akenſide's moſt claſſical Hymn to the Naiads, than from any tranſlation of Homer or Callimachus.

FROM CATULLUS.

CHLOE, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me ſaucy, pert, and rude,
And ſometimes almoſt ſtrikes me;
And yet, I ſwear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very ſure ſhe likes me.

Aſk you me, why I fancy thus?
Why, I have call'd her jilt, and puſs,
And thought myſelf above her;
And yet I feel it, to my coſt,
That when I rail againſt her moſt,
I'm very ſure I love her.

THE FIRST BOOK OF

THE HENRIADE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. DE VOLTAIRE.

THY chieftain, France, of try'd illuſtrio worth,
By right of conqueſt, king, by right of birth,
I ſing. Who, tutor'd in misfortune's ſchool,
There learnt the nobleſt ſcience, how to rule;
Bad Faction's furious diſcord ceaſe to rave,
Valiant to conquer, merciful to ſave;
Baffled the daring League's rebellious ſchemes,
MAYENNE's proud hopes, and Spain's ambitio dreams:
With civil prudence bleſt, with martial fire,
A nation's conqueror, and a nation's ſire.
Truth, heavenly maid, from th' Empyræan heig
Deſcend, and with thy ſtrong and pureſt light
My verſe illume! and O, let mortals hear
Thy ſacred word, and awfully revere!
Be thou my guide! thy ſage experience brings
Unerring maxims to the ear of kings.
Tis thine, bleſt maid, and only thine, to ſhow
What moſt befits the regal pow'r to know.
Purge thou the film from off a nation's eyes,
And ſhew what ills from civil diſcord riſe!
Nor ſpare with decent boldneſs to diſcloſe
The prince's errors, and the people's woes:
And O! if fable e'er, in times of yore,
Mix'd her ſoft accents with thy ſterner lore,
If e'er her hand adorn'd thy tow'ring head,
And o'er thy front her milder graces ſpread
If e'er her ſhades, which lovingly unite,
Bad thy fair form ſpring ſtronger into light,
With me, permit her all thy ſteps to trace,
Not to conceal thy beauties, but to grace!

VALOIS reign'd, and ſunk in pleaſure's
bow'r,
ad ſtate held looſe the reins of pow'r:
mpled Law had loſt its ancient force,
ght confounded, miſs'd her even courſe.
hus when VALOIS France's ſceptre bore,
d indeed, but now a king no more;
y's minion now, the voice of fame,
he loud trumpet to the hero's name;
els wither'd, and all blaſted now,
onqueſt hung upon his infant brow;
rogreſs Europe mark'd with conſcious fear,
ofs provok'd his country's common tear,
the long train of all his virtues known,
rth admiring call'd him to the throne.
d rank, the light which ſtrikes the eyes,
) the firſt, grows dim, and feebly dies.
ir's ſtern ſoldier, active, firm, and brave,
a monarch, pleaſure's abject ſlave.
ith ſoft eaſe, forgetful of all ſtate,
cneſs totter'd with a kingdom's weight;
oft in ſloth, and dead to glorious fame,
s of riot govern'd in his name.
s, St. MAIGRIN, death-cemented pair,
R the gay, and D'ESPERON the fair,
leſs king in pleaſure plung'd with theſe,
itemperate, and lethargic eaſe.
time, the GUISES, fortunate and brave,
the fair moment which his weakneſs gave.
ſe the fatal League in evil hour,
adful rival of his waning pow'r.
ple blind, their ſacred Monarch brav'd,
hoſe Tyrants, who their rights enſlav'd.
ds forſook him, helpleſs and alone,
nts chas'd him from his royal throne;
Paris, deaf to kingly awe,
ier gates the crouding ſtranger ſaw.
all the city burſt rebellion's flame;
was loſt, when virtuous BOURBON came;
ull of warlike ardour, to reſtore
ht his prince, deluded, had no more.
e preſence breath'd an inſtant flame;
r now the ſluggiſh ſons of ſhame,
hey preſs, where glory calls, to arms,
ig to War from Pleaſure's ſilken charms:
' gates both kings advance amain,
lt th'alarm, and trembled haughty Spain:
urope, watching where the tempeſt falls,
tious eyes beheld th' unhappy walls.
n was DISCORD, with her hell-born train,
o war the League, and haughty MAYNE,
ole, and the church: and from on high
t to Spain, rebellion's prompt ally.
), dread monſter, deaf to human woe,
wn ſubjects an avengeful foe,
impetuous, eager to deſtroy,
misfortune founds her hateful joy!
er party ought of mercy ſhown,
as'd ſhe ſtabs the dagger in her own;
fierce tyrant in the breaſt ſhe fires,
es to puniſh what herſelf inſpires.
of the city, near thoſe borders gay,
ine obliquely winds her ſloping way,
ow, where pleaſure's ſoft retreats are
and,
iumphs art, and nature ſmiles around,
the will of fate, the bloody ſtage
ſhern combat and relentleſs rage)

Th' unhappy VALOIS had his troops advance,
There ruſh'd at once the generous ſtrength of France.
A thouſand heroes, eager for the fight,
By ſects divided, from revenge unite.
Theſe virtuous BOURBON leads, their choſen guide,
Their cauſe confederate, and their hearts allied.
It ſeem'd the army felt one common flame,
Their zeal, religion, cauſe, and chief the ſame.
The ſacred LOUIS, ſire of BOURBON's race,
From azure ſkies, beſide the throne of grace,
With holy joy beheld his future heir,
And ey'd the Hero with paternal care;
With ſuch as prophet's feel, a bleſt preſage,
He ſaw the virtues of his ripening age:
Saw Glory round him all her laurels deal,
Yet wail'd his errors, though he lov'd his zeal;
With eye prophetic he beheld e'en now,
The crown of France adorn his royal brow;
He knew the wreath was deſtin'd which they gave,
More will'd the Saint, the light which ſhines to ſave.
Still HENRY's ſteps mov'd onward to the throne,
By ſecret ways, e'en to himſelf unknown;
His help from Heaven the Holy Prophet ſent,
But hid the arm his wiſe indulgence lent:
Leſt ſure of conqueſt, he had ſlack'd his flame,
Nor grappled danger for the meed of fame.
Already MARS had donn'd his coat of mail,
And doubtful Conqueſt held her even ſcale;
Carnage with blood had mark'd his purple way,
And ſlaughter'd heaps in wild confuſion lay.
When VALOIS thus his part'ner king addreſt,
The ſigh deep-heaving from his anxious breaſt.
" You ſee what fate, what humbling fate is mine,
" Nor yet alone,—the injury is thine.
" The dauntleſs League, by hardy Chieftains led,
" Which hiſſes faction with her Hydra head,
" Boldly confederate by a deſperate oath,
" Aims not at me alone, but ſtrikes at both.
" Though I long ſince the regal circle wear,
" Though thou by rank ſucceed my rightful heir,
" Paris diſowns us, nor will homage bring
" To me their preſent, you their future king.
" Thine, well they know the next illuſtrious claim,
" From law, from birth, and deeds of loudeſt fame;
" Yet from that throne's hereditary right
" Where I but totter, wou'd exclude thee quite.
" Religion hurls her furious bolts on thee,
" And holy councils join her firm decree;
" ROME, though ſhe raiſe no ſoldier's martial band,
" Yet kindles war through every awe-ſtruck land;
" Beneath her banners bids each hoſt repair,
" And truſts her thunder to the Spaniard's care,
" Far from my hopes each ſummer friend is flown,
" No ſubjects hail me on my ſacred throne;
" No kindred now the kind affection ſhows,
" All fly their king, abandon, or oppoſe:
" Rich in my ſpoils, with greedy treacherous haſte,
" While the baſe Spaniard lays my country waſte.
" Midſt foes like theſe, abandon'd, and betray'd,
" France in her turn ſhall ſeek a foreign aid:
" Shall Britain's court by ſecret methods try,
" And win ELIZA for a firm ally.
" Of old I know between each pow'rful ſtate,
" Subſiſts a jealous and immortal hate;
" That London lifts its tow'ring front on high,
" And looks on Paris with a rival eye;
" But I, the monarch of each pageant throne,
" Have now no ſubjects, and no country own.

" Vengeance alone my ſtern reſolves avow,
" Who gives me that, to me is Frenchman now.
" The ſnail-pac'd agents, whoſe deliberate way,
" Creeps on in trammels of preſcrib'd delay,
" Such fit not now; 'tis You, great Prince, alone
" Muſt haſte a ſuppliant to ELIZA's throne.
" Your voice alone ſhall needful ſuccours bring,
" And arm Britannia for an injur'd king.
" To Albion hence, and let thy happier name
" Plead the king's cauſe, and raiſe their generous flame!
" My foes' defeat upon thy arm depends,
" But from thy virtue I muſt hope for friends."
Thus ſpoke the king, while HENRY's looks confeſt
The jealous ardour which inflam'd his breaſt,
Leſt others' arms might urge their glorious claim,
And raviſh from him half the meed of fame.
With deep regret the Hero number'd o'er
The wreaths of glory he had won before;
When, without ſuccours, without ſkill's intrigue,
Himſelf with CONDE ſhook the trembling League.
When thoſe command, who hold the regal ſway,
It is a ſubject's virtue to obey.
Reſolv'd to follow what the King commands,
The blows, ſuſpended, fell not from his hands;
He rein'd the ardour of his noble mind,
And parting left the gather'd wreaths behind.
Th' aſtoniſh'd army felt a deep concern,
Fate ſeem'd depending on the Chief's return.
His abſence ſtill unknown, the pent-up foe
In dire expectance dread the ſudden blow;
While VALOIS' troops ſtill feel their hero's flame,
And virtue triumphs in her HENRY's name.
Of all his fav'rites, none their chief attend,
Save MORNAY brave, his ſoul's familiar friend.
MORNAY of ſteady faith, and manners plain,
And truth, untainted with the flatt'rers ſtrain;
Rich in deſert, of valour rarely tried,
A virtuous champion, though on error's ſide;
With ſignal prudence bleſt, with patriot zeal
Firm to his church, and to the public weal;
Cenſor of courtiers, but by courts belov'd,
Rome's fierce aſſailant, and by Rome approv'd.
Acroſs two rocks, where with tremendous roar,
The foaming ocean laſhes either ſhore,
To Dieppe's ſtrong port the Hero's ſteps repair,
The ready ſailors ply their buſy care.
The tow'ring ſhips, old ocean's lordly kings,
Aloft in air diſplay their canvas wings;
Not ſwell'd by Eurus now, the glaſſy ſeas
Flow'd calmly on, with Zephyr's gentle breeze.
Now, anchor weigh'd, they quit the friendly ſhore,
And land receding greets their eyes no more.
Jocund they ſail'd, and Albion's chalky height
At diſtance roſe full fairly to the ſight.
When rumbling thunders rend th' affrighted pole,
Loud roar the winds, and ſeas tempeſtuous roll:
The livid lightnings cleave the darken'd air,
And all around reigns horror and deſpair.
No partial fear the Hero's boſom knows,
Which only trembled for his country's woes,
It ſeem'd his looks toward her in ſilence bent,
Accus'd the winds, which croſs'd his great intent.
So CÆSAR, ſtriving for a conquer'd world,
Near Epire's banks, with adverſe tempeſts hurl'd,
Truſting, undaunted, and ſecurely brave,
Rome's and the world's fate to the ſwelling wave.
Though leagu'd with POMPEY NEPTUNE's ſelf engage,
Oppos'd his fortune to dull Ocean's rage.
Mean time that GOD, whoſe power the tempeſt binds,
Who rides triumphant on the wings of winds,
That GOD, whoſe wiſdom, which preſides o'er all,
Can raiſe, protect, or cruſh this earthly ball,
From his bright throne, beyond the ſtarry ſkies,
Beheld the Hero with conſidering eyes,
GOD was his guide, and 'mid the tempeſt's roar
The toſſing veſſel reach'd the neighbouring ſhore;
Where Jerſey riſes from the ocean's bed,
There, heaven-conducted, was the Hero led.
At a ſmall diſtance from the ſhore, there ſtood
The growth of many years, a ſhadowy wood.
A neighbouring rock the calm retirement ſaves
From the rude blaſts, and hoarſe-reſounding waves.
A grotto ſtands behind, whoſe ſtructure knows
The ſimple grace which nature's hand beſtows.
Here far from court remov'd, a holy Sage
Spent the mild evening of declining age.
While free from worldly toils, and worldly woe,
His only ſtudy was himſelf to know:
Here mus'd, regretting on his miſ-ſpent days,
Or loſt in love, or pleaſure's flow'ry maze.
No guſts of folly ſwell the dangerous tide,
While all his paſſions to a calm ſubſide;
The bubble life he held an empty dream,
His food the ſimple herb, his drink the ſtream;
Tranquil and calm he drew his aged breath,
And look'd with patience toward the port of death,
When the pure ſoul to bliſsful realms ſhall ſoar,
And join with GOD himſelf to part no more.
The GOD he worſhipp'd eye'd the zealous Sage,
And bleſs'd with wiſdom's lore his ſilver'd age:
Gave him the ſkill of prophecy to know,
And from fate's volume read events below.
The Sage with conſcious joy the Prince addreſs'd,
And ſpread the table for his royal gueſt;
The prompt repaſt, which ſimple nature ſuits,
The ſtream' freſh water, and the foreſt's roots.
Not unaccuſtom'd to the homely fare,
The Warrior ſat; for oft from buſy care,
From court retir'd, and pomp's faſtidious pride,
The Hero dar'd to throw the king aſide:
And in the ruſtic cot well-pleas'd partook
Of labour's mean repaſt, and chearful look;
Found in himſelf the joys to kings unknown
And ſelf-depos'd forgot the lordly throne.
The world's contention to their minds ſupplies
Much converſe, wholeſome to the good and wiſe.
Much did they talk of woes in human life,
Of Chriſtian kingdoms torn with jarring ſtrife.
The zeal of MORNAY, like a ſtubborn fort,
Attach'd to Calvin ſtood his firm ſupport.
HENRY, ſtill doubting, ſought th' indulgent ſkies,
That light's clear ray might burſt upon his eyes,
" Muſt then, ſaid he, the truth be always found,
" To mortals weak with miſts encompaſs'd round?
" Muſt I ſtill err? my way in darkneſs trod,
" Nor know the path which leads me to my GOD?
" If all alike he will'd us to obey,
" The God who will'd it, had preſcrib'd the way."
" Let us not vainly GOD's deſigns explore!
" (The Sage reply'd) be humble, and adore!
" Arraign not madly heav'n's unerring laws
" For faults, where mortals are themſelves the cauſe

ged eyes beheld in days of yore,
Calvin's doctrine reach'd the Gallic ſhore,
though with blood it now diſtains the
th,
g In ſhade and humble in the birth,
baniſh'd by religion's laws,
t one friend to combat in the cauſe.
h ways oblique I ſaw the phantom tread,
nding, and aſham'd to rear her head,
t the laſt, upheld by pow'rful arms,
annon's thunder, and 'mid war's alarms,
rth the Monſter in the glare of light,
w'ring front full dreadful to the ſight;
l at mortals from her tyrant ſeat,
ırn our altars at her impious feet.
ı from courts, beneath this peaceful cot,
Religion's and my country's lot;
e, to comfort my declining days,
ıwn of hope preſents its chearful rays.
a worſhip cannot long ſurvive,
man's caprice alone has kept alive.
ıat it roſe, with that ſhall die away,
works and Man are bubbles of a day.
ɔd, who reigns for ever and the ſame,
ſure blaſts a world's preſumptuous aim.
our malice, vain our ſtrength diſplay'd,
he city his right hand hath made;
' hath fix'd the ſtrong foundations low,
brave the wreck of time, and hell's inve-
terate blow:
rd of Lords ſhall bleſs thy purged ſight
right effulgence of diviner light;
:, Great Prince, his mercies he'll beſtow,
d that Truth thy boſom pants to know.
God hath choſe thee, and his hand alone
ough the war ſhall lead thee to a throne.
ſt already (for his voice is fate,)
e bids Glory ope her golden gate.
ıy fight the Truth unnotic'd falls
ɔt admiſſion in thy Paris' walls,
ı ſplendid Eaſe invite thee to her arms,
, Great Prince, the Syren's poiſon'd
charms!
/ ſtrong paſſions hold a glorious rein,
:'s ſoft lap, break pleaſure's ſilken chain!
ıen, with efforts ſtrong, all foes o'er-
own,
gue's great conqueror, and what's more
Your Own,
with united hearts, and triumph's voice,
ople hail thee with one common choice,
dread ſiege, to fame for ever known,
ınt with glory thy paternal throne,
me, Affliction ſhall lay by her rod,
' glad eyes ſhall ſeek thy father's God:
alt thou ſee from whence thy arms prevail.
ince,—Who TRUSTS IN GOD—can ne-
ver fail."
rd the Sage's holy lips impart,
a flame, on HENRY's generous heart.
ſtood tranſported in his mind
when God held converſe with mankind,
ıle virtue taught her heav'n-born lore,
ı commanding bad e'en king's adore.
rms the reverend Sage embrace,
arm tear faſt trickled down his face.
yet loſt awhile in deep ſurpriſe,
NAY brave; for ſtill on MORNAY's eyes
Hung error's miſt, and God's high will conceal'd
The gifts from him to HENRY's breaſt reveal'd.
His wiſdom idly would the world prefer,
Whoſe lot, though rich in virtues, was to err.
While the rapt Sage fulfilling God's beheſt,
Spoke inſpiration to the Prince's breaſt,
Huſh'd were the winds, within their caverns bound,
Smooth flow'd the ſeas, and nature ſmil'd around.
The Sage his guide, the Hero ſought his way
Where the tall veſſels ſafe at anchor lay:
The ready ſailors quit the friendly ſtrand,
Hoiſt the glad ſails, and make for Albion's land.
While o'er her coaſt his eyes admiring range,
He prais'd in ſilence Britain's happier change:
Where laws abus'd by foul inteſtine foes,
Had erſt entail'd a heap of dreadful woes
On prince and people; on that bloody ſtage,
Where ſlaughter'd heroes bled for civil rage;
On that bright throne, from whence deſcended
ſprings,
Th' illuſtrious lineage of an hundred kings,
Like HENRY, long in adverſe fortune ſchool'd,
O'er willing Engliſh hearts a WOMAN rul'd:
And rich in manly courage, female grace,
Clos'd the long luſtre of her crouded race.
ELIZA then, in Britain's happieſt hour,
Held the juſt balance of contending pow'r;
Made Engliſh ſubjects bow the willing knee,
Who will not ſerve, and are not happy free.
Beneath her ſacred reign the nation knows
No ſad remembrance of its former woes;
Their flocks ſecurely graz'd the fertile plain,
Their garners burſting with their golden grain.
The ſtately ſhips, their ſwelling ſails unfurl'd,
Brought wealth and homage from the diſtant world:
All Europe watch'd Britannia's bold decree,
Dreaded by land, and monarch of the ſea.
Wide o'er the waves her fleet exulting rode,
And fortune triumph'd over Ocean's GOD.
Proud London now, no more of barbarous fame,
To arms and commerce urg'd her blended claim.
Her pow'rs, in union leagu'd, together ſate,
King, Lords, and Commons, in their threefold ſtate.
Though ſeparate each their ſeveral intereſt draw,
Yet all united form the ſtedfaſt law.
All three, one body's members, firm and fit,
Make but one pow'r in ſtrong conjunction knit;
Pow'r to itſelf of danger often found,
But ſpreading terror to its neighbours round.
Bleſt, when the people duty's homage ſhow,
And pay their king the tribute which they owe!
More bleſt, when kings for milder virtues known,
Protect their people's freedom from the throne!
"Ah when, cry'd BOURBON, ſhall our diſcord
ceaſe,
"Our glory, Albion, riſe, like thine, in peace?
"Bluſh, bluſh, ye kings, ye lords of jarring ſtates,
"A Woman bids, and War hath clos'd its gates:
"YOUR countries bleed with factious rage oppreſt,
"While SHE reigns happy o'er a people bleſt."
Mean time the Hero reach'd the ſea-girt iſle,
Where freedom bids eternal plenty ſmile;
Not far from William's Tow'r at diſtance ſeen,
Stood the fam'd palace of the Virgin Queen.
Hither, the faithful MORNAY at his ſide,
Without the noiſe and pageant pomp of pride,
The toys of grandeur which the vain purſue,
But glare unheeded to the hero's view,

The Prince arriv'd: With bold and manly ſenſe
He ſpoke; his frankneſs all his eloquence;
Told his ſad tale, and bow'd his lofty heart,
For France's woes, to act ſubmiſſion's part;
For needful aids the Britiſh Queen addreſt,
While, in the ſuppliant, ſhone the king confeſt.
" Com'ſt thou, reply'd the Queen, with ſtrange ſur-
" priſe,
" Com'ſt thou from VALOIS for the wiſh'd allies?
" Aſk'ſt thou protection for a tyrant foe,
" Whoſe deadly hate work'd all thy fortune's woe?
" Far as the golden ſun begins to riſe,
" To where he drives adown the weſtern ſkies,
" His ſtrife and Thine to all the world is known:
" Stand'ſt thou for him a friend at Britain's throne?
" And is that hand, which VALOIS oft hath fear'd,
" Arm'd in his cauſe, and for his vengeance rear'd?"
When thus the Prince; " A monarch's adverſe fate
" Wipes all remembrance out of former hate.
" VALOIS was then a ſlave, his paſſion's ſlave,
" But now himſelf a monarch firm and brave;
" He burſts at once the ignominious chain,
" Reſumes the Hero, and aſſerts his reign.
" Bleſt, if of nature more aſſur'd and free,
" He'd fought no aid but from himſelf and me!
" But, led by fraud, and arts, all inſincere,
" He was my foe from weakneſs and from fear.
" His faults die with me, when his woes I view,
" I've gain'd the conqueſt—grant me vengeance,
You
" For know the work is thine, Illuſtrious Dame,
" To deck thy Albion's brows with worthieſt fame,
" Let thy protection ſpread her ready wings,
" And fight with me the injur'd cauſe of Kings!"
ELIZA then, for much ſhe wiſh'd to know,
The various turns of France's long-felt woe,
Whence riſing firſt the civil diſcord came,
And Paris kindled to rebellion's flame—
" To me, Great Prince, thy griefs are not un-
known,
" Though brought imperfect, and by Fame alone;
" Whoſe rapid wing too indiſcreetly flies,
" And ſpreads abroad her indigeſted lies.
" Deaf to her tales, from thee, Illuſtrious Youth,
" From thee alone ELIZA ſeeks the truth,
" Tell me, for you have witneſs'd all the woe,
" VALOIS' brave friend, or VALOIS' conquering
foe,
" Say, whence this friendſhip, this alliance grew,
" Which knits the happy bond 'twixt him and you;
" Explain this wond'rous change, 'tis you alone
" Can paint the virtues which yourſelf hath ſhown.
" Teach me thy woes, for know the ſtory brings
" A moral leſſon to the pride of kings."
" And muſt my memory then, Illuſtrious Queen,
" Recal the horrors of each dreadful ſcene?
" O had it pleas'd th' Almighty Pow'r (which
knows,
" How my heart bleeds o'er all my country's woes)
" Oblivion then had ſnatch'd them from the light,
" And hid them buried in eternal night.
" Neareſt of blood muſt I aloud proclaim,
" The princes' madneſs, and expoſe their ſhame?
" Reflection ſhakes my mind with wild diſmay—
" But 'tis ELIZA's will, and I obey.
" Others, in ſpeaking, from their ſmooth addreſs,
" Might make their weakneſs or their crimes ſeem
leſs,
" The flow'ry art was never made for me,
" I ſpeak a ſoldier's language plain and free."

AN IMITATION FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A Month hath roll'd its lazy hours away,
Since Delia's preſence bleſs'd her longing ſwain:
How cou'd he brook the ſluggiſh time's delay,
What charm cou'd ſoften ſuch an age of pain?

One fond reflection ſtill his boſom chear'd,
And ſooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
Twas that for Delia's ſelf the bow'r he rear'd,
And fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid, and with a gentle ſmile,
Such as lights up my lovely fair one's face,
Survey the product of thy ſhepherd's toil,
Nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements ſtrike thy curious ſight,
Thy taſte hath form'd—let me not call it mine,
Since when I muſe on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments deſtin'd for my charmer's uſe,
(For love in trifles is conſpicuous ſhewn)
Can ſcarce an object to thy view produce,
But bears the dear reſemblance of thine own.

And truſt me, love, I could almoſt believe,
This little ſpot the manſion of my fair,
But that awak'd from fancy's dreams I grieve,
To find its proper owner is not there.

Oh! I could doat upon the rural ſcene,
Its proſpect over hill and champaign wide,
But that it marks the tedious way between,
That parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their bloſſoms ſweet,
In Nature's flow'ry mantle gayly dreſt,
The cloſe-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
All aſk my Delia for their deareſt gueſt.

The lilly pale, the purple-bluſhing roſe,
In this fair ſpot their mingled beauties join;
The woodbine here its curling tendrils throws,
In wreaths fantaſtic round the mantling vine.

The branching arbour here for lovers made,
For dalliance met, or ſong, or amorous tale,
Shall oft protect us with its cooling ſhade,
When ſultry Phœbus burns the lovely vale.

'Tis all another paradiſe around,
And, truſt me, ſo it would appear to me,
Like the firſt man were I not lonely found,
And but half bleſt, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
And I have call'd it by my fair one's name;
Here bleſt with thee, t'enjoy thy pleaſing talk,
While fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

ath already have I try'd,
finking of the ſetting day;
my love, I thought thee by my ſide,
:ful ſteps have worn its edge away.

've held diſcourſe, how paſſing ſweet!
cy brought thee to my raptur'd dream,
ave prattled in my lone retreat,
'd down ſuns, on love's delicious theme.

ader through the ruſtic croud,
ith downcaſt look, and folded arms,
/ith wonder, when I rave aloud,
l with rapture on thy artleſs charms.

e mad, and oft with finger rude,
ne leering, as I heedleſs paſs;
ows the cauſe, for love is ſhrewd,
'oung ſhepherd courts the farmer's laſs.

ruits that grace this little ſeat,
round their cluſtring foliage ſpread,
hou cull the peach, or nect'rine ſweet,
t the ſtrawberry from its native bed.

g the river's verdant ſide,
ed elms, which riſe in even row;
eir lofty branches far and wide,
at reflected in the lake below.

:en abſent from my lovely fair,
on forms a thouſand ſchemes,
Delia, thou art all my care,
ith me is love and golden dreams.

promiſe of ſecure delight;
ll the lazy-pacing hours be o'er?
fly with rapture to thy ſight,
all meet again to part no more.

BALLAD.

herds ſo careleſs and gay,
no ſport with the nymphs of the plain,
eſt you frolic away
: you can never regain.
/ your boſoms annoy;
ove, the dear miſchief, beware.
nk 'tis all ſunſhine and joy,
'tis o'erſhadow'd with care.

ing how blithſome it ſhines,
ſpect deceitfully fair;
ı ſorrow declines,
s in the night of deſpair.
the gay ſcene to the ſight,
icy her viſions beſtows,
'ry dream with delight,
ke us to ſenſible woes.

my lot to complain
ph whom I yet muſt adore,
love not her ſhepherd again,
en muſt love her the more.

For it was not the pride of her ſex,
That treated his vows with diſdain,
For it was not the pleaſure to vex,
That made her delude her fond ſwain.

'Twas His, the fair nymph to behold,
He hop'd—and he raſhly believ'd.
'Twas hers to be fatally cold;
—He lov'd—And was fondly deceiv'd,
For ſuch is of lovers the doom,
While paſſions their reaſon beguile,
'Tis warrant enough to preſume,
If they catch but a look or a ſmile.

Yet ſurely my PHYLLIS would ſeem
To prize me moſt ſhepherds above;
But that might be only eſteem,
While I fooliſhly conſtru'd it love.
Yet others, like DAMON, believ'd
The nymph might have favour'd her ſwain,
And others, like Him, were deceiv'd,
Like Him, though they cannot complain.

Of PHYLLIS was always my ſong,
For ſhe was my pride and my care;
And the folks, as we wander'd along,
Wou'd call us the conjugal pair.
They mark'd how I walk'd at her ſide,
How her hand to my boſom I preſt,
Each tender endearment I try'd,
And I thought none was ever ſo bleſt.

But now the deluſion is o'er,
Theſe day-dreams of pleaſure are fled,
Now Her DAMON is pleaſing no more,
And the hopes of her ſhepherd are dead.
May he that my fair ſhall obtain,
May He, as thy DAMON, be true;
Or haply thou'lt think of that ſwain,
Who bids thee, dear maiden, adieu.

TO CHLOE.

IF CHLOE ſeek one verſe of mine
I call not on the tuneful Nine
With uſeleſs Invocation;
Enough for Me that *She* ſhould aſk;
I fly with pleaſure to the Taſk,
And Her's the inſpiration.

When Poets ſung in ancient Days,
The Muſes that inſpir'd their Lays,
Of whom there ſuch Parade is;
Their Deities, let Pride confeſs,
Were nothing more, and nothing leſs,
Than earth-born mortal Ladies.

Did any nymph her ſubject chuſe?
She ſtrait commenc'd inſpiring MUSE;
And every Maid, of lovely Face,
That ſtruck the heart of wounded Swain,
Exalted to yon ſtarry Plain,
Was regiſter'd a GRACE.

Theſe were the Compliments of old,
While Nymphs, among the Gods enroll'd,
Claim'd Love's obſequious Duty;

Thus, while each Bard had favourite Views,
Each Nymph became a GRACE, or MUSE,
A VENUS every Beauty.

Say, in theſe latter Days of ours,
When Love exerts his uſual Powers,
What difference lies between us?
In CHLOE's ſelf at once I boaſt,
What Bards of every age might toaſt,
A MUSE, a GRACE, a VENUS.

In CHLOE are a thouſand charms,
Though Envy call her ſex to arms,
And giggling girls may flout her.
The MUSE inhabits in her Mind,
A VENUS in her form we find,
The GRACES all about her.

TO THE MOON.

ALL hail! majeſtic Queen of Night,
Bright Cynthia! ſweeteſt Nymph, whoſe preſence brings
The penſive pleaſures, calm delight,
While Contemplation ſmooths her ruffled wings,
Which Folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or buſineſs, care, and buzz of luſty day
Have all too ruffled.—Hence, away
Stale Jeſt, and ſlippant Mirth, and Strife engend'ring Noiſe.
When Evening dons her mantle grey,
I'll wind my ſolitary way,
And hie me to ſome lonely grove
(The haunt of Fancy and of love)
Whoſe ſocial branches, far outſpread,
Poſſeſs the mind with pleaſing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the ſummer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled ſtream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam.
How often, by thy ſilver light,
Have Lovers' tongues beguil'd the Night?
When forth the happy pair have ſtray'd,
The amorous ſwain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the ſtill Eve with various ſong.
While ev'ry Artful ſtrain confeſt
The mutual Paſſion in their breaſt.
The lovers' hours fly ſwift away,
And Night reluctant yields to Day.

Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy Youth,
When Beauty is the meed of Truth!

Yet not the happy Loves alone,
Has thy celeſtial preſence known.
To thee complains the Nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and Vows forſworn;
And the dull Swain, with folded Arms,
Still muſing on his falſe one's charms,
Frames many a ſonnet to her name,
(As Lovers uſe to expreſs their flame)
Or pining wan with thoughtful tone,
In downcaſt ſilence feeds Deſpair;
Or when the Air dead ſtillneſs keeps,
And Cynthia on the water ſleeps;
Charms the dull ear of ſober night,
With love-born Muſic's ſweet delight.

Oft as thy Orb performs its round,
Thou liſt'neſt to the various ſound
Of ſhepherds' hopes and Maidens' fears
(Thoſe conſcious Cynthia ſilent hears
While Echo which ſtill loves to mock,
Bears them about from Rock to Rock.)

But ſhift we now the penſive ſcene,
Where Cynthia ſilvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder Spot, whoſe equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the Fairies blith advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the panſie-paven ground
In frolic meaſures round and round;
Theſe Cynthia's Revels gayly keep,
While lazy mortals ſnore aſleep;
Whom oft they viſit in the night,
Not viſible to human ſight;
And as old prattling Wives relate,
Though now the faſhion's out of date,
Drop ſixpence in the Houſewife's ſhoe,
And pinch the Slattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy ſchemes,
And bring the Ladies pleaſant dreams.

Who knows not Mab, whoſe chariot glides,
And athwart men's noſes rides?
While OBERON, blith Fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the Ladies Lips;
And when he ſteals ambroſial bliſs,
And ſoft imprints the charming Kiſs,
In Dreams the Nymph her ſwain purſues,
Nor thinks 'tis OBERON that woes.

Yet ſportive Youth, and lovely Fair,
From hence, my Leſſon read, beware,
While Innocence and Mirth preſide,
We care not where the Fairies glide;
And OBERON will never miſs
To greet his fav'rites with a Kiſs;
Nor ever more Ambroſia ſips,
Than when he viſits ——'s Lips,

When all things elſe in ſilence ſleep,
And blithſome Elfs their vigils keep;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,
Receive with joy theſe Elfin ſparks;
Their Kiſſes leave no tell-tale Marks,
But breathe freſh beauty o'er the face,
Where all is Virtue, all is grace.

Not only elfin Fays delight
To hail the ſober Queen of Night,
But that ſweet Bird, whoſe gurgling Throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as Evening Shades prevail,
Renews her ſoothing love-lorn tale.
And as the Lover penſive goes,
Chaunts out her ſymphony of Woes,
Which in boon Nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all ſounds which Art has known.

But hiſt —— the melancholy bird
Among the Groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her ſilver ray
Before th' approach of golden Day,

ountain's misty height,
his gladsome Light.
rk in æther floats,
er liquid notes;
in his lusty pride,
flings far and wide
—— the pensive Muse,
le flight pursues,
takes her way,
he buzz of Day.

O N G.

which the Gods bestow,
ut give it for a show?
lent thee from above,
o'er thy face,
and native grace
soul to Love.

n, whose western beams,
lk of Oceans' streams,
rings to Light.
auty sets, my Fair,
its beam repair,
Night.

e, the virgin Rose,
bashfully it blows
rnal skies!
ns in full display,
to the Day,
shrinks, and dies.

declining Hour,
, the bud, the Flow'r;
Rose in Time.
s, and kind impart
f Heart for Heart,
mes a Crime.

n, my Charmer, haste,
ith begins to waste,
ms its ray,
ft of Love employ,
ment into Joy,
ilst you may.

E REV. MR. HANBURY,

LANGTON, LEICESTERSHIRE,

IS PLANTATIONS.

vain pursuits a trifling race engage,
irtue slumbers in a thriftless age,
an *, on deep foundations laid,
lature, Nature's bound to aid,

Hanbury's Essay on Planting.

The wise man's study, though the blockhead's scorn,
Shall speak for ages to a world unborn.
Though fools deride, for Censure's still at hand
To damn the work she cannot understand,
Pursue thy project with an ardour fit;
Fools are but whetstones to a man of wit.

Like puling infants seem'd thy rising plan,
Now knit in strength, it speaks an active man.
So the broad oak, which from *thy* grand design
Shall spread aloft, and tell the world 'twas mine,
A strip'ling first, just peep'd above the ground,
Which, ages hence, shall fling its shade around.

SENT TO A LADY, WITH A SEAL.

TH' impression which this seal shall make,
The rougher hand of force may break;
Or jealous time, with slow decay,
May all its traces wear away;
But neither time nor force combin'd,
Shall tear thy image from my mind;
Nor shall the sweet *impression* fade
Which CHLOE's thousand charms have made;
For spite of time, or force, or art,
'Tis *seal'd* for ever on my heart.

A B A L L A D.

HARK, hark, 'tis a voice from the tomb,
Come, LUCY, it cries, come away,
The grave of thy COLIN has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay.
I come, my dear shepherd, I come,
Ye friends and companions adieu:
I haste to my COLIN's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true.

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When LUCY, sad LUCY, arose;
And forth to the green turf she sprung,
Where COLIN's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all-around.

"How long, my lov'd COLIN," she cry'd,
"How long must thy LUCY complain?
"How long shall the grave my love hide?
"How long ere it join us again?
"For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
"With thee o'er the world would she fly;
"For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd;
"For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
"Thy LUCY was once to her swain!
"Her face like the lily so fair,
"And eyes that gave light to the plain.

" The ſhepherd that lov'd her is gone ;
" That face and thoſe eyes charm no more ;
" And LUCY forgot, and alone,
" To death ſhall her COLIN deplore."

While thus ſhe lay ſunk in deſpair,
And mourn'd to the echoes around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder ſhook dreadful the ground.
" I hear the kind call, and obey,
" Oh, COLIN receive me," ſhe cried,
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-ſtone, and died.

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

" DO, ſtudy more—diſcard that Siren, Eaſe,
" Whoſe fatal charms are murd'rous while
" they pleaſe.
" Wit's ſcanty ſtreams will fret their channel dry,
" If Learning's ſpring withhold the freſh ſupply,
" Turn leaf by leaf gigantick volumes o'er,
" Nor bluſh to know what ancients wrote before.
" Why not, ſometimes, regale admiring friends
" With Greek and Latin ſprinklings, odds and ends ?
" Exert your talents ; read, and read to write !
" As Horace ſays, mix profit with delight."

'Tis rare advice : but I am ſlow to mend,
Though ever thankful to my partial friend :
Full of ſtrange fears—for hopes are baniſh'd all—
I liſt' no more to Phœbus' ſacred call,
Smit with the Muſe, 'tis true, I ſought her charms ;
But came no champion, clad in cumb'rous arms,
To pull each rival monarch from his throne,
And ſwear no lady Clio like my own.
All unambitious of ſuperior praiſe,
My fond amuſement aſk'd a ſprig of bays,
Some little fame for ſtringing harmleſs verſe,
And e'en that little fame has prov'd a curſe ;
Hitch'd into rhime, and dragg'd through muddy
proſe,
By butcher criticks, worth's confed'rate foes.

If then the Muſe no more ſhall ſtrive to pleaſe,
Lull'd in the happy lethargy of eaſe ;
If, unadvent'rous, ſhe forbear to ſing,
Nor take one thought to plume her ruffled wing ;
'Tis that ſhe hates, howe'er by nature vain,
The ſcurril nonſenſe of a venal train.
When deſp'rate robbers, iſſuing from the waſte,
Make ſuch rude inroads on the land of taſte,
Genius grows ſick beneath the Gothic rage,
Or ſeeks her laurels from ſome worthier age.

As for MYſELF, I own the preſent charge ;
Lazy and lounging, I confeſs at large :
Yet Eaſe, perhaps, may loſe her ſilken chains,
And the next hour become an hour of pains.
We write, we read, we act, we think, by fits,
And follow all things as the humour hits ;
For of all pleaſures, which the world can bring,
Variety—O ! dear variety's the thing !
Our learned Coke, from whom we ſcribblers draw
All the wiſe Dictums of poetic law,
Lays down this truth, from whence my maxim
lows,
(See Horace, Ode *Dec. Sext.*—the caſe Apollo's
" The God of Verſe diſclaims a plodding wretc
" Nor keeps his bow for ever on the ſtretch."

However great my thirſt of honeſt fame,
I bow with rev'rence to each letter'd name ;
To worth, where'er it be, with joy ſubmit,
But own no curſt monopolies of wit.
Nor think, my friend, if I but rarely quote,
And little reading ſhines through what I've wrote,
That I bid peace to ev'ry learned ſhelf ;
Becauſe I dare form judgments for myſelf.
—Oh ! were it mine, with happy ſkill to look
Up to the ONE, the UNIVERSAL BOOK !
Open to all—to him, to me, to you,
—For NATURE's open to the general view—
Then would I ſcorn the ancients' vaunted ſtore,
And boaſt my theſts, where they but robb'd before

Mean while with them, while Grecian ſou
impart
Th' eternal paſſions of the human heart,
Burſting the bonds of eaſe and lazy reſt,
I feel the flame mount active in my breaſt ;
Or when, with joy, I turn the Roman page,
I live, in fancy, in th' AUGUSTAN age !
Till ſome dull Bavius' or a Mævius' name,
Damn'd by the MUSE to everlaſting fame,
Forbids the mind in foreign climes to roam,
And brings me back to our old fools at home.

SONGS

IN

THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

AIR I.

WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whiſpers fragrance through the trees,
Nature walking o'er the ſcene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the ſweetneſs of the place
Labour wears a chearful face.

Sure I taſte of joys ſincere,
Faithful COLIN ever near ;
When with ceaſeleſs toil oppreſs'd,
Wearied nature ſinks to reſt.
All my labours to beguile,
Love ſhall wake me with a ſmile.

AIR II.

THOUGH my features i'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wiſdom I hate and deteſt,
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care,
And my heart is as light as the beſt.

ook on my boys
ew all my joys,
children I ſee;
e comforts I find
igdom my mind,
t my kingdom is free.

ys I was young,
per'd and ſung,
e flocking apace;
turn'd of three ſcore
ſo no more,
o let my boy take my place.

leaſures we crack,
ill love the ſmack,
'er what we have been;
ſhould we repine,
ad yours, I've had mine,
ur children begin.

A I R III.

thus in thoſe toys
vented for boys,
the weather will prove,
an and man
erent plan
rected to move.

out to roam
other keeps home,
ull as a drone,
r to each other
and brother,
e their airings alone.

A I R IV.

e head of poor Tummas was broke
er, who play'd at the wake.
alarm'd at the ſtroke,
or poor Tummas's ſake;
ſhip gave noggins of ale,
nor was charming and ſtout,
the times to regale,
ted it rarely about.

ners were buxom as does,
were as happy as kings,
holyday cloaths,
ſſes in all their beſt things.
ent all the day long!
aſt of our Collin prove ſuch,
I 'll join in the ſong
ble about with my crutch.

A I R V.

apours o'er the meadow die,
orning ſtreaks the purple ſky,
with jocund glee
im, who doats on me.

When eve embrowns the verdant grove
And Philomel laments her love,
Each ſigh I breathe, my love reveals,
And tells the pangs my boſom feels.

With ſecret pleaſure I ſurvey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondeſt cares my heart employ,
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.

A I R VI.

YES that's * a magazine of arms
To triumph over time;
Whence beauty borrows half her charms,
And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and ſaint,
Induſtrious ſets her face,
While powder, patch, and waſh, and paint,
Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the bruſh,
The comb to tinge the hair,
The Spaniſh wool to give the bluſh,
The pearl to die them fair.

Hence riſe the wrinkled, old, and grey,
In freſheſt beauty ſtrong,
As Venus fair, as Flora gay,
As Hebe ever young.

A I R VII.

GO! ſeek ſome nymph of humbler lot,
To ſhare thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the ſimple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.

Thy breaſt for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn its peace and pleaſure flown,
Nor ſhall my faith reward a ſwain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.

A I R VIII.

THUS laugh'd at, jilted, and betray'd,
I ſtamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy ſlave.

I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My ſoul ſhall take the juſter part,
And love ſhall yield to rage.

A I R IX.

THANK you, ladies, for your care,
But I pray you both forbear,
Sure I am all o'er ſcratches!

That

* The Toilette.

That your curious hands muſt place,
Such odd ſpots upon my face
With your pencils, paint, and patches.

How I totter in my gait,
From a dreſs of ſo much weight,
With my robe too dangling after;
Could my Colin now but ſee,
What a thing they 've made of me,
Oh, he'd ſplit his ſides with laughter.

AIR X.

THE flowers which grace their native beds;
A while put forth their bluſhing heads,
But e're the cloſe of parting day
They wither, ſhrink, and die away.
But theſe which mimic ſkill hath made,
Nor ſcorch'd by ſuns, nor kill'd by ſhade;
Shall bluſh with leſs inconſtant hue,
Which art at pleaſure can renew.

AIR XI.

WHEN late a ſimple ruſtic laſs,
I rov'd without conſtraint,
A ſtream was all my ſooking glaſs,
And health my only paint.

The charms I boaſt, (alas how few!)
I gave to nature's care,
As vice ne'er ſpoil'd their native hue,
They could not want repair.

AIR XII.

HOW ſtrange the mode which truth neglects,
And reſts all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in ſpeech are plain in thought.

AIR XIII.

FOR various purpoſe ſerves the fan,
As thus —— a decent blind,
Between the ſticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Reſentment's in the ſnap,
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain,
Conſent a gentle tap.

All paſſions will the fan diſcloſe,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage ſweetly ſhews
The hand if not the heart.

'Tis folly's ſceptre firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

AIR XIV.

IF tyrant love with cruel dart
Tranſfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of eaſy faith and fond belief,
She hugs the dart and aids the thief.

Till left her helpleſs ſtate to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her boſom ſtings,
As well as darts the god has wings.

AIR XV.

ALONG your verdant lowly vale,
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But ruſtling thro' the loſty trees,
It ſwells beyond the peaceful breeze.

Thus free from envy's poiſon'd dart,
You boaſt a pure unruffled heart,
While jarring thoughts our peace deform
And ſwell our paſſions to a ſtorm.

AIR XVI.

THO' my dreſs, as my manners, is ſimple and plain,
A raſcal I hate, and a knave I diſdain;
My dealings are juſt, and my conſcience is clear
And I'm richer than thoſe who have thouſands a-year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for ſporting unfit,
I feel no remorſe from the follies of youth;
I ſti l tell my tale, and rejoice in my ſong,
And my boys think my life not a moment long.

Let the courtiers, thoſe dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honeſt I prize, and that title's my own.

AIR XVII.

FROM flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
O'er fields or gardens ranging,
Sips ſweets from each and flutters by,
And all his life is changing.

Thus roving man new objects ſway,
By various charms delighted,
While ſhe who pleaſes moſt to-day,
To-morrow ſhall be ſlighted.

A I R XVIII.

far from faſhion's gilded ſcene
ath'd my native air,
s were calm, my mind ſerene,
ings harbour'd there.

more myſelf I find,
n rends my breaſt;
s and fears diſturb my mind,
der all my reſt.

A I R XIX.

ERING hopes the mind deceiving,
aith too often cheat,
nd and all believing,
I hugs the dear deceit.

of pomp and riches,
ick to catch the fair,
s too oft bewitches,
the beauty's ſnare.

A I R XX.

's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
vain delights, and gingling toys,
are crowns your rural ſports
n content, and tranquil joys.

A I R XXI.

N, ſweet laſs, to flocks and ſwains,
ſimple nature mildly reigns,
is every ſhepherd's care,
nymph is kind as fair.

as only tinſel toys,
h and idle noiſe;
ys are ever new,
hs are kind, and ſhepherds true.

A I R XXII.

in ruſtic weeds array'd,
ple ſwain, a ſimple maid,
enes with joy we'll rove,
brook, or cooling grove.

The birds ſhall ſtrain their little throats,
And warble wide their merry notes;
Whilſt we converſe beneath the ſhade,
A happy ſwain, and happy maid.

Thy hands ſhall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luſcious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilſt joys ſhall bleſs, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, my Colin true.

A I R XXIII.

WHY ſhould I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful ſwain,
Since labour oft a ſweet beſtows
Which lazy ſplendor never knows.

Hence ſprings the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wiſh, the poor man's wealth,
And ſpreads thoſe bluſhes o'er the face,
Which come and go with native grace.

The pride of dreſs, the pomp of ſhew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe;
But we, whoſe wiſhes never roam,
Shall taſte of real joys at home.

A I R XXIV.

NO doubt but your foolſcap has known
His highneſs obligingly kind,
—Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er ſuch a cuckoldy kind?

To be ſure, like a good-natured ſpouſe,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I ſee them ſpout out of your head.

To keep your wife virtuous and chaſte,
The court is a wonderful ſchool,
—My lord you've an excellent taſte,
—And ſon, you're a cuckoldy fool.

If your lady ſhould bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
—You dog, I could knock out your brains.

YOUNG'S POEMS.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

NOW let the Atheiſt tremble; Thou alone
Canſt bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never muſt return.

Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.

When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horrour view'd the deſert waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?
Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify to charm;
To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By ſtricture rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Madg. Coll. Oxon. T. WARTON.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.

This daring author ſcorns, by vulg
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs p
Full of her glorious theme, his tow
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart
And with a thouſand bright ideas f
Tranſports her quick, impatient, p
O'er the ſtrait limits of mortality.
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fe
Where only Milton gain'd renown
Where various ſcenes alternately ex
Amazement, pity, terror, and deli
Thus did the Muſes ſing in early
Ere ſkill'd, to flatter vice and vari
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt
But now, forgetful of their infant f
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of
And from the preſs, and the licenſi
With luſcious poiſon taint the thou
Deceitful charms attract our wonde
nd ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.
So the rich ſoil of India's blooming
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choice
Where ſerpents lurk, by flowers
ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delig
Theſe purer thoughts from grof
With heavenly raptures elevate th
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-
Whoſe falſe allurements, while th
troy;
But bliſs reſembling that of Saints
Sprung from the viſion of th' Alm
Firm, ſolid bliſs for ever great an
The more 'tis known, the more adr
Like you, fair nymph, in whom
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected w
And all the glories of your ſparklin
While inward virtues heighten eve
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pl
" Of future judgment, and the ri
" Of time's grand period, heaven
thrown;
" And gaſping nature's laſt treme
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhal
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form
Then ſhall you ſhine with an imm
Improv'd by death, and brighten'

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS

LAST DAY;

AND

[VERSAL PASSION.

muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
eſtial bard, ſeraphic Young?
: no trace, no point be found
ı ſpacious glorious round?
ıs of light, muſt they decay?
e's ſelf, deſtruction prey?
ıe, the moſt immortal thing
ı canſt hope, is on the wing.
rton's Syſtem be admir'd,
ıe and motion are expir'd?
ıs be curious to explore
d and orb'd that is no more?
hey quote the pictur'd age,
ɔe's and Thy corrective page,
:e and virtue loſe their name
eſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
ars away the grand machine,
ts of genius ſhall be ſeen:
what laurels can there be,
er, Horace, Pope, or Thee?
life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
cks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
thy plan was well deſign'd,
this madneſs of the mind;
ond time our thoughts to raiſe;
ı our love of tranſient praiſe.
we own thy doctrine juſt;
e's a breath, and men are duſt.

J. Bancks.

EM ON THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

---

enit ſumma dies." VIRG.

BOOK I.

ater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
ina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
a tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
entes humilis ſtravit pavor." VIRG.

[ILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of ſtate;
ritain's Hero * ſet their ſouls on fire,
ow immortal as his deeds inſpire;

* Duke of Marlborough.

I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's ancient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the Britiſh crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er diſjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our Eternal King I ſtrive to praiſe.

But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne Arch angels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and you ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my labouring ſoul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumberous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kindoms fortunes, in their beds:
There to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe:
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? The labouring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſon, and the year controul:
They ſhine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period riſe, and That decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So *bright*, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd,
How great, how firm, how ſacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:

The

The tract forgot where conſtellations ſhone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all Nature be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other Annes;
While ſtill the buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they tread five thouſand years before,
Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *near* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and ſhake)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heaven inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole,
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh powerful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the ſky,
Though God's whole enginery diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not the reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;
On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The trumpet ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring.
Whence flows the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties ſtrike
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.
Say then, my Muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;
Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some through vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watery worlds to ſink, or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high:
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad:
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God,
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why doſt thou forſake whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? Who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Power
Of powers ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;

Thou

o for me, through every throbbing
in,
he keeneſt edge of mortal pain ;
eath led captive through the realms
low,
ht thoſe horrid myſteries of woe ;
e, O my God ! Oh ſave me, Power
s ſupreme, in that tremendous hour !
eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to
ie,
; ſhelter from the wrath divine ;
s to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
to yawn, compaſſionately deep :
he monſter forth to meet his doom,
; but priſon up for wrath to come.
s a traitor to an earthly crown ;
ith ſits threatening in his prince's frown,
's diſmay'd ; and now his fears com-
und,
e his native for a diſtant land :
ers fly, the king's ſevere decree
the channel and locks up the ſea ;
he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
k the rebel to his lifted ſword.
y this idle toil to paint *that* day ?
elaborately thrown away ?
in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
it of eloquence would make it leſs ;
how the *good* man trembles !—
there a Laſt Day ? and muſt there
me
fix'd, inexorable doom ?
ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
he winds that Vanity can blow :
a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
h an India forth in either hand ;
l thy purple cluſters, tempting *vine*,
ou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*,
iné ;
; in all your charms together riſe ;
in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
nount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
ke Elijah, in a car on fire.
es of glory to be quite involv'd !
at death ! to long to be diſſolv'd !
decays a pleaſure to receive !
le into tranſport at a grave !
ials *this ?* And ſhall the victor now
proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
mmix'd, and fathomleſs delight !
hou art all ; nor find thy in the whole
aught, but God and my own ſoul.
er then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
ne brute creation praiſe him more.
gs inanimate my conduct blame,
a my conſcious cheek with ſpreading
ame ?
for him purſue, or quit, their end ;
nting flames their burning power ſuſ-
end,
eaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
id ſilence aw'd by his command :
dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
e dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main ;
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bel ow'd o'er his head ?
When now the thunder roars, the lightening
flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe ;
When now the foaming ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky ;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt
Look back with terror on their actions paſt ;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt
away ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempeſt can appeaſe ;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas,
Unload their ſhater'd barque, though richly
fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold ; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high !
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to
ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe ; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt ! attend, ye virtuous few !
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo ! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand ;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace :
He bridles-in the monſters of the deep :
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep :
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey ;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
Put ſtill ariſe new wonders ; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan : the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate ;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth re-
ſound ;
Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd
air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize ;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize :
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wondering eyes from ſide to ſide ;
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear ;
Or ſails immers'd into the depths below ;
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow ;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade ;

Where

Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely through the paths of death.
Two wonderous days and nights through coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe, and pour
His ſacred gueſt un-injur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the Muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

The LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

"——— We hope, that the departed will riſe
"again from the duſt: after which, like
"the Gods, they will be immortal."
THUCYD.

NOW Man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh, adventure coſt,
In wide Eternity I dare be loſt.
The Muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to *human kind:*
I ſing to men and angels: angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long-committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all,
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head; the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade,
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great ſoul farewell,
Obſcure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more
Though realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's ſound each fragrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.

So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the braſen ſound, their wandrings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.

The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole
Or midſt the burning planets wondering ſtrayd
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid:
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd, or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate;
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.

Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructive firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.

That ancient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, or courts, though great, or wiſe, juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread
Now populous o'erflows; a numerous race
Of riſing king fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxrious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth, but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn
Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night
Oh

* Weſtminſter Abbey.

whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
irm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
ing tyrants from their poſture frown;
i this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
the thunders with a god-like mien;
nets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
tre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
h diſſolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
ing gulph, and fiends on every ſide,
hey view, impatient of delay,
ſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
greatneſs proſtrate falls; there, *ſtrength*
ives place;
lazars ſmile; there, beauty hides her
ace
ns, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans
ſtand,
ed throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
ho, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
al for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
al friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
id in hand their Saviour's love partake.
one are ſluſh'd with brighter joy, or,
warm
ſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
oſe whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
ade them public fathers of mankind.
illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
ch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
own, my grateful Muſe, that homage
how,
o ſuch worthies thou are proud to owe.
m! Fox! Chichley! hail, illuſtrious *
names,
far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
your ſhades, and near your cryſtal
ſprings,
reſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great re-
own
a people, and oblige a crown.
w you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
ly to drink the rays divine
gent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
l to due returns of grateful praiſe,
nty ſo profuſe to human kind,
udrous gift of an eternal mind?
who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
orm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
thing; ſhall I live, when every fire
ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
arth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
ough the radiant files of angels move?
efore the throne of God I ſtand,
worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
ow tell how Michael ſung or fought;
has being in full concert join,
ebrate the depths of *Love divine!*

But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wondrous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the bar.

This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the God of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
As heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenced around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'er-
flow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign
Of all thoſe ages, which their births diſjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been
ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or deſcent!
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days;
To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood,
Illuſtrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands.
Cæſar un-noted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above:
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*:
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
dawn
Rouz'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Canna's
field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to
yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fate's decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramilla's hoſt,
They all are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, ſons of men pre-
pare!"
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms re-
ſound,
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt power of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;

Who

* under of the New-College, Corpus and All-Souls, in Oxford, of which the was a Member.

Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muſe,
How art thou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time* and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlaſting SON;
Crown'd with that majeſty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light,
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, Knowledge ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of Juſtice fiercely bright,
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voice ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this?
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in Bethlem born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder's breaſt?
How chang'd from *Him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made?
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcern'd below?

And was 't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd—I am wholly thine.

Miſtaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blaſpheme'd;
Thou, or thy priſoner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! Ev'n he
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.

Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.
Theſe an immeaſurable arc ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky.
Stream from the cryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of woudrous height,
Unfurls the Chriſtian flag which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary Muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.

Ah! how but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of Prayer?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.

" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe watery worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt rain;

Earth's

meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate
ls,
the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
give the winds all paſt offence to
eep,
ter wide, or bury in the deep.
wer, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
holly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and
w
command, nor human motive know!
r boil, let anger be my praiſe,
i the graceful indignation raiſe.
re be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
ĭ the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
y my underſtanding ever read
lorious volume, which Thy wiſdom
ıde!
ecks the maiden Spring with flowery
ide?
calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling
ide?
oys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
ds old Winter lay her honours down?
: Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
ırope's arbitreſs of peace and war.
a and land, and earth and heaven be
in'd,
ıg th' eternal author to my mind!
oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
ıoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake
y ſoul!
earth's in bloom, or planets proudly
ine,
my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine!*
ıugh every ſcene of life, or peace, or
ar,
, or want, Thy glory be my care!
we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
ıleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the
ow;
ıfter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
ıou that lead'ſt our powerful armies forth,
giv'ſt Great Anne *Thy* ſceptre o'er the
orth,
nt I may ever, at the morning ray,
with Prayer the conſecrated day;
Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
rith the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
ıt advances, let my zeal improve,
low with ardour of conſummate love;
ıaſe at eve, but with the ſetting ſun,
ıdleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
ıred thought may forcibly invite
this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
ı our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
ole our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
new all nature in a milder light;
every boiſterous thought in calms ſub-
ides!
the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
v divine! to tread the milky way,
ıe bright palace of the Lord of day;

" His court admire, or for his favour ſue.
" Or leagues of friendſhip with His ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the world aſleep,
" Whi.e I long vigils to its Founder keep!
" Canſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh con-
troul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.
" O may I pant for Thee in each deſire!
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire!
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the
price,
" Which in eternity's deep boſom lies!
" At the Great day of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold!
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my graceful ſong repeat;
" My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of THEE."

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

" Eſſe quoque in ſatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
" Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia coeli
" Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret."
OVID MET.

THE book unfolding, the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demand my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the Muſe er now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal:
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heaven opening, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around;
And echoing nature lenghthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lull the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the bleſs,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden prayer,
And let the thought ſink deep! ſhalt thou be
there?

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in every face and mien?
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight?
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Should'st thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended interests level'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound? What millions would'st thou give
For One more trial? One more day to live?
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the Sun; but still of this despair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in every face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindly love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast;
Look round, vain-glorious Muse, and you who e'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace,
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd or resign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd—
Aloft, their seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.
Such is the scene; and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis distant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be express.

" Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer save,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And cast me out into the wrath of God;
" Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
" The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
" Must all those powers, heaven gave me to supply
" My soul with pleasure, and bring-in my joy,
" Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
" *Sense*, *reason*, *memory*, increase my woe? And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groaning, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *existence* only measure *pain*?
" What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heaven!

" Ah

rcy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
extinguiſh'd in the ſource of Love?
that I am, did heaven ſtoop down to
l?
piring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
not been induſtrious to provoke? 146
is embraces obſtinately broke?
l, and panted for his mortal hate,
my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
re! on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim? 150
take full vengeance, rouze the ſlacken-
flame;
ny lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend
ch of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
eadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
thought can't follow, and bold fancy
s! 155
'ER! where falls the ſoul at that dread
nd?
n abyſs how dark, and how profound?
down, I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
uſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
nge but ſtill begun—And this for ſin!
offend, if I had never been,
increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
n the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?
r of mercies! why from ſilent earth
ou awake, and curſe me into birth, 165
e from quiet, raviſh me from night,
ke a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
o being a reverſe of Thee,
mate a clod with miſery?
eaſts are happy; they come forth, and
p 170
atch on earth, and then lie down to
p.
or man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
ies, which made the God-head bleed in
n?
l his groans, as far as in them lay,
ng his agonies, and death, away? 175
ire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
ſtitution too for ever young.
rith returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame
l to bear, and ſatisfy the flame:
e caught and ſtill to be purſued! 180
h ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
this, *My Help! My God!* at thy de-
e?
s chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
ſt Thou then look down from perfect
s,
me plunging in the dark abyſs? 185
Thee Father in a ſea of fire?
ing blaſphemies at Thy deſire?
ortals anguiſh wilt Thou raiſe *Thy*
ie,
my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
t not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
orlds; in hotter flames fall n angels lay;
Almighty wrath is caſt away.
k Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy
,
h a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage: 195

" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence, 200
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, great *God*, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey, 205
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans; 211
Enclos'd with horrors, and tranſfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain;
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er; 215
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended GOD.

The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply, 220
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain head of ſacred truth; 225
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praiſe.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain, 230
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs but no ignoble theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame. 235

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire; 241
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd Æther choak,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend, 250
Cities and deſerts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound
which broke 256
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?

What

What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A towering monument of God's right hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heaven ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd Britannia: Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay where ran proud Aſia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte Libya? Where did India's ſtore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge and periſh in the conquering flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;
All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *ſoul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have you not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heaven's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on theſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun* beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate.
What ſtores on foreign coaſts thy landing wait:
Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heaven, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one *Eternal* Day.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION;
OR,
VANQUISHED LOVE.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

"Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."
VIRG.

BOOK I.

"——— Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
"Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas."
VIRG.

FROM loſty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous ſcenes above the ſky,
My Muſe deſcend: indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thought my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious liſts of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty; But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And *fortune* ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light;
'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
And all but Adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this iſle adorn,
Ere Ormond, or her glorious Queen, was born:
When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treaſon not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the ſummit of imperial ſtate,
With equal mind ſuſtain'd the ſtroke of fate.
But how will Guildford, her far dearer part,
With manly reaſon fortify his heart?
At once ſhe longs, and is afraid to *know*:
Now ſwift ſhe moves, and now advances ſlow;
To find her lord; and, finding, paſſes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares ſhe meet his eye;
Leſt that, unaſk'd, in ſpeechleſs grief, diſcloſe
The mournful ſecret of his inward woes.

Then

r ſickneſs, doubtful of her face,
icholy virgin ſhuns the glaſs.
th, with troubled thought, but look ſe-
ie
w ſoften'd by her heavenly mien,
her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
der accents melt upon her tongue;
nd ſweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
he lily, or the blooming roſe.
e not, my lord; a crown indeed is loſt;
r outſhines a crown, we ſtill may boaſt;
compos'd; a mind that can diſdain
eſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
is loſs that virtue can improve
lth eternal; and return above;
where no diſtinction ſhall be known
him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a
rone,
n, who, baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
forth in all the ſplendour of the great:
I find the difference here below;
was a Queen; I ſtill am ſo
Guildford's Wife; Theo rather I *obey*,
'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
l Maria may her rage forget;
to death my duty will improve,
hat you miſs in empire, add in love—
God-like ſoul is open'd in your look,
have faintly your great meaning ſpoke.
s alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
l with what content we lay it down.
may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
s a throne with a becoming grace."
oke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
ping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd
cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
engeance on her guiltleſs head:
alas, the terrors which he felt!
a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
p her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
onfin'd, the Muſe forbears to tell;
her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.
was equal, but his virtue leſs;
ht in grief there could be no exceſs,
e ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
l fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
ent, wander'd through his rooms of
te,
n'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate;
us adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
d wretch, magnificently poor.
he bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
iſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
llected pleaſure made him ſmart,
r tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
appy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
n which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
w him fold her yet untaſted charms
o princes) in his longing arms;
the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
nd Love! the viſion of a day.
in the Britiſh clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
he ſmiling face of heaven deform;

The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the foreſt bend;
A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed! before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts each morn invade the Lover's breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to reſt.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe
To triumph o'er misfortunes. ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat
Addreſs'd her God—"Almighty Power Divine!
" 'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
" In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
" I'll bear it well; (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
" And if my piety may claim thy care;
" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
" And tumult of a court, a Future State;
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore
" For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!
" 'I was I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
" If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me.
" Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe.
" And in a guilty land to ſpeak Thy praiſe! 140
" O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love.
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
" If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll think my prayers ſucceed,
" And bleſs thy tender mercies, whilſt I bleed"
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid juſtice, ruſh'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Swee

Sweet innocence in chains can take her reſt;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping through her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſts rung;
How at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies:
Our priſoner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in cities had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and was no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams: in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!
Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom ev'n from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of *cares*:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her *deareſt father* ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſt Indian of his care beguile.

In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She through th' encircling terrors, darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recommends;
Unmov'd herſelf: Her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care
But Guilford; who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies;
As trembling flames now takes a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her ſoul onward from the ſeats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
Paſt Heaven ſhe ſeeks will be her Guilford's ſhield.
Now death is welcome: his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And often life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills ariſe,
Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that ſhe has ſnatch'd her death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!

A fonder parent nature never knew:
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart overflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.

Celeſtial Patience! how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While Paſſion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;
By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now *ſhe* reſolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound
The ſword is drawn: The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the Zealot's heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd, and now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
Now ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
Alas! ſhould Guilford too — when now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to clear her heart and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows and the damp away:
But, like a gloomy ſtorm at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair:

Slow,

ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
leneſs ſat upon his face.
:coil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
ie anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd;
he ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound.
a breathleſs image, to the ground.
e fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt,
ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;
he winds and weighty rains deſcend,
d upright ſtem is forc'd to bend;
at length, its ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
with dying ſweets their native bed.

FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

ANQUISHED LOVE.

BOOK II.

itis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis?"

VIRG.

uilford claſps her, beautiful in death,
with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath.
thus, which by a blaſt expire,
aper, touch'd, reſtores the fire:
her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light,
rd too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight:
's death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her *own*,
ie muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan:
ilford, ſhe began, and would have
ke;
ſh'd in, and every accent broke:
elf, as gulfs of paſſion blew,
d in the tempeſt, and withdrew.

outh loſt his *image* in the well,
s upon the yielding ſurface fell;
'd features ſhid into decay,
ling circles drove his face away.

n the ſoft affections, and controul
temper of the braveſt ſoul.
afflicted beauty can compare,
of love diſtilling from the fair?
down; our pains delight beſtow;
ith fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.

uilford prov'd: and, with exceſs of
),
re too, diſ to his boſom ſtrain
ng fair: ſunk deep in ſoft deſire,
s love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
aſſembled grief; "My life, forbear?
ound your Guilford with each cruel
;
not chide my grief? Repreſs your
;
t compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
l.

"Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main
"The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more;
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chaſe;
"They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
"Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
"And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'tis moſt unkind;
"Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.
"And are again your tears profuſely ſpilt!
"Oh! then, my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
"It foils itſelf, if it recall your pain;
"Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
"The load which fate impoſes, you increaſe;
"And help Maria to deſtroy my peace."
But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; words ſoft and kind
But ſooth our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind:
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor Her's alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate:
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the queen's command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in ſtate:
She forms the *decent* miſery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch ſhe would deſtroy.
A ſpacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon day darken'd into night
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſky:
It ſheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only ſhews the darkneſs of the room.
A ſhining ax is on the table laid:
A dreadful ſight! and glitters through the ſhade:
In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd;
A ſcene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
A ſcene, that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes,
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I'd ſpiſe
"An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
"Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down;
"But where's the Charles, or Dioclefian where,
"Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?

" Oh! to dwell over on thy lip! to ſtand
" In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
" And, through th' unclouded cryſtal of thine eye,
" The heavenly treaſures of the mind to ſpy!
" Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys.
" And my ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
" Give me the world, and aſk me, Where's my bliſs?
" I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This.*
" And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more:
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!

Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who but Guilford, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flowery meadows and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the Brave or Fair.

Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving ſight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Iſis and her Thames, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair:
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
Theyruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,
And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.

Mean time, the Queen new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
A prieſt is ſent; who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it: Hanging on the breaſt.
He from his childhood was with Rome poſſeſt.
When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: " Grieve not; 'tis in your power
" Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour "
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent;
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.

The prieſt proceeds: " Embrace the faith of Rome,
" And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom."
Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now *firſt* ſhe ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death? muſt ſhe
Bid Guilford bleed?—It muſt not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What though our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted youth our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,
Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt roar
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unreſiſted force proclaims
Our might, and thunders raiſe our humble names;
'Tis *our* Jehovah fills the heavens; as long
As He ſhall reign Almighty: We are ſtrong.
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* deſpair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in ſilence, to the ſkies.
Devoutly ſad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When ſudden winds ſweep ſcatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majeſty; till now unknown;
And breathing life and ſpirit ſcarce her own;
She, riſing, ſpeaks; " If theſe the terms—"

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*; he beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſt:
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
" And ſhew one moment unin flam'd with love!
" Oh, if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
" In pity to thyſelf, forget the paſt!
" Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear,
" Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou haſt held ſo dear:
" Thou who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
" Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
" That to *exiſtence*, was its utmoſt power,
" And make the future like the preſent hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel ſword
" Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs Lord;
" Tranſfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim),
" And ſtain his honour with a *Traitor's* name.
" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorſe;
" But ſure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoke upon the ground?
" But

you has ever been ſevere ;
your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew
;
eath the burden of his care ;
glected, and his head was bare ;
nter, in the yearly ring,
creeps, to meet the blooming ſpring,
he caſt a melancholy look ;
'd, to hide his grief ; than faintly
e,
in years, and forward in decay,
can only rob *me* of a day ;
my ſoul's deſire ! I can't refrain ;
ll my tears, my *laſt* tears, flow in
?
ſhall know a mother's tender name,
's diſtreſs no longer will you blame."
his burſting groans were heard ; and
n trickling down his ſilver beard :
her hand, which to his lips he

plant a dagger in his breaſt ;
g, call'd her piety unjuſt,
is hoary temples in the duſt.

ted men ! will you no merit know ?
en brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe :
rters to misfortune's part,
ſtion thus to pierce her heart !
d ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly,
r bleeding from the middle ſky !
virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
cover, and diſdain the wound.
ing love, and human intereſt, bind
force of her aſpiring mind,
e generous eagle, which in vain
ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his

ng wings entangles, curling plies
us tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies !
t the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe

force her reſolution reels ;
unfolding with a mournful ſound,
over, weltering on the ground,
ſs trunks, of thoſe whoſe arms main-
,
vars immortal glory gain'd ;
aſſur'd her ready doom,
ourners ſadden'd all the room.
d ; or here break off my tale ?
o ſtagger human faith, prevail.
is utmoſt malice of her fate
an dignity, and pious ſtate :
Forms propitious rage ſhe bleſt,
martyr triumph'd in her breaſt :
father, for a moment's ſpace,
olded in her ſoft embrace !
e ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky :
er-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate ;
pleas'd you made my death ſo *great* ;
ot ſave you ; and have given
much *dearer* than my own to hea-

" If ſo the Queen decrees * —But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws ;
" And there is mercy ſtill, for you, in ſtore :
" With me the bitterneſs of death is o'er.
" He ſhot his ſting in *that* farewel-embrace ;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " my victory's complete :
" And tell your Queen, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow :
" A poor return I leave in England's crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure, and renown :
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;
" Her guilt—the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her
fate ;
And fierce Maria pity'd her too late.

* Here ſhe embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

" ——Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
" Non minus ignotos generoſis."

HOR.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE

DUKE OF DORSET.

" —— Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam
" Virtutis."

JUV. Sat. x.

MY verſe is Satire ; Dorſet, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muſe you cannot *fear*.
To poets ſacred is a Dorſet's name :
Their wonted paſſport through the gates of fame :
It *bribes* the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays :
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to Blackmore or to me.
But you decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue ;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.

Inſtructive Satire, true to virtue's cauſe !
Thou ſhining *ſupplement* of public *laws* !
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach her ſilence, and demand our rage ;
When *purchas'd follies* from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's ſkilful hand ;

When the *Law* ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-ſea treaſures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Claſſics quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's *grace* to *Wit*:
When men grow *great* from their *revenue ſpent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the *clergy* the leavings of a *whore*:
To chaſe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall Panegyric reign, and Cenſure ceaſe?
Shall Poeſy, like Law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications waſh an *Æthiop* white,
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as *treaſure on a goſt*?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And *ſatirize* with nothing—but their *praiſe*?
Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorſet, Dryden, Rocheſter, are dead,
And guilt's chief woe, in Addiſon, is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find,
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * Roman's ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe.
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe*?
The *Love of Praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows, in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs*.
What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:

One way they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wiſtful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy ſign,
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had drop'd his quill,
T—— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But T—— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious ſome a claſſic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word.
While A's *diſpers'd*, and B with pomp *reſtor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are a ſly'd;
Pot's ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
Oh *gloſs*, how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond caſt a man ſo *dear*?
Polite diſeaſes make ſome ideots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whoſe praiſe defames, as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonſus his creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a ſecond bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months been dead.

This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen,
By *th's* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd *to ſpell*, and ſome to *knit*.
It makes Globoſe a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.
It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſtreets* thin?
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of Britiſh fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorſet's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Though for the firſt all Weſtminſter ſhould plead,
And for the laſt all Greſham intercede.
Begin. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room;

He

* Horace.

for *fame* on his forefathers' feet.
lry, prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
at a decent pride he throws his eyes
c man by *three descents* less wise!
at his noble hands you crave
im raise his fathers from the grave.
uld press forward in fame's glorious
ace;
ok *backward*, and so lose the race.

gh birth triumph! What can be more
ear?
–but merit in a low estate.
s humblest son let none prefer
ugh descended from the Conqueror.
, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
important, only by their place?
marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.

nt on glorious ancestors enlarge,
heir *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
t those who proudly boast their line,
, in worth hereditary, shine.

false greatness is, the Muse must own
not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
s of earth, who, on a South-sea tide
cess, swam into *wealth* and *pride*.
th a purse of gold at Antlis' gate,
o be descended from the great

men of infamy to grandeur soar,
t a torch to shew their shame the more.
ernments which *curb* not evils, *cause!*
h knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

ith solid *glory* will be crown'd;
o phantom, no vain empty sound;
himself a name; and, to be great,
quarry an immense estate!
l grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
lington, thy taste is not so true.
s finish'd; every toil is past;
erfection is arriv'd at last;
my lord to some small corner runs,
s state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

n who builds, and wants wherewith to
s,
home from which to run away.
, what is many a lordly seat,
harge, in full for an estate?
er compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
s, but antique statues, are his flame:
taine's self more Parian charms has
own;
d Pembroke more in love with stone.
; come (rude men prophanely bold!)
im turn his Venus into gold.
, he cries; I'll sooner rot in jail:
recian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
might make their very *bustos* laugh;
ter starves; but * Cleopatra's safe.
verloaded with a large estate,
heir treasure in a nice conceit:
ay be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
re *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.

* A famous statue

By your revenue measure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Ye few without long discipline are sage;
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wan'ls so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *repent*; and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
The boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood:
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by * Monteuil and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face:
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with Lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day;
That wheel of fops that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *civic*-like support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting.
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;

* A famous taylor.

On

On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still:
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

The *Squire* is *proud* to see his courtesy strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hyppolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christ-mas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind:
Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

SATIRE II.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach the destin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose;
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage:
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd.
Almighty *vanity*! to thee they owe
Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reason to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
* Hippolytus demands the *sylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make † Paul Diack rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! What hue! Was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sisters fate
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent.

But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the baal to which thou bowd'st the knee."

But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar.
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doating on a flower!
A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy Books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;

* This refers to the first Satire.
† The name of a tulip.

t a ſecondary aim,
ſport alone, and not for *game*.
hey who the *mere volume* prize,
e thicket where the *quarry* lies.

g books Lorenzo long was bent,
t length that it reduced his rent;
ere flown; when lo! a ſale comes on,

llection! what is to be done?
laſt; for he the whole will buy;
is houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
generous ardour of the man
s, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
ns were drawn, and brought him b
clerk,
gn'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
men of books aſſume the care,
are the guardians of the fair.

is authors' *liveries* alone
erudite ambition ſhown:
rious, at high prices bought,
world what Codrus would be *thought*;
coſt another muſt ſucceed
ge, who *ſays* that he can read;
knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
o Cheſterfield what lies between;
s books who ſhuns the proud expence,
ly is contented with their *ſenſe*.
pe, whoſe accompliſhments make good
of a long-illuſtrious blood,
manners eminently grac'd,
ſt *Honour!* and the fineſt *taſte!*
verſe if Satire can agree
ſumm ate an *Humanity*.

example would Hilario mend;
d it grace the talents of my friend,
the charms of his own genius ſmit,
ll virtues are compriz'd in wit!
is fervent petulence may cool;
he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*
ll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte* his ſenſe;
frailty of an *excellence*.
or friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
-*day*, all the faults of all mankind.

ough *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
rightful while it makes us *laugh*.
the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
re a ſting within a brother's heart?
y be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
on the *vocal*; or you'll appear
hero, no great genius *here*.
ch oil the razor beſt is whet,
y *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
t of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
nen give is for the *joy* they find;
jeſter, when the joke's *in kind*.
Marcus, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a
,
compliment, what place ſo fit?
acerious * letters came to hand,
First Satire ſweetly reprimand:

ent to the Author, ſigned Marcus.

If that a *juſt* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou a *Fool*, or *knave?*

For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No maſk ſo good, but Marcus muſt ſhine through:
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.

In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
Their *peeviſh* reaſon; *vain* of being dull;
When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
Through ſpleen, that little nature gave, make *leſs*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take;
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"*He's a wit.*"
Poor *negroes*, thus, to ſhow their burning ſpite,
To cacodemons, ſay, there're *deviliſh white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief!* one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger; without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of man a *diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*;
Some ſtupid, plodding, money loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby ſon,
And by Heaven's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.

Wants of all kinds are made to ſame a plea;
One learns to *liſp*; another, *not* to ſee:
Miſs D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe, what nature gave, diſown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will purſue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Craſſus, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is 't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?

A3

As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace:
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *ſkreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.

Hence, Cheſterfield, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art:
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide maſquerade;
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face?*
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother* is undone?

Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello ſeen!
How blank his look! how diſcompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace*.
A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of peruke ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome God inſpir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſworn ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *ſeeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.

So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.

Moroſe is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſur
In linen clean, or peruke uncri guis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd ſurtout he wears, which *once* was bl
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclain
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame.
But open force was vain; by night ſhe wen
And, while he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling *r*
Where yawn'd the frieze is now beco
doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut o

He ſcorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſ
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning ey
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *ſlouen* and the *ſopling* are the ſame.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with y
When party-rage too warm'y you purſue;
Then both club-nonſenſe, and impetuous pri
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
You vent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when
paſs,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glaſs;
While both are *one:* and henceforth be it kn
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone
"But who art Thou?" methinks Fl
cries:
"Of all thy ſpecies art Thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twit
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at hom
Thou too art wounded with the common da
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart:
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou cho

Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of pr
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt:
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe, than the *laſt*:
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chace of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublim
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no m
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour?

* Milton.

SAT

SATIRE III.

TO

RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

IG, Dodington, in debt, I long have fought
: the burthen of my gratéful thought;
w a poet's gratitude you ſee;
im *two* favours and he'll aſk for *three*:
oſe the preſent glory, or the gain?
ve protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
re and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
ow the baſis of a ſolid fame;
prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
id with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
our my attempts that way alone,
ore to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.
l-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
vanted Britain bright examples more?
ning, and her *genius* too, decays;
k and *cold* are her declining days;
ien now were of another caſt,
eanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
ll are men; and they who boldly dare,
umph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
ey fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
who *run in debt* for their diſgrace;
row much, then fairly make it known,
nn it with *improvements* of their own
g ſome new materials, and what's old
k with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
ies the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe;
n four critics vindicate the Muſe.
work is long' the critics cry. 'Tis true,
gthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
my labour, if its length you blame:
ow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
ted *hags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
e their four legs, and ſtart up on two.

he bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
ks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
ijoy (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
h the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
t ambitious fools are more to blame,
oſe who thunder in the critics name?
thors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
hat wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.

ius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
old Druid from his hollow oak,
s ſolemn, and as *boding*, cries,
houſand worlds for the three unities!"
ors ſage, who through Parnaſſus teach,
he tub, or practiſe what you preach.

dges as the *weather* dictates; right
n is at noon, and wrong at night:
judges by a ſurer gage,
r's *principles*, or *parentage*;
great anceſtors in Flanders fell,
a doubtleſs muſt be written well.
judges by the writer's *look*;
judges, for he *bought the book*;

Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep*.

Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.

Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than Compton's ſmile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte:
The genius of a *fiſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *ſalmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *faſt*;
And to a kind *digeſtion* ſpare the reſt.
Apicius, here, the tailer of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to ſettle their renown.

Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In thoſe choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *Pilferers* of fame:
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thouſand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen.
Niger adopts ſtray libels; wiſely prone,
To cover ſhame ſtill greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threeſcore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to *miſtake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *diſorder* ſet,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*
Thus vain not knowing what adorns or blots
Men *forge the patents* that create them ſots.

As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grow infamous through love of praiſe.
But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardor rue,
When thoſe, who bring that incenſe, we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can even Satire blame them; for 'tis true,
They have moſt ample cauſe for what they do.

O fruitful Britain! doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools*, to ſtock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow.
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
'Till I ſurpaſs in length my Lawyer's bill;
A Welſh deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a Dutchman's epigram
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the jeſt is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *thee*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth!

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *horſes* ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *fwears*:
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To ſhow the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue,
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too?
Vincenna knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe,
To win applauſe; and takes it by ſurprize.
"To err," ſays he, "in ſmall thing, is my fate."
You know your anſwer, "he's exact in great."
"My *ſtyle*," ſays he, "is rude and full of faults."
"But oh! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he muſt confeſs;
"But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs."
"Ah! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe!
"I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back
"To make that hopeleſs, ill-adviſ'd attack;
"All ſay, 'twas madneſs; nor dare I deny;
"ſure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*!
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one ſleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *proſpect* there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? Confeſs
Thy *littleſelf*, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.

Be wiſe, Vincenna, and the court forſake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, ſhall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege the patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at laſt, ſome *little place* by ſtorm;
Enough to keep *two ſhoes* on ſunday clean,
And *ſtarve* upon diſcreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer.
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come:
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, *gueſſing*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bleſs* by chance.
If *merit* ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed,
Of every charm and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt:
Philander! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
The public envy! now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
But, ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte!
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *ſecret* loves his wife, but *keeps her maid*.

Some nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high;
Italian muſic's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their taſtes would leſſen, if the prices fell,
And Shakeſpeare's wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
Away the diſinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that Engliſh is their mother tongue.

To ſhow how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While *tradeſmen* ſtarve, theſe Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.

Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtic ſcene!
The Legiſlature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs; but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth, of *politeneſs* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis *ſolid* bodies only *poliſh* well.

Great, choſen prophet! for theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, doſt thou thy *maſter* ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his *ſervant* ſhould not ſtarve,
Thou to his name haſt ſplendid temples rais'd;
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!

e quite exhauſted town denies,
d head of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted*
d,
fifty churches at a ſtand.
hy miniſter may never fail,
:hy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
·*ophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
gation of thy zeal ſecure.

imons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
council met, and deep debate!
like enterprize is taking birth?
ider opens on th' expecting earth?
with loud applauſe the council rings!
e fate of *whores* and *fiddle-ſtrings!*

bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with
ths like theſe,
offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe;
flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
tribunals, bend an awful brow.
ble it were to common-ſenſe,
a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
ce from *life* I take the draughts you
like them, do they cenſure *me?*
and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
ike an attempt the world to mend,
d, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
ow the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.
ard for real worth to gain its price!
all make his fortune in a trice,
ith pliant, though but ſlender, ſenſe,
odeſty, and real impudence:
knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
ithin, a ſmile upon his face;
ous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
s in the lottery of life;
id Virtue they will ſoon defeat,
e you in the boſom of the *great.*
is but to provide a *pain*
,' refuſing what you ought to gain.

Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
y preſaging thoughts already view
ole's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
er in your Prince's favour plac'd;
ing, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
ou, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd!
from one, who holds your friendſhip
:ar;
ſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE

HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ND ſome fair tree th' ambitious wood-
bine grows,
eathes her ſweets on the ſupporting
oughs:
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, Compton born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The Crown's aſſertor, and the People's friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the Muſe;
Thy ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous Chremes is with ſpleen undone;
Chremes, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the State and Crown;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain's thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A Quidnunc is an *almanack* of State.

You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe?
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice Caſtanian *Nut*,
Since *fleas* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate "Not content" can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.

What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with reverence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.

Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the ſun ſhines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.
C——,

C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
But only think: ſo; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.

Narciſſus the Tartarian *club* diſclaims;
Nay, a Free-maſon, with ſome terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the Church, or Play:
He makes no noiſe in Parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *viſits*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond relief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to th' *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narciſſus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.

To counterpoiſe this here of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd*;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes*;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends
Stones mount, and Suſſex is the worſt of friends;
They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh if you ſurprize them in the *right*;
they by change blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Queenſberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that's *out*.
His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Though wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than Sloane the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And Aſhmole's baby-houſe is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!

How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joſeph *never* wore!
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Beſs's chin.

" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since that great *plague* that ſwept ſo many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as *this*?" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to pleaſe?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame:
Warm in purſuit, he *leaves* all the great,
Staunch to the foot of *title* and *eſtate*:
Where-e'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſits* them ſure, where-e'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning dun*;
As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * Dane is more familiar with his Grace.

Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſpering ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *gloſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes *it* leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, " Chimney ſweep," or drive a *plough*?
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe*!
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe *impoſe*.

But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" Boyle ſhines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
" Pelham's magnificent, but I can write,

* A Daniſh dog of the Duke of Argyll.

And

what to my great ſoul like glory dear ?"
: god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
e's unwholeſome taken without *meat*,
is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat* :
can, and *wife*, he curſes what he writ,
hes all his wants were in his *wit*.

what avails it, when his *dinner's* loſt,
triumphant name adorns a *poſt* ?
is ſhining page provoking fate !)
irloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat* ?

foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
uel *proſs-man* can refrain from tears,
e poor Muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
ate on every bulk in town,
her whores undone, though *not* in print,
dit for Geneva in the mint ?

rds ! why will you ſing, though unin-
pir'd ?
s ! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd* ?
by Phœbus' laws, beyond redreſs
ll your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs ?
re, that *excreſcence* of the head,
r, will ſprout although the poet's *dead*.

her trades *demand*, verſe-makers *beg* ;
ation is a *wooden leg* ;
n Labeo, the true *mumper's* faſhion,
borrow'd brats to move *compaſſion*.
ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend ;
re, though gentle Damon is my *friend*.
hen a crime to *write* ?"—If talent rare
a the god, the crime is to *forbear* :
ie, though few, there are large-minded
men,
itch unſeen the labours of the pen ;
iow the Muſe's worth, and therefore
court,
leeds her theme, their bounty her ſup-
port ;
ve, *unaſk'd*, the *leaſt pretence* to wit ;
excuſe, alas ! for having writ.
rue wit is ſtudious to reſtore ;
rſet ſmiles, if Phœbus ſmil'd before ;
ke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
nrietta like a Muſe inſpires.

ah ! not *inſpiration* can obtain
me, which poets languiſh for in vain.
iad their aim, who thirſt for glory,
ſtrive
p, what no man can poſſeſs *alive* !
re erſion in which men take place
reverſion !) at their own deceaſe,
ith ſagacious Lintot knows ſo well,
ves his authors, that their works may
ell.

fame is *wealth*, fantaſtic poets cry ;
ealth is *fame*, another clan reply ;
iow no guilt, no ſcandal, but in *rags* ;
ell in juſt proportion to their *bags*.
y the low-born, deform'd, and old,
glory nothing but the *beams of gold* ;
ſt young lord, which in the Mall you
meet,
natch the vericſt hunks in Lombard-
ſtreet.

From reſcued candles' ends, who, rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves, to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardleſs* miſer ! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal *all* our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band,
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Caſtalio dies ;
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy ſond fears lay down ;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made* :
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd.
When Harry conquer'd, and half France ex-
pir'd :
He'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain :
Nay, a *dull ſheriff* for his *golden chain*.

" Who'd be a ſlave ?" the gallant Colonel
cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes :
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right—
Juſt is his title—for he will not *fight* :
All ſoldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
All maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place* :
But, when indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain ;
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet *revenge*, and *half abſolves* his ſword.

Of *boaſting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *ſoldier* ſhould be modeſt as a maid :
Fame is a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy ;
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as they *touch*, *deſtroy* :
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
But if you pay yourſelf, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his
own,
Auguſtus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Auguſtus' deeds ! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I ſpeak ;
The Roman would not bluſh at the miſtake.

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

" O faireſt of creation ! laſt and beſt !
" Of all God's works ! Creature in whom ex-
cell'd,
" Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be
form'd
" Holy, Divine, good, amiable, or ſweet !
" How art thou loſt !"—

MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone ;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own :

But

But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you diſcern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *ſigh*.
The ſex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for ſuch a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatirizing *thoſe* is praiſing *thee*;
Who wouldſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind
Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;
Worn in public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the fated ſight:
As unreſerv'd, and beauteous, as the ſun,
Through every *ſign* of vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, Parks, coarſe feaſts in City-halls,
Lectures, and Trials, Plays, Committees, Balls,
Wells, Bedlams, Executions, Smithfield ſcenes,
And Fortune-tellers Caves, and Lions Dens,
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, Drawing-rooms,
Inſtallments, Pillories, Coronations, Tombs,
Tumblers, and Funerals, Puppet-ſhows, Reviews,
Sales, Races, Rabbets, (and, ſtill ſtranger!) Pews.

Clarinda's boſom burns, but burns for Fame;
And Love lies vanquiſh'd in a *nobler* flame:
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpenſes; *then*,
Like April ſuns, dives into clouds again:
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms:
Then, out of *oſtentation* hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this:
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *ſpight!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.
Zara reſembles Ætna crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows:
Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,
She reads the *pſalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In—Cleopatra, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.

Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—" that her great-grandfather is dead."

A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—*to bear*:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wiſe.

Xantippe cries, " Let nymphs who nought can ſay
" Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
" And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
" By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs!"
Through *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt *intimates* the lady's diſcontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen Xantippe, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel* and compoſing *tea*:
Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe?*

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate!
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy Fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.

How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs, it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look mild, and *ſavages* grow tame.

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view;
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barbarous ſun and wind.

Some

phs affect a more heroic breed,
rom *hunters* to the *managed ſteed*;
his prancings with a martial air,
t has the forming of the *Fair*.

ian *one* ſteed muſt Delia's empire feel,
rinmphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
guides it through th' admiring throng,
: an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong!
s John, ſhe moderates the reins,
les ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
:e, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
s, *ſcoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
: Belle lettres lovely Daphne reigns:
god Apollo wears her chains:
toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
ig audience to contending wits:
:rformance ſhe's the final teſt;
ad o'er, ſhe propheſies the reſt;
pronouncing with deciſive air,
'inces all the town—*ſhe's fair*.
r Daphne Hecateſſa's face,
d her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
es' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
eir *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes*.
d, ſhe cries, lampooner! have a care;
int common ſenſe, becauſe I'm fair?
Stella; her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
tongue was never in the right;
vhat real learning, judgment, fire!
inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
(if malice rul'd not all the fair)
)hne publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe*,
ſanction for *impertinence*.
nia lik'd her man; and well ſhe might;
i in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
)f every virtue, grace, and art,
ns juſt empire o'er the female heart:
er paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
ull rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
i the theme and envy of the town:
was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
l deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *three-re*,
ſequel I, through ſhame, forbear.
nd *avarice* who can cure the fair?
rich with little, were this judgment
ie;
frugal, and her wants are few;
w wants anſwer'd, bring ſincere de-hts;
create themſelves new appetites:
l pride ſeek things at vaſt expence,
liſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
ſeit, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
r narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.
Lemira's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor ſtares; her woman curt'ſies low,
And cries, "My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
"Diverſions put her maladies to flight;
"True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
"I've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
"For *fevers* take an opera in June:
"And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight park is ſovereign for a *cold*:
"With *colics*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
"With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.
Alas, my heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * Veny chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
"Late ſitting-up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? 'Becauſe 'twas *night*.'
Did ſhe then dance, or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* ſhe rather choſe;
"Than be that *wretch* to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady Cynthia, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the *faſhionable* owls, to bed;
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet Laura's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lily* and the *roſe*.
How gay they ſmile! Such bleſſings *nature* pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flowers, and ſpreads her velvet green:

* Lap-dog.

Pure

Pure gurgling rills the lone'ly deſert trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bleſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuſe,
Such Fulvia's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and cryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
Where ſilver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.

Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we ſtray;
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair Wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offſpring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*;
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the Muſes ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian Faſtbury! I owe to thee.

There ſport the Muſes; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On Durfey's poeſy, and Bunyan's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
"Well ſure, we were ſo happy yeſterday!
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Though, well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For ſuch is or our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own*.

Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure like *quickſilver* is *bright*, and *coy*;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains;
What it is, but rank poiſon in your veins?
As Flavia in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lyes;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprizing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
"What miracle, ſays Strephon, makes thee weep?
"Ah, barbarous man", ſhe cries, "how could you—"*ſleep?*"
Men love a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte!*
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs, and our meat, away:
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn:
Eternal Love let man, then, never ſwear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *deſpair*;
Nor praiſe, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and Love, are foreign to the *will*.
There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taſte;
Phyllis demands eternal love at *leaſt*.
Embracing Phyllis with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal Love! vow, the ſwain replies:
But ſay, my *All*, my *Miſtreſs*, and my *Friend!*
What day next week th' *Eternity* ſhall *end?*
Some nymphs prefer *aſtronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philoſopher to Rowley flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She ſees the planets in their turns advance,
And ſcorns, Poitier, thy ſublunary dance:
Of Deſaguliers ſhe beſpeaks freſh air;
And Whiſton has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay Colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and Newton is a ſot.

To

turn; ſhe never took the height
et is ever in the right.
ich point with native force of mind,
d Learning blunders far behind,
ight, and elegant to thought,
vanquiſh'd, and the *wiſe* are taught.
ſniſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſevere;
llected; and in courts, ſincere;
warm, with zeal well-underſtood,
oble pride in doing good;
erior to her ſex's cares,
e fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
bina ſhe's the laſt appeal;
t points ſhe *leads* the commonweal;
es of *empire* riſe between
queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
ier mind, why will the fair expreſs
ion only in their *dreſs?*
he nymph that mounts above the
clears religious myſteries,
church's welfare to enſure,
er family a *fine-cure;*
vine at *cards* ſhe'll not forget,
exts of Scripture at *picquet;*
ıtious meerings act the prude,
her Maker that her *cards* are good.
would thoſe be, who thus excel
, could they *few* as well!
uld not the fair her text purſue?
e decently the doctor woo?
o, ſhe who makes no uſe but *chat*
on, ſhould be barr'd in that.
rother of the canting ſtrain,
s knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
s Marcia often will repair
text, to light it at the *fair.*
ious ſoul exults to find
: *holy* men in woman-kind!
h her learning, with what rapture he
r *bloom*, like an induſtrious *bee;*
about her, and with all his power
et wiſdom from ſo fair a *flower!*
and gay declining, Appia ſighs
ame, the *mighty* and the *wiſe:*
ore an *eagle* than a *dove*,
y prefers the *world* to *love.*
h give happineſs? look round, and

ſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
fortune laviſhly can pour,
nihilates, and calls for more.
cheat; believe not what it ſays;
d, it *promiſes*—and *pays.*
e miſer ſtartle, to be told
ndet, as *inſolvent* gold!
: *wants* has an intrinſic weight;
ut the faſhion of the plate,
one moment, charms the fickle view;
s *now; anon* we caſt anew;

To ſome freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Miſtaken lovers who make *worth* their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair:
The *fair* 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be woo,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *ſun;*
And yet in female ſcales a ſop out-weighs,
And wit muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays.*
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiſs)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this.*
If you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will.*

The *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, and ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the Alps—that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconic* ſtile;
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That Betty rather *ſees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt and the gigantic *carve,*
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve:*
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate
That Roſalinda can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.
Thaleſtris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.
In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name.*
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the taſk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to ſwear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady?* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men.*

Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bleſſing of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chineſe painters modern *taſte* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pay'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s ſelf will be polite.

Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of Britain's iſle!
When high-born Anna, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me ſomething *more*,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threeſcore*:
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *time*:
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks through ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprites* away
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizz'led locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *level'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll aſk her *bleſſing*, but can't aſk her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady, *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the ſacred age
Of prudent Portia! *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
Till, naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.

Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.
If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe;
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*:
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind*! that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

SATIRE VI.

ON

WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

"Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem."
Hor.

I SOUGHT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
Apollo whiſper'd in my ear—"Germain."
I know her not.—"Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.

write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
steal great names, to shield them from
he town:
bed *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
vert flies of *praise* itself afraid:
d *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
igeance write a volume in *her praise*.
hink it hard *so* great a length to run;
such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

r! to draw your excellence at length,
the narrow bounds of human strength;
e, in miniature your picture see,
e from Zinck more justice than from me.
rtits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
raits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
r, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
your *reformation* all my *pay*.

ia is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
ch as constant as to Drury-lane.
ntly, *in form*, pays heaven its due;
kes a civil visit to her pew.
ed fan, to give a solemn air,
s her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
s to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed;
the fair omits, but at the creed.
joins the Service, 'tis to *speak*;
h dreadful *silence* the pent heart might
break;
nt to bear it, women *talk away*
himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
their accent, and their air *refin'd*,
're before their Maker—and *mankind*;
idies once are proud of praying well,
mself will toll the parish bell.

ainted with the world, and quite well-
ored,
ceives her visitants in bed;
aste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
y blackest tongue of calumny,
rom the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
s you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

e charms are greatest which decline the
sight,
akes the banquet poignant and polite.
no *woman*, *where* there's no *reserve*;
on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.
h a modern fair, meridian merit
ce thing they call a *nymph of spirit*.
ell the rollings of her flaming eye;
ad on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
u take a lion by the beard *,
are defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
m'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
like your will, and then *converse* with her.
ly glories in profuse expence;
inks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
gar her gallant, is *fine* delight:
nore fatal still, is *exquisite*;
er nymph such reason to be glad?
fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
their honest execrations pour;
ers only should *detest* her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want,
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint.
Her sou superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *terror* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *importune*, men must *grieve*.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.

* Shakespeare.

"How charming this!"—The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and ſtrong;
At laſt he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more!
She tries a thouſand arts; but none ſucceed;
She's forc'd a lover to procure *indeed*:
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous loving *wife*.
Her huſband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.

Anxious Melania riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulouſly ſhrill.
"You went laſt night with Celia to the ball"
You prove it falſe. "Not go! that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.
Her lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the reſt;
To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.

And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair:
Should I diſpute her beauty how ſhe'd ſtare?
How would Melania be ſurpriſed to hear
She's quite deform'd? And yet the caſe is clear:
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* becauſe the ſoul is *ſeen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *reſiſt* though not exceeding fair.

Arpaſia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are ſo aukward! things ſo unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where-e'er ſhe goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heaven by its favour has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.

Ah! why ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring?
Thou *ſhining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing;
Old-age *will* come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes;
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

Julia's a manager; ſhe's born for rule;
And knows her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool*;
Aſſemblies holds and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But, if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs
For, her *own* breakfaſt ſhe'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſement reign;
By nature born to *ſooth*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a ſhare of folly lies:
Why will they be ſo *weak*, as to be *wiſe*?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* ſhe commends, or blames.
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her *judgment* juſt, her *ſentence* is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's right, ſhe's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wiſe in actions, great, and rare:
But ſcorns on *trifles* to beſtow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Becauſe th' occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfaſt with Alicia, there you'll ſee,
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree:
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs, is aſide.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Beſs's maidens might be miſt;
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor cruel Richmond, the firſt *toaſt* for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.

Fair Iſabella is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf*, is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day:"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* conſer:
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

I I muſt, in this perverted age,
deſerve, can't always moſt *engage*.
orth from making glory ſure,
ders what it *ſhould* procure
iſe we *moſt*? The virtuous, brave, and
e?
ches, whom, in ſecrét, we deſpiſe.
o blinds as not to ſee the cauſe?
ais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;
f credit it lays in a ſtore,
our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the
re.

here are who think *one* crime is *all*:
n, then, no way but *backward* fall?
that one crime they don't purſue,
leſs, they think *all* others *few*.
that crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
nodeſty the ſacred name.

thus: "What! railing without end?
ſk! how much more generous to com-
ad!"
mmend as you are wont to do,
ſtructor, and *example* too.
" ſays Clio, "has a charming eye:
ty 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
ſhape indeed—But then her air—
has parts who finds deſtruction there.
's wit has ſomething that's divine:
's enough—how few in all things ſhine!
rves her friends, relieves the poor—
s it ſaid Selina's near threeſcore?
's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
ld congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
ſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
tgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
y's form might cherubims appear;
—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
but Horteuſia ſhe commends,
women, and the beſt of friends;
n perſon, wit, fame, virtue, brig't:
mes this to paſs?—She died laſt night,

mphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
's needleſs, if *ſuch praiſe* prevail.
e ſuch praiſe? Our virulence is thrown
ame, through fondneſs for our *own*.
and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
coronets a-kin to *crowns*?
eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
of *avarice* and *pride* confeſs.
erfections worthy of her rank;
r her perfections at the Bank.
unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd,
rns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
five-pence, as the veriеſt *cit*;
is much deteſted as a *wit*.

l calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
peace, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
ur *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
ineſs which great-ones often ſee,
and wonder, in a low degree;
s unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?

Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong.
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye!*
A *decent competence*; we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*.
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;
To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold a price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Through *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But Satire is my taſk; and theſe deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and maligunant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, Germain;
But our *invectives* muſt deſpair ſucceſs;
For, next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.

What picture's yonder, looſen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Aſturia, that affected dame?
The brighteſt forms, through *affectation*, faile
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is ſeen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine;
How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the Beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of character ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugar melt away,
And recommend the more to mortal taſte;
Scandal's the ſweetner of a *female* feaſt.

But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
Citronia's noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's noſe the lye!

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs.
As glorious as the Britiſh queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.

Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our iſle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er Law and Goſpel too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look moſt meek!
What thunders burſting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *paſſions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reaſon* is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a *ſpouſe* to them?
What ſwarms of amorous *grandmothers* I ſee!
And miſſes, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming!
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, ſuch profuſe expence;
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill ſuch maſquerading times;
Such venal faith ſuch miſapply'd applauſe;
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws;

Such diſſolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dreſs'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *hell*;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſtens leſs to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheiſts have been but rare; ſince nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;

But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too.

They ſtrive with their own hearts, and them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with ſhame at thought of being *good*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs,
They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a fl
Through cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to co mpl
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my Muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a Satire, who defy the ſkies.

Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Go own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady's* ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtro
For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?
No, he's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He's like themſelves; or how could he be g
And they blaſpheme, who blacker ſcheme poſe.—
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depoſe,
The *pure!* the *juſt!* and ſet up, in his ſtea
A deity, that's perfectly *well bred*.

"Dear Tillotſon! be ſure the beſt of me
"Nor thought he more, than thought grea gen.
"Though once upon a time he miſbehav'd
"Poor Satan! doubtleſs, he'll at length be
"Let prieſts do ſomething for their O Ten;
"It is their *trade*; ſo far they're honeſt me
"Let them cant on, ſince they have g knack,
"And dreſs their notions, like themſelv *black*;
"Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*
"From joys of this, to keep them all their
"Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a
"But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* fre
"*Virtue's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:*
"Did ever mortal write lik- Rochefoucaul

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And, pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature diſjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*
Virtue made *viſible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious
The more ſhe *charms*, the more ſhe *ſhocks* kind.
But charms decline: the Fair long vigils
They ſleep no more! Quadrille has * mu ſleep.

* Shakeſpeare.

—p! cries Livia; I have not been there
wo nights; the poor creature will de-
r.
crowd—but to do good, you know—
ple of condition ſhould beſtow."
, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons
; 475
daughter, and now *ſtake* a ſon;
, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
ir half their race—through *charity*.
il were we, or elſe mortal *quite*,
ld blame this criminal delight: 480
he gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
pper ſtory to ſome tomb,
we need not our *ſhort* being ſhun,
ght to fly, *contend* to be undone.
ot buy our *ruin* with our *crime*, 485
eternity to murder *time*.
ve of gaming is the worſt of ills;
'eleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
it heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
he power and will of doing good; 490
th, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
at is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your
e.
der ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
al and the *ruin* of our iſle!
(ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
ivine high wave her ſnowy hand; 496
les loud a ſmall enchanted box,
ud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks.
ierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation
ook,
olus's cave impetuous broke, 500
ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies.
ge, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphe-
ies!
I mean—the fair diſcharges none;
itleſs creature') ſwears to heaven alone.
r eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles
well! 505
mad maid in the Cumean cell.
t divine one her *firſt* nights employs!
es her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
en the cruel morning calls to bed,
her pillow lays her aking head, 510
e dear images her dreams are crown'd,
'piſts lovely, or the *cards* go round;
y ruin charms her ſtill;
by lord is cuckol'd by *ſpadille*;
he's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one, 515
es the forehead of her darling ſon.
ne of horror, and of wild deſpair,
the rich Atrides' ſplendid heir
n'd to quit his ancient lordly ſeat,
e his glories in a mean retreat? 520
that drawn ſword? and whence the diſ-
nal cry?
le diſtraction through the family?
lord threaten, and my lady weep,
mbling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
at gay *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent? 525
ends the *daughter's* deſtin'd match prevent?
e whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
ing, but laſt night—my lady *play'd*.

But wanders not my Sat
Is *this* too owing to the lov
Thou h now your hearts or
'Twas firſt a *vain-devotion* t
Nor ceaſe we *here*, ſince 'ti
The torrent ſweeps all wor
This may be ſaid, in honou
That none now ſtand *diſtin*

If ſin you muſt, take na
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe t
Ye fair apoſtates from love
Can nothing *raviſh*, but a
Can cards alone your glowi
Muſt Cupid learn to *punt*,
When you're enamour'd of
What can the *preacher* mor
Why muſt ſtrong youths a
They find no woman diſcn
Why pine the *marry'd?*—(
They find from play no di
Flavia, at lovers falſe, *unt*
Turns pale, and trembles a
Nor Arria's Bib e can ſecu
Her threeſcore years are ſt
While *death* ſtands by, bui
To ſweep *that ſtake*, in juſt
Like old cards ting'd with
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſoci
Ye gods! with *new* deligh
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave

Sons, brothers, fathers cloſe
In my complaint, and bra
Yet I believe, as firmly a
In ſpite of all our wiſdom
Our pride ſo great, our p
Advice to *right* confirms u
I hear you cry, "This ſe
When *you* chaſtiſe, who w
But I've a charm your an
And turn your eyes with

The charm begins! To
That burſts o'er gloomy I
What guardian power o e
awe?
Her deeds are precepts, h
'Midſt empire's charms,
Glows with the love of vi
Her favour is diffus'd to
Exceſs of goodneſs! it ha
When in my page, to ba
Or godlike deeds were
thoughts,
She ſmil'd, induſtrious tc
From whom my pen the

Thus * the majeſtic m
To her own charms moſt
On the green margin inn
And gaz d indulgent on
Survey'd the ſtranger in
And, ſmiling, prais'd the

* M

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Hon. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

"Carmina tum mellus, cum venerit ipſe, canemus." VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inſpire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where Brunſwick's glory crowns the whole deſign!
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known;
To *give*, and *take*, a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd to ſee
This flood of Britiſh folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murdering ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my Muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder phrenzy chuſe;
Who, ſlung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and *humankind* their prey.
The Grecian chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his pride,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he roars into a God!
Stand faſt, Olympus! and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted countries! and what crimſon ſeas!
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſterous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the ſtorm,
Or *famine* or *volcano*? They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth, and peſtilence, to ſhare the crown.
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thouſands*, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A nation cruſh'd, a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *hum in chaos*, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty theſe! Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way:
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle nature, and ſubſiſt on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and ſuch again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe my Muſe! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let Criſpino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
How commentators each dark paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the ſun.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
His ſins to Lucifer not half ſo dear.
How Verſus is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.
How lawyers fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport;
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer flies, ſhake off again,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſign; for Ponſon's at the gate.
The love of fame in its *effect* ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung! be now the cauſe diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

i above, by heaven's indulgence, came
us ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
o raise, to deify, mankind,
brightest in the noblest mind.
il'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were
d;
aise first broke the *patriot's* rest;
bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
ll in fields and senate shine.
can prove its origin divine?

this passion planted in the soul,
wings to mount her to the pole,
g minister of *virtue* meant,
gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
id beauties, an alternate source;
n rails, that raven of the pit,
s upon the carcases of wit;
loving Scarborough is seen
a pattern Pope *might* have been.
fame with pedants fills our schools,
xcomb's burnishes our *fools*;
fame makes solid learning bright,
on lifts above a mortal height;
f nature by whose wit she clears
long secrets of five thousand years.

ou then fully comprehend the whole,
in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
gh in all not equally, she reigns;
knowledge, and attend my strains.
rs! hear the doctrine I disclose,
s if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
er'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
mator usher'd it to light.

n, in the *truly noble mind*,
r-virtue is for ever join'd;
d Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:
long rebell'd in firm disdain,
word pointed at her heart in vain;
n the slave was threaten'd to be laid
er side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
er minds ambition works alone;
such art puts virtue's aspect on,
more like in feature and in mien,
and mortal in the comic scene. *
us, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
le the Roman liberties his prize.
sk in *basest minds* ambition wears,
ll light pricks up her ass's ears:
e sung are instances of *this*,
ve my theme unfolded not amiss.
n! desist from your erroneous strife;
and quit the *false* sublime of life.
ambition there alone resides,
ffice vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
ward dignity joins *outward* state;
ose good, as our *atchievement* great;
ublic *blessings* public *praise* attend;
glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.

Would'st thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.

Behold a Prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame*:
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *sudden* foe to splendor and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can foster affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise

Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives;
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves* *.
E'en storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Stiles Britain's sovereign sovereign of the *sea*.

While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Deprived of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*!
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the surge, and fight the storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the *civil* storm,

* Amphitryon.

* The king in danger by sea.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF

THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING.

TO

THE KING.

I.

OLD Ocean's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly Britiſh theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare compleat,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's King.

II.

To Gods and Kings,
The poet ſings;
To kings and Gods the Muſe is dear;
The Muſe inſpires
With all her fires;
Begin, my ſoul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful ſtate,
From high debate,
From morning-ſplendors of a crown,
From homage pay'd,
From empires weigh'd
From plans of bleſſings and renown;

IV.

Great Monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To Thee I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
With proud deſign
In verſe to ſhine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

V.

The Roman Ode
Majeſtic flow'd;
Its ſtream divinely clear and ſtrong;
In ſenſe and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a Northern iſle;
Late time ſhall know
The North can glow,
If dread Auguſtus deign to ſmile.

VII.

The work is done!
The diſtant ſun
His ſmile ſupplies! exalts my voice!
Through Earth's wide bound
Shall George reſound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

VIII.

The Naval crown
Is all his own!
Our Fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the main
Sublimes my ſtrain,
To whom ſhould I addreſs my ſong?
To whom but Thee?
The boundleſs *Sea*,
And grateful Muſe, to George belong.

X.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If Gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail ſubject new!
As Britain's due
Reſerv'd by the Pierian maid.

XI.

Durſt Homer's Muſe,
Or Pindar's, chuſe
To pour the billows on the ſtring?
No, both defraud
The tuneful God;
Scarce more ſublime, when Jove they ſing.

XII.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pauſe, and now freſh muſic ſpring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now ſweep,
And fetch the ſound from every ſtring.

XIV.

Now numbers riſe,
Like virgin's ſighs;
The ſoft Favonians melt away;
As from the North
Now ruſhes forth
A blaſt, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

XV.

s I file
arious toil;
turn the glowing lines;
ils neat
rokes repeat;
oke the work refines!

XVI.

usic charms!
ietre warms!
tions good and brave!
ice it tames!
orth inflames!
roud empire o'er the grave!

XVII.

ark'd for man
y ſpan,
wings to fly his doom;
rus the grave;
he gave
lods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

ears will fly,
ſures die,
y, as years advance;
while life laſts,
rs blaſts
ng fate, and fickle chance;

XIX.

is long;
we throng,
leaves, death's pallid ſhore;
e, at leaſt,
he *beſt*,
untom, Fame, we ſoar.

XX.

ins divide
rel's pride;
e lift to life, we live;
enroll'd
roes bold,
bleſſings which we give.

XXI.

ro's praiſe
my lays,
h whom my lay begun?
ſincere,
ourage clear,
ro columns of his throne.

XXII.

form'd for ſway!
look, obey;
the Monarch in his port.
love and awe
the law;
n laſtre makes the court;

XXIII.

" But ſhines ſupreme,
" Where heroes flame;
" In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
" By godlike arts
" Enthron'd in hearts,
" Our boſom-lord o'er wills preſides."

XXIV.

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's ſons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded proſpect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As ſteps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with eaſe, aſcend.

XXVI.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great, to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But Gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in Kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines, and ſhines *alone*?
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the ſun, 'tis Britain's throne.

XXVIII.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like Britiſh oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While intereſt wings
Bold foreign Kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XXX.

At his proud foot
The Sea pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence wealth, and ſtate,
And power, and—Fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

OCEAN;

AN ODE.

CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

" Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap
" their hands."
PSAL. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of flocks and green!
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſtening pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs tide!
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling ſeas
Dance on, in meaſure, to the ſhore.

III.

Who ſings the ſource
Of wealth and force?
Vaſt field of commerce and big war:
Where wonders dwell,
Where terrors ſwell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aſpire?
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my ſong reply!
I lead the choir.
And they conſpire
With voice and ſhell to lift it high;

VI.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair;
Their verdant treſſes pour behind.
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And Orpheus' ſkill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's ſtrain;
As Triton's ſtrong, as Syren's ſweet.

IX.

Through nature wide,
Is nought deſery'd
So rich in pleaſure, or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How ſweet the ſcene!
How dreadful, when the billows riſe.

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air.

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And huſh'd in peace
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their cozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſea!
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, center-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the towering wave!

XV.

Now, ſpins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the
Now, ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the ſhro

X

XVI.

ıer burns!
returns!
once more the ſeas and ſkies;
ıce between
ɔſom green,
ıd the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

ɔrthern blaſt,
atter'd maſt,
ıe whirlpool, and the rock,
eaking ſpout,
ars gone out,
ſtreight, the monſters ſhock,

XVIII.

hers fear;
ıtain dear
romotes her daring claim;
terrors charm,
keep her warm
honeſt gain or fame.

XIX.

ars are bright
ar the night,
through ſhadows temper'd fire;
hœbus flames
burniſh'd beams,
e adore, and all admire.

XX.

en the ſeas
ıne by theſe?
tys! thou art not outſhone
kinder beams,
ɔfter gleams,
wears them as thy own.

XXI.

ſet in green,
ſtars are ſeen,
ich! thy charms to wrap;
/hen the ſun
:e has run,
ımour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

clouds, whoſe dyes
the ſkies,
ſnow, that pearly rain;
hœbus ſtole
ıce the pole,
r of th' invaded main!

XXIII.

ıudy bow,
: colours glow,
ı with ſo much ſkill is bent,
ıœbus' ray,
h paints ſo gay,
: watery woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale luſtre throws;
The wealth immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From Indian mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore.
The tempeſts riſe.
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains
" Ah! cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou watery waſt
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er?
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home:
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

XXVIII.

Gold pleaſure buys;
But pleaſure dies,
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys:
Though raptures court,
The ſenſe is ſhort;
But virtue kindles living joys:

XXIX.

Joys felt alone!
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miſs;
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Though fates reſiſt,
And unprecarious endleſs bliſs!

XXX.

The ſoul refin'd
Is moſt inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All Vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And Virtue is the child of Senſe.

XXXI.

The virtuous mind
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planets fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone,

XXXII. This

XXXII.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous paſſions and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends

XXXIII.

What end ſo great
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the *main*.
Which towering roſe
With George to cloſe,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand deſign;
That voice ſhall rear
Yon * *fabrick fair*,
As Nature's roſe at the *divine*.

XXXV.

When nature ſprung,
Bleſt angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly,
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſterous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes aſcend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns ſwell! wide gates unfold!

XXXVII.

So ſleeps the grain,
In foſtering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove deſcend;
Then burſts the root!
The verdures ſhoot!
And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempeſt ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing ſhadows o'er.

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And, o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſtening youth, to martial rage.

* Greenwich.

XL.

The ſtory done,
Their ſetting ſun,
Serenely ſmiling down the Weſt
In ſoft decay,
They drop away;
And Honour leads them to their reſt.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
And falſely they!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long enjoyment is diſtreſs.

XLII.

What charms us moſt,
Our joy, our boaſt,
Familiar, loſes all its gloſs;
And gold refin'd
The fated mind
Faſtidious turns to perfect droſs.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The panting mariner regains,
What tranſport flows
From bare repoſe!
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding ſheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What powerful charm
Can death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy ſo proud,
Our ſhout ſo loud,
Without a charm the dead might heat:
And ſee, they rouze!
Their awful brows,
Deep-ſcar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

XLVII.

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full-blaſted, tell
That all your watery realms ſhould ring;
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

XLVI

XLVIII.

ſtars
riners,
virtues pleaſe,
vite
'd fight,
ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLIX.

oth!
ſtrong growth,
natives hardy mind;
ven beſpoke
s, and oak,
er to mankind.

L.

eſt birth
g earth,
hat daughter proud,
coaſts
ur boaſts.
pleaſure ſpeaks aloud.

LI.

with war
e from far,
their Fate demand;
ptuous ſpoils
foils
ſom of our land.

LII.

ritain lays
and weighs
ngdoms and of kings;
e frowns,
on crowns
of glory ſprings.

LIII.

an ſwells
ns and rills,
orders lifts them high;
ithdraws
ty cauſe,
ir famiſh'd channels dry.

LIV.

, how frail,
to fail,
re of mankind!
leſtroys
ning joys,
s glory fires my mind.

LV.

can gaze
ſe ſeas,
life's more reſtleſs ſtate?
are toſs'd,
are loſt
ſion, blaſts of fate?

LVI.

The world's the main,
How vext! how vain!
Ambition ſwells, and Anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiſeleſs ſhore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public ſcene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me deſpiſe!
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience riſe;

LVIII.

All tender ſenſe
Is baniſh'd thence,
All maiden nature's firſt alarms
What ſhock'd before
Diſguſts no more,
And what diſguſted has its charms.

LIX.

In landſkips green
True bliſs is ſeen,
With Innocence, in ſhades, ſhe ſports;
In wealthy towns,
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow ſmiles in courts.

LX.

Theſe ſcenes untry'd
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breaſt
Till Wiſdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me pleaſure was in reſt.

LXI.

"O may I ſteal
"Along the vale
"Of humble life, ſecure from foes!
"My friend ſincere!
"My judgment clear!
"And gentle buſineſs my repoſe!

LXII.

"My mind be ſtrong
"To combat wrong!
"Grateful, O King! for favours ſhown!
"Soft to complain
"For others' pain!
"And bold to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII.

"(When Fortune's kind)
"Acute to find,
"And warm to reliſh every boon!
"And wiſe to ſtill,
"Fantaſtic ill,
"Whoſe frightful ſpectres ſtalk at noon!

LXIV. "No

LXIV.

" No fruitleſs toils!
" No brainleſs broils!
" Each moment level'd at the mark!
" Our day ſo ſhort
" Invites no ſport;
" Be ſad and ſolemn when 'tis dark.

LXV.

" Yet Prudence ſtill
" Rein thou my will!
" What's moſt important, make moſt dear!
" For 'tis in this,
" Reſides true bliſs;
" True bliſs, a deity ſevere!

LXVI

" When temper leans
" To gayer ſcenes,
" And ſerious life void moments ſpares,
" The ſylvan chace
" My ſinews brace!
" Or ſong unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII.

" Nor ſhun, my ſoul!
" The genial bowl,
" Where mirth, good-nature, ſpirit, flow!
" Ingredients theſe,
" Above, to pleaſe
" The laughing gods, the wiſe, below.

LXVIII.

" Though rich the vine,
" More wit, than wine,
" More ſenſe, that wit, good-will than art,
" May I provide!
" Fair Truth, my pride!
" My joy, the converſe of my heart!

LXIX.

" The gloomy brow,
" The broken vow,
" To diſtant climes, ye gods! remove!
" The nobly-ſoul'd
" Their commerce hold
" With words of truth, and looks of love!

LXX.

" O glorious aim!
" O wealth ſupreme!
" Divine benevolence of ſoul!
" That greatly glows,
" And freely flows,
" And in one bleſſing graſps the whole!

LXXI.

" Prophetic ſchemes,
" And golden dreams
" May I, unſanguine, caſt away!
" Have, what I have!
" And live, not leave,
" Enamour'd of the preſent day!

LXXII.

" My hours my own!
" My faults unknown!
" My chief revenue in content!
" Then, leave one beam
" Of honeſt fame!
" And ſcorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

" Unhurt my urn!
" Till that great turn
" When mighty Nature's ſelf ſhall die.
" Time ceaſe to glide,
" With human pride,
" Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in Regal
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a pri
great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance fl
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow
At length misfortunes take their turn to rei
And ills on ills ſucceed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and w
The ſword wide-wafting, the reproachful t
And ſpotted plagues, that mark'd his li
o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for

A change ſo ſad what mortal here could
Exhauſted woe had left him nought to fea
But gave him all to grief. Low earth h
Wept in the duſt, and ſorely ſmote his br
His friends around the deep affliction m

Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan re
In anguiſh of their hearts their mantles re
And ſeven long days in ſolemn ſilence ſp
A debt of reverence to diſtreſs ſo great!
Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd

His day of birth, its inauſpicious light,
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night
And blotted from the year; nor fears to
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the
That ſeat of peace, that manſion of repo
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foe
Where counſellors are hush'd, and migh
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched

His words were daring, and diſple
friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defend
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix' in opinion, both refuſed to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field

t length their arguments were wrought,
h'd the laſt extent of human thought :
nſued.—When, lo ! heaven interpos'd,
lly the long contention clos'd.
heir heads, with terrible ſurprize,
whirlwind blacken'd all the ſkies :
, and trembled !) from the darkneſs
ke
voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke :
ves his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
my conduct, and reproves my reign ;
is thought againſt me from the duſt,
he World's Creator what is juſt ?
brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
emand, and give it a reply :
lſt Thou dwell at nature's early birth ?
foundations for the ſpacious *earth* ?
s ſurface did extend the line,
etermine, and its bulk confine ?
the corner-ſtone ? What hand, declare,
n nought, and faſten'd it on air ;
bright morning ſtars in concert ſung,
ven's high arch with loud hoſannahs
g.
ung ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
ide concave thunder'd with the ſound ?
umerous *kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd
m all ?
hy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball ?'
'd the *mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,
its ſhadow into diſtant lands ?
retching forth his ſceptre o'er the *deep*,
ide world in due ſubjection keep ?
globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow ſide,
baſon for the floods provide ;
hem with my word ; the boiling ſea,
in tempeſts hears my great decree ;
r, thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd ;
re, O main, be thy proud billows
'd "
ou explor'd the *ſecrets* of the deep,
ut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures
p ?
wn a thouſand fathoms from the day,
e great fountain mother of the ſea ?
my paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
lds of waters rolling o'er thy head ?
cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee ?
noſt chambers didſt Thou ever ſee ?
at his tremendous gate, and wade
k portal through th' incumbent ſhade ?
thoſe ſhades ; but ſhades ſtill deeper
:
le from the ken of human pride.
dwells the *light* ? in what refulgent
e ?
has *darkneſs* made her diſmal home ?
v'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is
ight
'd wiſdom, through long ages brought ;
e was call'd forth when Thou waſt by
eing roſe beneath thine eye !
lll.

Are miſts begotten ? Who their father knew ?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew ?
To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can
bea ſt,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *froſt* ?
Whoſe powerful breath, from northern regions
blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone ?
A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte ?
Thou know'ſt Me not ; thy blindneſs cannot
ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft ? Canſt
Thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow ;
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with
night ?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them
roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole ?
Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain ?
Who, in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile ?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er
ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhower, who lifts his hand on
high,
And ſhut the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains and her ruſſet plains ;
But, new in life, a chearful proſpect yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields ;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth & heaven are fill'd with rich perfume ?
Haſt Thou e'er ſeal'd my wintry ſkies, and
ſeen
Of *hail* and *ſnows* my northern magazine ?
Theſe the dread treaſures of mine anger are,
My ſtands of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and ſtorms at my com-
mand
Rage through the world, or waſte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the centre with his eaſtern blaſt ?
Who from the ſkies can a whole deluge pour ?
Who ſtrikes through nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball ?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
Who drew the *Comet* out to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies ?
Did thy reſentment hang him out ? Does he
Glare on the nation, and denounce, from Thee ?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *ſtars* along th' ethereal plain ?
Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force ?
Canſt thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the Pleiades to ſhine in vain ;

Or, when Orion ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt Thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich powers inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, Chaldæan Sire, thy ſurprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart and down-caſt eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
"My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
"And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt Thou thunder with a voice like Mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When this is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and mayſt undaunted ſtand,
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What worlds haſt thou produ'd, what creatures fram'd:
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild Raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the ſtupid Oſtrich has ſubdued
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky:
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpee
She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.
How rich the Peacock! what bright glories r
From plume to plume ſpread and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day:
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplay
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the Hawk to find, in ſeaſons w
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year ſhe mounts
wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behin
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams and leaves ill days to men.
Though ſtrong the Hawk, though practi
well to fly,
An Eagle drops her in a lower ſky;
An Eagle, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion liſt,
So high in air, and ſet her on the cliff,
Where far above *thy* world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks
own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurv
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey?
She feaſts her young with blood; and, hover
o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* g
Know'ſt Thou how many moons, by Me
ſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain Goat, and foreſt Hin
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their p
Hale are their young, from human frailties fre
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted freed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm
Take the wide world, with nature for their gu
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glac
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.
Will th' tall Reem, which knows no l
but Me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmo
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void
care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the wild-Aſs diſcha
And break his bonds, and bid him live at lar
Through the wide waſte, his ample manſi
roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,

in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
us of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
ctening driver, and the ſervile rein.
y the warlike Horſe! didſt Thou inveſt
under his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
adful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
the vale he proudly takes delight,
imph- in the ſulneſs of his might;
is'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
ns to plunge amid the raging war;
ocks at death, and throws his foam
ind,
ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
s his firm, his riſing heart, advance
he brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
s fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
nd return the lightning of the field!
the ſenſe of pain in generous pride,
the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
hs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
h; and when he groans, he groans his
ercer ſtill, the lordly Lion ſtalks,
najeſtic in his lonely walks;
und he glares, all living creatures fly;
s the deſart with his rolling eye.
rtal, does he rouſe at thy command,
to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
is gloomy den the morſel throw.
nt on death lie hid his tawny brood
h'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
ch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
ſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
le moon they take their deſtin'd round,
their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
cks and dying groans the deſart fill;
e, they rend; their ravenous jaws diſtil
imſon foam; and, when the banquet's
de away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
lders at the talon in the duſt.
my Behemoth, though large his frame;
his temper, and repreſt his flame,
provok'd. This native of the flood
broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
ks beneath him, as he moves along
he herbs, and mingle with the throng.
what ſtrength his harden'd loins are
id,
proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
a mountain cedar moves his tail!
his complicated ſinews fail.
and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
majeſtic and his armed jaw
wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.
untains feed him; there the beaſts ad-
hty ſtranger, and in dread retire,
his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
and marſhes are his cool retreat,
tide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.
Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair Leviathan command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become Thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?
Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might:
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand valleys fills,
And Mine the herds that graze a thouſand hills;
Earth, ſea, and air, all nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vye,
Thou, who doſt tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my large Leviathan ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wondrous ſize.
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhal'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,

Writhes in the ſun aloft the ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.
In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.
His *like* earth bears not on her ſpacious face;
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes every ſwoln, diſdainful heart ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.
Then the Chaldæan eas'd his labouring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
"Thou canſt accompliſh All things, Lord of Might:
"And every thought is naked to Thy ſight.
"But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
"Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
"Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Power;
"But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful hour.
"O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
"Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to Thee.
"Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt Thine anger more:
"Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

MISCELLANIES.

On MICHAEL ANGELO's famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION;

Who is ſaid to have ſtabbed a perſon that he might draw it more naturally.

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring Artiſt, cruelly ſerene,
Views the pale cheek and the diſtorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and deaf to cries,
Examines every ſpirit as it flies:
He ſtudies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up every pang repeats his blow;
Each riſing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm tranſplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature wrought:
Such wondrous force the magic colours boaſt,
From his own ſkill he ſtarts in horror loſt.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we ſee! is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will poſterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Riſe in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illuſtrious deeds in diſtant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raiſe in your ſoul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and conſecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you ſubdue,
And Cæſar fought, and Cato bled for you.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n Perſeus may behold.
Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome ſwift thunder flew.
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene! What then muſt Perſeus feel,
To ſee Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:
To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe,
From ſuch a ſource!—An emperors embrace!
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and what is worſe,
He well *deſerv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curſe;

fcern'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
rom home, and in a vaſſal's power:
he k reſted on his ſhameful chain,
to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
tards, no comfort ſoothe his doom,
ne tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
ut empire falling ſhares his fate:
e forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
ns aſk—where Alexander reign'd.
woes a prince's crime purſue,
bleſſings are his virtue's due.
itons ſhout—auſpicious fortune bleſs!
Long live—*Our title to ſucceſs!*

TTER TO MR. TICKELL.

OCCASIONED

E DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
SEPH ADDISON, Esq. 1719.

"nunc eris alter ab illo." VIRG.

NG with me in Oxford groves conſin'd,
ſocial arts and ſacred friendſhip join'd;
ſorrow, and fair Iſis' boaſt,
n her ſide, but fortunately loſt;
ted aid, my dear companion! bring,
h me thy departed friend to ſing:
g theme! once powerful to inſpire,
to melt, the Muſes mournful choir:
d now firſt we freely dare commmend
eſt worth, nor ſhall our praiſe offend.
he bloom'd amid the learned train,
ſh'd Iſis liſten'd to his ſtrain.
ſhe cry'd, old Maro's Muſe appears,
om her ſlumber of two thouſand years:
h'd charms to Addiſon ſhe brings,
n his thought, and in his number ſings.
tranſported his pure claſſic page;
id forget their climate and their age.
itate, when now his riſing fame was
nown,
ival'd genius challeng'd for her own,
ld that one, for ſcenes of action ſtrong,
et a life evaporate in ſong.
h and ſtrength the brighteſt charms diſ-
enſe,
ie bloſſom of the ſoundeſt ſenſe:
, how few, with lofty thoughts inſpir'd,
ickneſs pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
ious pride their own importance find,
themſelves, as the hard world is blind!
y eſteem a gay but worthleſs power,
ht amuſement of a leiſure hour;
ful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
: Wiſdom wears the bright diſguiſe.
Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
ſhe toy'd and trifled with his charms,
ew not that a god was in her arms.
greateſt excellence of thought could boaſt,
n, too, have been diſtinguiſh'd moſt:
mmers knew, and Addiſon ſent forth
e malignant regions of the North,
To be matur'd in more indulgent ſkies,
Where all the vigour of the ſoul can riſe;
Through warmer veins where ſprightlier ſpirits
run,
And ſenſe enliven'd ſparkles in the ſun.
With ſecret pain the prudent patriot gave,
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the ſtars reſign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in ſea and wind.
Auſonia ſoon receiv'd her wondering gueſt,
And equal wonder in her turn confeſs'd,
To ſee her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her luſtre beaming from a northern ſoul:
In like ſurprize was her Æneas loſt,
To find his picture grace a foreign coaſt.
Now the wide field of Europe he ſurveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires
weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and conſummate thought;
Great work! by Naſſau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a ſupport,
Wiſe in her ſenate, graceful in her court;
And, when the public welfare would permit,
The ſource of learning, and the ſoul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muſe is fond to name,
And kindles conſcious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright!
How early didſt thou catch his radiant light!
By him inſpir'd, how ſhine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On ſome warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A roſe-bud opens to a ſummer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride diſplays,
And ſhews th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her boys, was once a barren tree;
We now, ſurpriz'd, her fruitful branches ſee;
Or, orange-like, till his auſpicious time
It grew indeed, but ſhiver'd in our clime:
He firſt the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her uſe.
When looſe from public cares the grove he
ſought,
And fill'd the leiſure interval with thought,
The various labours of his eaſy page,
A chance amuſement poliſh'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old Bards could ſcarce invent,
Who durſt to frame a world by accident.
What he has ſung, how early, and how well,
The Thames ſhall boaſt, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more ſublime remains in ſtore,
Since ſuch his talents, that he ſung no more.

No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the ſea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works tranſcend,
But their fair purpoſe and important end;
To rouze the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To ſteel the patriot in great Brunſwick's cauſe;
With virtue's charms to kindle ſacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliſs above,
Where hadſt thou room, great Author! where to
roll
The mighty theme of an immortal ſoul?

Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
" How could a mortal essence think so well?"
But why so large in the Great Writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, christian, and the friend!
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.
In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And, as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.
But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend?
Think not, O Patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown,
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLIS! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Though station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song,
Which peradventure may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature!
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis power's supreme perogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou may'st give life to virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britania's welfare from divine support.
Such deeds the minister, the prince, adorn;
No power is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right;
And where's the statesman but would shew his power?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious followers; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
You' savage mountaineers are tame to these.
Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to reason's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though some seem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and interests spread
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival interests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimest theme; and needful as sublime,
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!)
Thus every statesman thought that ever—ey'd

'piration in a fable hour,
's approach makes politicians wife.
thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;
al favour, as an ebbing ſea,
iathan, his grandeur left,
g grandeur! naked on the ſtrand,
human, doubtful of divine,
; no more wallowing in his wealth,
proud foams of inſolence no more,
then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
beneath the level of a man?
and article, the ſum of things!
of the firſt magnitude! that point
inted in a court, but rarely reach;
ted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
t to judge; then chuſe; then perſe-
e,
is if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.—
eſe are politics will ſtand the teſt,
r politics their maſters ſting,
ſmen fain would ſhrink to common
n.
eſe are politics will anſwer now,
ommon men would fain to ſtateſmen
ell)
Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
ze the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
ever'd, or terrible in arms,
ued with an invincible ally,
neſt counſels never fail to fix
of an unabandon'd land;
hat ſtarts at ſuch a land as this,
ient, ſo principled, will ſink
it ſchools of empire in diſgrace,
ain's glory, riſing from the dead,
he world, loud Fame's ſuperior ſong.
!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
the blood, though frozen in our veins;
he ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
'd of the glorious face of death.
—there's noble magic in the ſound.
luſtrious images ariſe!
i, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
y land, at home, in foreign climes,
-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
t trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
iſh? Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
!—I wrong my countrymen: they
ake;
ts the pulſe: the noble pulſe of war
hat ancient meaſure, that grand march
en prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
y battle paid for heroes ſlain.
our great fore-fathers ſtain our cheeks
ſhes; their renown our ſhame no more
ry garb, and ſudden arms,
Old Britain; croſiers are laid by;
elds the ſword, and griculture leaves
turn'd furrow: other harveſt fire
avarice, avarice of renown!
els are the growth of every field,
t courts is our commotion felt;

And leſs like gods ſit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt, heart, deſcends,
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix diſplay'd
Fools think heaven purchas'd by the blood they
ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt faints
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture, where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themſelves with earth content:
What modeſty!—ſuch virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe hearts from
hell!
And ſhall a Pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that
ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty and Truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain ſtill:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent heaven!
Nature's anointed empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe
crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the
blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power,
From which eſcap'd the mighty Cæſar tri-
umph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!
This terror of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
This ſmall iſle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with
awe!
Which ſays to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our anceſtors' great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-Britiſh deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiouſly profan'd,
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the continent, that world of ſlaves,
This temple built by heaven's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,

With ocean pour'd around it for its guard.
And dedicated, long, to liberty,
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of ſtill more divine; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames.
Like gold, to take anew truth's heavenly ſtamp,
And (riſing both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd Maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword,
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, Albion's crimes?
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes?
Where are her foes moſt fatal? Bliſhing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a ſigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If heaven reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts!
Would'ſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark;
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and every future ſtorm?
Give it that baliaſt which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt:
Thus ſtrengthen Britain's military ſtrength:
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I!"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies, and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd, diſarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travel'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,
By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While heaven commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength;
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of heaven."
O Britain! often rescued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace!
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow,
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy truſt repoſe in a far ſtronger guard;
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could ſtrenghten; ruin'd, could reſtore.
How oft to tell what arm defends thine iſle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war deſpair'd?
How oft has providential ſuccour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt;
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind heaven! avert events
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought!
Or pious coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays Reaſon eagle-eyed?
Nay what ſays Common Senſe, with common care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict, one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
"From politics, to build the public peace,
"The baſis is the manners of the land.
"When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
"But ſtruggle with deſtruction, as a child
"With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
"The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
"Or military phantoms void of force,
"But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
"The ſcent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
"The ſtench of profligates!) ſoon lures them back;
"On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
"Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
"Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
"Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our ſpoils,
"Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
"Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,

weight, and deeper its impreſs
ferior, paſſive to the ſtroke:
ourt-mint, of hearts the current coin,
reſſes, but the pattern drives.
s then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong
ouble duty, are the great!
re manlonath it can burſt them all? 325
reat minds that ſtand in need of none,
ſe beats virtue, and whoſe generous
d
l motives to puſh on renown,
n of their glorious fires,
roils down the conſecrated ſtream 330
good ſeeds in the glad people's hearts,
l tares, like Satan in the text;
a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate;
(like a wizard in his cell)
cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge 336
oracles, and real lies,
rhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
gi relics riding poſt from Rome,
ero riſing from the dead, 340
ing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
ur ſuitable from lower ſtill,
theſe concurring to the charm,
ſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate,
r ancient honours by the root, 345
e boaſt of ages, the reverd
, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth
illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
ys, and her Blenheims) in the duſt.
ift this ſtrike a horror through the
ift, 350
every generous breaſt where honour
ns,
every breaſt where honour claims a
e!
rough every breaſt of honour void!
ht might animate the dregs of men;
em into ſpirit: give them fire 355
e cauſe, the ſlack opprobrious cauſe,
f ail! corruption at our hearts.
k of empire has the ſtream of time
her vices, from the mountain height
ir, deify'd by half mankind,] 360
livion's melancholy lake,
infamy's eternal brand!
nes, at which ſurrounding nations
k,
s ador'd, a nuiſance! or forgot!
caprice of a doubtful die, 356
s courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
y, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
s is the baſis of the world,
doms ſtand or fall by the decree.
theſe eyes, ſurpriz'd?—Yet why ſur-
'd?—
ine the criſis fram'd to call, 371
ivine was the mobition given!
alk'd the night in troubled thought,
liſturb'd by rumours from the North,
der o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
gnal of ſome ſtrange event, 375
groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
ll.

Albion the fair ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe reign is, now, conteſted by her foes.
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

" Ye ſtates! and empires! nor of empires
leaſt
" Though leaſt in ſize; hear, Britain! thou
whoſe lot,
" Whoſe final lot, is in the balance laid,
" Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales,
" Nor know'it thou which will win.—Know
then from me,
" As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
" State-miniſters, as upright or corrupt, 390
" Are balm or poiſon in a nation's veins;
" Health or diſtemper, haſten or retard
" The period of her pride, her day of doom:
" And though, for cauſes obvious to the wiſe,
" Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men, 395
" Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
" 'Tis fix'd! by fate irrevocably fix'd!
" Virtue and Vice are empire's life and death."
Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her death-bed?—No, that groan 400
Was utter'd by her foes—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who rule!
With reverence read; with ſtedfaſtneſs believe;
With courage act as ſuch belief inſpires; 405
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like Fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of time,
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.
While deep beyond your monument's proud
baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!); give Vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein; 415
Quench every ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls,
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins, 420
To demons, by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius, down the
gulf, 425
Down narrow-minded ſelf's voracious gulf,
Which gapes and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſaves
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end; 430
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpiſ'd,
On diſbelievers—of the ſtateſman's Creed.
Note, here, my Lord (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all) theſe truths political 435

Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,
The Chriſtian creed. Are you ſurpriz'd?—Attend;
And on the ſtateſman's build a nobler name.
This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicles abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
What is it but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—"That they who ſtates compoſe,
"That men who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
"Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, ſimilarly deals
With ſtates and perſons, or he were not God;
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern here of univerſal right.
What, then, ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as prieſts:
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; theſe pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there are better ſcholars here,
Who travel hiſtory in queſt of ſchemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;
May be ſurpriz'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares
Nor is Divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen found but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Ase this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuſe
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What's the next world? A ſupplement of this:
Without it, Juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? as ſure as Right
Sits in heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.

What hence reſults? a truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
"Religion crowns the ſtateſman and the man,
"Sole ſource of public and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own, and therefore will,
And praiſe and preach it too:—and when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound?
But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the Dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inſpir'd),
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and ſacred, drown the muſe,
Though loud and far out-threat her threatening ſong.
Still farther, Holles! ſuffer me to plead
That I ſpeak freely as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus what ſeem'd my preſumption is thy praiſe.
Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whoſe clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor ſhall the verſe, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every Britiſh breaſt true glory riſe,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To cloſe, my Lord! with that which all ſhould cloſe
And all begin, and ſtrike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd.—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious after night's incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious for bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the firſt feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend)
Though the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the ſun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
There ſtateſmen and their monarchs, (names of awe)
And diſtance here ſhall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION OF PART OF JOB.

BY DR. COBDEN.

! Poem, which, originally great,
l long ſuſtain'd poor Job's unhappy
te,
im its grandeur, clad in mean array,
ie duſt of proſe inglorious lay;
n now ſhines, with former greatneſs
eſt,
s native majeſty confeſs'd.

EPITAPH

LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK,

WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1746.

LST Britain boaſts her empire o'er the deep,
ble ſhall compel the brave to weep:
Britons, and as ſoldiers, mourn;
tleſs loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
re his manners, as his ſoul was great,
his worth though immature his fate;
ler grace that joy and love inſpires,
ie mingled with his martial fires:
e bid Britannia's thunders roar;
n ſtill felt him, when he breath'd no
ore.

EPITAPH

WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

F fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honeſt man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deſerves the greateſt.
An example
lone through all the clouds of fortune,
Induſtrious in low eſtate,
Scorn and reproach of thoſe above him.
To lay this little ſtone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
he poliſh'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp!
turf o'er virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

AS the occaſion of this Poem was real, not fictitious; ſo the method purſued in it, was rather impoſed, by what ſpontaneouſly aroſe in the author's mind on that occaſion, than meditated or deſigned. Which will appear very probable from the nature of it For it differs from the common mode of Poetry, which is from long narrations to draw ſhort morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is ſhort, and the morality ariſing from it makes the bulk of the Poem. The reaſon of it is, That the facts mentioned did naturally pour theſe moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO

THE RIGHT. HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW,

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's ſweet reſtorer, balmy *Sleep*,
He, like the world, his ready viſit pays
Where Fortune ſmiles; the wretched he forſakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And light on lids unſullied with a tear.
From ſhort (as uſual) and diſturb'd repoſe,
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infeſt the grave.
I wake, emerging from a ſea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd deſponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* miſery,
At random drove, her helm of reaſon loſt
Though now reſtor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) ſeverer for ſevere.
The *Day* too ſhort for my diſtreſs; and *Night*,
Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is ſunſhine to the colour of my fate.
Night, ſable goddeſs! from her ebon throne,
In rayleſs majeſty, now ſtretches forth
Her leaden ſceptre o'er a ſlumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkneſs, how profound!
Nor eye, nor liſtening ear, an object finds;
Creation ſleeps. 'Tis as the general pulſe
Of life ſtood ſtill, and nature made a pauſe;
An awful pauſe! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be ſoon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can loſe no more.
Silence and darkneſs! ſolemn ſiſters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurſe the tender thought!
To Reaſon, and on Reaſon build Reſolve,
(That column of true majeſty in man)
Aſſiſt me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave, your kingdom: There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of Nature, and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to chear. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of Life and Death;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my Conduct, than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes *One*. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathom-line? a span?
A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain!
Midway from Nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sully'd, and absorpt!
Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
And wondering at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't preserve me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields: or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods: or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companions fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tomb around,
In infidel distress? Are Angels there?
Slumbers rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd: and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desart, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is Shadow, all beyond
Is Substance; the reverse is folly's creed.
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryo's of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,

n into tempeſt wrought,
ier, or to drown a fly.
this cenſure? It o'erwhelms my-
155
heart incruſted by the world!
er'd was my groveling ſoul!
orm, was I wrapt round and round
ht, which rept le Fancy ſpun,
leaſon lay quite clouded o er 160
eit of endleſs comfort here,
th her wings to reach the ſkies!
may be friend (as ſung above);
reams are fatal. How I dreamt
oſſible! Could ſleep do more?)
ual in perpetual change!
ures on the toſſing wave!
ie in the flow'rs of life!
re my noon-tide trances hung
tapeſtries of pictur'd joys! 170
, in endleſs perſpective
toll, whoſe reſtleſs iron tongue
his millions at a meal,
e, and found myſelf undone.
y phrenzy's pompous furniture?
cottage, with its ragged wall
mud, is royalty to me!
oſt attenuated thread
le, to man's tender tie
ſs; it breaks at every breeze. 180
enes of permanent delight!
eaſure! laſting, beyond bound!
of bliſs is bliſs
rich in rapture, fear an end,
thought would drink up all your-
185
paradiſe the realms of light.
dg'd above theſe rolling ſpheres;
fluence of whoſe giddy dance
ſſitude on all beneath.
ith revolutions every hour; 190
r the better; or the beſt,
than the common births of fate.
has its ſickle emulous
ormous ſcythe, whoſe ample ſweep
es from the root; each moment plays
pon in the narrower ſphere
neſtic comfort, and cuts down
bloom of ſublunary bliſs.
lunary bliſs!—proud words, and
ion to divine decree! 200
on of the rights of heaven!
phantoms, and I found them air.
h'd it ere my fond embrace!
f agony had miſs'd my heart!
reat proprietor of all! 'tis thine
empire, and to quench the ſtars.
'elf by thy permiſſion ſhines;
y, thou ſhalt pluck him from his
:.
nighty plunder, why exhauſt
quiver on a mark ſo mean? 210
eculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Inſatiate archer! could not one ſuffice?
Thy ſhaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was
ſlain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
horn
O Cynthia! why ſo pale? Doſt thou lament 215
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to ſee thy
wheel
Of ceaſeleſs change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliſs! from fortune's
ſmile,
Precarious courteſy! not virtue's ſure,
Self-given, ſolar-ray of ſound delight. 220
In every vary'd poſture, place, and hour,
How wi ow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, buſy thought! too buſy for my peace!
Through the dark poſtern of time long elaps'd,
Lcu ſyftly, by the ſtillneſs of the night, 225
Led, like a murderer, (and ſuch it proves!)
Strays wretched rover! o'er the pleaſing paſt;
In queſt of wretchedneſs perverſely ſtrays;
And finds all deſart now; and meets the ghoſts
Of my departed joys; a numerous train! 230
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blaſted cluſters I lament;
I tremble at the bleſſings once ſo dear;
And every pleaſure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the ſun his luſtre but for me,
The ſingle man? Are angels all beſide?
I mourn for millions: 'tis the common lot;
In this ſhape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born, 240
Not more the children, than ſure heirs, of pain.
War, Famine, Peſt, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Inteſtine broils, Oppreſſion, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple braſs, beſiege mankind.
God's image diſinherited of day, 245
Here, plung'd in mines forgets a ſun was made.
There, beings deathleſs as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap deſpair.
Some, for hard maſters, broken under arms, 250
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour ſav'd,
If ſo the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable diſeaſe, (fell pair!)
On hopeleſs multitudes remorſeleſs ſeize 255
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hoſpitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for lack admiſſion there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity! 260
To ſhock us more, ſolicit it in vain!
Ye ſilken ſons of pleaſure! ſince in pains
You rue more modiſh viſits, viſit here,
And breathe from your debauch: give and re-
duce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but ſo great 265
Your impudence, you bluſh at what is right.
Happy! did ſorrow ſeize on ſuch alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue ſave;
Diſeaſe invades the chaſteſt temperance;
And puniſhment the guiltleſs; and alarm, 270

Through thickeſt ſhades, purſues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard, falling, cruſhes him to death.
Not happineſs itſelf makes good her name;
Our very wiſhes give us not our wiſh.
How diſtant oft the thing we doat on moſt,
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The ſmootheſt courſe of nature has its pains;
And trueſt friends, through error, wound our reſt.
Without misfortune, what calamities! 280
And what hoſtilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the beſt on earth.
But endleſs is the liſt of human ills,
And ſighs might ſooner fail, than cauſe to ſigh.

A part how ſmall of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the reſt a waſte,
Rocks, deſarts, frozen ſeas, and burning ſands:
Wild haunts of monſters, poiſons, ſtings, and death,
Such is earth's melancholy map! but, far
More ſad! this earth is a true map of man. 290
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toſs,
Loud ſorrow's howl, invenom'd paſſions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals ſeize.
And threatening fate wide opens to devour. 295

What then am I, who ſorrow for myſelf?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's firſt, laſt leſſon to mankind;
The ſelfiſh heart deſerves the pain it feels. 300
More generous ſorrow, while it ſinks, exalts;
And conſcious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a ſecond channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief. 305
Take then, O World! thy much indebted tear:
How ſad a ſight is human happineſs,
To thoſe whoſe thought can pierce beyond an hour!

O thou! whate'er thou art, whoſe heart exults!
Wouldſt thou I ſhould congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldſt; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The ſalutary cenſure of a friend.
Thou happy wretch! by blindneſs thou art bleſt;
By dotage dandled to perpetual ſmiles. 315
Know, ſmiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;
Thy pleaſure is the promiſe of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor ſevere,
But riſes in demand for her delay;
She makes a ſcourge of paſt proſperity, 320
To ſting thee more, and double thy diſtreſs.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the Syren ſings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to ſecure thy joys. 325
Think not that fear is ſacred to the ſtorm:
Stand on thy guard againſt the ſmiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns? Moſt ſure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards; 330
A call to duty, nor diſcharge from care;
And ſhould alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cauſe and conſequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our deſert;
Awe nature's tumult, and chaſtiſe her joys, 335
Leſt, while we claſp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worſe than ſimple miſery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like boſom friendſhips to reſentment ſour'd,
With rage envenom'd riſe againſt our peace.
Beware what earth calls happineſs; beware
All joys but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on leſs than on immortal baſe,
Fond as he ſeems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, Philander! thy laſt ſigh
Diſſolv'd the charm; the diſenchanted earth
Loſt all her luſtre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waſte; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece 350
Of out-caſt earth, in darkneſs! what a change
From yeſterday! Thy darling hope ſo near,
(Long-labour'd prize) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praiſe. Death's ſubtle ſeed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted ſcheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that roſe ſo red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey! 360

Man's foreſight is conditionally wiſe!
Lorenzo! wiſdom into folly turns
Oft, the firſt inſtant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The preſent moment terminates our ſight;
Clouds, thick as thoſe on doomſday, drown the next; 365
We penetrate, we prophecy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each
Ere mingled with the ſtreaming ſands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is ſworn
Deep ſilence, "Where eternity begins" 370

By nature's law, what may be, may be now;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can riſe,
Than man's preſumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world. 375
For numbers this is certain; the reverſe
Is ſure to none; and yet on this perhaps,
This peradventure, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes; ſpin out eternal ſchemes,
As we the fatal ſiſters could out-ſpin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had beſpoke his ſhroud:
Nor had he cauſe; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as ſudden, not as ſafe! 385
As ſudden, though for years admoniſh'd home.
Of human ills the laſt extreme beware,

orenzo! a ſlow ſudden death.
ful that deliberate ſurprize!
day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
ne fatal precedent will plead;
ill wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
tion is the thief of time;
rear it ſteals, till all are fled,
mercies of a moment leaves
ncerns of an eternal ſcene.
equent, would not This be ſtrange?
frequent, *This* is ſtranger ſtill.
s miraculous miſtakes this bears'
"That all men are about to live,"
the brink of being born.
mſelves the compliment to think
lay ſhall not drivel: and their pride
'erſion takes up ready praiſe;
eir own; their *future* ſelves applaud;
ent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails:
d in *fates*, to *wiſdom* they conſign;
they can't but *purpoſe*, they *poſtpone*;
folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
in human *wiſdom*, to do more.
e is poor dilatory man,
through every ſtage: when young, indeed,
ent we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
for *ourſelves*; and only wiſh,
ſons, our *fathers* were more wiſe.
an *ſuſpects* himſelf a fool;
forty, and reforms his plan;
ides his infamous delay,
prudent purpoſe to *reſolve*;
magnanimity of thought
and re-reſolves: then dies the ſame.
y? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
ink all men mortal, but themſelves;
s, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
rough their wounded hearts the ſudden
ad;
hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
; where, paſt the ſhaft, no trace is
nd.
he *wing*, no ſcar the ſky retains;
wave no furrow from the *keel*;
human hearts the thoughts of death,
the tender tear which nature ſheds
we love, we drop it in their grave.
et Philander? hat were ſtrange!
heart —But ſhould I give it vent,
ſt night, though longer far, would fail,
ark liſten to my *midnight* ſong.
rightly *lark's* ſhrill mattin wakes the
rn;
arp'ſt thorn hard preſſing on my breaſt,
v th wakeful me ody, to chear
gloom, ſweet Philomel: like Thee,
the ſtars to liſten: every ſtar
mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
t vain; there are, who th ne excel,
n through diſtant ages: wrapt in ſhade,
of darkneſs! to the ſilent *hours*,
n I repeat their rage divine,
griefs, and ſteal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your ſtrain;
Or *His*, who made Mæonides our *Own*.
Man too He ſung: *immortal* man I ſing;
Oft burſts my ſong beyond the bounds of life;
What *now*, but immortality can pleaſe?
O had *He* preſs'd his theme, purſued the track,
Which opens out of darkneſs into day!
O had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I ſink, and ſung *immortal* man!
How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcued me!

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"WHEN the Cock crew, he wept"—ſmote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: That power, who bids
This midnight centinel, with clarion ſhrill,
Emblem of that which ſhall awake the dead,
Rouſe ſouls from ſlumber, into thoughts of *heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he ſees the light;
He that is born, is liſted; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it beſt,
Deſerves leaſt —On *other* themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there,
Where moſt the need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's duſt. He *thus*, though dead,
May ſtill befriend—What themes? *Time's* wondrous price,
Death, *Friendſhip*, and Philander's *final ſcene*.
So could I touch theſe themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite diſengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impreſs
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory—Doſt thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou ſay'ſt it: Says thy *life* the ſame?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they deſire.
Where is that thirſt, that avarice of Time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inſpires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time!* than gold more ſacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wiſe.
What *moment* granted men without account?
What *years* are quander'd, *wiſdom's* debt unpaid
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* diſcharge.
Haſte, haſte, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Inſidious *Death!* ſhould his ſtrong hand arreſt,
No compoſition ſets the priſoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Faſt binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I ſhudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her laſt refuge in deſpair!
That *Time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe

Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius anſwers my deſire;
My ſickly ſong is mortal, paſt thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my ſtrain.
For what call *thy* diſeaſe, Lorenzo? not
For *Fallopian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'ſt it folly to be wiſe too ſoon.
Youth is not rich in *Time*, it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, ſparing; pay
No moment, but in purchaſe of its worth;
And what its worth, aſk death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant, big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, ſtill nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wiſdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*Theſe* heaven benign in vital union binds)
And ſport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal ſuns inſpire? *Amuſement* reigns
Man's great demand: To trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou ſay'ſt I *preach*, Lorenzo, 'tis confeſt.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants *amuſement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treaſon, to the ſoul *immortal*
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuſe, when medicines cannot cure?
When ſpirits ebb, when life's enchanting ſcenes
Their luſtre loſe, and leſſen in our ſight,
As lands, and cities with their ſhittering ſpires,
To the poor ſhatter'd bark, by ſudden ſtorm
Thrown off to ſea, and ſoon to periſh there?
Will toys amuſe? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and ſkies ſeem duſt upon the ſcale.
Redeem we time?—its loſs we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd ſports?
He pleads *Time's* numerous *blanks*; he loudly pleads
The ſtraw-like *trifles* on life's common ſtream.
From whom thoſe *blanks* and *trifles*, but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *proper'd* virtue, ſtill be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the beſt art of turning all to gold;
This the *good* heart's prerogative to raiſe
A royal tribute from the pooreſt hours;
Immenſe revenue! every moment *pays*,
If nothing more than *purpoſe* in thy power;
Thy purpoſe firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the beſt his circumſtance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits reſtraint;
'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important *Time*, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wiſe have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've loſt a day*"—the prince who nobly cry'd
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome, ſay, rather, lord of human race:
He ſpoke, as if deputed by mankind,
So ſhould all ſpeak: So *reaſon* ſpeaks in all:
From the ſoft whiſpers of that god in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrenzy fly,
For refuge from the *bleſſing* we poſſeſs?
Time the ſupreme!—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels ſmile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjuſt to nature and himſelf,
Is thoughtleſs thankleſs, inconſiſtent man!
Like children babbling nonſenſe in their ſports
We cenſure nature for a ſpan too ſhort;
That ſpan too ſhort, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention all expedients tire,
To laſh the lingering moments into ſpeed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourſelves.
Art, brainleſs *Art*! our furious charioteer.
(For *Nature's* voice unſtifled would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, moſt our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of abſurdity!
Leiſure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Bleſt leiſure is our curſe; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amuſement;
The next amuſement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! priſons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if priſons ſet us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments ſhrink,
Ages to years. The teleſcope is turn'd.
To man's falſe optics from his folly falſe;
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And ſeems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when paſt by; what then is ſeen,
But his broad pinions ſwifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction ſtrong,
Rueful, aghaſt! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes theſe errors, and theſe ills;
To nature juſt, their *Cauſe* and *Cure* explore.
Not ſhort heaven's bounty, boundleſs our expence;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals
Who *waſte*, not *uſe* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *waſted* is exiſtence, *uſed* is life,
And *bare exiſtence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Groans, and oppreſſes with enormous weight.
And why? ſince *Time* was given for uſe, not waſte,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempeſt, tide, and ſtars,
To keep his ſpeed, nor ever wait for man:
Time's uſe was doom'd a pleaſure: waſte a pain;
That man might *feel* his error, if unſeen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, ſplit on idleneſs for eaſe.
Life's cares are comforts; ſuch by heaven deſign'd;
He that has none, muſt make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The ſoul is on a rack; the rack of *reſt*.
To ſouls moſt adverſe; action all their joy.

hen, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
e turns torment, when man turns a fool.
we wrestle, with *Great Nature's Plan*;
rt the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
art his will, shall contradict their own.
r unnatural quarrels with ourselves; 170
ghts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
Time from us, and we wish him back:
lustrums, and yet fond of life;
think long, and short; *Death* seek, and
un:
soul, like peevish man and wife, 175
r, and yet are loth to part
dark days of vanity, while here,
elels! and how terrible, when gone!
ey ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
ll;
t walks of every day deceas'd; 180
es an angel, or a fury frowns.
n, nor life delight us. If time *past*,
possest, both pain us, what can please?
ch the Deity to please ordain'd, [185
. The man who consecrates his hours
us effort, and an honest aim,
e draws the sting of life and death;
with Nature; and her paths are peace.
or's cause and cure are seen: See next
ature, Origin, Importance, Speed; 190
great *Gain* from urging his career. —
l man, because untouch'd, unseen,
on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
an's; 'tis fortune's—Time's a god
ne'er heard of *Time*'s omnipotence; 195
ainst, what wonders he can do!
: To stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
ose terms was *Time* (heaven's stranger!)
nt
portant embassy to man.
no: on the long-destin'd hour, 200
lasting ages growing ripe,
norable hour of wondrous birth.
Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
with nature, rising in his might,
th creation (for then *Time* was born,) 205
ad streaming through a thousand worlds;
se terms, from the great days of heaven,
eternity's mysterious orb,
cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
which watch him in his new abode, 210
g his motions by revolving spheres;
loge machinery divine.
ys, and months, and years, his children,
ay,
erous wings around him, as he flies:
r, as unequal plumes, they shape 215
pinions, swift as darted flame,
is goal, to reach his ancient rest,
anew *Eternity* his sire;
utability to nest,
rlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
loud signal sounding) headlong rush 221
night and chaos, whence they rose,
ur the speedy? Why with levities
g thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
III.

Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done? 225
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud, 230
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor spin, 235
(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on 240
A brighter beam in Leo; lil'ty-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem 245
One moment unamus'd, a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivel'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy, 250
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's *day*—say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail? 255
O treacherous *Conscience!* while she seems to sleep
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd, 260
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *Act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy*'s airy band, 265
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all rapacious usurers conceal 270
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable *Time*;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass 275
Writes our whole history; which *Death* shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, *such* that *Sleeper* in thy breast! 280
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon?*

But why on *Time* so lavish is my song?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: Each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *Trifling* kills:
Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *Suicide*, where more than *Blood* is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours! labours *more*?
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *Man* alone; and *Man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Kindles, hair hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulph
A moment trembles; drops! and *Man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *Man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *Years* away?
Throw *Empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: A moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand still,
Bid him dreve back his car, and reimport
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, *more* than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardour such, for what oppress thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *Yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the Rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Feliginous, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven?
Where shall I find *Him*? Angels! tell me where.
You know him: He is near you: Point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or tract his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, shed
Protection; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *To-morrow*!
Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the *Past*;
Whose *Yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;
Nor, like the Parthian, wounds him as they fly;
That common, but opprobious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like passion for eternals quencht;
All reliss of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre, crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulph of souls, immortal fi
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their m
chang'd;
Though we from *Earth*; *Ethereal*, they that
Such veneration due, O man, to man,
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *ofcatchem'd* wor
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray.
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in
shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of ma
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze arou
We read their monuments; we sigh; and wh
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!
Is death at distance? No: He has been on
And given sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are
now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd
drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogu
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small reno
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their fli
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up *to thee*;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.
'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hour
And ask them, what report they bore to hea
And how they might have borne more wel
news.
Their answers form what men *Experience* call
If *I: ofdom*'s friend, her best; if not, worst fo
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as not
weighs;
"The more our joy, the more we know it v
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though grey, is still a ch
Look then from earth the grasp of fond desir
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explo
Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengag
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since by *Life*'s passing breath, blown up from e
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthro
We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins caw
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controuler of the skies
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm!
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn

ım, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead!
: each *dial* ſtrike us as we paſs,
s, as the *written wall*, which ſtruck,
ight bowls, the proud Aſſyrian pale,
high-fluſht with inſolence and wine?
the dial ſpeaks; and points to thee,
loth to break thy banquet up:
thy kingdom is departing from thee;
vhile it laſts, is emptier than my
."
nguage ſuch: nor need'ſt thou call
; to decypher what it means.
e the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Vow? Whence? Belſhazzar-like, amaz'd?
ke incloſes the ſure ſeeds of death;
the murderer; Ingrate! he thrives
n meal, and then his nurſe devours.
:, Lorenzo, the deluſion lies;
Shadow, as it meaſures life,
nbles too: life ſpeeds away
it to point, though ſeeming to ſtand

ng fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth:
is the movement to be ſeen;
ian's hour is up, and we are gone.
oint out our danger; Gnomons, time:
: uſeleſs when the ſun is ſet:
ut when more glorious *Reaſon* ſhines.
ild judge in all; in reaſon's eye,
otary ſhadow travels hard.
ur gravitation to the wrong,
ur hearts to whiſper what we wiſh,
with the wiſe than he's aware:
gton goes ſlower than the ſun;
inkind miſtake their time of day:
:ſelf. Freſh hopes are hourly ſown
d brows. To gentle life's deſcent
ir eyes, and think it is a plain.
ir days in winter for the ſpring;
our bleſſings into bane. Since oft
compute that age he cannot *feel*,
believes he's older for his years.
fe's lateſt eve, we keep in ſtore
ointment ſure, to crown the reſt;
ointment of a promis'd hour.
, or ſimilar, Philander! thou
ind was moral, as the preacher's
e;
, to wield all ſcience worth the name;
ı we talk'd down the ſummer's ſun,
our paſſions by the breezy ſtream!
thaw'd and ſhorten'd winter's eve,
kind, that ſtruck out latent truth,
, ſo ſought; to the *Recluſe* more coy!
liſentangle paſſing o'er the lip;
the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away,
tie up nonſenſe for a ſong:
ionably fruitleſs; ſuch as ſtains
, and unhallow'd *Paſſion* fires;
er ſaints to Cytherea's fane.
thou, Lorenzo! what a friend con-
is?
t Nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
m friendſhip, *Wiſdom* and *Delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hadſt thou no friend to ſet thy mind abroach?
Good ſenſe will ſtagnate. Thoughts ſhut up want air,
And ſpoil, like bales unopen'd to the ſun.
Had thought been all, ſweet ſpeech had been deny'd;
Speech, thought's canal! ſpeech, thought's criterion too!
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or droſs;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth.
If ſterling, ſtore it for thy future uſe;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more poſſeſt;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burniſhes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for uſe.
What numbers, ſheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And raſted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a ſprightly beam, if born to ſpeech;
If born bleſt heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate puſh
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned ſcum,
And defecates the ſtudent's ſtanding pool.
In *Contemplation* is his proud reſource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *Converſe* unſuſtain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation*'s field;
Converſe, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due reſtraint; and *emulation*'s ſpur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converſe qualifies for ſolitude:
As exerciſe, for ſalutary reſt.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature*'s fool, by *Wiſdom* is undone.
Wiſdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And ſweeter than the ſweet ambroſial hive,
What is ſhe, but the means of *Happineſs?*
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendſhip, the means of wiſdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wiſdom wiſe.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy,
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopoliſts: it calls for *Two*;
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never pluckt by *One*
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *ſocial* man true reliſh of himſelf.
Full on ourſelves, deſcending in a line,
Pleaſure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intenſe is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleaſures fire the breaſt.
Celeſtial *Happineſs*, whene'er ſhe ſtoops
To viſit earth, one ſhrine the goddeſs finds,
And one alone, to make her ſweet amends
For abſent heaven—the boſom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally ſoft,
Each other's pillow to repoſe divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *Paſſion*'s flame

Hearts melt, but melt like ice, ſoon harder froze.
True love ſtrikes root in *Reaſon*; paſſion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—Entenders us for ever;
Of *Friendſhip*'s faireſt fruits, the fruit moſt fair
Is *Virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulouſly*, rapid in her race.
O the ſoft enmity! endearing ſtrife!
This carries friendſhip to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.
From *Friendſhip*, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious ſurvivor of old *Time* and *Death*;
From Friendſhip, thus, that flower of heavenly ſeed;
The wiſe extract earth's moſt Hyblean bliſs,
Superior wiſdom, crown'd with ſmiling joy.
But for whom bloſſoms this Elyſian *flower*?
Abroad They find, who cherish it at *Home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honeſt love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies faſten on the *Great*,
None clings more obſtinate than fancy fond
That ſacred friendſhip is their eaſy prey;
Caught by the waſture of a golden lure,
Or faſcination of a high-born ſmile.
Their ſmiles, the *Great*, and the *Coquet*, throw out
For Others hearts, tenacious of their Own;
And we no leſs of ours, when ſuch the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendſhip? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repreſs; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in Thee.
All like the purchaſe; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends ſuch miracles below.
What if (ſince daring on ſo nice a theme)
I ſhew thee friendſhip Delicate, as Dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reſerve will wound it; and *Diſtruſt*, deſtroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But ſince friends grow not thick on every bough
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
Firſt, on thy friend, deliberate with Thyſelf;
Pauſe, ponder, ſift; not Eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the choſen; Fixing, Fix;
Judge before friendſhip, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler for for Thee;
How gallant danger for earth's higheſt prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendleſs maſter of a world;
"A world in purchaſe for a friend is gain."
So ſung He (angels hear what angels ſing!
Angels from friendſhip gather half their joy)
So ſung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow ſolute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inſpir'd.
Friendſhip's the wine of life; but friendſhip *new*
(Not ſuch was His) is neither Strong, nor Pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth
And elevating ſpirit, of a friend,
For twenty ſummers ripening by my ſide!
All feculence of falſehood long thrown down;
All ſocial virtues rifing in his ſoul;
As cryſtal clear; and ſmiling as they riſe!
Here Nectar flows; it ſparkles in our ſight;
Rich to the taſte, and genuine from the heart
High-flavour'd bliſs for gods! on earth how rare.
On earth how *loſt*!—Philander is no more.
Think'ſt thou the theme intoxicates my ſong?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more
Like birds, whoſe beauties languiſh, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glaſſy plumes
Expanded ſhine with azure, green, and gold;
How bleſſings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever ſoul aſcend'd. Had he dropt,
That eagle genius! O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals ſcarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I muſt; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the ſkies.
And caſt in ſhadows his illuſtrious cloſe.
Strange! the theme moſt adapting, moſt ſublime,
Momentous moſt to man, ſhould ſleep unſung!
And yet it ſleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Pagan or *Chriſtian*; to the bluſh of wit
Man's higheſt triumph! man's profoundeſt fall!
The *Death-bed* of the juſt! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits Divine:
Angels ſhould paint it, angels ever *There*;
There, on a poſt of honour, and of joy.
Dare I preſume, then? But Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I ſtruck; as ſtruck the ſoul, beneath
Aërial *Groves* impenetrable gloom;
Or, in ſome mighty *Ruin*'s ſolemn ſhade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born Duſt*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings:
Or, at the midnight *Altar*'s hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pauſe—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death bed? No: it is his birth:
Behold him, there, juſt riſing to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of Heaven
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the bleſſing, and adore the chance.
That threw in this Bethelda your diſeaſe;
If unreſtor'd by This, deſpair your cure.
For, *Here*, reſiſtleſs demonſtration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *diſſimulation* drops her maſque,
Through life's grimace, that miſtreſs of the ſcene!
Here Real, and Apparent, are the ſame.

You ſee the *Man*; you ſee his hold on heaven;
If found his virtue, as Philander's ſound.
Heaven waits not the laſt moment; owns her friends
On this ſide death, and points them out to men,
A lecture, ſilent, but of ſovereign power!
To vice, confuſion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boaſtful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majeſty in death!
And greater ſtill, the more the tyrant frowns,
Philander! he ſeverely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! Unceremonious fate!
"A ſudden ruſh from life's meridian joy!
"A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
"A reſtleſs bed of pain! a plunge opaque
"Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
"Strong *Reaſon's* ſhudder at the dark unknown!
"A ſun extinguiſht! a juſt-opening grave!
"And oh! the laſt, laſt, what? (can words expreſs?
"Thought reach it?) the laſt—*Silence* of a friend!"
Where are thoſe horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *ſingly* ſhock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now.*
Through nature's wreck, through vanquiſht agonies,
(Like the ſtars ſtruggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *Mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for All.
Richer than *Mammon's* for his ſingle heir.
His comforters he comforts; Great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His ſoul ſublime; and cloſes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the ſcene;
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man?
His God ſuſtains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchſafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mix tears of grief of joy!
Amazement ſtrikes! devotion burſts to flame!
Chriſtians Adore! and *Infidels* Believe.
As ſome tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the ſun, Illuſtrious from its height;
While riſing vapours, and deſcending ſhades,
With damps and darkneſs, drown the ſpacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by deſpair,
Philander, thus, auguſtly rears his head,
At that black hour, which general horror ſheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng.
Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted ſoul;
Deſtruction gild, and crown him for the ſkies,
With incommunicable luſtre, bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

"*Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.*"

Virg

FROM *Dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *Reaſon*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the deſtin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment ſworn,
I keep my aſſignation with my woe.
O! loſt to virtue, loſt to manly thought,
Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul!
Who think it ſolitude, to be Alone.
Communion ſweet! communion large and high!
Our *Reaſon*, *Guardian Angel*, and our *God!*
Then neareſt Theſe, when Others moſt remote;
And All, ere long, ſhall be remote, *but* Theſe.
How dreadful, *Time*, to meet them all alone,
A ſtranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breaſt;
To win thy wiſh, creation has no more.
Or if we wiſh a *fourth*, it is a Friend—
But friends, how mortal, dangerous the deſire!
Take Phœbus to yourſelves, ye baſking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling through the wilderneſs of joy;
Where *Senſe* runs ſavage, broke from *Reaſon's* chain,
And ſings falſe peace, till ſmother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my ſong;
Unlike the deity my ſong invokes.
I to *Day's* ſoft-ey'd ſiſter pay my court,
(Endymion's rival!) and her aid implore;
Now firſt implor'd in ſuccour to the *Muſe*.
Thou, who didſt lately borrow * Cynthia's form,
And modeſtly forego thine Own! O Thou,
Who didſt thyſelf, at midnight hours, inſpire!
Say, why not Cynthia patroneſs of ſong?
As thou her creſcent, ſhe thy character
Aſſumes; ſtill more a goddeſs by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare diſpute
This revolution in the world *inſpir'd?*
Ye train Pierian! to the *Lunar* ſphere,
In ſilent hour, addreſs your ardent call
For aid immortal; leſs her brother's right.
She, with the ſpheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchleſs ſtrain.
A ſtrain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.
Tranſmit it heard, thou ſilver queen of heaven!
What title, or what name, endears thee moſt
Cynthia! Cyllene! Phœbe! or doſt hear

* *At the duke of Norfolk's maſquerade.*

With higher guſt, fair Portland of the ſkies!
Is that the ſoft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The ſoul of ſong, and whiſper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are Thine) tranſfuſe it through the breaſt
Of thy firſt votary—But not thy laſt;
If, like thy *Nam.ſake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on ſuch a theme;
A theme ſo like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modeſt, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that roſe all pale, and told my ſoul,
'Twas *Night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which ſtruck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which ſmote me from Philander's tomb.
Narciſſa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluſter: rare are *ſolitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that ſtarted from my lids for Him:
Seizes the faithleſs, alienated tear,
Or ſhares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *mocks* than cauſes, he confounds;
For human ſighs his rival ſtrokes contend,
And make diſtreſs, diſtraction. Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace and a blow!
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not leſs a bird of omen than of prey.
It call'd Narciſſa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender ſoul, by break of bliſs,
From the firſt bloſſom, from the buds of joy;
Thoſe few our noxious fate unblaſted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmoniſt! and Beautiful as ſweet!
And Young as beautiful! and Soft as young!
And Gay as ſoft! and Innocent as gay!
And Happy (if aught Happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her neſt on high.
Like birds quite exquiſite of note and plume,
Tranſfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark),
How from the ſummit of the grove ſhe fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguiſht in the wonders of her ſong!
Her ſong ſtill vibrates in my raviſht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradiſe,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and preſent it to the ſkies: as All
We gueſs of heaven: and *theſe* were all her own,
And ſhe was mine; and I was—*was!*—moſt bleſt—
Gay title of the deepeſt miſery!
As bodies grow more ponderous, robb'd of life,
Good loſt weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy.
Like bloſſom'd trees o'er turn'd by vernal ſtorm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death ſtill lovely, lovelier There
Far lovelier! pity ſwells the tide of love.
And will not the ſevere excuſe a ſigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aſham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deſerve our ſhame.
Ye that e'er loſt an angel! pity me.
Soon as the luſtre languiſht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human ſight:
And on her cheek, the reſidence of ſpring,
Pale omen ſat; and ſcatter'd fears around
On all that ſaw (and who would ceaſe to gaze,
That once had ſeen?) with haſte, parental haſte,
I flew, I ſnatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the ſun: the ſun
(As if the ſun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted ſuccour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; faireſt lilies, not ſo fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in field-, and lead ambroſial lives;
In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the ſun; which gives your cheeks a glow,
And out-bluſh *mine* excepted, every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often crop't your odours, incenſe meet
To thought ſo pure! ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you ſmile;
Why not ſmile *at* him too? You ſhare indeed
His ſudden paſs; but not his conſtant pain.
So man is made, nought miniſters delight,
But what his glowing paſſions, can engage;
And glowing paſſions, bent on aught below,
Muſt, ſoon or late, with anguiſh turn the ſcale;
And anguiſh, after rapture, how ſevere!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempt'ſt the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taſte,
While *here*, preſuming on the rights of heaven.
For tranſport daſt thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence, be wiſe;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at beſt; but, oft, a ſpear;
On its ſharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeleſs thought! turn from her:
Thought repell'd
Reſenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, ſmil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy freſh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliſs complete!
And on a foreign ſhore: where ſtrangers wept!
Strangers to Thee; and, more ſurpriſing ſtill,
Strangers to Kindneſs, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! ſtrange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderneſs!
A tenderneſs that call'd them more ſevere;
In ſpite of nature's ſoft perſuaſion, ſteel'd;
While *nature* melted, *ſuperſtition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* denied a grave.
Their ſighs incens'd; ſighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *Tiger* ſuck'd, outrag'd the ſtorm.
For, oh! the curſt ungodlineſs of zeal!
While *ſinful fleſh* relented, *ſpirit* nurſt
In blind *infallibility*'s embrace,
The *fainted ſpirit* petrify'd the breaſt;

the charity of dust, 'to spread
st! a charity their dogs enjoy. 170
ould I do? What succour? What resource?
ous sacrilege, a grave I stole;
pious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
my duty; coward in my grief!
te her murderer, than friend, I crept, 175
ft-suspended step, and muffled deep
night darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.
r'd what should echo through their realms;
it her name, whose tomb should pierce the
skies.
ptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
ature's loudest dictates I obey'd? 181
necessity, blest shade! Of grief
dignation rival bursts I pour'd;
ecration mingled with my prayer;
l at man, while I his God ador'd; 185
udg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
the curst soil; and with humanity
l Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.
s my resentment into guilt? What guilt
al violations of the dead? 190
d how sacred! Sacred is the dust
heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
aven-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
n'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
ure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
very passion sleeps that can offend; 196
trikes us every motive that can melt;
nan can wreak his rancour *uncontrol'd*,
ongest curb on insult and ill-will;
pleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence? 200
el's dust?—This Lucifer transcends;
e contended for the patriarch's bones,
not the strife of malice, but of pride;
ife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
ess than This is shocking in a race 205
retched, but from streams of mutual love;
treated, but for love divine;
ut for love divine, this moment *lost*,
resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
rd of heart to man! of horrid things 210
orrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
randishes the favours He confers,
ntumelious his humanity: 214
hen his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
ou, pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
to man the forest, surest ill.
ous blast foretels the rising storm;
elming turrets threaten ere they fall;
s bellow ere they disembogue; 220
rembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
oke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
om man is most conceal'd when near,
ds the dreadful tidings in the blow.
e flight of fancy? Would it were! 225
's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
deous sight, a *naked* human heart.
is the Muse? And let the Muse be fir'd:
t enflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
he nerve most tender, in his friends? 230

Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I sing, and I in Him.
But He, nor I, feel more: past ills, Narcissa!
Are sunk in Thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that swarm'd 236
Oe'r thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering There
Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) 240
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
An aspic, Each! and All, an Hydra woe:
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd Here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews; 245
And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore; 250
They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian vale, 255
Where *Darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore 261
Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own, [265
My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
"Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
"Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
"And labour that first palm of noble minds,
"A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."
This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave 270
As poet's feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flower:
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid 275
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride* and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wife.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth 280
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity, 286
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, damp't with omen of our own decease,

On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Juſt ſkim earth's ſurface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to ſcratch a little duſt,
And ſave the world a nuiſance. Smitten friends
Are angels ſent on errands full of love;
For us they languiſh, and for us they die:
And ſhall they languiſh, ſhall they die in vain?
Ungrateful, ſhall we grieve their lovering ſhades,
Which want the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we diſhonour their laſt, laſt addreſs,
Their poſthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senſeleſs, as lords that grace their hollow'd graves
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Fruſtrate their anguiſh, and deſtroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no: the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholeſome empire: let it reign,
That kind chaſtiſer of thy ſoul in joy!
Its reign will ſpread thy glorious conqueſts far,
And ſtill the tumults of thy raviſh'd heart,
Auſpicious æra! golden days, begin!
The thought of death ſhall, like a god, inſpire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and with of every hour?
And ſong of every joy? Surpriſing truth!
The beaten ſpaniel's fondneſs not ſo ſtrange,
To wave the numerous *ills* that ſeize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has meaſur'd half his weary ſtage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reſerve,
No maiden reliſhes, unbroach'd delights:
On cold ſerv'd repetitions he ſubſiſts,
And in the taſteleſs *preſent* chews the *paſt*:
Diſguſted chews, and ſcarce can ſwallow down.
Like laviſh anceſtors, his earlier years
Have diſinherited his future hours,
Which ſtarve on *ſcraps*, and glean the barren field
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—ſhocking thought!
So ſhocking, they who wiſh, diſown it too;
Diſown from ſhame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor ſee the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring ſtep
To tread our former footſteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To forfeit on the *ſame*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery
For change, though ſad? To ſee what we have ſeen?
Hear, till unheard, the ſame old ſlubber'd tale?
To taſte the taſted, and at each return
Leſs taſteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a ſtiffer year,
Through loaded veſſels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind earth's waſted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worſe concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of exceſs!
Still-ſtreaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp leſt death ſhould ſnatch the bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wiſh refin'd!
So would they have it; elegant deſire!
Why not invite the bellowing ſtalls, and wilds?
But ſuch examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate,
The ſame vain world; to cenſure, and eſpouſe.
This painted ſhrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worſe? to cling to this rude rock,
Barren *to them*, of good, and ſharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending ſtorms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulph that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! ſuch their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to ſhift this diſmal ſcene.
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* ſtate, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, all may reach; 365
Virtue—the, wonder-working goddeſs! charms
That *rock* to bloom, and tames the *painted ſerpent*:
And, what will more ſurpriſe, Lorenzo! gives
To life's ſick, nauſeous *ſtate*, change;
And ſtraightens nature's circle to a line.
Believ'ſt thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou'lt bluſh to diſbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever muſt, o'er thoſe, whoſe joys are joys
Of ſight, ſmell, taſte: the cuckow ſeaſons ſing
The ſame dull note to ſuch as nothing prize,
But what thoſe ſeaſons, from the teeming earth,
To doating *ſenſe* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which reliſh fruits unripen'd by the ſun,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *its* rays,
In minds of dove-like innocence poſſeſt,
Unlighten'd minds, that baſk in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each riſing morning ſees ſtill higher riſe;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty preſents
To worth maturing, *new* ſtrength, luſtre, fame:
While nature's circle, like a chariot wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair proſpect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliſs*;
Virtue, which Chriſtian motives beſt inſpire!
And *bliſs*, which Chriſtian ſchemes alone enſure!
And ſhall we then, for virtue's ſake, commence
Apoſtates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer truſt,
"He ſins againſt *this* line, who ſlights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favourite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By paſſionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And dreaming, take our paſſage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our aid, 'tis nothing; worſe than nought;
A reſt of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like ſome fair humouriſts, life is moſt enjoy'd,
When courted leaſt; moſt worth, when diſeſteem'd:
Then 'tis the ſeat of comfort, rich in peace;
In proſpect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with ſhouts of praiſe!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!

ghty baſis of eternal bliſs!
ow the *barren rock?* the *painted ſhrew?*
ow, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round?*
ot made my triple promiſe good?
the world; but only to the vain.
t compare we then this varying ſcene,
orth ambiguous riſes, and declines?
nd wanes? in all propitious, *Night*
e here) Compare it to the moon;
herſelf, and indigent; but rich
d luſtre from a higher ſphere.
roſs guilt interpoſes, labouring earth,
low'd, mourns a deep eclipſe of joy!
s, at brighteſt, pallid, to that ſont
effulgent glory, whence they flow.
s that glory diſtant: Oh Lorenzo!
man, and an angel! theſe between
in the barrier! what divides their fate?
a moment, or perhaps a year;
n age, it is a moment ſtill;
ent, or eternity's forgot.
, what once they were, who now are
ls;
Philander was, and claim the ſkies.
hid nature at the gloomy paſs?
tranſition call it; and be chear'd:
s often, and why not to Thee?
the beſt, is pious, brave, and wiſe;
y itſelf *preſume*, what it *preſumes*.
much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd:
the rivals, and the kinder crown.
competition!"—True, Lorenzo! ſtrange!
Life can caſt into the ſcale.
akes the ſoul dependant on the duſt;
ives her wings to mount above the
eres.
chinks, ſtyl'd organs, dim *Life* peeps at
it;
rſts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
all ear, the diſembody'd power.
s feign'd evils, *nature* ſhall not feel;
ſubſtantial, *wiſdom* cannot ſhun.
e mighty *mind*, that ſon of heaven!
t *life* dethron'd, impriſon'd, pain'd?
enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
t entombs the body; *life* the ſoul.
eath then guiltleſs? How he marks his
r
dreadful waſte of what deſerves to ſhine!
genius, fortune, elevated power!
various luſtres *theſe* light up the world,
death puts out, and darkens human race."
Lorenzo! this indictment juſt:
, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
mbles theſe; more barbarous *life*, the
.
e triumph of our mouldering clay;
f the ſpirit infinite! divine!
no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
rue joy, but what kind *death* improves.
has *life* to boaſt, till death can give
er; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
ice! letting in eternal day.
o! bluſh at *fondneſs* for a *life*,
nds celeſtial ſouls on errands vile,

To cater for the ſenſe; and ſerve at boards,
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, juſtly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feaſt! a ſoul, a ſoul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! bluſh at *terror* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repoſe in feſtive bowers,
Where nectars ſparkle, angels miniſter,
And more than angels ſhare, and raiſe, and crown,
And eterniſe, the birth, bloom, burſts of bliſs.
What need I more? O *death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and diſeaſe; diſeaſe, though long my gueſt;
That plucks my nerves, thoſe tender ſtrings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That call my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reaſon and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Luſt and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corroſive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O death! is thine.
Our day of diſſolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harveſt, rich
And ripe; what though the ſickle, ſometimes keen,
Juſt ſcars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep diſmal groan,
Are ſlender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!
But O! the laſt the former ſo tranſcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *Life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counſellor, who man inſpires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who reſcues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the reſcued crowns!
Death, that abſolves my birth; a curſe without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *ſource* and *ſubject*, ſtill ſubſiſt unhurt:
One, in my ſoul; and one, in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my duſt.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Though priſon'd there, my duſt too I reclaim,
(To duſt when drop proud nature's proudeſt ſpheres)
And live *intire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd, poor man would live in vain;
Were death deny'd, to live would not be life;
Were death deny'd, ev'n fools would wiſh to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we riſe, we reign!
Spring from our fetters; faſten in the ſkies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our ſight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden loſt.
This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
When ſhall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When ſhall I *die?*—When ſhall I live for ever?

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

CONTAINING

Our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper Sentiments of that ineſtimable Bleſſing.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A Much-indebted Muſe, O Yorke! intrudes.
Amid the ſmiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a ſerious ſong.
How deep implanted in the breaſt of man
The dread of death! I ſing its ſovereign cure.
Why ſtart at death? Where is he? Death arriv'd,
Is paſt; not come or gone, he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *ſenſation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *ſuffers*, death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the ſhroud, the mattock, and the grave:
The deep damp vault, the darkneſs, and the worm;
Theſe are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *error*'s wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thouſand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age ſhould meet the friendly foe,
And ſhelter in his hoſpitable gloom.
I ſcarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: the wiſeſt cannot tell.
Should any born of women give his thought
Full range, on juſt *diſlike*'s unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *beſt*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards*, ſpotted, or, as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature:
(How immature, Narciſſa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endleſs pain:
His heart, though bold, would ſicken at the ſight,
And ſpend itſelf in ſighs, for *future* ſcenes.
But grant to life (and juſt it is to grant
To *lucky* life) ſome perquiſites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of ſweet can yield no more.
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleaſing *reflections* on parts well ſuſtain'd,
Or purpoſ'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When on their exit, ſouls are bid unrobe,
Puts *fortune* back her tinſel, and her plume,
And drop this maſk of fleſh behind the ſcene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world riſes, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a ſpruce band! arrive,
To puſh me from the ſcene, or hiſs me there,
What a pert race ſtarts up! the ſtrangers gaze,
And I at them: my neighbour is unknown;
Nor that the worſt! Ah me! the direſſect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long:
Of old ſo gracious (and let that ſuffice),
My very maſter knows me not—
Shall I dare ſay, peculiar is the fate?
I've been ſo long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever preſſing dims the ſight,
And hides behind its ardour to be ſeen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And ſqueeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refuſal! canſt thou wear a ſmoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *Fear of Death*:
Twice told the period ſpent on ſtubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I beſiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little leſs;
Embittering the poſſeſt: Why wiſh for more?
Wiſhing, of all employments, is the worſt;
Philoſophy's reverſe; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as ſtaff'd theology,
Wiſhing would waſte me to the ſhade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-ſea dream,
Wiſhing is an expedient to be poor.
Wiſhing, that conſtant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And ſimpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Bleſt be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at reſt, beneath this humble ſhed.
The world's a ſtately bark, on dangerous ſeas,
With pleaſure ſeen, but boarded at our peril;
Here on a ſingle plank, thrown ſafe aſhore,
I hear the tumult of the diſtant throng,
As that of ſeas remote, or dying ſtorms:
And meditate on ſcenes, more ſilent ſtill.
Purſue my theme, and fight the *Fear of Death*.
Here, like a ſhepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his ſtaff,
Eager *ambition*'s fiery chace I ſee;
I ſee the circling hunt, of noiſy men,
Burſt law's incloſure, leap the mounds of right,
Purſuing, and purſued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles,
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or ſoar in fame?
Earth's higheſt ſtation ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "duſt to duſt" concludes her nobleſt ſong.
If this ſong lives, poſterity ſhall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his ſubtle death-bed plann'd his ſcheme
For future vacancies in church or ſtate;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,

ge canine of *dying rich*:
ler! and the loudeſt laugh of hell.
rals! remnants of yourſelves!
ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
all aged men, like aged trees,
r our vile root, and cloſer cling,
amour'd of this wretched ſoil?
ale, wither'd hands, be ſtill ſtretch'd

at once, with eagerneſs and age?
: and convulſions, graſping hard?
ir! for what has earth beſide?
ut little; nor that little, long;
uſt he reſign his very duſt,
l nature lent him for an hour!
rieve'd ruſh on numerous ills:
man, *expert* from time, has found
ſe, it opes the gates of death.
this vale of years I backward look,
h numbers, numbers too of ſuch,
alth, and greener in their age,
on their guard, and fitter far,
ſubtle game, I ſcarce believe
: and am I ſond of life,
an think it poſſible, I live?
acle! or what is next,
ad! if I am ſtill alive,
ve bury'd what gives life to live,
nerve, and energy of thought.
ot more *ſhallow*, than *impure*,
Senſe and *Reaſon* ſhew the door,
ier, and point me to the duſt.
eat arbiter of life and death!
ortal, immaterial ſun!
olific beam late call'd me forth
ſs, teeming darkneſs, where I lay
inferior, and, in rank, beneath
ead on, high to bear my brow,
ſpirit of the golden day,
in exiſtence; and couldſt know
ut my bliſs; and haſt ordain'd
ling! with the *Patriarch*'s joy,
llow to the land *unknown*;
e, and know in whom I truſt;
ath, is equal; neither weighs:
n this—O let me live to thee!
ture's terrors, *thus*, may be repreſt;
grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's

all human guilt? From death forgot.
long I ſet at nought the ſwarm
warnings, which around me flew;
unſmitten; ſmall my cauſe to ſmile!
nitious, like ſhafts upwards ſhot,
l by delay, the longer ere
ur hearts, the deeper is their wound:
deep, Lorenzo! here it ſtings:
eaſe its anguiſh? how it burns!
the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can
?
hand can pour the balm of peace,
fight undaunted on the tomb?
—with grief, that *healing hand* I ſee
picuous! it is fix'd on high;

On *high*?—What means my phrenzy? I blaſ-
pheme;
Alas! how *low*! how far beneath the ſkies!
The ſkies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—Yet ſtill it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire ſteel—ah no! the dreadful bleſſing
What heart or can ſuſtain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope; that nail ſupports
The falling univerſe: that gone, we drop;
Horror receives us, and the diſmal wiſh
Creation had been ſmother'd in her birth—
Darkneſs his curtain, and his bed the duſt;
When ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath his throne!
In heaven itſelf can ſuch indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not Elis*.
He ſeiz'd *our* dreadful right; the load ſuſtain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thouſand worlds, *ſo* bought, were bought too
dear;
Senſations *new* in angels' boſoms riſe;
Suſpend their ſong; and make a pauſe in bliſs.
O for *their* ſong; to reach my lofty theme!
Inſpire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful ſpheres;
Whilſt I with ſeraphs ſhare ſeraphic themes,
And ſhew to men the dignity of man;
Leſt I blaſpheme my ſubject with my ſong.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celeſtial flame,
And *chriſtian* languiſh? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expanded deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burſt the tenfold
night
Of *heathen* error, with a golden flood
Of endleſs day: to feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou moſt indulgent, moſt tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, which awe more awful, thy com-
mands;
And foul tranſgreſſion dips in ſevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immenſe
In love immenſe, inviolably juſt!
Thou, rather than thy *juſtice* ſhould be ſtain'd,
Didſt ſtain the *Croſs*; and work of wonders far
The greateſt, that thy deareſt far might bleed.
Bold thought! ſhall I dare ſpeak it; or ſe-
preſs?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boaſt* the guilt
Which rous'd ſuch vengeance? which ſuch love
inflam'd?
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-ſtretch'd
arms,
Stern *juſtice* and ſoft-ſmiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majeſty, thy throne,
Wher- ſeem'd its majeſty to need ſupport,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably loſt;
What, but the *fathomleſs* of thought divine,
Could labour ſuch expedient from deſpair,
And reſcue *both*? both reſcue! both exalt
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or ſhall I call it *more?*
A wonder in omnipotence itſelf!
A myſtery no leſs to gods than men!

Not *thus*, our infidels th' eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler strains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond, though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as nature makes;
A *midnight* nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross;
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that men might smile! heaven bled, that man
Might never die!——
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*.
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance or man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll; my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the cross,
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—in his blest *life*
I see the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*;
And in his great *ascent* the *proof* supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven's [illegible] at his eve to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and heaven!
This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose: then first *humanity*
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's duration.
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—Man, all-immortal! hail:
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I wrapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death:
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name is heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dip: in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, subdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure.
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
"Through means that speak its value infinite!
"A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
"With blood divine of him, I made my foe!
"Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
"Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
"A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
"Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
"My species up in arms! not one exempt!
"Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,
"Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
"As if our race were held of highest rank;
"And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, every heart! and every bosom, burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave); my praise for ever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

due to heaven, shall *praise* descend,
t plume (from *plausive* angels wing
my man) to tickle mortal ears,
in the pockets of the great?
erquisite of every paw,
t as hell, that grapples well for gold?
old! thou meanest of amours!
er odours waste on virtue's dead,
base, perfume the stench of guilt,
ead by washing Æthiops fair,
lth, or sinking it from sight,
n *scenes*, where *vacant* posts
yet untenanted, expect
ornaments? From courts and thrones,
state *praise!* thou vagabond!
ite! to thy first love return,
greatest, once unrival'd theme.
dundant; like Meander flow,
fountain, to that Parent Power,
e tongue to sound, the thought to

e. Men homage pay to men,
neath whose dreadful eye they bow
profound of clay to clay,
ilt; and turn their back on thee,
hom thrones celestial ceaseless sing:
ngels, an amazing scene!
ption of man's awe for man!
or! End! Restorer! Law! and
!
day thine, and thine this gloom of

wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
ternal, but a frown from thee? [375
n's meridian glory, but thy smile?
praise be thine, not human praise?
's high host on *hallelujahs* live?
eathe no longer, than I breathe
aise to Him, who gave my soul,
finite of prospect fair,
the shades of hell, *great Love* by thee
able! most Unador'd!
hat praise begin, which ne'er should

rn, what claim on all applause!
s fable mantle labour'd o'er!
rought with attributes divine!
shines! what *love!* this midnight

arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
vine ambition! nought to thee;
s profusion: Thou, apart,
nd! O tell me, mighty Mind!
u? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
, or ask the roaring *winds*,
ator? Shall I question loud
if in that th' Almighty dwells?
rious *storms* in streighten'd reins,
e *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
these questions?—Trembling I re-
;
soul adores the *present* God:
ant deity? He tunes
tun'd); the nerve, that writes, sus-
s:
being, I resound his praise:

But though past *all* diffus'd, without a
His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet
To gather the dispers't (as standards cal
The lifted from afar): to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.
The nameless *He*, whose nod is *natur*
And *nature*'s shield, the shadow of his h
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great *First-Last!* pavilion'd high h
In darkness from excessive splendor borne
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lo
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors; he looks dow
On all that soars; and spans immensity.
Though *night* unnumber'd words u
view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A
A mere effluvium of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of h
Down to the centre should I send my th
Through beds of glittering ore, and
gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my
Goes out in darkness: if, on towering
I send it through the boundless vault of
The stars, though rich, what dross thei
thee,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eterna
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss
And ask their strain; they want it, s
want,
Poor their abundance, humble their subli
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burn
Short of its mark, defective, though div
Still more—This theme is man's, a
alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: t
On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high
And *downward* look for heaven's superio
First-born of Ether! high in fields of lig
View man, to see the glory of your Gc
Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*
And some *did* envy; and the rest, thoug
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs
Tempted to weigh the dust against the s
They less would *feel*, though more ad
theme.
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar
How rose in melody, that child of love
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the k
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the sor
Though human, yet divine; for should
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the ski
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in he
A truth so strange! 'twere bold to
true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve!
Here pause, and ponder: was there
heaven?

What then on earth? On earth, which ſtruck the blow?
Who ſtruck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
How counterpois'd his origin from duſt!
How counterpois'd, to duſt his ſad return!
How voided his vaſt diſtance from the ſkies!
How near he preſſes on the ſeraph's wing!
Which is the ſeraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonſtrates, through the thickeſt cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the ſon of heaven!
The *double* ſon; the made, and the re-made!
And ſhall heaven's double property be loſt?
Man's double madneſs only can deſtroy.
To man the bleeding croſs has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding croſs has ſworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace ſhall He deny?
O ye! who, from this *Rock of ages*, leap,
Apoſtates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what conſolation ſtrong,
Whatever winds ariſe, or billows roll,
Our intereſt's in the maſter of the ſtorm!
Cling *there*, and o'er wreck'd nature's ruins *ſmile*;
While vile apoſtates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyſelf. All wiſdom centres there:
To none men ſeems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'er-look, admire.
How long ſhall human nature be *their* book,
Degenerate mortal! and *unread* by Thee?
The beam dim *reaſon* ſheds ſhows wonders There;
What high contents! Illuſtrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which diſplays at full
Our human height, ſcarce ſever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publiſh'd on the *Croſs*.
Who looks on That, and ſees not in himſelf
An awful ſtranger, a terreſtrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting ſoul
Catches ſtrange fire, Eternity! at Thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of nature! how improv'd!
What ſeem'd a chaos, ſhines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another ſcene! another ſelf!
And ſtill another, as time rolls along;
And that a *ſelf* far more illuſtrious ſtill.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in ſhades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keeneſt ray,
What evolutions of ſurpriſing fate!
How nature opens, and receives my ſoul
In boundleſs walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of ſtrange adventure, foreign to the ſun;
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exiſts,
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be juſt:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one ſpirit pour'd
From ſpirit's aweful fountain: pour'd himſelf
Through all their ſouls; but not in equal ſtre
Profuſe, or frugal, of th' aſpiring God,
As his wiſe plain demanded; and when paſt
Their various trials in their various ſpheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Reſorbs them all into Himſelf again;
His throne their centre, and his ſmile th
crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to ſi
Though yet *unſung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bol
Angels are men of a ſuperior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celeſtial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pai
And ſlippery ſtep, the bottom of the ſteep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praiſe;
While *Here*, of corps ethereal, ſuch enroll'd,
And ſummon'd to the *glorious Standard* ſoon,
Which flames eternal crimſon through the ſkies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtleſs of their kin,
Yet abſent; but not abſent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael ſung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign: and are theſe, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and Thou (ſhan
burn
Thy cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion's All. Deſcending from the ſkies
To wretched man, the goddeſs in her left,
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*
Religion! the ſole voucher man is man;
Supporter ſole of man above himſelf;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and deat
She gives the ſoul a ſoul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an After-ſtate!
Here is firm footing; *here* is ſolid rock!
This can ſupport us; all is ſea beſides;
Sinks under us; beſtorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man faſtens on the ſkies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkneſs, and ſtench, and ſuffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, diſcharg'
Climbs ſome fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elyſian proſpects riſe,
His heart exults, his ſpirits caſt their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change:
So joys the ſoul, when, from inglorious aims,
And ſorded ſweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terreſtial, ſet at large, ſhe mounts
To *Reaſon*'s region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the ſkies.
Religion! thou the ſoul of happineſs;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* ſhine
The nobleſt truths; *there* ſtrongeſt motives ſting
There ſacred violence aſſaults the ſoul;
There, nothing but *compulſion* is forborn.
Can love allure us; or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the ſun;
He ſighs!—the ſigh earth's deep foundati
ſhakes.
If in his love ſo terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderneſs on fire!

nooth oil, outblazing other fires? 585
; can praise, avert it?—Thou, my
my inspiration! and my crown!
h in age! my rise in low estate!
nbition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
darkness! and my life in death! 590
rough time! bliss through eternity!
oo short to speak thy praise!
thy profound of love to man!
men the meanest, ev'n to me; [595
e! my God!—what things are these!
en art Thou? by what name shall I call
e?
: name devout archangels use,
hangels should the name enjoy,
val'd; thousands more sublime,
so dear, as that, which, though un-
ce, 600
at heart: O how omnipotence
ve! Thou great Philanthropist!
ngels! but the friend of man!
, fondest of the younger born!
> didst save him, snatch the smoking
nd 605
the flames, and quench it in thy
od!
ou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!
s groan beneath our gratitude,
r birth! to favour, and confound;
ge, and to distance all return! 610
ve stupendous heights to soar,
praise panting in the distant vale!
too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
gious our sublimed song.
he naked *will* obtains thy smile, 615
is monument of praise *unpaid*,
: life symphonious to my strain,
lest hymn to heaven!) for ever lie
ny *fear of death!* and every fear,
of every evil, but Thy frown. 620
see I yonder, so demurely smile?
a labour, and might break their rest.
ls, in homage to the skies!
: soft address! who mildly make
rusive tender of your hearts, 625
; violence! who *bait* indeed;
e blessing, *wrestle* not with heaven!
t my song too turbulent? too warm?
r, then, the pagans of the soul!
ie baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd* 630
things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
lls my zeal, and age benumbs my
wers;
humbler heart! and prouder song!
r much injur'd theme! with that soft
: [635
elted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
n to the coldness of my breast;
on to the winter in my strain.
:old-hearted, frozen, formalists!
a theme, 'tis impious to be calm;
reason, transport temper, *here*. 640
ven, which gave us ardour, and has
ewn
for man so strongly, not disdain

What smooth emollients in theology;
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise? 645
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man. 650
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To chear me in this melancholy gloom? 655
Oh when will *death* (now stingless), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh death divine! that giv'st us to the skies! 660
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present!* when shall I thy shrine adore?
From nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of Fife*,
This dark, incarcerated *colony*, 665
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne; 670
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his
wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a *duty* to the wise;
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. 675
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *Cross*, we live; or, *more* than
die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *tomb!* 680
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sovereign though the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan, 685
Thy welfare, *nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights light life in
death,
Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones trans
forms
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb. 690
Dost ask me when? When he who dy'd returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of
woe?
In glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train, 695
Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this by fancy thrown remote; and rise 700
Dark doubts between the ; mise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;

Nature is *Chriſtian:* preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Haſt thou ne'er ſeen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger paſſing, terror ſheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coaſts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than ſolar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revilits earth,
From the long travel of a thouſand years:
Thus, at the deſtin'd period, ſhall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with Him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whiſper breathes;
Faith ſpeaks aloud, diſtinct; ev'n *adders* hear;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge acroſs the gulph of death,
To break the ſhock blind *nature* cannot ſhun,
And lands thought ſmoothly on the farther ſhore.
Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* diſarms deſtruction; and abſolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltleſs tomb.
Why diſbelieve? Lorenzo!—"*Reaſon* bids,
"All-ſacred reaſon."—Hold her ſacred ſtill;
Nor ſhalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-ſacred *reaſon!* ſource, and ſoul, of all
Demanding praiſe, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmoſt folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the bleſſed Croſs, by fortune ſtamp'd
On paſſive nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! ſir'd with *local* zeal!
No; *reaſon* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and falſe, in her impartial ſcale;
My heart became the convert of my head
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reaſon purſu'd is *faith;* and, unpurſued
Where proof invites, 'tis reaſon, then, no more:
And ſuch our *proof,* That, or our *faith* is *right,*
Or *reaſon* lies, and heaven deſign'd it *wrong:*
Abſolve we This? What, then, is blaſphemy?
Fond as we are, and juſtly fond, of *faith,*
Reaſon, we grant, demands our firſt regard;
The mother honour'd as the daughter dear,
Reaſon the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower ſhall die; but reaſon lives
Immortal, as her Father in the ſkies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reaſon* makes it ſo.
Wrong not the Chriſtian; think not reaſon *yours:*
'Tis *reaſon* our great *Maſter* holds ſo dear;
'Tis *reaſon's* injur'd rights His wrath reſents;
'Tis *reaſon's* voice obey'd His glories crown;
To give laſt *reaſon* life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and ſhew the reaſon of a man;
Believe, and taſte the pleaſure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reaſon's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal ſting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans,* due
To thoſe, who puſh our *antidote* aſide;
Thoſe boaſted friends to *reaſon* and to *man,*
Whoſe fatal love ſtabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart
Theſe pompous ſons of *reaſon* idoliz'd
And vilified at once; of *reaſon* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp reſounds,
They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide-ray,
Spike up their inch of reaſon, on the point
Of philoſophic wit, *call'd* Argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the ſun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals?* O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of Thee.
As wiſe as Socrates, if ſuch they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that ſublime renown)
As wiſe as Socrates, might juſtly ſtand
The definition of a modern fool.
A Chriſtian is the higheſt ſtile of man:
And is there, who the bleſſed Croſs wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his diſhonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at ſuch a ſight:
The wretch they quit, deſponding of their charge,
More ſtruck with grief or wonder who can tell?
Ye ſold to ſenſe! Ye citizens of earth!
(For ſuch alone the Chriſtian banner fly)
Know ye how wiſe your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happieſt man:
"He calls his wiſh, it comes; he ſends it back,
"And ſays, he call'd another; that arrives,
"Meets the ſame welcome; yet he ſtill calls on;
"Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
"But holds him faſt, in chains of darkneſs bound,
"Till nature dies, and judgment ſets him free;
"A freedom far leſs welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's higheſt prize her lateſt hour;
That hour, ſo late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a poſt, comes on in full career:
How ſwift the ſhuttle flies, that weaves thy ſhroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from Thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird ſtruggling to get looſe, is going;
Scarce now poſſeſs'd, ſo ſuddenly 'tis gone;
And each ſwift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By ſtrides as ſwift: Eternity is All;
And whoſe Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliſs!
For ever baſking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conſcience ſhall reply.
O give it leave to ſpeak; 'twill ſpeak ere long.
Thy leave unaſk'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While uſeful its advice, its accent mild.

ict, the divine decree,
ed with man's *laſt hour*;
, and faithful to her truſt:
ughter of the Deity;
council, when he made the

n he ſhall judge the worlds he

ong, and ſleeping ne'er ſo found,
h errors, and oppreſt with
831
mmiſſion'd hour no ſooner calls,
avern in the ſoul's abyſs,
able under Ætna whelm'd,
rſts in thunder, and in flame; 835
s, and ſeverely pains,
iſcharge, and Hydra ſtings;
ion of bright *truth*—is Hell:
though by ſchools untaught.
h! peruſe this Parſon'd page, 840
nce, a prophet, and a prieſt;
e fools, but fools they cannot

SHT THE FIFTH.

E RELAPSE.

THE RIGHT HON.

ARL OF LITCHFIELD.

! to recriminate is juſt.
or fame is avarice of air.
is vain who writes for praiſe.
e'er deſerv'd, who ſought no

ond charge. I grant the *Muſe* 5
t at her degenerate ſons,
ſe to plead her filthy cauſe;
r, to magnify the mean,
grols into refin'd:
numbers' powerful charm 10
make a *civet* of their ſong
weeten ordure to perfume.
an, deifies the brute,
me-enjoyments from the mire.
rious, not obſcure the cauſe. 15
ains of *pleaſure*, and of *pride*.
: man; and theſe diſtract him

ways, and claſh in their com-

gle, builds among the ſtars;
k-like, toils upon the ground. 20

Joys ſhar'd by brute-creation, *pride* reſents;
Pleaſure embraces: Man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when ſtung by ſtrong deſire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize. 25
Since joys of *ſenſe* can't riſe to *reaſon*'s taſte;
In ſubtle *ſophiſtry*'s laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reaſon *new*, that ſtoops
To fordid ſcenes, and meets them with applauſe.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaſte zone to looſe; 30
Nor leſs than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thouſand phantoms, and a thouſand ſpells,
A thouſand opiates ſcatters, to delude,
To faſcinate, inebriate, lay aſleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound. 35
Thus that which ſhock'd the *judgment*, ſhocks no more;
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleaſure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man ſhall reign,
By *wit*'s addreſs, patch up a fatal peace, 40
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, curſed art! wipes off th' indebted bluſh
From nature's cheek, and bronzes every ſhame.
Man ſmiles in ruin, glories in his guilt, 45
And infamy ſtands candidate for praiſe.
All writ by man in favour of the ſoul,
Theſe *ſenſual ethics* far, in bulk, tranſcends.
The flowers of eloquence, profuſely pour'd
O'er ſpotted vice, fill half the letter'd world. 50
Can powers of genius exorciſe their page,
And conſecrate enormities with ſong?
But let not theſe inexpiable ſtrains
Condemn the Muſe that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly ſtops at *time*, but holds the world 55
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her eſteem; from whence to ſtart,
And run the round of univerſal ſpace,
To viſit Being univerſal there,
And Being's Source, that utmoſt flight of mind! 60
Yet, ſpite of this ſo vaſt circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *ſyrens* only? Do not angels ſing?
There is in *poeſy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when ſhe ſpeaks to *prove*,
Her younger ſiſter; haply, not more wiſe. 65
Think'ſt thou, Lorenzo! to find paſtimes here
No guilty paſſion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity diſgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower, 70
No rainbow colours, *here*, or ſilken tale:
But ſolemn *counſels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through theſe revolving ſpheres,
This death-deep ſilence, and incumbent ſhade: 75
Thoughts, ſuch as ſhall reviſit your laſt hour;
Viſit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker ſtill
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole. [80
Yet theſe [illegible], my laughter-loving friends!

Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent: and their assent
Is ample recompence; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unally'd,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse:
A Muse that will not pain thee with thy praise;
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.
O Thou! Blest Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
Great ante-mundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated power,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From fam'd Castalia: nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the Stars.
By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*:
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontrol'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on Herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretcht out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason*'s reign,
And *virtue*'s too; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the croud,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infectious; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted; we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languisht for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,
On *contemplation*'s eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands,
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm,

s anſwers, and *thinks* down her charms.
·ful joy! what mental liberty!
nt in darkneſs; rather ſay,
bold; in darkneſs I'm embower'd.
gloom! the cluſtering thoughts around
s riſe, and bloſſom in the ſhade:
by day, and ſicken in the *ſun*.
rows light elſewhere; from that *firſt*

f animation! whence deſcends
celeſtial gueſt! who deigns
riſit me, ſo mean; and *now*,
ow needful diſcipline to man,
ſing dalliance with the charms of

ing thought recalls, to what excites
eat of heart! Narciſſa's tomb!
le nature calls me back,
my ſpirit into grief again?
an vapour in my blood?
puddle, creeping through my veins?
with all men?—Thus with all.
e? How unequal! Now we ſoar,
ſink: to be the *ſame*, tranſcends
proweſs. Dearly pays the *ſoul*
ill; too dearly rents her clay.
ffled counſellor! but adds
of weakneſs to the bane of woe.
ſpirit, fighting her hard fate,
p, duſty region, charg'd with ſtorms
lutters, yet untaught to fly;
ſhort her flight, and ſure her fall.
ſtrength, when down, to riſe again;
yield, though *beaten*, all our praiſe.
to ſeek in men for more than man.
roud in promiſe, big in previous
ght,
amps our triumph. I who late,
rom the ſhadows of the grave,
detain'd me priſoner, mounting high,
: the gates of everlaſting day,
nankind to glory, ſhook off *pain*,
ook off, in æther pure,
the ſtars: *now* feel my ſpirits fail;
ne from the zenith; down I ruſh,
hom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
rown'd—but not in ſorrow loſt.
ied is the man who never mourn'd!
recious pearl in *ſorrow*'s ſtream:
houghtleſs man that *only* grieves:
e torment, and rejects the gain,
gain!) and gives heaven leave
im but more wretched, not more

1 is our leſſon (and what elſe
an? what elſe have angels learnt?)
e proficients in thy ſchool are made,
or *proud learning*, e'er could boaſt.
arning, often over-fed,
into ſenſe her motley meal.
e, with dark booty almoſt burſt,
on others' wiſdom, leaves
arm, her *reaſon*, quite untill'd.
nanure ſhe ſurfeits the rank ſoil,

Dung'd, but not dreſs'd; and rich t
A pomp untameable of weeds prev
Her *ſervant*'s wealth, incumber'd *w*
And what ſays *genius?* "*Let the*
Genius, too hard for right, can prove
And loves to boaſt, where bluſh me
It pleads exemption from the laws o
Conſiders *reaſon* as a leveller;
And ſcorns to ſhare a bleſſing with t
That wiſe it *could* be, thinks an amp
To *glory*, and to *pleaſure* gives the re
Craſſus but ſleeps, Ardelio is undon
Wiſdom leſs ſhudders at a fool, than
But *wiſdom* ſmiles, when hum
weep.
When *ſorrow* wounds the breaſt, a
glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her ſofteni
Her ſeed celeſtial, then, glad *wiſdom*
Her golden harveſt triumphs in the
If ſo, Narciſſa! welcome my *Rataſ*
I'll raiſe a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compenſation from m
I'll range the plenteous intellectual fi
And gather every thought of ſover
To chaſe the moral maladies of man
Thoughts, which may bear tranſpla
ſkies,
Though natives of this coarſe penuri
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *ſeraf*
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in h
Reaſon, the ſun that gives them birt
In either clime, though more illuſtrio
Theſe choicely cull'd, and elegantly
Shall form a garland for Narciſſa's t
And, peradventure, of no fading fl
Say on what themes ſhall puzzled ch
" Th' importance of contemplatir
" *Why* men decline it; *ſuicide*'s foul!
" The various *kind of grief*; the *fau*
" And *death's dread character*—invite
And, firſt th' importance of our e
Friends counſel quick diſmiſſion of ou
Miſtaken kindneſs! our hearts heal
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who ſtr
Who bid it do his errand in our hea
And baniſh peace, till *nobler gueſts* ar
And bring it back, a true and endie
Calamities are *friends*: as glaring *da*
Of theſe unnumber'd luſtres robs ou
Proſperity puts out unnumber'd thou
Of import high, and light divine,
The man how bleſt, who, fit
ſcenes,
(Scenes apt to thruſt between Us an
Is led by choice to take his favourite
Beneath *death*'s gloomy, ſilent, cypr
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh h
Viſit his vaults, and dwell among t
Lorenzo! read with me Narciſſa's
(Narciſſa was thy favourite) let us r
Her *moral* ſtone! few doctors preac
Few orators ſo tenderly can touch

The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can ſtrike: and yet in them we ſee
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cauſe have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations ſeize, when *fear* is laid aſleep;
And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humbler ſhrine,
Truth, radiant goddeſs! ſallies on my ſoul,
And puts *deluſion*'s duſky train to flight:
Diſpels the miſts our ſultry *paſſions* raiſe,
From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene:
And ſhews the *real* eſtimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw;
Pulls off the veil from *virtue*'s riſing charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thouſand lyes.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things inviſible, feel things remote,
Am preſent with futurities; think nought
To man ſo foreign, as the joys *poſſeſt*;
Nought ſo much his, as thoſe beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* ſight;
Pale *worldly wiſdom* loſes all her charms;
In pompous promiſe, from her ſchemes profound,
If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs!
At the firſt breath it vaniſhes in air.
Not ſo, *celeſtial*: wouldſt thou know, Lorenzo!
How differ *worldly wiſdom*, and *divine?*
Juſt as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty *worldly* wiſdom every day;
And every day more fair her *rival* ſhines.
When *later*, there's leſs time to play the fool.
Soon our old term for wiſdom is expir'd
(Thou know'ſt ſhe calls no council in the grave):
And everlaſting fool is writ in fire.
Or *real* wiſdom wafts us to the ſkies.
As worldly ſchemes reſemble Sibyls' leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyls' books compare,
(In antient ſtory read, thou know'ſt the tale)
In price ſtill riſing, as in number leſs,
Meſtimable quite his final hour.
For That who thrones can offer, offer thrones:
Inſolvent worlds the purchaſe cannot pay.
"Oh let me die his death!" all nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All nature ſauters there.
Our great phyſician daily to conſult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave preſcribes the beſt?—A friend's;
and yet,
From a friend's grave how ſoon we diſengage!
Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends raviſht from us? 'Tis to bind,
By ſoft *affection*'s tyes, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reaſon*, too ſupine,
Or miſemploy'd, ſo rarely faſtens *there*.
Nor reaſon, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only ſure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected gueſt?
Nay, though invited by the loudeſt calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected ſtill?
Though numerous meſſengers are ſent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cauſe,
The wondrous cauſe, of this myſterious ill?
All heaven looks down aſtoniſh'd at the ſight.
Is it, that life has ſown her *joys* ſo thick,
We can't thruſt in a ſingle care between?
Is it, that life has ſuch a ſwarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* ſteals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indolence* from her golden dream?
To-day is ſo like *yeſterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying ſiſter for the ſame.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the ſame brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the ſame life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the ſame; the ſame we think
Our life, though ſtill more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably lap'd,
And mingled with the ſea. Or ſhall we ſay
(Retaining ſtill the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a veſſel on the ſtream?
In life embark'd, we ſmoothly down the tide
Of *time* deſcend, but not on *time* intent:
Amus'd, unconſcious of the gliding wave;
Till on a ſudden we perceive a ſhock;
We ſtart, awake, look out; what ſee we there?
Our brittle bark is burſt on Charon's ſhore.
Is this the cauſe *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* ſtruck blind,
That domineering miſtreſs of the ſoul!
Like *him* ſo ſtrong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns ſtartled *reaſon* back,
From looking down a precipice ſo ſteep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wiſely plac'd,
By nature, conſcious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming ſword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's moſt ſmiling hour,
The *good-man* would repine; would *ſuffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promiſ'd ſkies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein:
Bound o'er the barrier, ruſh into the dark,
And mar the ſchemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! riſe;
And drown in your leſs execrable yell
Britannia's ſhame. Thereſtook her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black ſullen ſoul,
Blaſted from hell, with horrid liſt of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, ſo thought—And *then* he fled the field.

Leſs baſe the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for ſuicide!
An *iſland* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beſide!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Waſh the dire ſtain, nor ſhock the continent.
But be thou ſhock'd, while I detect the cauſe
Of *ſelf-aſſault*, expoſe the monſter's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiſs it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the diſtant ſun;
The ſun is innocent, thy clime abſolv'd:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cauſe I ſing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.
The ſoul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *ſoul!*, a native of the ſkies!
High-born, and free, her freedom ſhould maintain,
Unfold, unmortgag'd for *earth*'s little bribes.
Th' illuſtrious ſtranger, in this foreign land,
Like ſtrangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* ſuſpicious, *earth*'s inchanted cup
With cool reſerve light touching, ſhould indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taſte,
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet *there*.
But ſome reject this ſuſtenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites deſcend;
Aſk alms of *earth* for gueſts that came from *heaven*:
Sink into ſlaves; and ſell, for *preſent* hire,
Their rich reverſion, and (what ſhares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who ſways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul baſket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the baſket full;
Are inſtantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And burſting their confinement; though faſt barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded ſtrong
With *horrors* doubled to defend the paſs,
The blackeſt, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raiſe;
And moated round with fathomleſs *deſtruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the *cauſe*, to you unknown,
Or worſe, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magiſtrates,
Thus criminals themſelves. I grant the deed
Is madneſs: but the madneſs of the *heart*.
And what is that? Our utmoſt bound of guilt.
A ſenſual, unreflecting life, is big
With monſtrous births, and *Suicide* to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law ſupreme, and deſperately ruſh
Through ſacred *nature*'s murder, on their own,
Becauſe they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to ſhun, and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languiſhment we ſit,
(The ſeat of *wiſdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguiſh hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or ſtay the ſinking head,
Number their moments, and, in every clock,
Start at the voice of an Eternity;
See the dim lamp of life juſt feebly liſt
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then ſink again, and quiver into death,
That moſt pathetic herald of our own;
How read we ſuch ſad ſcenes? As ſent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity ſent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impreſs,
Indelible, *death*'s image on his heart;
Bleeding for others, trembling for himſelf.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we ſmile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all:
As the tide ruſhing raſes what is writ
In yielding ſands, and ſmooths the letter'd ſhore.
Lorenzo! haſt thou ever weigh'd a *ſigh*?
Or ſtudy'd the philoſophy of *tears*?
(A ſcience, yet unlectur'd in our ſchools!)
Haſt thou deſcended deep into the breaſt,
And ſeen their ſource? If not, deſcend with me,
And trace theſe briny rivulets to their ſprings.
Our funeral tears from different cauſes riſe,
As if from ſeparate ciſterns in the ſoul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By ſoft contagion call'd, *ſome* burſt at once,
And ſtream obſequious to the leading eye.
Some aſk more time, by curious *art* diſtil'd.
Some hearts, in ſecret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moſes' ſmitten rock, guſh out amain.
Some weep to ſhare the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them ſo dear.
They dwell on praiſes, which they think they ſhare;
And thus, without a bluſh, commend themſelves.
Some mourn, in proof, that ſomething they could love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *ſhew*.
Some weep in perfect juſtice to the dead,
As conſcious all their love is in arrear.
Some miſchievouſly weep, not unappriz'd,
Tears, ſometimes, aid the conqueſt of an eye.
With what addreſs the ſoft Epheſians draw
Their ſable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As ſeen through cryſtal, how their roſes glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
Of her's not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carouſing gems, herſelf diſſolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abſtracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own deceaſe.
By kind conſtruction, ſome are *deem'd* to weep,
Becauſe a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earneſt, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indifference, as in woe.
Paſſion, blind paſſion! impotently pours
Tears, that deſerve more tears; while *reaſon* ſleeps;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the ſtorm;
Knows not it ſpeaks to *her*, and her *alone*.
Irrationals all ſorrow are beneath,

That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *ſorrow*'s pang, the birth of endleſs joy.
But *theſe* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the ſummer ſtorm,
And full as ſhort! The cruel *grief* ſoon tam'd,
They make a paſtime of the ſtingleſs tale;
Far as the deep reſounding knell, they ſpread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wiſdom* pays them for their *woe*.
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by *death*
Are ſpent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flouriſh ſtill more fair,
When the ſick ſoul, her wonted ſtay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and ſorrows in the duſt;
Inſtead of learning, *there*, her *true ſupport*,
Though there thrown down her true ſupport to learn
Without heaven's aid, impatient to be bleſt,
She crawls to the next ſhrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the ſtately cedar's arms ſhe fell;
With ſtale, forſworn embraces, clings anew,
The ſtranger weds, and bloſſoms, as before,
In all the fruitleſs fopperies of life:
Preſents her *weed*, well fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the deſtin'd youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making ſmiles,
And blanching ſables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clariſſa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he doats;
And dy'd to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not ſuch, Narciſſa, my diſtreſs for Thee.
I'll make an altar of thy ſacred tomb,
To ſacrifice to wiſdom. What waſt Thou?
"*Young*, *gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to ſhun thought more ſevere;
(Heaven knows I labour with ſeverer ſtill!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhauſt thy death,
A ſoul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, firſt, thy *youth*. What ſays it to grey hairs!
Narciſſa, I'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, tranſient, chaſte, as morning dew,
She ſparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has ſnow'd; yet ſtill 'tis borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another*'s grave.
Cover'd with ſhame I ſpeak it, *age* ſevere
Old worn-out vice ſets down for virtue fair;
With graceleſs gravity, chaſtiſing youth,
That youth chaſtis'd for ſurpaſſing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulneſs of death:
As if, like objects preſſing on the ſight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be ſeen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead preſcription from the grave;
Deathleſs, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathleſs? far from it! *ſuch* are dead already;
Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their grave.
Tell me, ſome god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thouſand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily ſhunn'd?
We ſtand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourſelves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal ſtill!
We ſee time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd, preparing his aſſault;
How few themſelves in that juſt mirror ſee!
Or, ſeeing, draw their inference as ſtrong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *muſt*,
And *ſoon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Though grey our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whoſe hand and bell diſſent;
Folly ſings Six, while *Nature* points at Twelve.
Abſurd *longevity!* More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more traſh of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when reliſh fails?
Object and *appetite*, muſt club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that ſtrike us from *without*,
While *nature* is relaxing every ſtring?
Aſk *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the ſoul, when this life's rattles ceaſe,
Has nothing of more manly to ſucceed?
Contract the taſte immortal; learn ev'n now
To reliſh what *alone* ſubſiſts hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wiſh* to die.
That wiſh is *praiſe*, and *promiſe*; it applauds
Paſt life, and promiſes our future bliſs.
What weakneſs ſee not children in their fires?
Grand-climacterical abſurdities!
Grey-hair'd authority; to faults of youth,
How ſhocking: it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our firſt childhood might our laſt deſpiſe.
Peace and *eſteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wiſdom* gives the *firſt*; the *laſt*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wiſe*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our ſhadows,
Our wiſhes lengthen, as our ſun declines.
No wiſh ſhould loiter, *then*, this ſide the grave.
Our hearts ſhould leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcaſes to mend the ſoil.
Enough to live in tempeſt, die in port;
Age ſhould fly concourſe, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*; and the *will*'s ſubdue;
Walk thoughtful on the ſilent, ſolemn ſhore
Of that vaſt ocean it muſt ſail ſo ſoon;
And put *good-works* on board; and wait the wind
That ſhortly blows us into worlds unknown,
If *unconſider'd* too, a dreadful ſcene!
All ſhould be prophets to themſelves; foreſee
Their future fate: their future fate foreraſte;
This art would waſte the bitterneſs of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* deſtroys.
A diſaffection to that precious thought

ıan *midnight* darkneſs on the ſoul,
:eps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
: by the firſt blaſt, and loſt for ever.
k, Lorenzo, why ſo warmly preſt,
:ion hammer'd on thine ear,
ght of death? That thought is the ma-
ine,
ıd machine! that heaves us from the
ıſt,
s us into men. That thought, ply'd
ıme,
reduce the ghaſtly *precipice*
ging hell, will ſoften the deſcent,
ly ſlope our paſſage to the grave;
nily to be wiſh'd! What heart of fleſh
ifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
r the fate of infinite? What hand,
he blackeſt brand of cenſure bold,
t a language *too well* known to Thee)
: a moment give its *All* to chance,
p the die for an eternity?
t, Narciſſa! aid me to keep pace
iny; and ere her ſciſſars cut
ıd of life, to break this tougher thread
l death, that ties me to the world.
n my ſlumbering *reaſon* to ſend forth
ıt of obſervation on the foe;
; and ſurvey the rapid march
n thouſand meſſengers to man;
hu-like, behind him turns them all.
ut apart, by *nature* ſign'd,
ant is gone out, though dormant yet;
ehind one moment lurks my fate.
then *forward* only look for death?
'l turn mine eye, and find him there,
ſelf-ſurvivor every year.
e a ſtream, is in perpetual flow.
a deſtroyer of quotidian prey.
, my *noon-tide*, His; my *yeſterday*;
invader ſhares the *preſent* hour.
nent on the former ſhuts the grave.
ın is growing, life is in decreaſe;
lles rock us nearer to the tomb.
ı is nothing but our death begun:
waſte, that inſtant they take fire.
we then fear, leſt that ſhould come to
ıſs,
ımes to paſs each moment of our lives?
e muſt, let *that* death turn us pale,
nurders *ſtrength* and *ardour*; what re-
ains
ither call on death, than dread his call.
ers of my fault, and my decline!
leſs of death, but when your neighbour's
ıell
ſitant!) knocks hard at your dull ſenſe,
ı its thunder ſcarce obtains your ear!
your theme, in every place and hour;
er want, ye monumental Sires!
r tomb to tell you ye ſhall die.
th you *dread* (ſo great is nature's ſkill)
ou ſhall *court* before you ſhall enjoy.
ou are learn'd; in volumes, deep you ſit;
m ſhallow: pompous ignorance!
ou be ſtill more learned than the learn'd?
ill to know how much need not be known.

And what that *knowledge*, which impairs y
ſenſe.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feaſt.
You ſcorn what lies before you in the page
Of *nature*, and *experience*, moral truth;
Of indiſpenſable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods
And dive in *ſcience* for diſtinguiſhed names,
Diſhoneſt fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you riſe in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while ſpeculation ſhines.
Awake, ye curious indigators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *death's character*, attend.
All caſts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together ſhook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *ſarcaſtic*, and inſults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countleſs multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *diſappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our ſorrow, greater our ſurprize
Like other tyrants, *death* delights to ſmite,
What, ſmitten, moſt proclaims the pride
power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy ſupreme,
To bid the wretch ſurvive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his ſhroud!
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb
Me Thine, Narciſſa!—What though ſhort
date?
Virtue, not rolling ſuns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which anſwers life's great end
The time that bears no fruit, deſerves no name
The man of wiſdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methuſalems may die;
O how *miſdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narciſſa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counſel too?
That, like the Jews fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles inſtruction; ſuch as throws new light
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *This* thy vaunt:
" Give death his due, the wretched, and
old;
" Ev'n let him ſweep his rubbiſh to the grave
" Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
" But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'ſt him, *young*
gay
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, " The fartheſt from the *fear*
" Are often neareſt to the *ſtroke* of Fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers ſhould emit a flame,
Glad ſpirits ſparkled from Narciſſa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life
live.
As nature's oppoſites wage endleſs war,
For *this* offence, as treaſon to the deep

Inviolable ſtupor of his reign,
Where *luſt*, and turbulent *ambition*, ſleep,
Death took ſwift vengeance. As he life deteſts,
More life is ſtill more odious; and, reduc'd
By conqueſt, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By heaven's decree,
To plant the ſoul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.
Thus runs death's dread commiſſion: "Strike; but *ſo*
"As moſt alarms the living by the dead."
Hence *ſtratagem* delights him, and *ſurprize*,
And cruel ſport with man's ſecurities.
Not ſimple conqueſt, triumph is his aim;
And, where leaſt fear'd, there conqueſt triumphs moſt.
This proves my bold aſſertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears aſleep?
Tiberian arts his purpoſes wrap up
In deep diſſimulation's darkeſt night.
Like princes unconteſt in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *death* aſſumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all ſhapes that ſerve his black deſigns:
Though maſter of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew,
Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guiſe;
Quite unſuſpected, till, the wheel beneath,
His diſarray'd oblation he devours.
He moſt affects the forms leaſt like himſelf,
His ſlender ſelf. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and ſleek diſguiſe.
Behind the roſy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambuſh in a ſmile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and ſink them in deſpair.
Such, on Narciſſa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, ſtill was ſeen
To *ſmile*; ſuch peace has innocence in death!
Moſt happy they! whom leaſt his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous ſpy,
I've ſeen, or dream't I ſaw, the tyrant *dreſs*;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his ſmiles.
Say, Muſe, for thou remember'ſt, call it back,
And ſhew Lorenzo the ſurpriſing ſcene;
If 'twas a dream his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the *gay* I ſtood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* puſh'd him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *diſmiſs'd*
The ſage; for *death* deſign'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *uſurer*
His meagre aſpect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *ſpendthrift*; whoſe fantaſtic air,
Well-faſhion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of coſtly linen, tuck'd his filthy ſhroud.
His crooked bow he ſtraiten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly ſhafts in Myra's eye.
The dreadful maſquerader, thus equipt,
Out-ſallies on adventures. Aſk you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* ſuffice; ſure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleaſure*'s footſteps round the world,
When *pleaſure* treads the paths which *reaſon* ſhuns.
When, againſt *reaſon*, *riot* ſhuts the door,
And *gaiety* ſupplies the place of *ſenſe*,
Then, foremoſt at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or ſtamps the deadly die:
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carouſing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to ſee them laugh at him,
As abſent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is baniſh'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Againſt them turns the key; and bids them ſup
With their progenitors—He drops his maſk;
Frowns out at full; they ſtart, deſpair, expire!
Scarce with more ſudden terror and ſurprize
From his black maſque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He burſts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than ſimple conqueſt*, in the fiend?

And now, Lorenzo, doſt thou wrap thy ſoul
In ſoft ſecurity, becauſe unknown
Which moment is commiſſion'd to deſtroy?
In *death*'s uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore Thou be fit;
Fixt as a centinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouſe, ſtand in arms, nor lean againſt thy ſpear;
Leſt ſlumber ſteal one moment o'er thy ſoul,
And *fate* ſurprize thee nodding. Watch, be ſtrong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from moſt)
Hide too from Thee the precious *uſe* of life.
Early, not ſudden, was Narciſſa's fate.
Soon, not ſurpriſing, *death* his viſit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her ſight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that miſſes it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conſpir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happineſs
(If happineſs on earth) to crown her brow.
And could *death* charge through ſuch a ſhining ſhield?
That ſhining ſhield *invites* the tyrant's ſpear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And ſtrongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is proſperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it ſhines!
Few years but yield us proof of *death*'s ambition,
To cull his victims from th' faireſt fold,

his ſhafts in all the pride of life.
d with abundance, purpled o'er
honours, bloom'd with every bliſs,
eutation, made the gaze,
ener, of the public eye,
e thus has toſs'd her child in air,
the covert of an humble ſtate,
ave I ſeen him dropt at once,
g's envy! and our evening's figh!
unties were the ſignal given,
wreath to mark the ſacrifice,
th's arrows on the deſtin'd prey
ne ſeems in cruel league with *fate*,
what? To give his war on man
dread, and more illuſtrious ſpoil;
daring mortals more in awe.
orenzo ſtill for the ſublime
hang his airy neſt on high,
timber of the topmoſt bough,
h breeze, and menacing a fall?
n *death* at equal diſtance *there*;
gins juſt where *ambition* ends.
man wretched? Happineſs *denyʼd*?
o: "Hi happineſs *diſdainʼd*.
o meanly dreſt to win our ſmile;
rſelf *Content*, a homely nurſe!
tranſient, and *intent* our ſcorn.
s, and ſhuts the door againſt her,
toil, a *trampſt*, in her ſtead;
warm *traveſtied* near of kin.
what our mortal ſtate admits,
joys we ruin, while we raiſe;
eſtaſies are wounds to peace;
ull portion of mankind below.
thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
nd! as thoughtleſs of thy fate!
w *death*'s picture, to ſtir up
me fears; now, drawn in contraſt,

s, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
ain, the ſportive goddeſs hangs,
caſket, ſpreads her glittering ware,
gaudy winds to puff abroad
bounties o'er the gaping throng.
acious; friends o'er trodden friends;
ir fathers, ſubjects o'er their kings,
their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
or'd, to match the golden flower.
ters moſt, where *virtue* ſhines no

ruſhant ſons *have* leave to ſhine.
crimes ſack of ſtates
from the priſons, and the ſtews,
o'ering in their idol's praiſe;
eye each vulture of her hand,
expanding their voracious jaws,
neſtful ſwallow down unchew'd,
rough and appetite for more;
e ravenous, yet lean and ravenous ſtill.
d, to trace the ſmalleſt game,
ſe the greateſt. If bleſt chance
s ſwerd, breathe, they launch, they

O'er juſt, o'er ſacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning ſcent of place or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates ſurvey.
With aim miſ-meaſur'd, and impetuous ſpeed,
Some darting, ſtrike their ardent with far off,
Through fury to poſſeſs it: *Some* ſucceed,
But ſtumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *ſome*, by ſudden blaſt, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in boſoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *ſome* it ſticks ſo cloſe, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *ſome* (unhappy rivals!) ſeize,
And rend abundance into poverty,
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and ſmiles:
Smiles too the goddeſs; but ſmiles moſt at thoſe,
(Juſt victims of exorbitant deſire!)
Who periſh at their own requeſt. O! whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers ſlain,
The number ſmall, which happineſs can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates; at laſt
One curſe involves them all: at death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loſs,
And mourn, in juſt proportion to their ſtore.
And *death*'s approach (of orthodox my ſong)
Is haſten'd by the lure of *fortune*'s ſmiles.
And art thou ſtill a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou ſtill rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a ſhining mark, a ſignal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And ſtartles thouſands with a ſingle fall.
As when ſome ſtately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly ſpreads her ſhade,
The ſun's defiance, and the ſtorm's defiance;
By the ſtrong ſtrokes of labouring hinds ſubdued,
Loud groans her laſt, and, ruſhing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conſcious foreſt trembles at the ſtroke,
And hill, and ſtream, and diſtant vale, rebound.
Theſe high-aim'd darts of *death*, and theſe alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, ſuſpended in the ſky,
Or near heaven's *throne*, in the zodiack hung,
(So could it be) *fixed* on the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A conſtellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the gay through life's tempeſtuous wave;
Nor ſuffer them to ſtrike the common rock.
"From greater danger, to grow more ſecure,
"And, wrapt in happineſs, forget their fate."
Lyſander, happy paſt the lot of man,
Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
He woo'd the fair, the fair was kind.
In youth, form, fortune, fame, the boaſt of both:
All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy love!
Can fancy form more finiſh'd happineſs?

First was the nuptial hour. Her ſtately dome
Roſe on the ſounding beach. The glittering ſpires
Float in the wave, and break againſt the ſhore:
So break thoſe glittering ſhadows, human joys.
The faithleſs morning ſmil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecſtaſies, at eve.
The riſing ſtorm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, ſhe ſaw it in her ſervant's eye.
She felt it ſeen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In ſuffocating ſorrows, ſhares his tomb
Now, round the ſumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough ſailor paſſing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears ſuffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The *diſtant* train of thought I took to ſhun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*Theſe* died together:
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narciſſa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou waſt only *near* me; not *myſelf*.
Survive *myſelf*?—*That* cures all other woe.
Narciſſa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the ſoft commerce! O the tender eyes,
Cloſe-twiſted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the ſoul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *dear* friends part,
'Tis the ſurvivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, Glory and Riches are particularly conſidered.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,

FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

THERE are few *Infidels* in *Engliſh* at leaſt *religion* is *reaſon* in this. The diſpute about religion, and the truth of it, ſeems to ſuppoſe, *therefore, the diſpute the better. I think it may be reduced to this ſingle queſtion,* Is man immortal, or is he not? *If he is not, all our diſputes are mere amuſements, or trials of ſkill. In this caſe,* truth, reaſon, religion, *which give our diſcourſes ſuch pomp and ſolemnity, are (as will be ſhewn) mere empty ſound, without any meaning in them. But if a man is immortal, it will behove him to be very ſerious about eternal conſequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, un-eſtabliſhed, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the* real *ſource and ſupport of all our infidelity; how remote ſoever the particular objections advanced may ſeem to be from it.*

Senſible appearances *affect* moſt men much more than abſtract reaſonings; *and we daily ſee* bodies *drop* around us, *but the ſoul is inviſible. The power which* inclination *has over the* judgment, *is greater than can be well conceived by thoſe that have not an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the ſad intereſt that ſouls ſhould not ſurvive! The heathen world confeſſed, that they* rather *hoped, than firmly* believed *immortality! And how many heathens have we ſtill amongſt us! The ſacred page aſſures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Goſpel: but by how many is the Goſpel rejected, or overlooked! From theſe conſiderations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the ſentiments of ſome particular perſons, I have been long perſuaded that moſt, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever ſcheme, for argument's ſake, and to keep themſelves in countenance, they patroniſe) are ſupported in their diſbelief, not by ſome doubt of their* immortality, *as the term. And I am ſatisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being chriſtians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man ſeriouſly conſcious eternal pain or happineſs will certainly be his lot, ſhould not earneſtly, and impartially, enquire after the ſureſt means of eſcaping one, and ſecuring the other. And if ſuch an earneſt and impartial inquiry, we well know the conſequence.*

Here, therefore, in proof of this moſt fundamental truth, ſome plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which Infidels admit in common with Believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irreſiſtible; and ſuch as, I am ſatisfied, will to great weight with all, who give themſelves the fair trouble of looking ſeriouſly into their own boſoms, of obſerving, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily paſſes round about them in the world. Some arguments ſtill, here, occur, which others have declined, they are ſubmitted, with all deference to better judgments, in this, of all points the moſt important. For, as to the Being of a God, that is no longer diſputed; but it is unqueſtioned for this reaſon only, viz. becauſe, where the leaſt pretence to reaſon is admitted; it muſt for ever be indiſputable. And of conſequence no man can be betray'd into a diſpute of this nature, but by vanity; which has a principal part in animating our modern infidelity, as well as our Belief.

NIGHT VI.

know not yet her name in heaven)
like Narciſſa, left the ſcene;
e Philander. What avail?
itigation but inflames;
edicine heightens the diſeaſe.
wn, the cloſer ſtill ſhe grew;
rting is a gradual death.
rant's engine, which extorts,
re's ſtill encreaſing weight,
arts, confeſſion of diſtreſs.
dark approach through years of

! (might I dare call it ſo)
bt, and fable *terror*, hung:
lamp its only glimmering ray:
melancholy walk ordain'd,
itſelf to flatter, there,
d, prophetically ſad!
her dead, while yet in ſmiles!
ak *her* grief to leſſen *mine*.
omfort, and increas'd my pain.
armies trenching at a town,
nt, but reſiſtleſs ſap,
reſs gently gaining ground,
deadly ſiege; in ſpite of art,
y bleſſings nature lends
l humanity. Ye ſtars!
made familiar to my ſight)
moon! bear witneſs; many a

ow from beneath my head,
fore attention to the ſhock,
redations on a life
at he left me. Dreadful poſt
! darker every hour!
day that drove me to the brink,
: eternity below;
ſhudder'd at futurity;
oment's point, th' important dye,
th ſpun doubtful, ere it fell,
life: my title to more woe.
ore woe? More comfort let it

d, but that which wiſh'd to die;
d, but wretchedneſs and pain;
, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
paſs, and barr'd from *real life*.
that wiſh moſt ardent of the

in to ſee it; higheſt ſtars
ch it; *death*, great *death* alone,
ſun, triumphant, lands us there.
l our *tranſition*; though the mind,
ating ſelf-alarms,
ent for inquietude,
t it dreadful. Who can take
: true? The tyrant never *ſat*.
random ſtrokes, conjecture all;
the grave, nor tells one ſingle

image riſing in the brain,

[1] *Referring to Night V.*

Bear faint reſemblance; never are alike;
Fear ſhakes the pencil; *Fancy* loves exceſs:
Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her ſhades:
And *theſe* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worſt; 'tis paſt; new proſpects riſe;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that ſuſpend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the ſingle, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapſe, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the ſoul unfated with her theme.
Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my ſong.
O that my ſong could emulate my ſoul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the ſoul diſdains
A mark ſo mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endleſs ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inſpire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In ſtronger thread of brighter colour ſpun,
And ſpun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle* here!
How ſhort our correſpondence with the ſun!
And while it laſts, inglorious! Our beſt deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our higheſt joys
Small cordials to ſupport us in our pain,
And give us ſtrength to ſuffer. But how *great*
To mingle intereſts, converſe amities,
With all the ſons of *reaſon*, ſcatter'd wide
Through habitable ſpace, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of univerſal nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which ſupport archangels in their ſtate)
Our own! to riſe in ſcience as in bliſs,
Initiate in the ſecrets of the ſkies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan,
In the bare boſom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To ſee, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all ſhadow, blown remote; and leave
No myſtery—but that of love Divine,
Which lifts us on the ſeraph's flaming wing,
From earth's *accidents*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguiſh, and of outward ill,
From darkneſs and from duſt to *juſt* a ſcene!
Love's element! true joy's illuſtrious home!
From earth's ſad contraſt (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquiſite viciſſitude of fate!
Bleſt abſolution of our blackeſt hour!
Lorenzo, theſe are thoughts that make man Man,
The wiſe illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to ſink beneath
The clod we tread; ſoon trodden by our ſons!)
How great, in the wild whirl of *Time's* perplex,
To ſtop, and pauſe, involv'd in high preſage,
Through the long viſto of a thouſand years

To fixed contemplating our distant fates,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, improv'd, how vast, Divine!
To prophesy our own futurities:
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as distant,
Gracious God! astonish'd thrice, at Thee talk! Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought?
The swell becomes thee; 'Tis an honest pride.
Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise,
His nature no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can underrate his worth. Take good heed,
Nor think he can be ill, where thou should'st be pleas'd:
That abject mortal error from,
How poor a price, when weigh'd with thy heights!
Not those enamel'd paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *Virtue* gains;
And angels emulate: our pride how just!
When most we rise! When those fantastic call?
Where quit
This cell of the creation? This small nest,
Sweet in a corner of the universe,
To start up in fiery coach, and fire-flown air?
Fire-spits to reach! but proof and theme
To ponder on! Here, fools confin'd to wonder
And mortal gaze, and drink a purer day:
Gently, the angelic air refines her fires,
Where sense reigns, enrich'd with full arcana
While *peep by peep* I learn the use of peace.
In quiet life to unexplored bliss deep,
To worm of earth! to view the eyeless under,
With light to grope, with all the past,
The present's grave of ruin'd schemes,
And of their blasted hopes and flaws;
Of disappointment's dreary frost and thaw;
Of all the dismal winter in the heart;
What we not learn from years lost!
What precious years to come!
Differing as heaven from hell! and hell from hell!
In one *Farewell*, what worlds
Who knows? Who knows but this
What ten days pass unseen, that touch on heaven.
And light the torch of joy on the deep
Now the fresh
Are
Now, now the
Those
The
Chi
It
And
Pol old an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The dust
Of these diffusion and orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers
Heavy as Leviathan, to their finish run,
Those twinkling motions of little use,
He swallows unperceiv'd
Yet what are such stupendous to the mind,
As pigmies, as atoms all perceiv'd
As circulating globules in our veins;
So with the
Exhibit
If admiration
What
What
Who
A specimen, an earnest
'Tis to
As the mind's
Which gave
This
Death, only death,
By death,
The
So distant from its final
And shall we find the
O'er
And
D fy the dangers of the field and flood?
Or, fpell-bound, fix our
Our
To
Of fabled thought,
The
A
Pledge, swear, and
For vile
Our
And
And why
To
Oh
Which
Fitt, what
Of

ney as vain as gaudy-minded man,
lent with fumes of self-applause,
rts and conquests *animals* might boast,
aim their *fur'd* crowns, as well as We;
celestial. Here we stand *alone*;
or form. Distinct, pre-eminent:
in thought, our stature is our shame:
an should blush, his forehead meets the
skies.
Fit and *prefect* are for brutes,
for person! and a narrow bound!
reason, with an energy divine,
ps; and claims the *future* and *vast*.
it unseen the farthest north or south!
the great soul bursts up to this high point,
s gives *nature*'s dominion to be known,
and then only, Adam's off-spring quits
je and hero of the fields and woods,
his rank, and rises into man.
ambition; this *leaves* the
tarts or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
o greet, and pluck him from the throng?
r and *art*, ambition's hooded wings,
ht to deprive. All Mind!
ne—very! If There place
ir *place* is *glory*'s fall.
e worthy, no man wonders to high,
ge is but the gibbet of our name.
rated wretch, whose highest
behold a genius brooding, and hot,
ering schemes, and terrestrial aims;
he flies, as if new from her high sphere,
ntrasting wings, and shrieking in the dark.
at the full midnight melon holy light,
wrapt in the solemn and severe
ence of deep Thought, and all her train,
ing wonder, awful shades of Night,
anderson's lucky hour finish laurels
us, and give immortal renown.
All is an achievement of great *powers*.
nte has rarely led us far astray.
he means, *all* is to shade our end;
have no needs, if our end miss.
g your hearts, your heads are right in vain,
a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart
are proper seats of all applause.
rds, *well* means, make wisdom: worldly
wit
self-witted, at its highest, is a fool,
mine then despair to make these great;
ter *just* me. What is't to laugh?
to all mendicant; it bends, and begs;
in alms of homage from the throng;
the throng denies its charity.
ls and ministers are swift names;
r wear them, challenge our favour.
, public order, both cause
homage, and a supple knee,
gs pompously set up, to serve
meft slave; *all more* is merit's due,
ed and invaluable right;
r paid the *wretch*, but the *man*.
arts ne'er know but to superior *mind*,
er Lid of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mask* into majesty.
Let the *gaudy fool* wear silver fur;
His royal robe ermine will,
His crown, descending from his sires,
shall men be proud to wear slavery,
And look to gain from their want?
Our price or loss, our hope or fear?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on
Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Virtue alone outweighs all else in nature,
Her sacred sanctions shall hide, when Egypt's fall.
Of these fair realms, let those alone remain the cause?
The cause is long'd in *heavenly* day
Hear, and all ye Powers! Wisdom burns for power;
What station claims thee? I'll install thee
there;
'Tis thine. And is there one greater than *before*?
Then thou before wast something less than
man.
Has thy new post thy mind thus into pride?
That treacherous cordial saps thy dignity;
That pride debases human joy and calls
The being mean, which *faith* or *fright* can
raise.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness
soars,
Proud blindness! and towering to the skies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man;
An angel's friend, nor his friend long.
A Nero quits his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But fairly shows an immortal soul,
With empire's thrill, to pride, or rapture fir'd.
If nobler motives nourish no ambition,
I've vanity to hold thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place. 'Tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for Thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest
man;
Though no *power* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *ribbon*, 'tis renown;
Renown that would not quit thee, though dis-
grac'd,
Not leave thee proud on a monarch's smile.
Oh! ambition, [illegible] mischief;
Nature [illegible] it in all abased in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Nadir, and Zenith, his whole demain!
His whole dominion, air, a turf, or stone;
To whom, were earth a world to rule, seem too small.
Soul-*truly* great! [illegible] forward on the wing
Of *just* ambition; [illegible] grand result,
The *eagle*'s talon, *there*, not the larkin'd chief
Unthroned behind this momentary scene;
Reduc'd to his own Nature, low or high,
As vice or virtue, finds him, or falsifies;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness [illegible] wields enormous,
And nations held in blood. Dread sacrifice!

To *Christian* pride! which had with horror shock'd
The darkest *pagans* offer'd to their gods.
O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace;
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and That alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.
Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never shut thy thoughts against it;
Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To doat on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is That *ambition*? Then let flames *descend*,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise;
The world which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And casts *new* wisdom: ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *Him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.
Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,
And swifter flight transports us to the skies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse: it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie.
Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense*,
All prospect of eternity shut out,
And, but for *execution*, ne'er see free.
With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth*?
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right?
Where thy *true treasure*? Gold says, "Not in me."
And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
Indeed's insolvent; seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *senses*, which inherit earth, and heavens;
Enjoy the various riches *nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.
Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still.
Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit*;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake
Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
Say, then, Shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare so great, so mean, is man.
What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
Than *sense* surveys! In *memory*'s firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recall
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours fresh, originally bright,
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that sovereign power!
Which *sense* and *fancy* summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those *underlings* import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth*'s balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *science*, *government*, and *law*:
The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
Of *His* idea, whose indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss.
What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' Almighty *Fiat*, and the *Trumpet's sound!*
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuse, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss!

ou, what *power* reſides in feeble man
s to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
ur preſent peace, our future prize.
precarious, natural eſtate,
ible at will, in virtue lies;
: ſure; its income is divine.
uilt abundance, heap on heap! for
hat?
new wants, and beggar us the more;
ake a richer ſcramble for the throng?
his feeble pulſe, which leaps ſo long
y miracle, is tir'd with play,
biſh from diſploding engines thrown,
azines of hoarded trifles fly;
ſe; fly to foreigners, to foes;
ſters court, and call the former fool
ſtly!) for dependance on their ſtay.
atter, firſt, our play-things; then our
uſt.
ourt abundance for the ſake of peace?
nd lament thy ſelf-defeated ſcheme:
iable to be richer ſtill;
her ſtill, what mortal can reſiſt?
alth (a cruel taſk-maſter!) enjoins
s, ſucceeding toils, an endleſs train!
·ders peace, which taught it firſt to ſhine.
r are *half* as wretched as the rich;
roud and painful privilege it is,
to bear a double load of woe;
the ſtings of *envy*, and of *want*,
ous want! both Indies cannot cure.
ipetence is vital to content.
ealth is corpulence, if not diſeaſe;
incumber'd, is our happineſs,
ence is all we can *enjoy*.
ntent, where heaven can give no more!
ke a flaſh of water from a lock,
s our ſpirits' movement for an hour;
its force is ſpent, nor riſe our joys
ur native temper's common ſtream.
iſappointment lurks in every prize,
in flowers; and ſtings us with ſucceſs.
ich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
ows the wiſe are privy to the lye.
arning ſhews how little mortals *know*;
·ealth, how little wordlings can *enjoy*:
it babies us with endleſs toys,
ps us children till we drop to duſt.
keys at a mirror ſtand amaz'd,
il to find what they ſo plainly ſee;
en, in ſhining riches, ſee the face
pineſs, nor know it is a ſhade;
e, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
ſh, and wonder it is abſent ſtill.
few can reſcue opulence from want!
es to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
es to *fancy*, never can be rich.
the man in debt; the man of gold,
to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
n of *reaſon* ſmiles at her, and death.
a patrimony this! A *being*

Of ſuch inherent ſtrength and majeſty,
Not worlds poſſeſt can raiſe it; worlds deſtroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious courſe,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too bleſt to mourn
Creation's obſequies. What treaſure, *this!*
The *Monarch* is a beggar to the Man.
Immortal! Ages paſt, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unſhorten'd by progreſſion infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning ſtill where computation ends!
'Tis the deſcription of a *Deity!*
'Tis the deſcription of the *meaneſt ſlave*:
The meaneſt ſlave dares then Lorenzo ſcorn?
The meaneſt ſlave thy *ſovereign* glory ſhares,
Proud youth! faſtidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the loweſt; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
Immortal! What can ſtrike the *ſenſe* ſo ſtrong,
As this the *ſoul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reaſon amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we ſlumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the ſound, th' exulting ſoul aſcends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the ſtars.
Has not Lorenzo's boſom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Becauſe 'tis common, is the bleſſing loſt?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all elſe! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that*,
From vile impriſonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains*, *abaſement*, *emptineſs*,
The ſoul can *comfort*, *elevate*, and *fill*.
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terror *thoſe*, and *theſe* their luſtre loſe;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all achieves;
Sets earth at diſtance; caſts her into ſhades;
Blends her diſtinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and ſevere,
Fortune's dread frowns, and faſcinating ſmiles,
Make one promiſcuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *Immortality's* full force inſpires.
Nothing terreſtrial touches his high thought;
Suns ſhine unſeen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conſcious of their high deſcent,
Their preſent province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wiſh,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *abſence* loſt!

Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity*'s vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so overcurious to man
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.
Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what but by *some* have done.
Who, beaten by their fulsitary storms,
Boundless, interminable, joyless, weigh,
Unrapture'd, unexalted, unenamour'd?
What slave *unfit*, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pores, the human mind divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at its boundless bliss?
In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! though revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds; and there
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career
Headlong they plunge, where end both time and love?
Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breast;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its inestimable gem?
When rocks their rock, and mountains vanish, *they*
Shall know their date; the stars, nor sun, no more.
Are there (ye powers amazing!) who recall
The rising thought, suppress the struggling tear,
The glorious truth? with struggle to be known?
Who, in such thick-bedarken'd error hurt their way,
And, with reverse of faculties, strive to look?
Who labour downward through the opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dive to hope, and fish her in the dark
Of starless night; still darker than the grave's?
Who fight the powers of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, ev'n their sable fires,
To blot from man's rich attributes divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemous, and rank atheistic to *themselves*?
To contradict them, see all nature rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
Put argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves it, wooes it to *desire*?
All things proclaim it *needful*; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure*.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heaven*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *forcing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou! whose all providential Eye surveys,
Whose Hand directs, whose Spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!
Of two Eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun;
And! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious Immortality in *man*:
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite, but relish'd most
By those who love Thee most, who most adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of Thee the Great *Immutable*, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme:
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste:
And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;
All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day: stars rise, and set, and rise:
Earth takes th' example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits away:
Then melts into the Spring: Soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the *past*. All to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just.
Nature revives, but man *advances*; both
Intomb'd, *that's* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* tow'rs. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *immortal*, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *Loyalty* her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies it to new life. Life's born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counted charges the Most High
Whether he bids it create? Or [illegible]
Matter immortal? And shall *Spirit* die?
Above the meaner, shall less reptile live?
Shall Man alone, for whom all else survives,
No resurrection know? shall Man [illegible]
Imperial Man! be town'd in barren sand,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which it feeds?
Is Man, in whom alone is power [illegible]
The hills of being, or with pr[illegible]
Deplore its period, by the spi[illegible]
Severely doom'd *death*'s single [illegible]

evelation ſpeaks aloud,
tion, hear her louder ſtill.
through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
nite degrees her ſcale aſcends!
nature join'd at each extreme,
re it join'd, to that beneath.
arts reciprocally ſhot,
ce what love of union reigns!
ert matter waits a call to life;
lf-death, join there; here, life and
:
from reaſon ſteals a glimmering ray:
s out in man. But how preſerv'd
nbroken upward, to the realms
al life? thoſe realms of bliſs,
hath no dominion? Grant a make
half-immortal; earthy, part,
ereal; grant the ſoul of man
in man the ſeries ends,
the gap; connection is no more:
'n halts; her next ſtep wants ſup-
.
trib, ſhe tumbles from her ſcheme;
ral ey pronounc'd ſo true;
n's ſureſt guide below.
all nature calls on thy belief.
renzo, careleſs of the call,
ion on all nature charge,
violate his tongue with death?
s reaſon, rather than renounce
lov'd, and run the *riſque* of heaven?

gnity to deathleſs ſouls!
to the majeſty of man!
ortal! Here the lofty ſtyle.
vail, th' Almighty Will be done.
andolva, your ponderous orbs deſcend,

lus into duſt. The *ſoul* is ſafe;
emerges; mount above the wreck,
ng flame from *nature's* funeral pyre;
ſtation, as a grain, ſmiles;
r, his inviolable rights,
ſid to learn from thunder's impotence,
oint-leſs darts, and hell's defeated
s."
chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
of the world thy ſevenfold *ſhield*.
on than of crowns in air,
nary felicities,
warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
oſe glories that inchant, againſt thee
ee to *this* life, proclaims me *next*.
caute that wounds thee is thy cure.
y *am'bition!* let us mount together
Lorenzo never can refuſe);
e clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
on earth.—What feeſt thou? Wond-
things!
onders, that eclipſe the ſkies.
I.

What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded ſeas!
Loaded by man for pleaſure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into ſervice brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withſtand;
What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains, incapt communities haſt,
And gird our fanatiques with their glittering ſpires.
Some mid the wondering waves muſcetic rife;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater ſtill! (what cannot mortal prize?)
See, wide dominions ruſh'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation roars.
Or ſouthward turn: to *climates* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the ſun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Aſcend the ſkies! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half heaven beneath its ample vend.
High through mid air, *here*, ſtreames are taught to
flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, hid by in hollow ſleep.
Here, plains turn ocean, *there*, wild ocean plains
Through kingdoms chann'el deep from more to
ſhore;
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breaſt for formidable feenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the ſword? 790
See fields in blood: hear naval thunders rife;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid ſea, furious wave! Their rear amidſt,
Out-ſpeaks the Deity, and ſays, "O main! 795
"Thus far, nor farther; here thy trophies ſtop."
Earth's diſembowel'd! metall'd are the ſeas!
Stars are detected in their deep recels!
Creation wide is vanquiſh'd! *nature* yields!
Her ſecrets are extorted! *art* pervades!
What monument of genius, ſpirit, power! 800
And now, Lorenzo! rapt'd at this ſcene,
Whoſe glories render heaven ſuperfluous! ſay,
Whoſe footſteps theſe?—*Immortal* have been here.
Could leſs than ſouls immortal theſe have done? 805
Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls im-
mortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confeſs,
Theſe are *ambition's* works: and theſe are great:
But *this*, the leaſt immortal ſouls can do; 810
Tranſcend them all—But what can theſe tranſcend?
Doſt aſk me what?—One ſigh for the *departed*.
What then for *infidels*? A *deep* ſigh.
'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below! 815
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. Here ceaſe we: but, ere
long,
More powerful *proof* ſhall take the field again
thee,
Stronger than death, and ſmiling at the tomb.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance, of IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the French, it were well if we were at war with their manners, of France. A kind of levity is a kind of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that has true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase, *at this day; a sort of additional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; by that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding* Night, *to be false. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they pretend are betrayed into their disbelief by some doubts of their* immortality, *at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the disproof of a* futurity *is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination from the presumption of despair. And what presumption is there! There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. All infidelity is—That the soul* DIES, *or* CANNOT PERISH. *Of these two Gods WILL, or CAN not punish. Of these two the divine attributes, the first is the most openly denied by our licentious infidels. Their plea is omnipotence is unable to punish. Their reason is, it cannot punish, if it is afraid of displeasing its subjects. God certainly can punish, as long as he has men to punish. In annihilation, the soul, it is true, may perish; and, consequently, all punishment cease for want of power to inflict. And hence it is, that many infidels have a strong reason, even on their principles, to wish the judgment of annihilation to be the dreadful lot, that falls on the murderer of their characters; there are some very weak appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reef, they lay hold on this shadow, to save themselves from the rock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.*

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, throw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to publish it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, to the best of my power, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the great absurdities and horrors of annihilation in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their actions would have been received by those whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact: in my opinion extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most virtuous, disinterested, and compassionate: yet this great master of temper was angry; an' angry at his last hour; an' angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship's hire. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was far his honour; it was a truly noble, though perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for immortality: *for his friend using him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposite his remains?" it was resented by Socrates, as implying a disheartening supposition, that he could die for ever, as if there were a reward in any thing, even in himself, that was not immortal.*

This fact well considered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates, or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to pursue the full way to it, with ardour and impatiability: which is all I wish; and that, for that sake: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impression from them.

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IN the sixth Night arguments were drawn from Nature, *in proof of* immortality: *here, others are drawn from Man: from the* Discontent *Ver.* 29; *from the* Passions *and* Powers, 64; *from the general wish of* Reason, 81; *from the fear of* Death, 86; *from the nature of* Happiness *and* Virtue, 139, &c. *from* Knowledge *and* Love, *and from the most spiritual objects of the soul,* 253; *from the* Order *of creation,* 270, &c. *from the views of* Ambition, 337, &c. Avarice, 460; Pleasure, 477; *a description of the grandeur of the* Passions, 511. Immortality *a necessary part of our present state of* Infidelity, 545. *An objection from the Stoical doctrine of* universality *answered,* 585. *Folly of giving a reward, but no punishment, in support of our* immortality, 606. *The nature, not materially, but plainly evidence of a worthy act, under the perspective of* futurity, 653, &c. *The great absurdity and horror of* annihilation *represented in various,* 842, &c. *The soul's vast* importance, 903, &c. *from whence it arises,* 1002. *The* Difficulty *of* Dying well, 1121, *the* Infamy, 1148, *the* Crime, 1185, *and* Character, 1236, *of an infidel* Death. *Whether it is* unbecoming *us,* 1217. *The necessary* punishment *of the* 1271. *Man's ruin is from himself,* 1303. *An infidel accuses himself of* guilt, *and* hypocrisy: *will at the worst of it,* 1319. *His obligation to* Christians, 1335. *What danger he incurs by* Virtue 1345. Vice *recommended to him,* 1364. *His high pretence to* Virtue *and* Benevolence, *exploded,* 1373. *The conclusion, or the nature of* Faith, 1427. Reason, 1439; *and* Hope, 1443; *with an apology for this attempt,* 1470.

[T THE SEVENTH.

I gives the needful, but neglected, all.
what hour, but knocks at human

ſoul to ſenſe of future ſcenes?
like Mercury's, in every way,
oint us to our journey's end.
couldſt make immortals! art thou

oy: nor will I take my leave;
llow. Man but dives in death;
he ſun, in fairer day to riſe;
is ſubterrane in road to bliſs.
indulgence plann'd it ſo;
ious parts our glorious ſtory runs;
e preface, *endleſs age* unrolls
ne'er unroll'd) of human fate,
and *ſkies* * *already* have proclaim'd
a prophecy of worlds to come;
what God foretels (who ſpeaks in

han in *words*) ſhall dare deny?
guments appear too weak,
lear, and ſtronger read in *man*
s on untaught by what he *ſees*,
e infidel to what he *feels*?
oind thought futurity denies,
bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
ictment; he condemns himſelf;
us boſom, reads immortal life;
there, improſing on her lons,
fabl s; man was made a *lye*.
ntent for ever harbour'd there?
nſumption of our peace!
why the *creator* and *king*,
ea-ſever'd realms obey, and her
is whole dominion from the waſte,
inter blaſts with mud and ſtraw,
like, draw ſigh for ſigh,
ſtant, in complaint ſo near?
things *terreſtrial* can't content?
paſture, will thy flocks complain?
t to their maſter is deny'd
their ſweet *ſcene*. Man, ill a

his own place, this foreign field,
ire ſolders him with other ſoul
rdain'd his cravings to ſuffice,
ndance, famiſh'd at a feaſt,
r ſomething *more*, when *moſt* enjoy'd.
then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
paſture richer, but remote;
note; for that remoter part
s from *inſtinct*, though perhaps, de-
ſir'd
his reaſon ſleeps, nor dreams the
te.
ow obvious, when his reaſon wakes!
but his grandeur in diſguiſe;
tent is *immortality*.

Shall ſons of æther, ſhall the blood of heaven
Set up their hopes on earth, and ſtable *here*
With brutal acquieſcence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they ſhall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreſters*, diſtreſs'd, ſhall ſigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the ſigh:
Man's miſery declares him born for bliſs;
His *anxious* heart aſſerts the truth I ſing,
And gives the *ſceptic* in his head the *lye*.
Our heads, our hearts, our *paſſions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the ſame language; call us to the ſkies;
Unripen'd *theſe* in this inclement clime,
Scarce riſe above conjecture and miſtake;
And for this land of trifles *theſe* too ſtrong
Tumultuous riſe, and tempeſt human life:
What prize on earth can pay us for the ſtorm?
Meet objects for our *paſſions*, heaven ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect: Bleſt Heaven! avert
A wounded ardour for unbounded bliſs!
O for a bliſs *unbounded!* far beneath
A ſoul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to periſh immature;
But, after ſcenic effort *here*, beneath
A brighter ſun, and in a nobler ſoil,
Tranſplanted from this ſublunary bed,
Shall flouriſh fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reaſon progreſſive, *inſtinct* is complete;
Swift *inſtinct* leaps; ſlow *reaſon* feebly climbs.
Brutes ſoon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live coeval with the ſun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning ſtill;
Yet, dying, leave his leſſon half unlearnt.
Men periſh in advance, as if the ſun
Should ſet ere noon, in *eaſtern* oceans drown'd;
If ſit, with *him*, *illuſtrious* to compare,
The ſun's *meridian* with the *ſcal* of man.
To man, why, ſtep-dame *nature!* ſo ſevere?
Why thrown aſide thy maſter piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy laſt hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man muſt die,
Nor reach, whate'reach he might, why die in *dread?*
Why curſt with foreſight? Wiſe to miſery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why leſs pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
His *immortality* alone can ſolve
The darkeſt of *enigmas*, human *lote*;
Of all the darkeſt, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' aſſaſſin of our joy,
All *preſent* bleſſings treading under foot,
Is ſcarce a milder tyrant than *deſpair*.
With no paſt toils content, ſtill planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for eaſe.
Paſſion, why more taſteleſs than *purſuit*?
Why is a wiſh far dearer than a crown?
That wiſh accompliſh'd, why, the grave of bliſs?

* *Night the Sixth.*

Beyond the *great future* bury'd deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Beyond what human ardour should pursue;
Beyond Him who made him, bent low to the right
Man's heart the Almighty to the *future* sets,
By secret and inviolable springs;
And makes Hope his labil moving joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more!" the glutton cries for something new.
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He sinks below it. He starves on the *present*.
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank sty why wallow'd emperor's lust
Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His *real* was *ideal* in despair.
Old Rome consulted birds; Lorenzo thou,
With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
Of ruffled hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon flies,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And, never Stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If *being* fails) more unnatural riddles rise,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
Why *virtue*? Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued:
What true self-interest of *quite*-mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy *here*.
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *sovereign* good.
In *self-applause* is virtue's golden prize;
No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme;
Whence self-applause? From confidence of the right.
And what is right, but means of happiness?
No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every *virtuous joy*.
The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er run.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-expulse, and self-exalting deed?
Of gallant enterprize, and glorious death?
Die for thy country!—How romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let it sink:
Thy *country*! what to Her!—Her *Godhead*, what?
(I speak with awe!) though He should bid thee bleed?
If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.
Nor is it double sense: know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's full-event command,
His first command is this:—"Man, love thyself!"

In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *supreme*,
Black suicide; though nations, which consult
Their gain, at thy expence, resound applause.
Since *virtue*'s recompence is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *fitted* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man *misled*?
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd*?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers *nature* lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
Can man by *reason*'s beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God*?
Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on earth,
Or *both* are true; or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Daunt'st thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
But if man loses All, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *dying* infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers:
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness to close?
Why was he wise to *learn*, and warm to *praise*,
And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the Deity, should blot the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and save
The false alarm, lest *angels* too might die?
If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a *victory* God.
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne!
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next, his beauties rear'er ever in the dust?
From dust we challenge, or man *reflat*;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and *worth* how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and *worth* are hated names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deify'd!
Why not *compassion'd* too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both,
To make us but more wretched: *Wisdom*'s eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And *worth*, so recompens'd, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.

t not patronize a scheme that makes
and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
rtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-*
ught.
r so long, in this imperfect state,
d vice are at eternal war.
combat; and who fights for nought?
ecarious, or for small reward?
ue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
ke degrees *angelic* here below,
ie, while they compliment, betray,
motives, and unfaithful guards.
wn, th' *unfading* crown, her soul in-
ires:
:, and That alone, can countervail
ly's treacheries, and the *world*'s as-
ults:
's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
contestable! In spite of all
has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
the more we dive, the more we see
signet stamping an *immortal* make.
he bottom of his soul, the base
g all; what find we? *Knowledge, Love.*
and heat, essential to the sun,
he soul. And *why*, if souls expire?
le lovely *here*? How little known?
wledge we dig up with endless toil;
unseign'd may purchase perfect hate.
v'd, on earth, our *angel* appetites;
utal are indulg'd their fulsome fill?
n capacities *divine* conferr'd,
k-diadem, in savage sport,
ult of our pompous *poverty*,
eaps but pain, from seeming claims so
ir?
age lies no redress? And shuts
he door on our complaint?
what strange ends were mortals made!
st to *wallow*, and the best to *weep*;
who merits most, must most complain:
onceive a disregard in heaven,
e worst *perpetrate*, or best *endure*?
annot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
ess appetite, and boundless power;
e demonstrate boundless objects too.
powers, appetites, heaven suits in All;
re through, e'er violates this sweet,
oncord, on her tuneful string.
e sole exception from her laws?
struck off from human hope,
with truth, but veneration too)
monster, the reproach of heaven,
dark impenetrable cloud
e's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
g blot!) deforms her with her *lord*.
man's allotment, *what* is heaven?
the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.
n the soul immortal, or invert
. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
to thy superiors of the stall;
every scene of *sense* superior far:
aze the turf untill'd; they drink the
ream
'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd

With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;
Mankind's peculiar! *reason*'s precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good intire, unmixt, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang:
Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense; unstretcht
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot
But what beams on it from *eternity*.
O sole, and sweet solution! That unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on *nature*'s beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright *order*; casts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n *here*: admit immortal life,
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd *below*.
Still unsubdued thy stubborn *heart*?—For *there*
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, pleasure, and the *love of gain!*
Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul
The *slave* of earth, should own her *heir* of heaven?
Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*
Our immortality, should prove it *sure*?
First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's *shame, extravagance, disgust*,
And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.
Each much *deposes*; hear them in their turn
Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame!*
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul,
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us in tremendous judgment sit
Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame.
Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,

One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our nature been *eternal* too.
Appetite points out an interest hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in pursuit of shade how most are caught,
Contemn'd the substance thanks to reaching in the grasp.
Confute we this by Alexander's cure.
"An empire small," the weary Conqueror cries,
"Disgraces me." Ah! what a monument
Of human nature, this immortal longing!
Of immortality. The insect fame,
Observe it, the proud progeny will scare:
Since, to the mighty, virtue small, between
The pedestal and statue, he will sigh
At *full* success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far greater prize invites
His heart, far more illustrious glory calls;
Loud calls, if we refuse not to attend.
Are souls immortal, *reason* stood supply?
Is man, all-knowing, truer than former three?
Yet quite o'erlook'd by some *retired* wife.
Though nine governments in ambition *fail*,
And though it meets *disgrace*; yet still, Lorenzo!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
By nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given,
More prais'd, than pencer'd; specious, but unsound;
Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring, will lift him up
In spite of *fortune*'s load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Because *immortal* as their lord;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great: the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.
Nor foolishly vain is *human* praise,
When human is supported by *divine*.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to Himself;
Pleasure and *pride* good masters! snare our hearts.
As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
The love of *praise* is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
In arts, in *arms*? Brave, wise, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of each rank,
Want and *command*, the low-born and the great,
The basis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is thy life, O *virtue!* safe in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard;
Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our *private* reason is a flatterer;
Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still:
Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
These delicate moralities of *sense*;
This *constituti onal* reserve of aid
To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, o t, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?
Why freighted-rich, to dash against a rock?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame!
Where are heaven's holiness and mercy fled?
Laughs heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man*?
If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice*?
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *Thine*:
"The wise and wealthy are the same."—I grant it.
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.
To guide that instinct, *reason!* is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies:
But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *industry*,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"*Thou shalt not covet*," is a wise command.
But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys:
Look farther, the command stands quite reversed,
And *avarice* is a virtue most divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness*?
Most sure: and is it not for *reason* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *sun*
Had wanted wings to fly so far in *guilt*.
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
Yet still their root is *immortality*.
These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their poisonous lee,

hem ſparkle in the bowl of *bliſs*.
bird witneſs laughs at bliſs remote,
promiſes an Eden here:
ſhall ſpeak for once, though prone to

cheat, and *Pleaſure* is her name.
never was Lorenzo deaf;
her now, now *firſt* thy *real* friend.
ture made us not more ſond than
d
ſs (whence hypocrites in joy!
mirth! artificers of ſmiles!)
l the joy moſt poignant *ſenſe* affords
th bluſhes, and rebuke our pride?—
en-born bluſhes tell us man *deſcends*,
: zenith of his *earthly* bliſs:
n take her infidel repoſe,
inſtinct ſpeaks our lineage high;
t calls on darkneſs to conceal
ous relation to the ſtalls.
overs us with noble *ſhame*,
t's unconfounded, is *unmann'd*.
nat bluſhes is not quite a *brute*.
ith Thee, Lorenzo! will I cloſe,
od, and man for pleaſure made;
e full of glory, as of joy;
which neither *blaſts*, nor *expires*.
neſs are heard; the cauſe is o'er;
ce file the ſentence in her court.
n *deeds* that half a realm convey:
l by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.
, All; know, infidels,—unapt to know!

ortality your nature ſolves;
ortality decyphers man,
ins all the myſteries of his make.
t it, half his *inſtincts* are a riddle;
t it, all his *virtues* are a dream.
ry *crime* ſtrict his dignity;
iefs thirſt of *pleaſure*, *gold* and *fame*,
s him born for bleſſings *infinite*:
ſs than infinite makes un-abſurd
, which *all* on earth but more inflames?

paſſions, ſo miſ-meaſur'd to *this* ſcene,
'd out, like eagles wings, beyond our
ſt,
r beyond the worth of all below,
th too large, preſage a nobler flight,
idence our title to the *ſkies*."
tle theologues, of calmer kind!
nſtitution dictates to your pen,
d yourſelves, think ardour comes from
ll!
t our paſſions from *corruption* ſprung,
o corruption now they lend their wings;

heir *miſtreſs*, not their *mother*. All
ly) *reaſon* deem divine: I ſee,
randeur, in the *paſſions* too,
eaks their high deſcent, and glorious end;
eaks them rays of an eternal fire.
ile itſelf they burnt as ſtrong,
n fell; though wiſer in their aim,
proud Euſtern, ſtruck by Providence,
ough our *paſſions* are run mad, and ſtoop

With low, terreſtrial appetite, to graze
On trath, on toys, dethron'd from high deſire?
Yet ſtill, though their diſgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatneſs ſhines, and tells us, whence they fell:
But *theſe* (like that fall'n monarch who it reclaim'd.)
When *reaſon* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-aſcend, remount their former ſphere,
Where once they ſoar'd illuſtrious; ere ſeduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to ſtroll on earth,
And ſet the ſublunary world on fire.
But grant their phrenſy laſts; their phrenſy fails
To diſappoint *one* providential end,
For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:
Were *reaſon* ſilent, boundleſs *paſſion* ſpeaks
A future ſcene of boundleſs *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'Tis that enlightens All;
And All, by that enlighten'd, proves it *ſure*.
Conſider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible All; and All is great;
A cryſtalline tranſparency prevails,
And ſtrikes full luſtre through the human ſphere:
Conſider man as *mortal*. All is dark,
And wretched; *reaſon* weeps at the ſurvey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
"Weak *modern* reaſon: *Antient* times were wiſe.
"*Authority*, that venerable guide,
"Stands on my part; the ſam'd Athenian porch
"(And who for wiſdom ſo renown'd as they?)
"Deny'd this immortality to man."
I grant it; but aſſirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glittering through their romantic wilderneſs page,
Make us, at once, deſpiſe them, and admire?
Falſe is flat to theſe high-ſoar'd fires;
They leave th' extravagance of ſong belowe.
"Fleſh ſhall not feel; or, feeling, ſhall enjoy
"The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
"A bed of roſes, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, This! As *Doctrine*, it was ſtrange;
But not, as *prophecy*: for ſuch it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmneſs *Chriſtians* need not feign.
The *Chriſtian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* law, in double wonder loſt,
Wonder at them, and wonder at Himſelf,
To find the bold adventurers of his thought,
Not bold, and that he ſtrove to lye in vain.
Whence, then, thoſe thoughts? Thoſe towering thoughts, that flew
Such monſtrous heights? From *inſtinct*, and from *pride*.
The glorious *inſtinct* of a deathleſs ſoul,
Confuſedly conſcious of her dignity,
Suggeſted truths they could not underſtand.
In *luſt*'s dominion, and in *paſſion*'s ſtorm,
Truth's ſyſtem broken, ſcatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty ſentiments,

Reason's voice proclaim'd, what reason ill believ'd.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
Believ'd nonsense, doom'd to be future sense,
When life immortal, in full day, should shine;
And mortal's dark behaviour fly the gospel sun.
These strike, what nothing but immortal souls
Could speak: and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.
Can man absurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd: and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if earth is all.
"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
"Our wish, Eternity? our home, the Grave?
"Heaven's precepts dormant lie in human hope:
"Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
"Why happiness pursued, though never found?
"Man's thirst of happiness declares It is.
"(For Nature never gravitates to nought);
"That thirst unquench'd declares It is not Here.
"My Lucia, My Clarissa, call to thought;
"Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
"As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
"If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
"Is not Their torment in the mask of joy?
"Why by reflex Thee mourn'd the joys of first?
"Why past, and future, preying on our hearts,
"And putting all our present joys to death?
"Why labours vast of vast refined were as well;
"Infinite for better; what can short, can err:
"O how detestable the thoughtless brute!
"'Twere well his Making were half as sure.
"Reason with instinct, why at war?
"Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?"
Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And human counsel to decline the blow.
Or with inclination ne'er had jarr'd.
Nothing future paid forbearance Here:
Times past — Thefe, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All present, future eclipse, a second scene;
Which, were it double, would be dearer far
Than all this goodly roof contains: were it fair.
What truth on earth so precious as the eye?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, hope:
The future of the present is the soul:
How this life groans, when fever'd from the next!
Poor purblind wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In half parts perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of Eternity in pain!
Could'st thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our fondest wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, tears, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's fystem true,
In ill. black channel would my tears run.
"Live from the future borrow'd peace, ere while.
"The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!
"Strange import of unprecedented ill!
"Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
"Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
"From where fond hope, built her pavilion high,
"The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
"To night! To nothing, darker still than night!
"If 't was a dream, why wake me, my worst Foe,
"Lorenzo! boastful of the name of Friend!
"O for delusion! O for error still!
"Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
"A thinking being in a world like This,
"Not over-rich before, more beggar'd quite;
"More curst than at the fall? — The sun goes out!
"The thorns thoor up! What thorns in every thought!
"Why sense of better? It imbitters worse.
"Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink
"To what I was! to nothing! and much woe!
"Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe from what was went
"To flatter most, high intellectual powers.
"Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme,
"All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
"My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
"To know myself, true wisdom?—No, to shun
"That shocking science, parent of despair!
"Avert thy mirror, if I live, I die.
"Know my Creator? Climb His bleft abode
"By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
"Dive in His nature, read His attributes,
"And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
"Obtrusive foe, with-holding happiness!
"From the vile rivers that surround his throne,
"Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
"Man gasp for one drop, that he might cease
"To curse his birth, for every reptile more!
"Ye false clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
"Hide Him, for ever hide Him, from my thought,
"Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
"Now league'd with furies, and with Thee,* against me.
"Know His attributes? Study His renown?
"Centre; here this amazing universe,
"Drop from His hand, with miracles replete!
"For what? What miracles of nobler name,
"To find out a miracle of misery?
"To find the Being, who alone can know
"And prize His works, a blemish on His praise?
"Through nature's ample range, in thought to stroll
"And start at man, the single mourner There,
"Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs and death?
"Knowing is suffering: and shall virtue share
"The sigh of human life?—Virtue shares the fight.
"By straining up the steep of excellence,
"By battles fought, and, from temptation, woe,
"What gain she, but the pony of being worth,
"Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
"With every vice, and swept to brutal dust?

* *Lorenzo.*

rit is madneſs; virtue is a crime;
crime to *reaſon*, if it coſts us pain
baid: what pain, amidſt a thouſand more,
think the moſt *abandon'd*, after days
triumph o'er their betters, find in death
ſoft a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
Duty! Religion!—Theſe, our duty done,
ply reward. *Religion* is miſtake.
ty!—There 's none, but to repel the cheat.
: cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
ho feign yourſelves the favourites of the ſkies;
: towering hopes, abortive energies!
iat toſs and ſtruggle, in my *lying* breaſt,
) ſcale the ſkies, and build preſumptions There,
I were heir of an *Eternity*.
ain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
'hy travel far in queſt of ſure defeat?
s bounded as my being, be my wiſh.
ll is inverted, *wiſdom* is a fool.
nſe! take the rein; blind *paſſion!* drive us on;
nd, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
e *new*, but *trueſt* patrons of our peace!
es; give the *pulſe* full empire; live the *brute*,
nce, as the brute, we die. The *ſum* of man,
f Godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
heir revels a more poignant reliſh yield,
nd ſafer too; *they* never poiſons chooſe.
ſtinct, than *reaſon*, makes more wholeſome meals,
nd ſends all-marring murmur far away.
ur ſenſual life *they* beſt philoſophize;
heirs, that *ſerene*, the *ſages* ſought in vain:
'is *man* alone expoſtulates with heaven;
'is, all the *power*, and all the *cauſe*, to mourn.
all *human* eyes *alone* diſſolve in tears?
nd bleed, in anguiſh, none but *human* hearts?
he wide-ſtretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
urpaſſing *ſenſual* far, is All our Own.
life ſo fatally diſtinguiſh'd, why
alt in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death?*
Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
Vhy thunder'd this peculiar *curſe* againſt us,
ill-mortal, and All-wretched!—Have the ſkies
leaſons of ſtate, their ſubjects may not ſcan,
lor *humbly* reaſon, when they *fiercely* ſigh?
ill-mortal, and All-wretched!—'Tis too much:
Inparallel'd in nature: 'tis too much
In being *unrequeſted* at Thy hands,
Omnipotent! for I ſee nought but *power*.
And why ſee That? Why *thought?* To toil,
and eat,
Then make our bed in darkneſs, needs no thought.
What ſuperfluities are *reaſoning* ſouls
) give Eternity! or Thought deſtroy.
But without thought or curſe were half unfelt:
ts blunted edge would ſpare the throbbing heart;
And, *therefore*, 'tis beſtow'd, I thank thee, *Reaſon!*
'or aiding *life*'s too ſmall calamities,
And giving being to the dread of *death*.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
'or *me*, to treſpaſs on the brutal rights?

" Too much for *heaven* to make one emmet more?
" Too much for *chaos* to permit my maſs
" A longer ſtay with eſſences unwrought,
" Unfaſhion'd, *unformented* into *man?*
" Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
" Wretched capacity of phrenſy, *thought!*
" Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
" *Life, thought, worth, reaſon*, All (O foul revolt!)
" *Once* friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too: O death!
" Come to my boſom, thou beſt gift of heaven!
" Beſt friend of man! ſince man is man no more.
" Why in this thorny *wilderneſs* ſo long,
" Since there 's no *promiſ'd land*'s ambroſial bower,
" To pay me with its honey for my ſtings?
" If needful to the ſelfiſh ſchemes of heaven
" To ſting us ſore, why *mock* our miſery?
" Why this ſo ſumptuous inſult o'er our heads?
" Why this illuſtrious canopy diſplay'd?
" Why ſo magnificently lodg'd *deſpair?*
" At ſtated periods, ſure returning, roll
" Theſe *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
" Their length of labours, and of pains; nor loſe
" Their miſery's full meaſure?—Smiles with flowers,
" And fruits, promiſcuous, ever-teeming *earth*,
" That man may languiſh in *luxurious* ſcenes,
" And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
" Claim earth and ſkies man's admiration, due
" For *ſuch* delights! Bleſt *animals!* too wiſe
" To *wonder*; and too happy to *complain!*
" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful ſcene:
" Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
" Why not the dragon's ſubterranean den,
" For man to howl in? Why not his abode
" Of the ſame diſmal colour with his fate?
" A Thebes, a Babylon, at vaſt expence
" Of time, toil, treaſure, art, for owls and adders,
" As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
" Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high deſire;
" If, from her humble chamber in the duſt,
" While proud thought ſwells, and high deſire inflames,
" The poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
" And, round us, *death*'s inexorable hand
" Draws the dark curtain cloſe; undrawn no more.
" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *death*,
" Once, I beheld the ſun; a ſun which gilt
" That fable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
" How the *proſpect* alter'd! Fathomleſs, as hell!
" A *real* hell to thoſe who dreamt of heaven.
" Annihilation! How it yawns before me!
" Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *ſenſe*,
" The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
" An out-caſt from exiſtence! and this *ſpirit*,
" This all-pervading, this all-conſcious ſoul,
" This particle of energy divine,
" Which travels nature, flies from ſtar to ſtar,
" And viſits gods, and emulates their powers,
" For ever is extinguiſht. Horror! death!
" Death of *that* death I *fearleſs* once ſurvey'd!

" When horror *univerſal* ſhall deſcend,
" And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
" On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
" How juſt this verſe! this monumental ſigh!"

Beneath the lumber of demoliſh'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbiſh of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common moſs
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *The ſons of heaven!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yeſterday! and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to reſt in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy tranſit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer fully their Creator's *laws.*

Lorenzo! hear, pauſe, ponder, and pronounce.
Juſt is this hiſtory? If *fact* is man,
Mankind's hiſtorian, though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo ſmile!—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At ſuch a ſcene, and ſighs for ſomething more.
Amid thy boaſts, preſumptions, and diſplays,
And art thou then a ſhadow? Leſs than ſhade?
A Nothing? *Leſs* than Nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than Unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taſte of *pleaſure* high? 855
Why patronize ſure death of every joy?
Charm *riches?* Why chooſe beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleaſure, avarice, perſuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They* lately *prov'd*, the ſoul's ſupreme deſire. 861
What art thou made of? Rather, how Unmade?
Great *nature's* maſter-appetite deſtroy'd!
Is endleſs life, and happineſs, deſpis'd?
Or lord. wiſh'd, *here*, where neither can be found? 865
Such man's perverſe, eternal war with heaven!
Dar'ſt thou periſh? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of tranſitory forms,
Riſing and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a tantaſtic deity, blown up 870
In ſport, and then in cruelty deſtroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Deſtroys thy ſcheme the *rebels* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to Thee:
O! ſpare this *waſte* of being half-divine; 875
And vindicate th' *economy* of heaven.
Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bleſs:*
And ſhall it, then, ſtrike off the liſt of life,
A being bleſt, or worthy *ſo* to be? 880
Heaven ſtarts at an *annihilating* God.
Is That, all *nature* ſtarts at, thy deſire?
Art ſuch a clod to wiſh thyſelf *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wiſh?—The dying groan
Of *nature*, murder'd by the blackeſt guilt. 885

* *In Night* VI.

What deadly poiſon has thy nature drunk?
To nature undebauch'd no ſhock ſo great;
Nature's *firſt* wiſh is *endleſs happineſs;*
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monſtrous wiſh, unborn till virtue dies.
And, oh! what depth of horror lies inclos
For non-exiſtence no man ever wiſh'd,
But, firſt, he wiſh'd the Deity deſtroyed.
If ſo; what words are dark enough to c
Thy picture true? The darkeſt are too fai
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hou
Of deſperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal poſture of the ſoul,
All hell invited, and all hell in joy
At ſuch a birth, a birth ſo near of kin,
Did thy ſoul *fancy* whelp ſo black a ſchem
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to duſt?
There 's nought (thou ſay'ſt) but one
fluz
Of feeble eſſences, tumultuous driven
Through *time*'s rough billows into *night*'s
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's toſſing t
Can reſt from terror, dare his fate ſurvey
And boldly think it *ſomething* to be born?
Amid ſuch hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-ſuſtaining *baſe*,
All-realiſing, all-connecting *power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can r
And force *deſtruction* to refund her ſpoil?
Command the grave reſtore her taken pre
Bid death's dark vale its human harveſt y
And *earth*, and *ocean*, pay their debt of m
True to the grand depoſit truſted *there?*
Is there no *potentate*, whoſe out-ſtretch

When ripening time calls forth th' a
hour,
Pluck'd from foul *deva ſtation*'s famiſh'd m
Binds *preſent*, *paſt*, and *future*, to his thro
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely g
By germinating being cluſtering round!
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by heaven's omnipotence *in ſwi*
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the wave
Amidſt immenſe effuſions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliſs!
An all-prolifick, all-preſerving god!
This were a god indeed.—And ſuch *is* ma
As here preſum'd: he riſes from his fall.
Think'ſt thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each bloſſom fair of Deity deſtroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing ſleep
ſoul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and wh
where,
Will the ſwarm ſettle?—When the t
call,
As ſounding braſs, collects us round h
throne
Conglob'd, we baſk in everlaſting day,
(Paternal ſplendor!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the ſoul this *outlet* to the ſkies,
In this vaſt veſſel of the univerſe,

ld we gasp, as in an empty void!
ie pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!
right *my* prospect shines; how gloomy,
ne!
ng world! and a devouring God!
the Shambles of Omnipotence!
face all stain'd with causeless massacres
ess millions, born to feel the pang
lost. Lorenzo! can it be?
us shudder at the thoughts of *life.*
ld be born to such a phantom world,
ught substantial but our misery?
y (if joy) but heightens our distress,
perish, and revive no more?
er *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
so far from *great* (and yet how great
o thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
adow; *consciousness*, a dream;
how dreadful! Universal blank
and behind! Poor man, a spark
-existence struck by wrath divine,
a moment, nor that moment sure,
per, nether, and surrounding *night*,
ure, sudden, and eternal tomb!
o! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
e nought but *vengeance* can be felt?
thou dar'd the deity dethrone?
d *indict* Him of a world like this?
world, creation was a crime;
is crime but cause of misery?
blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
s arguments *above*, *below*,
s, and *within*, the short result—
's immortal, there's a God in heaven."
herefore such redundancy? such waste
ient? One sets *my* soul at rest!
ious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*.
ie skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
so pure; *that*, or *such* ing scenes
ms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
an old tale is this!" Lorenzo cries.—
his argument is o'd; but truth
impair; and had not this been true,
ver hadst despis'd it for its age.
immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
ng as thy joys; be wise, nor make
s highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
ce a curse of *immortality*.
now'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
thou th' *importance* of a soul immor-
l?
his midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
pomp! redouble this amaze;
sand add; add twice ten thousand more;
igh the whole; *one* soul outweighs them
ll;
s th' astonishing magnificence
lligent creation *poor*.
is, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
ot in words, but deeds; and deeds no
ss
ose of the Supreme; nor His, a few;
them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
's importance; tremble at thyself;

For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this small province of His vast domain
(All *nature* how, while I pronounce His Name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end
To rescue souls from death! *The soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's Key*,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design:
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mass* new-cast, forgot th' *deeds renown'd*:
And angels ask, "*Where once they shone, to fain?*"

To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke!
The world was made: was ruin'd: was restored:
Laws from the skies were publish'd: were repeal'd;
On *earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travel'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred nature stood control'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from heaven:
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still:
Guilt was hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest.
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
Of all these truths thrice venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake!
Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul
To take the vast idea: it denies
All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of strife!
This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
In *man's*. His *single* interest blows the flame;
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force, force opposing, till the wave can high

And tempest nature's universal sphere. 1065
Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern,
Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in heaven*,"
From heaven's high crystal mountain, where it hung, 1070
Th' Almighty's out-stretch'd arm took down his bow,
And shot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *hell*, and darted all her fires
And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm? 1075
He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries*?
The greatest, Thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel *morals* cause
In breasts divine! how little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me! 1080
How happily this wondrous view supports
My former argument! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here*!
Why this exertion? Why this strange regard
From heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?— 1085
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight; 1090
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because Immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes:
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight: 1095
Hence, every soul has partisans above,
And every thought a critic in the skies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a passion for his charge;
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine 1100
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.
Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid:
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphasis and awe, 1105
He spoke his will, and trembling *nature* heard;
He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
And shaken basis, own'd the present God;
Witness, ye *billows!* whose returning tide, 1110
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
Sweet Egypt, and her menaces, to hell:
Witness, ye *flames!* th' Assyrian tyrant blew
To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
And thou, *earth!* witness, whose expanding jaws 1115
Clos'd o'er * *presumption*'s sacrilegious sons:
Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise?
That not flame, ocean, æther, earthquake, strove

* *Korah, &c.*

To strike *this truth* through adamantine man? 1120
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is delusion; *nature* is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from *reason*'s keenest eye;
There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the sun, in all above, 1125
(As far as man can penetrate), or heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize;
Or all is Nothing, or that prize is all.—
And shall each *toy* be still a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below? 1130
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure*?
Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
All *nature*, and her God (by nature's *course*,
And nature's course *control'd*) declare for me: 1135
The skies above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
And, "man *immortal!*" all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;
If *honest*, learn'd: and *sages* o'er a plough. 1140
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *reason*, or thy *sense*; or, to *believe*?
What then is *unbelief*? 'Tis an exploit;
A strenuous enterprize: to gain it, man 1145
Must burst through every bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong,
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance*, *infamy*, his crown.
But wherefore, *infamy*?—For want of *faith*, 1150
Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides;
There's nothing to support him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting is at least
In *embryo*, every weakness, every guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*. 1155
If *this* life's gain invite him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain?
'Tis virtue to purse our good supreme;
And his supreme, he *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, *avarice*, by the wise disdain'd, 1160
Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all;
These find employment, and provide for *sense*
A richer pasture, and a larger range;
And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne, 1165
When *virtue*'s prize and prospect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
Would heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *interest* wed; 1170
Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues grow on *immortality*;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A deity believ'd, will nought avail;
Rewards and *punishments* make God ador'd; 1175
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her power.
As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, *He's a knave*. 1180
His *duty* 'tis, to love himself *alone*;
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall *wholly* die;

ilseady; nought but *brute* survives.
are there such?—Such candidates there
ire 1185
: than death; for utter loss of being,
:he basis of the Deity!
i the *cause?*—The cause they will not tell:
! they: O the sorceries of *sense!*
ork this transformation on the soul, 1190
at her, like the serpent at the fall,
it her from her native wing (which soar'd
ile ethereal heights), and throw her down,
the dust, and *crawl* in such a thought.
n words to paint you? O ye fall'n! 1195
om the wings of *reason*, and of *hope!*
stature, prone in appetite!
of pleasure, posting into pain!
of argument, averse to sense!
of liberty, fast bound in chains! 1200
: the wide creation, and the shame!
ssless than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
ise than those you rule! Than those you
ity,
c *undone!* O ye most infamous
s, from superior dignity! 1205
in woe from means of boundless bliss!
by blessings infinite! because
ghly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
ey mass of *contradiction* strong!
: you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
1210
ation soft, and die in air,
e full flood of evidence *against* you?
arse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
uls have quite worn out the make of
eaven,
new-cast, and creatures of your own 1215
gh you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
not *uncreate*, is all your power.
zo! this black brotherhood renounce;
e St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
t by miracle, by *reason* wing'd, 1220
nting mind made long abode in heaven.
reethinking, unconfin'd to *parts*,
the soul, on curious travel bent,
i all the provinces of human thought;
her flight through the whole sphere of
ian; 1225
vast universe to make the tour;
ecess of *space*, and *time*, at home;
with their wonders; diving deep;
e a prince of boundless interests *there*,
st ambitious of the most remote; 1230
on *truth* unbroken, and intire;
the *system*, the full orb; where truths
s enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
like, strong foundation, to support
mbent weight of absolute, complete 1235
; here, the most we press, we stand
m; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
te half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
the sense, and God is understood;
in *fragments* writes to human race: 1240
whole volume, sceptic! then reply.
this, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
grain, and looks beyond an hour.

Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless
orbs, 1245
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike *man?*
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
1250
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is such a point:
And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves! 1255
How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they
drop!
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and in an awful voice, 1260
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this *transportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
1265
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;
There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa sails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *earth*,
That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord; 1270
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-star*; make the land of life,
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the sun; 1275
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in *His* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* sun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt) 1280
'Tis *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.
We sink by no *judicial* stroke of heaven,
But nature's *course*; as sure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
1285
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo! *who* must change.
If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rationals*, heaven arms 1290
With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
To counter-act its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That power deny'd, *men*, *angels*, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise or blame. 1295
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle *reason* would have nought to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss. 1300
Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heaven but *persuades*, almighty *that decrees!*

Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he *muſt*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful ſecret—That he lives for Ever.
Why *this* to Thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of ſecond life? But wherefore doubtful ſtill?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wiſh:
What ardently we wiſh, we *ſoon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wiſh deſtroy'd:
What has deſtroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 'tis no longer wiſh'd;
And, when unwiſh'd, we *ſtrive* to diſbelieve.

"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *ſole* detection! Bluſh, Lorenzo!
Bluſh for hypocriſy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd?*—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? A *dream?* A *fable?*—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *ſtrong*,
Affords my cauſe an undeſign'd ſupport!
How *diſbelief* affirms what it denies!
"*It unawares, aſſerts immortal life.*"—
Surpriſing! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confeſſion of our ſins*;
Apoſtates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo claſh no more;
Nor longer a *tranſparent* vizor wear.
Think'ſt thou, Religion *only* has her maſk?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,
Pretend the worſt, and, at the bottom, *fail*.
When viſited by thought (thought *will* intrude),
Like him they ſerve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.
Is their hypocriſy ſo foul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *deteſtation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their eſcape
That Chriſtian candour they *ſtrive* hard to ſcorn:
If not for that aſylum, they might find
A hell on *earth*; nor 'ſcape a worſe *below*.
With inſolence, and impotence of thought,
Inſtead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—
But ſhall I dare confeſs the cure inſult?
Can thy proud *reaſon* brook ſo black a brand?
From *purer manners*, to *ſublimer faith*,
Is nature's unavoidable aſſent;
At *leaſt* deiſt, where the goſpel *lives*,
Water'd to nobler, in the *Chriſtian* ſoil.
When that bleſt change arrives, oh! caſt aſide
This long ſuperfluous; *ſick* reaſon ſtrikes
Our vitals, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Chriſtian* dwells, like *Uriel*, in the ſun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight:
And ardent *hope* anticipates the ſkies.
O! *that* bright ſun, Lorenzo! ſcale the ſphere;
Eaſy! it invites thee; it deſcends
From heaven to woo, and waft thee whence it came:
Read and revere the *ſacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*, a page
Which *all the whole creation* could produce;
Which *all-conſuming conflagration* ſhall deſtroy,

'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In nature's ruins not one letter loſt.
In proud diſdain of what ev'n gods adore,
Doſt ſmile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and *men*, aſſent to what I ſing;
Wits ſmile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.
How vicious hearts fume phrenſy to the brain!
Parts puſh us on to pride, and pride to ſhame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit*'s cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the ſkies,
By *loſs of being*, dreadfully ſecure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *This* is All, if *earth* a *final* ſcene,
Take heed; ſtand faſt; be ſure to be a *knave*,
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Should'ſt thou be *good*—how infinite thy loſs!
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Bleſt ſcheme! which life deprives of *conſcience*, death
Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.
If ſo, *where*, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boaſt
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man?*
Annihilation! I confeſs, in *theſe*.
What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philoſophers the converts of a *ſong?*
Yet know, *its title** flatters *you*, not *me*:
Yours be the praiſe to make *my* title good;
Mine, to bleſs heaven, and triumph in *your* praiſe.
But ſince ſo peſtilential your diſeaſe,
Though ſovereign is the medicine I preſcribe,
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor deſpair:
But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wiſdom*—to be wiſe:
For why ſhould ſouls immortal, made for bliſs,
E'er wiſh, (and wiſh in vain!) that ſouls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The wiſh, and aim, and labour of the ſkies,
Increaſe, and *enter* on the joys of heaven:
Thus ſhall my title paſs a *ſacred* ſeal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from Above,
While angels ſhout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*
To ſole, Lorenzo! ſpite of all my pains,
Still ſeems it ſtrange, that thou ſhould'ſt live *for ever?*
Is it *leſs* ſtrange, that thou ſhould'ſt live *at all?*
This is a miracle; and *That* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art*: Then, doubt if thou *ſhalt be*.
A miracle with miracles incloſ'd,
Is man: and ſtarts his faith at what is *ſtrange?*
What lies thou wonders, from the *womb ſpi*;
What leſs than miracles, from God, can flow?
Admit a God—that myſtery ſupreme!
That cauſe uncauſ'd! all other wonders ceaſe;
Nothing is marvellous for *Him* to do:
Deny Him—all is myſtery beſides;
Millions of myſteries! *Each* darker far,
Than *that* thy wiſdom would, unwiſely, ſhun.

* *MS.*

* *The Infidel Reclaimed.*

thy faith, why chooſe the harder ſide?
hing *know*, but what is marvellous;
at is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
our *reaſon*, and ſo *great* our God,
loſt ſurprizes in the *ſacred page*,
as ſtrange, or ſtranger, *muſt* be true.
not *reaſon*'s labour, but repoſe.
ith, and *virtue*, why ſo backward, man?
ence:—The *preſent* ſtrongly ſtrikes us all;
re, faintly; can we, then, be *men*?
Lorenzo! the *severſe* is right.
man's peculiar: *Senſe*, the brute's.
ſent is the ſcanty realm of *ſenſe*;
ire, *reaſon*'s empire unconfin'd:
expending all her godlike power,
is, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;
builds her *bleſſing!* There, expects her
raiſe;
:hing aſks of *fortune*, or of *men*.
iat is *reaſon?* Be ſhe, thus, defin'd;
is *upright ſtature* in the *ſoul*.
a *man*; and ſtrive to be a *god*.
hat? (thou ſay'ſt) To damp the joys of
ife?"
give *heart* and *ſubſtance* to thy joys.
rant, *hope*; mark how ſhe domineers;
us quit realities, for dreams;
nd peace for hazard, and alarm;
rant o'er the tyrants of the ſoul,
ambition quit its taken prize.
ie luxuriant branch on which *it* fits,
bearing crowns, to ſpring at *diſtant* game;
inge in toils and dangers—for repoſe.
recarious, and of things, when gain'd,
moment, and as little ſtay,
eten toils, and dangers into joys;
ien, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
'e unalk'd? Rich hope of boundleſs bliſs!
ſt *man*'s power to paint it; *time*'s to cloſe!
iope is earth's moſt eſtimable prize:
man's portion, while no more than man:
all paſſions, moſt befriends us *here*;
of prouder name befriend us leſs.
her *tears*; and *tranſport* has her *death*;
te a cordial, innocent, though ſtrong,
eart, at once, *inſpirits*, and *ſerenes*;
tes him pay his wiſdom for his joys;
our preſent ſtate can *ſafely* bear,
o the frame! and vigour to the mind!
temper'd! a *chaſtis'd* delight!
: fair ſummer evening, mild, and ſweet!
i's full cup; his paradiſe below!
t hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
ur *whole* of happineſs: full proof,
o trivial or inglorious *theme*.
w, ye foes to ſong! (well-meaning men,
quite forgotten * half your Bible's praiſe!)
! *truths*, in ſpite of *verſe*, may pleaſe:
inds you praiſe; nor can you praiſe too
much:
is weight in an Eternity,
rave liſten;—and be *graver* ſtill.

* *The poetical parts of it.*

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE's APOLOGY;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleaſure, with the Wit and Wiſdom of the World.

AND has all nature, then, eſpous'd my part?
Have I brib'd heaven and earth to plead againſt thee?
And is thy ſoul *immortal?*—What remains?
All, All, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, bleſt.
Unbleſt immortals!—What can ſhock us more?
And yet Lorenzo ſtill affects *the world*;
There, ſtows his treaſure; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for ſuch wouldſt thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious ſtyle?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In antient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age,
When men were men, and not aſham'd of heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Caſtalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer ſpirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my ſong:
To Thee, the *world how fair!* How ſtrongly ſtrikes
Ambition! and gay *pleaſure* ſtronger ſtill!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *theſe* my triple theme;
Nor ſhall thy *wit*, or *wiſdom*, be forgot.
Common the theme; not ſo the ſong; if ſhe
My ſong invokes, Urania, deigns to ſmile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If ſhe diſſolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
Starts from his trance, and ſighs for other ſcenes;
Scenes, where theſe ſparks of night, theſe *ſtars*, ſhall ſhine
Unnumber'd ſuns (for all things, as they *are*,
The bleſt behold;) and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's aſtoniſh'd ſight;
A blaze—the leaſt illuſtrious object *there*.
Lorenzo! ſince *eternal* is at hand.
To ſwallow *time*'s ambitions; as the vaſt
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high deſcent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *higheſt?* O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, theſe elements above,
What towering hopes, what ſallies from the ſun,
What grand ſurveys of deſtiny divine,
And pompous preface of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in boſoms, where a ſpirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In boſoms read
By *Him*, who foibles in archangels ſees!

On human hearts *He* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's regiſter inrolls,
The riſe, and progreſs, of each option there;
Sacred to doomſday! *That* the page unfolds,
And ſpreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and This, unrival'd by the ſkies!
A world, where luſt of *pleaſure*, *grandeur*, *gold*,
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With ſtrokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's reſtleſs heart, their ſport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle ſick, and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into deſpair.
Such is the world Lorenzo ſets above
That glorious *promiſe* angels were eſteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promiſe, their *Ador'd*
Deſcended to communicate, and preſs,
By counſel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wiſdom wooes,
And on its thorny pillow ſeeks repoſe;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not compoſes; fills
The viſionary mind with gay chimæras,
All the wild traſh of ſleep, without the reſt;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantaſtic chace of ſhadows hunting ſhades!
The *gay*, the *buſy*, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wiſdom, differently wiſe!
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary waſtes,
One buſtling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays ſome ſecret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him ſick of ſeeing more.
The ſcenes of *buſineſs* tell us—"What are men;"
The ſcenes of *pleaſure*—"What is all beſide;"
There, others we deſpiſe; and *Here*, ourſelves.
Amid *diſguſt* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* ſtrikes the ſtring of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and choaks us with the duſt,
On life's gay ſtage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in queſt of eyes;
The *ſenſual*, in purſuit of ſomething worſe;
The *grave*, of gold; the *gaudy*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in:
On the ſwift circle of returning toys,
Whirl'd, ſtraw-like, round and round, and then ingulph'd;
Where gay deluſion darkens to deſpair!
"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
I ſhould not be beaten? never beat enough,
'Till enough learn'd the truths it would inſpire.
Shall Truth be ſilent, becauſe Folly *frowns?*
Turn the world's hiſtory; what find we there,
But *fortune*'s ſports, or *nature*'s cruel claims,
Or *woman*'s artifice, or *man*'s revenge,
And endleſs inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet ſeldom ſounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's miſadventures round the liſtening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time*;
Sad tale; which high as Paradiſe begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From ſtage to ſtage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they ſpin our hours
On *fortune*'s wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, ſnaps life's ſtrongeſt thread,
Each, in her turn, ſome tragic ſtory tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes.
Time's daughters, true as thoſe of men, deceive us;
Not one, but puts ſome cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father*'s boſom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promiſe much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'erwiſe,
Who dares to truſt them; and laugh round the year,
At ſtill-confiding, ſtill-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-ſeen.
Life to the laſt, like harden'd felons, lyes;
Nor owns itſelf a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joy goes out by One and One,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker, than what, *here*, involves the pole.
O Thou, who doſt permit theſe ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and would'ſt that man ſhould mourn!
O Thou, whoſe hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'ſt it beſt, and would'ſt that man ſhould know!
What is this ſublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itſelf, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by Thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to ſwim its deſtin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and diſappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom:
As mortal, though leſs tranſient, than her ſons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, ſolid; Thou, a dream.
They doat! on what? *Immortal* views apart,
A region of outſides! a land of ſhadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promiſes!
A wilderneſs of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
And ſharp with thorns! a troubled *ocean*, ſpread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No ſecond hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown ſoon it *may*. Of various rates they ſail,
Of cargos various; All alike in This,
All reſtleſs, anxious; toſt with hopes, and fears,
In calmeſt ſkies; obnoxious All to ſtorm;
And ſtormy the moſt general blaſt of life;
All bound for happineſs; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies:
Or *virtue*'s helm, to ſhape the courſe deſign'd:
All, more or leſs, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now reſorb'd,
And farther from their wiſhes than before:
All, more or leſs, againſt each other daſh,
To mutual hurt, by guſts of paſſion driven,

ing more from folly, than from fate.
Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
s, at eternal war with man!
ital, where moſt he domineers,
s choſen *terrors* frowning round,
ately feaſted high at * Albion's coſt)
ing, and loud-roaring ſtill for more!
l mirror! how doſt thou reflect
choly face of human life!
reſemblace tempts me farther ſtill:
y, Britain may be deeper ſtruck
ruth, in ſuch a mirror ſeen,
ure holds for ever at her eye.
er'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
g, with ſanguine chear, and ſtreamers

r cable, launch into the world,
y dream each wind and ſtar our
;
ne darling enterprize embark'd:
is he can fathom its extent?
ltitude of artleſs hands,
perquiſite! her lawful prize!
aright; but the black blaſt blows hard,
them wide of hope: with hearts of

t wind and tide, *ſome* win their way;
ſtrong effort has deſerv'd the port,
l it into view, 'tis won! 'tis loſt!
rong their oar, ſtill ſtronger is their

: and while they triumph, they ex-

weather, *moſt*; *ſome* ſink outright;
, and o'er their names, the billows

w knows not they were ever born.
ort memorial leave behind,
floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
noment, and is ſeen no more:
lives; a thouſand are forgot.
beneath aſpicious planets born,
f Providence! fond fate's elect!)
ing fails make good the promis'd port,
eir wiſhes freighted! yet e'en Theſe,
with all their wiſhes, ſoon complain;
misfortune, not from nature free,
ire men; and when is man ſecure?
e, as *ſtorm!* the ruſh of years
n their ſtrength; their numberleſs
s
l: and, now, their proud ſucceſs
new terrors in the victor's brow:
to quit the world, juſt made their own.
ſo deeply drown'd, and built ſo high!
ey build, who build beneath the ſtars.
n apart (if woe apart can be
al man), and fortune at our nod,
rich! great! triumphant! and auguſt!
hey?—The *moſt* happy (ſtrange to ſay!)
e moſt of human miſery;
hey? Smiling wretches of *to-morrow!*
ched *men*, then e'er their ſlave *can* be;

Their treacherous bleſſings, at the day of need,
Like other faithleſs friends, unmaſk, and ſting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what inſult of their pain!
If that ſole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude ſtorm,
Takes comfort from their foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is This a *ſketch* of what thy ſoul admires?
"But here (thou ſay'ſt) the miſeries of life
"Are huddled in a group. A more diſtinct
"Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's ſtages: they ſpeak plainer ſtill;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou ſigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The beſt that can befal the beſt on earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* ſide:
Yes, on Florello look: a *father's* heart
Is tender, thou the *man's* is made of ſtone;
The truth, through ſuch a medium ſeen, may make
mpreſſion deep, and fondneſs prove thy friend.
Florello lately caſt on this rude coaſt
A helpleſs infant; now a heedleſs child;
To poor Clariſſa's throes, thy care ſucceeds;
Care full of love, and yet ſevere as hate!
O'er thy ſoul's joy how oft thy fondneſs frowns!
Needful auſterities his will reſtrain;
As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reaſon* cannot go alone;
But aſks a ſterner nurſe to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrify'd;
The bluſh of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmleſs eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The taſk
Injoin'd muſt diſcipline his early powers;
He learns to ſigh, ere he is known to ſin;
Guiltleſs, and ſad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* ſuch, with *neceſſary* paine,
We purchaſe proſpects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, This might ſteal a ſigh.
Suppoſe him diſciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill ſink our poor account to poorer ſtill);
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps incloſure, bounds into the world!
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world's a tutor more ſevere;
Its leſſons hard, and ill deſerve his pains;
Unteaching All his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inſpir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modeſt ſtranger to their ſphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at diſtance, in his ſight)
And, in their hoſpitable arms, incloſe:
Men, who think nought ſo ſtrong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reaſon's* golden rule,
All weakneſs of *affection* quite ſubdued:
Men, that would bluſh at being *thought* ſincere,

ol Balchen, &c.
. VIII.

And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lye, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to Them, *vice*, shone her own reward.
Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the word, in burnish'd falsehood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;
His friends eternal—during interest;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through These (so common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of All, most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeign'd;
Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.
These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains'
From the slow mistress of this school, *Experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, *Disrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human-hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guile,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of cur'st necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Believe call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practis'd, long before 't was writ.
The world 's all *title-page*; there 's no *contents*;
The world 's all *face*; the man who shews his *heart*,
Is whooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on every *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travel'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromantics* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent ga
In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice
done!
Their parts we doubt not; but be That
shame:
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a
And lose the thanks of those few friends
serve?
For who can thank the man, he cannot *see*?
Why so much cover? It defeats itself.
Ye, that know all things! know ye not,
hearts
Are therefore known, *because* they are conc
For why conceal'd?—The cause they nee
tell.
I give him joy, that 's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain *disguise*;
It shews our spirit, or it proves our strengt
Thou say'st, 'Tis *needful*: is it therefore *ri*
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace
To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou
Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with
Think no post *needful* that demands a knave
When late our civil helm was shifting hands
So Pultency thought: think better if you c
But this, how rare! the public path of li
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world 's no neuter; it will wound, or
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, The world, well-known, will make
The world, well-known, will give our hea
Or make us *damn'd*, long before we die. [h
To shew how fair the world, *thy* mistress, s
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *vir tue*'s-self is deify'd on earth.
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their h
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *loyal*, and *least*, compl
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envy'd
And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of tri
For friend, or happy life, who looks not hi
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.
The world's sworn advocate, without a
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile replies;
"Thus far thy song is right; and All most
"Virtue *has her peculiar set of pains*,—
"And *very peculiar* who to *vice* denies?
"If vice it is, with nature to comply:
"If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,
"To *check*, not *overcome*, them, makes a fair

nature in a plainer voice proclaim
ure, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
ride, and *ſenſuality*, rejoice?
urity of thought, all *pleaſure* ſprings;
om an humble ſpirit, all our *peace*.
s, pleaſure! let us talk of Theſe:
e, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;
e, each following age had much to ſay:
exhauſted, ſtill, the needful theme.
ks of *theſe*, to mankind all at once
; for were the ſaint from either free?
e thy refuge?—No: theſe ruſh upon thee;
ls ſeize, and *vulture*-like, devour:
if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
eus! from this barren ball of earth;
can unchain thee, thou art free.
firſt, thy *Caucaſus*, ambition, calls;
n of torments! eminence of woes!
ed woes! and courted through miſtake!
ambition charms thee; 'tis a cheat
ke thee ſtart, as H—— at his *Meer*.
ſp at greatneſs? Firſt, know what it is:
thou thy greatneſs in *diſtinction* lies?
ne feather, wave it e'er ſo high,
ne ſtuck, to mark us from the throng,
lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverſe;
which joins, in that which equals, All,
narch and his ſlave;—"A deathleſs ſoul,
inded proſpect, and immortal kin,
ier God, and brothers in the ſkies;"
deed, in time; but leſs remote
ence, perhaps, than thought by man;
ater what can fall, than what can riſe?
delirious, now, Lorenzo! go:
thy full blown brothers of the *world*,
corn around thee; caſt it on thy ſlaves;
rs, and equals: how ſcorn caſt on Them
s on Thee! if man is mean, as man,
a god? If *fortune* makes him ſo,
he conſequence: a maxim That,
raws a monſtrous picture of mankind,
n the drapery, the *man* is loſt;
fluttering, and the ſoul forgot.
teſt glory, when diſpos'd to boaſt,
t aloud, in which thy ſervants ſhare.
ſely-ſtrip the ſteed we mean to buy:
, in their capariſons, of *men*?
avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art;
iſtinctions of this little life
cutaneous, foreign to the man,
hrough death's ſtreights, *earth's* ſubtle
nts creep,
riggle into wealth, or climb renown.
d Satan the forbidden tree,
e their party-colour'd robe behind,
ow glitters, while they rear aloft
zen creſts, and hiſs at us below.
e's *ſucus* ſtrip them, yet alive;
of body, too; nay, cloſer ſtill,
h all, but *moral*, in their minds;
what then remains, impoſe their name,
e them Weak, or Worthy; Great, or
n.
n that ſnuff of glory *fortune* lights,

And *death* puts out! Doſt thou demand a teſt,
A teſt, at once, infallible, and ſhort,
Of *real* Greatneſs? That man Greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who Greatly die's;
High-flufh'd with hope, where heroes ſhall
deſpair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illuſtrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth
ſurveys
Nought Greater, than an honeſt, Humble Heart;
An Humble Heart, *His* reſidence! pronounc'd
His ſecond ſeat; and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men,
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives!
How far above Lorenzo's glory ſits
Th' illuſtrious maſter of a name *unknown*;
Whoſe worth unriv'l'd, and unwitneſs'd, loves
Life's ſacred ſhades, where gods converſe with
men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions,
ſmiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, ſhalt ſee.
But thy Great Soul this *ſkulking* glory ſcorns.
Lorenzo's ſick, but when Lorenzo's ſeen;
And, when he ſi rugs at public buſineſs, lyes.
Deny'd the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedeſtal;
Mankind the gazers, the ſole figure, He.
Knows he, that mankind praiſe againſt their
will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithleſs *fame* her whiſper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is ſo much tickled from not hearing *All*?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praiſe,
Or, from an itch more ſordid, when he ſhines
Ta ing his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and deſpiſe,
With modeſt laughter hiring loud applauſe,
Which makes the ſmile more mortal to his
fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty Cæſar),
crown'd
With laurels, in full ſenate, greatly falls,
By *ſeeming* friend-, that honour, and deſtroy.
We riſe in glory, as we ſink in pride:
Where boaſting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, miſtaken beyond all miſtake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himſelf aſcending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the
brain:
All vice wants *hellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudeſt calls, and for the largeſt bowl;
Becauſe, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *faſt*, the point, in *fancy* moſt purſued.
Who court applauſe, oblige the world in *this*;
They gratify man's paſſion to *refuſe*:
Superior honour, when *aſſum'd*, is *loſt*;
Ev'n good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
Though ſomewhat diſconcerted, ſteady ſtill
To the *world's* cauſe, with half a face of joy,

Lorenzo cries—" Be, then, *ambition* caft ;
" Ambition's dearer far ftands unimpeach'd,
" Gay *pleafure!* proud *ambition* is her flave ;
" For Her, he foars at *great*, and hazards *ill* ;
" For Her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;
" And paves his way, with crowns, to reach Her fmile :
" Who can refift her charms ?"—Or, *fhall?* Lorenzo!
What mortal fhall refift, where angels yield?
Pleafure's the miftrefs of ethereal powers ;
For her contend the rival gods above ;
Pleafure's the miftrefs of the world below ;
And well it was for man, that pleafure charms ;
How would All ftagnate, but for *pleafure's* ray!
How would the frozen ftream of action ceafe!
What is the pulfe of this fo bufy world?
The love of *pleafure:* that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and fhuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleafure's gay family hold All in chains :
Some moft affect the black; and fome, the fair;
Some honeft *pleafure* court; and fome, obfcene.
Pleafures *obfcene* are various, as the throng
Of paffions, that can *err* in human hearts ;
Miftake their objects, or tranfgrefs their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom, All,
But when our *reafon* licenfes delight
Doft doubt, Lorenzo? Thou fhalt doubt no more.
Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
An, ugly common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold!*
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms,
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleafure* is the mark:
For Her, the black affaffin draws his fword :
For Her, dark ftatefmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *fingle* facrifice may fall ;
For Her, the faint abftains; the mifer ftarves ;
The Stoic proud, for *pleafure*, pleafure fcorn'd;
For Her, *ambition's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;
For Her, guilt, fhame, toil, danger, we defy ;
And with an aim *voluptuous*, ruth on death.
Thus univerfal her defpotic power!
And as her empire wide, her praife is juft.
Patron of pleafure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival; pleafure I profefs ;
Pleafure the purpofe of my gloomy fong.
Pleafure is nought but virtue's gayer name ;
I wrong her ftill, I rate her worth too low ;
Virtue the root, and pleafure is the flower;
And honeft Epicurus' foes were fools.
But this founds harfh, and gives the *wife* offence ;
If o'erftrain'd wifdom ftill retains the *name*.
How knits *auftarity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praife*
Of *pleafure*, to mankind, *unpraid'd*, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my foft reply ;
Their fenfes men *will* truft : we can't impofe ;
Or, if we could, is impofition right?
Own *honey fweet* ; but, owning, add this *fting* ;
" When mixt with poifon, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lye.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before diftafe?
What nature loves *is* good, without *our* leave.
And where no future drawback cries, " *Beware!*"
Pleafure, though not from virtue, *fhould* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven ;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleafure* is man's eldeft-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;
Wifdom, her *younger* fifter, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *mitigate*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleafure*, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo! Thou, her majefty's renown'd,
Though unceft counfel, learned in *the world!*
Who think'ft thyfelf a Murray, with difdain
May'ft look on me. Yet, my Demofthenes!
Canft thou plead *pleafure's* caufe as well as I?
Know'ft thou her *nature, purpofe, parentage?*
Attend my fong, and thou fhalt know them all;
And know Thyfelf; and know thyfelf to be
(Strange truth!) the moft abftemious man alive.
Tell not Califta ; fhe will laugh thee dead ;
Or ferd thee to her hermitage with L——.
Abfurd prefumption! Thou who never knew'ft
A ferious thought! fhalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance ;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wifh ;
Or, with the fhout of groveling *appetite*,
E'er fmelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and muft be learnt ; and learnt,
With unremitting effort, or be loft ;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and eftates;
Wealth may feek Us; but *wifdom* muft be fought;
Sought before all ; but (how unlike all elfe
We feek on earth!) 'tis never fought in vain.
Firft, *pleafure's* birth, rife, ftrength, and grandeur, fee.
Brought forth by *wifdom*, nurft by *difcipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perfeverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majeftic ; round her throne,
Erected in the bofom of the juft,
Each virtue, lifted, forms her manly guard.
For what are *virtues?* (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind commands,
At once to *make it*, and to *make*, their bliss?—
Great Legiflator! fcarce fo great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatter human choice ;
In the tranfgreffion lies the penalty ;
And they the moft indulge, who moft obey.
Of *pleafure*, next, the final caufe explore ;
Its mighty *purpofe*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleafure* came from heaven.
In aid to *reafon* was the goddefs fent ;
To call up all its ftrength by fuch a charm.
Pleafure firft, fuccours *virtue* ; in return,
Virtue gives *pleafure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleafure of food, friendfhip, faith,

ts life *natural*, *civil*, and *divine*?
om the pleasure of repast, we live;
om the pleasure of applause, we please;
om the pleasure of belief, we pray
prayer would cease, if unbeliev'd the
rize:)
es ourselves, our species, and our God;
serve more, is past the sphere of man.
then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
gh Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
sters every growth of happy life;
a new Eden where it flows;—but such
? be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall.
hat mean I by thy fall?"—Thou'lt shortly
see,
pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd;
y sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
engeance too; it hastens into pain.
due refreshment, life, health, reason,
y;
wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
's justice *this* proclaims, and *that* her
ve.
greater evil can I wish my foe,
his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
ich'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
perance, by *reason* unrefin'd?
fand dæmons lurk within the lee.
, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*.
deep; the deeper, then, the more divine:
are angels, from indulgence *there*;
repenting pleasure makes a god.
think thyself a god from other joys?
m rather! shortly sure to bleed.
rong *must* mourn: can heaven's appoint-
ents fail?
n outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
wrought happiness unmeant by *Him*
ade us, and the world we would enjoy?
rms an instrument, ordains from whence
nance, or harmony, shall rise.
bade the soul this mortal frame inspire:
irtue's ray divine inspire the soul
precarious flows of vital joy;
without breathing, man as well might
pe
, as without piety, for peace.
virtue, then, and *piety* the same?"
icty is more; 'tis virtue's source;
of every worth, as that of joy.
the world this doctrine ill digest;
mile at piety; yet boast aloud
ill to men; nor know they strive to part
nature joins; and thus confute them-
ves.
iety begins all good on earth;
first-born of rationality.
ce, her first law broken wounded, lies;
ed, lifeless, impotent to good;
d affection bounds her utmost power.
e can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
o God was ne'er true friend to man;
nister intent taints all he does;
n his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built;
And, on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the
next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror
hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.
Lorenzo! when wast Thou at church *before!*
Thou think'st the service long; but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome; thou hadst rather
tread
Unhallow'd ground; the Muse, to win thine
ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience! at the sound *the world* retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair-ones thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom,—"Go, fix some weighty
truth;
"Chain down some *passion*; do some *generous*
good;
"Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
"Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest *foe*;
"Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
"Spring up, and lay strong hold on *Him* who
made thee."
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
Is half-immortal: is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shews a *fever*, or it makes a *foul*;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where presides a Power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.

Moſt true, a wiſe man never will be ſad;
But neither will ſonorous, bubbling mirth,
A ſhallow ſtream of happineſs betray.
Too happy to be ſportive, he's ſerene.
Yet wouldſt thou laugh (but at thy own expence)
This counſel ſtrange ſhould I preſume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of ſovereign aid to peace;
Ah! die not prize them leſs, becauſe inſpir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inſpir'd, that pregnant page had ſtood,
Time's treaſure? and the wonder of the wiſe!
Then think'ſt, perhaps, thy *ſoul* alone at ſtake;
Alas!—Should men miſtake thee for a *fool*;—
What man of taſte for genius, wiſdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpoſe?
Believe me, ſenſe, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Chriſtian* too.
But *there*, thou think'ſt, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in ſunſhine ne'er was found at firſt;
They, firſt, themſelves onend, who greatly pleaſe;
And travel only gives us ſound repoſe.
Heaven *ells* all pleaſure; effort is the price;
The joys of conqueſt are the joys of man;
And glory the victorious *laurel* ſpreads
O'er *pleaſure's* pure, perpetual, placid ſtream.
There is a time, when toil muſt be preferr'd,
Or joy, by miſ-tim'd fondneſs, is undone.
A man of *pleaſure* is a man of *pain*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be bleſt.
Falſe joys, indeed, are born from want of thought;
From thoughts full heat, and energy, the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poize,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only ſpeaks ſmall happineſs,
But happineſs that ſhortly muſt expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, ſtand?
And, in a tempeſt, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unſhock'd?
Or ope the door to honeſt poverty?
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale?
In ſuch a world, and ſuch a nature, *there*
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
Theſe fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unſhaken, maſculine, divine;
A conſtant, and a ſound, but *ſerious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of ſeverity?
It is—yet for my doctrine from ſevere.
"Rejoice for ever:" It becomes a man;
Feels, and ſets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every ſenſe;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feaſt,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praiſe;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
I firmly to ſupport, *you* fully taſte,
Is the whole ſcience of felicity:
Yet *ſparing pledge*: *her* bowl is not the beſt
Mankind can boaſt.—"A rational repaſt;
"Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
"A military diſcipline of thought,
"To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field;
"And ever-waking ardor for *the right*."
'Tis *theſe* firſt give, then guard, a chearful heart.
Nought that is *right*, think little; well aware,
What reaſon bids, God bids: by *His* command
How aggrandiz'd, the ſmalleſt thing we do!
Thus, *nothing* is inſipid to the wiſe;
To thee, inſipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys ſeaſon'd high, and taſting ſtrong of guilt.
"*Mad!*" (thou reply'ſt, with indignation fir'd)
"Of ancient ſages proud to tread the ſteps,
"I follow *nature*."—Follow *nature* ſtill,
But look it be thine *own*: Is *conſcience*, then,
No part of nature? Is ſhe not *ſupreme*?
Thou regicide! O raiſe her from the dead!
Then, follow nature; and reſemble God.
When, ſpite of *conſcience*, pleaſure is purſued,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd;
And what's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and muſt diſguſt ev'n Thee!
The *fact* thou know'ſt; but not, perhaps, the *cauſe*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twiſted cloſe
Her ſacred intereſts with the ſtrings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, ſhocks himſelf,
His better ſelf; and is it greater pain,
Our *ſoul* ſhould murmur, or our *duſt* repine?
And one, in their eternal war, *muſt* bleed.
If one *muſt* ſuffer, which ſhould leaſt be ſpar'd?
The pains of mind ſurpaſs the pains of ſenſe:
Aſk, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *ſenſe* to *mental* joys are mean:
Senſe on the preſent only feeds; the ſoul
On paſt, and future, foragers for joy.
'Tis hers, by retroſpect, through *time* to range;
And forward *time's* great ſequel to ſurvey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might ruſt, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the reſt to fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man is dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulſe, to liſt
With every luſt, that wars againſt his peace:
And ſets him quite at variance with himſelf.
Thyſelf, firſt, know; then love: a *ſelf* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *ſelf* there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *juſtice* robs,
Bleſt *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And god-like *magnanimity* deſtroys.
This ſelf, when rival to the former, ſcorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it:—But when virtue bids,
Toſs it, or to the fowls, *or* to the flames.
And why? 'Tis love of *pleaſure* bids thee bleed;

or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
hat is *vice*? Self-love in a mistake:
dlind merchant buying joys too dear.
tue, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
lful in the market of delight.
's good sense is love of that dread Power,
nom herself, and all she can enjoy.
f-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
ortal than the malice of our foes;
te, *now*, scarce felt; *then* felt full-sore,
ing, curst; extinction, loud implor'd;
y thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
is self-love Lorenzo makes his choice:
this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
is want of happiness betray'd,
ection to the present hour!
ion wanders far afield:
re pleases; why? The present pains—
nt 's a *secret*." Yes, which all men
w;
w from Thee, discover'd unawares.
eless agitation, restless roll
at to cheat, impatient of a pause;
t?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,
ined sent, to rock her in disease,
r physician, *Reason*, will not cure.
pedient! yet thy best; and while
es thy pain, it *eases* it too.
e Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
: have remedies; the wise have joys.
wisdom is superior bliss.
t sure mark distinguishes the wise?
t wisdom ever wills the same;
: wish is ever on the wing.
erself, is *folly's* character;
's is, a modest self-applause.
of evils is *thy* good supreme;
in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
eatest strength is shewn in standing

ure symptom of a mind in health,
heart, and pleasure felt at home.
sure from abroad her joys imports;
within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*.
is fix'd, and solid as a rock;
he *ebbs*, and tossing, as the wave.
ild wanderer on earth, like Cain;
: the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
temptation her supreme delight;
s an interruption from without,
her own condition; and the more
e gazes, still it charms the more.
n is happy, till he thinks, on earth
athes not a more happy than himself;
y dies, and love o'erflows on All;
o'erflowing makes an angel Here.
ls, All, intitled to repose
ho governs fate: though tempest frowns,
ature shakes, how soft to lean on hea-

n *Him*, on whom archangels lean!
ard eyes, and silent as the grave,
d collecting every beam of thought,
hearts kindle with divine delight;
heir thoughts, like angels, seen of

In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heaven:
Hence, are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revelings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation, swelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?
Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy 's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
That is the gem: sell All, and purchase That.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst enfeeble, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely* reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; All outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (infatiable thirst!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop,
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and antient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd:
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what disaster!—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
Whose foot (ye gods!) though cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacify'd, if *outward* things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expences, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of *fortune* ever bless'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *Holiness*, and be reveng'd.
Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Or only contest, what deserves the name.
Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of *reason* (which, like Yorke,
Demurrs on what it passes), and defies
The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhor'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heaven answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary day,
But never *conquer*: ev'n the *best* must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, These:
But those of Seth not more remote from Thee,
Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in reversion, like the sun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
" This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue:
" But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream;
" Or them the tide heaven pushes through our veins,
" Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
" And lays his labour level with the *world*?
Themselves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakness to chimæra turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has Muse the prescrib'd.
* Above, Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full-bent on heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; though bright, without a foil:
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all *their* care; the future, *his*
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; *his* exalt
Mankind's esteem *they* court; and *he*, his own,
Their's, the wild chase of *false* felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than *theirs*: where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees:
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.

* *In a former Night.*

r *he* holds his intereſt, to neglect
's welfare, or his right invade;
tereſt, like a lion, lives on prey.
idle at the ſhadow of a wrong;
he luſtains with temper, looks on heaven,
ps to think his injurer his foe;
but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
'd heart *their* character defends; 1130
d heart *denies* him half his praiſe.
cedneſs his innocence agrees;
eir blood foliave teſtifies their fall.
joys end where *his* full feaſt begins:
create, *Theirs* murder, future bliſs.
ph in exiſtence, *his* alone;
none triumphantly to think
exiſtence is not yet begun.
ou's courſe was yeſterday complete
en, was welcome; yet like it is ſweet. 1140
thin; charm. Lorenzo, like the firm
d breaſt---And whose is that high praiſe
d to pleaſure, though they danger brave,
v no fortitude, but in the field;
ney ſhew it, 'tis for glory ſhewn;
that cordial always man *their* hearts,
his luſtains, that cannot fail:
re unſubdued, unbroke by pain,
in that Omnipotence he truſts.
ng, all-attempting, till he falls; 1150
n he falls, writes VICI on his ſhield.
gnanimity, all *fear* above;
ier recompence, above *applauſe*;
wes to man's *ſhort* out-look all its arms.
and to credit what he never felt, 1155
ries,---"Where ſhines this miracle?
hat root riſes this *immortal man*?"
it grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
diſſect, nor wonder at the *flower*.
lows nature (not like * thee) and ſhews us 1160
erted ſyſtem of a man,
ite wears *reaſon's* golden chain,
, in due reſtraint, its luxury.
', like an eagle well reclaim'd,
o fly at nought, but Infinite.
hope, un-anxious is his *care*,
e fear'leſs, and his *grief*, (if grief
ordain) a ſtranger to deſpair,
>---Becauſe, affection, more than meet,
om leaves not diſengag'd from heaven. 1170
ondary goods that ſmile on earth,
; in *proportion*, loves in peace.
the world enjoy, who leaſt admire.
ſtanding 'ſcapes the common cloud
ariſing from a boiling breaſt. 1175
s clear, becauſe his heart is cool,
y competitions unflam'd.
erate movements of his ſoul admit
leas, and matur'd debate, 1180
partial, and an even ſcale;
udgment ſound and unrepenting choice.

Thus, in a double ſenſe, the *good* are wiſe;
On its own dunghill, wiſer than the world.
What, then, the world? It *muſt* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as ſoon would they believe their *Creed*.
Yet thus it is; nor otherwiſe *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I ſing.
Bliſs has no being, virtue has no ſtrength,
But from the proſpect of immortal life.
Who think earth, all, or (what weighs juſt the ſame)
Who care no farther, *muſt* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though moſt malignant, hate,
Becauſe that hate would prove his greater foe. 1195
'Tis hard for *them* (yet who ſo loudly boaſt
Good-will to men?) to love their deareſt friend;
For may not he invade their *good ſupreme*,
Where the leaſt jealouſy turns love to gall!
All ſhines to *them*, that for a ſeaſon ſhines. 1205
Each act, each thought, *he* queſtions, "What its weight,
"Its colour what, a thouſand ages hence?"
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the receſſes of his ſoul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, conſtitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmneſs, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, ally'd, deſcend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others ſtays, makes him a god.
And now, Lorenzo! behold of this world! 1210
Wont to diſdain poor bigots caught by heaven!
Stand by thy *ſcorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou?---Thou boaſter! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad miſt, at diſtance, ſtrikes us moſt;
And like a miſt, is nothing when at hand;
Its merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and riſes nearer to the ſkies,
By promiſe *now*, and by poſſeſſion *ſoon*,
(Too *ſoon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own. 1220
From this thy juſt *annihilation* riſe,
Lorenzo! riſe to *ſomething*, by reply.
The world, thy client, liſtens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praiſe.
Can'ſt thou be ſilent? No; for *wit* is thine; 1225
And wit talks *moſt*, when *leaſt* ſhe has to ſay,
And *reaſon* interrupts not her career.
She 'll ſay---*That miſts above the mountains riſe*;
And, with a thouſand pleaſantries, amuſe;
She 'll ſparkle, puzzle, flutter, raiſe a duſt, 1230
And fly conviction, in the duſt ſhe rais'd.
Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taſte?
'Tis precious, as the vehicle of *ſenſe*;
But, as its ſubſtitute, a dire diſeaſe.
Pernicious talent! flutter'd by the world, 1235
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wiſdom is rare, Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Paſſion can give it; ſometimes *virtue* inſpires
The lucky flaſh; and *madneſs* rarely fails.
Whatever cauſe the ſpirit ſtrongly ſtirs, 1240
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown,

* *See page* 350. ver. 838.

For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worſt;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique the more,
See *dull* ſir, blunderin; on vivacities,
Shakes her lace head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wiſdom*, awful wiſdom! which inſpects,
Diſcerns, compares, weighs, ſeparates, infers,
Seize the right, and holds it to the laſt;
How rare! in ſcenes, ſo'd, fought in vain; or, if *there* found, 'tis sacred to the *few*;
While a lewd proſtitute to ſ'titudes,
I request, as fatal, *wit*: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriſer *fool* a man.
Wit hates authority: cannot on love,
And thinks herſelf the lightning of the ſtorm.
In *ſtate*, 'tis dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Chriſtian, when the dull *believe*?
Senſe is our *richneſs*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* expoſes, 'tis our *velvet* ſaves.
Senſe is the diamond, weighty, ſolid, ſound;
When cut by *wit*, it caſts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond ſtill.
Wit, widow'd of *good ſenſe*, is worſe than nought;
It hoiſts more ſail to run againſt a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Chesterfield is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools ſcorn, and bleſs their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee ſhun,
Where Siren's ſit, to ſing thee to thy fate!
A *joy* in which our *reaſon* bears no part,
Is but a *ſorrow* tickling, ere it ſtings.
Let not the cunings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know?---
And yet, we much muſt know her, to be *bleſt*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph o' the ſoul;
A dance of heights, a mere froth of joy,
Our *raging deſire gitation's* idle child,
That mantles high, that ſparkles and expires,
Leaving the ſoul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation! ſuch as holds
No commerce with our *reaſon*, but ſubſiſts
On juices, through the world-ſtain'd tubes, well ſtrain'd:
A nice machine! 'twere ever to be nic'd!
And when it ſtops---thy Siren ſir, no more,
Thy dance is done: the *ſpectres* thrown
(Sport inſpective!) beneath the grave,
In ſcorn'ful ſolemn ſimilitude deſcends,
And ſtrews at deviſing it for thy part,
Accept a buckler, take it on the field:
(A field of battle is thy world, and life)
When doubt or ſhame aſſail, let it on thy heart;
A ſingle ſentence proof againſt the world:
"Seek, ye, the *ſkies*" leaves room for certain
"To one of theſe: but prize no ſublunar;
"The gloss of fortune to the baſeſt baſhlu,
"Lacks but the will, and ſoul about to God."
Would thou build ſhips happineſs? Do this,
Th' immortal *ſpectacle* can never ſound.
Is this with doubtful? Is attaining the ſun;
Nor the ſmile of [illegible]
The [illegible]

And yet---yet, what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers lift againſt the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)
They talk themſelves to ſomething like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs: As Athen' ſoul
Grinn'd from the port, on every ſail his own.
They grin: but wherefore? and how long the laugh!
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lye:
To cheat the world, and cheat themſelves, they ſmile.
Hard either taſk! The moſt abandon'd own,
That *either*, it abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themſelves, the moment *reaſon* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repute)
O how laborious is their gaiety
They ſcarce can ſwallow their ebullient ſpleen,
Scarce muſter patience to ſupport the farce,
And pump ſad laughter till the curtain fall.
Scarce, did I ſay? Some cannot fit it out:
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And ſhew us *what* their joy, by their deſpair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breaſt! bliſphering eye!
Its impious fury ſtill alive in death!
Shut, ſhut the ſhocking ſcene.---But heaven denies
A cover to ſuch guilt: and ſo ſhould man.
Look round, Lorenzo! ſee the reeling blade,
Th' invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The ſtrangling cord and ſuffocating ſtream;
The loathſome tenement, and foul decays
From raging riot (flower ſuicides!)
And *trifle* on theſe, more execrable ſtill!
How horrid all to thought!---But horrors, theſe
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble ſong.
From *vice*, *ſenſe*, *fame*, no man can be bleſt:
Hell is too great, to lodge within an hour:
Where an immortal being climbs at bliſs,
Duration is eſſential to the name.
O for a joy from *reaſon*! Joy from that,
Which noble man *more* is, and exerciſ'd aright,
Will make him *more*: A *heavenly* joy! that gives,
And promiſes what weaves, with art divine,
The ſkill'd purſuit into preſent peace:
A joy in common held
With thoſe we love, and thoſe we prize far far:
A joy beſtow'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which *more* ſhall double, *yet* ſmart eternal!
Crown'd by joy, and ſtill higher, at each ſtage,
Through all eternity's long day: yet ſtill,
Not more than *reaſon*, than from *Him*,
Whoſe bounteous hand, whoſe love ſuſpends
Sovereign of Deity on guilty duſt.
There, O my Lucio! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy preſence can improve my bliſs!
Affects me this, the *hopes of the world*?
Can pond'ring *ſhew* them, but what *feels* there now?
Theſe joys, deriv'd on an hour,
[illegible]
[illegible]

ou blush (though sometimes your de-
ns
e light) at your designs on heaven :
where *over-bashful* is your blame. 365
t *wise?*—You know you are : Yet
ar
amid your numerous schemes, mislaid,
'd, or thrown aside, if seen,
nes to plan by *this* world, or the
t,
difference between wise and fool."
sen will weigh you in *this* scale ; 1370
er then, if *they* pronounce you *light?*
m alone not worth your care ?
simple scheme of *common sense* :
your fame, and make *two* worlds your
vn.
d *replies* not ;---but the world *per-*
s ;
e *cause* off to the longest day, 1375
asions for the day of doom.
at *re-hearing*, from redress,
urn *witnesses* against themselves :
Lorenzo ! nor be wise to-morrow. 1380
le ! A man, by nature, is in haste ;
all answer for another hour?
prudent, to make *one* sure friend ;
ou canst not do, this side the skies.
of earth ! (nor *willing* to be more !) 1385
you think from priestcraft somewhat
ee,
n age so gay, the Muse plain truths
hich, at church, you *might* have heard
prose)
d into light ; well-pleas'd the verse
orgot, if you the truths retain ; 1390
n her with your welfare, not your
raise.
he need not fear : I see my fate ;
ng leap, like Curtius, down the gulph.
an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,
and do unwept ; O thou minute, 1395
ge! go forth among thy foes ;
roud of martyrdom for truth,
louble death : mankind, incens'd,
long to live : nor shalt thou rest
art dead ; in Stygian' shades arraign'd
1400
,as traitor to his throne ;
blasphemer of his friend---the world ;
, whose legions cost him slender pay,
eers around his bauner swarm ;
Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul ! 1405
l, then, fools ?" Lorenzo cries.---Yes,
il,
hold *thie* doctrine (new to thee) ;
her of true wisdom is the *well* ;
t *intelect*, a fool without it.
dom much has done, and more may do,
1410
sciences, in wars and peace ;
d sciences, like thy wealth, will leave
hee,
thee twice a beggar at thy death.

This is the *most* indulgence can afford ;---
" *Thy wisdom all can do, but---make thee wise.*" 1415
Nor think this censure is severe on thee :
Satan thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A *Moral* Survey of the *Nocturnal Heavens.*
II. A *Night-Address* to the *DEITY.*

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

One of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

"---Fatis contraria fata rependens." VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, awhile, his labour lost ;
Then chears his heart with what his fate affords,
And chaunts his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose :
Thus I, long-travel'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career ; 10
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed ;
Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chace the moments with a serious song.
Song sooths our pains ; and age has pains to sooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my breeding breast and *death's* dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench the ethereal fire ;
Canst thou, O *Night !* indulge one labour more ? 20
One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !
Till, haply, weak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease :
To bear a part in everlasting lays ;
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust, 25
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here.*
Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures pure,*
Like those above : exploding other joys ?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ? 30

I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere: not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in *body* call for aid; the sick
In *mind* are covetous of more disease;
And when, at *worst*, they dream themselves quite *well*.
To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature*'s blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our *sorses* with our *peace*.
But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unsully'd shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its tables wove by *destiny*;
And *that* in sorrow bury'd; *this*, in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the dolful knell;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the last *year*'s scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise! has *death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still: nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life thinner fall.
But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gaye!* scenes speak man's mortality:
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*
What are our noblest ornaments, but *death*?
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Protest diversions!*---cannot these escape?"
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
All talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *pastime*; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero: bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*
What all the pomps and triumphs of our [illegible] lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath: a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? *Thy* world---a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep:
While bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the sun exhales:
Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils:
A nature, wide, our ruins spread man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Not man alone; his breathing bust expire,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *death!* I stretch my view: what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.
The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.
But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of *ere* departed world
I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her: o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons: and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain:
In vain, to many: not, I trust, to thee.
For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart: or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *pestilence*, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from the eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

ion, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
of nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
ſtorſ change earth's tranſitory ſcenes,
e creation groan with human guilt.
t it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
waters! at the deſtin'd hour,
id trumpet ſummon'd to the charge,
ie formidable ſons of fire,
, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
ious engines; all at once diſgorge
zing magazines; and take, by ſtorm,
terreſtrial citadel of man.
g period! when each mountain-height
Veſuvius; rocks eternal pour
ted mals, as rivers once they pour'd;
; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
hare o'er creation!---while aloft,
aſtoniſhment! if more *can* be!
firmament than e'er was ſeen,
was thought by man! far other *ſtars!*
ate, that govern theſe of fire;
ſun!---A ſun, O how unlike
at Bethlem! how unlike the Man,
n'd on Calvary!---Yet *He* it is;
of ſorrows! O how chang'd! what
pomp!
ir terrible, all heaven deſcends!
ambitious, triumph in his train.
hangel, with his golden wing,
id clouds, that darken and diſgrace
divine, ſweeps ſtars and ſuns aſide.
all droſs remov'd, heaven's own pure
lay,
e confines of our æther, flames.
eadful contraſt!) far, how far beneath!
ing, belches forth her blazing ſeas,
is ſulphureous; her voracious jaws
wide, and roaring for her prey.
! welcome to this ſcene; the laſt
courſe; the firſt in wiſdom's thought.
s, if aught can ſtrike thee; *this* awakes
ſupine; *this* ſnatches man from death.
iſe, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
th, the moſt momentous man can hear,
my ſoul, and ardour wings her flight.
inſpiration in my theme;
eur of my ſubject is my Muſe.
ight, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
lly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
ore dread to man's moſt dreadful hour,
he, 'tis preſum'd, this pomp will burſt
old darkneſs; ſudden as the ſpark
en ſteel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
ing from his couch, ſhall ſleep no
more!
broke, which never more ſhall cloſe!
ound, beneath, amazement all!
l glory join'd in their extreme!
n grandeur, and our *world* on fire!
ſtruggling in the pangs of death!
not hear her? Doſt thou not deplore
convulſion, and her final groan?

Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone,
On which we ſtood: Lorenzo! while thou may'ſt,
Provide more firm ſupport, or ſink for ever!
Where? How! From whence? Vain hope! it is
too late!
Where, where, for ſhelter, ſhall the guilty fly,
When conſternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were
made:
From which *earth* roſe from *chaos*, man from *earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Deſcended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, deciſion, and deſpair!
At thought of thee, each ſublunary wiſh
Lets go its eager graſp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At *thought* of thee!---and art thou *abſent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 'tis here: it is begun;---
Already is begun the grand aſſize,
In thee, in all: deputed conſcience ſcales
The dread tribunal, and foreſtalls our doom;
Foreſtalls; and, by foreſtalling, proves it *ſure*.
Why on himſelf ſhould man *wield* judgment paſt?
Is idle *nature* laughing at her ſons?
Who *conſcience* ſent, her ſentence will ſupport,
And God above aſſent that God in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their boſoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who ſtands himſelf;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Reſolv'd to ſilence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) The coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks ſlightly; aſks, but fears to
know;
Aſks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires;
Diſſolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Aſylum ſad! from reaſon, hope, and heaven!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of conſummation! mark ſupreme
(If men are wiſe) of human thought! not leaſt,
Or in the ſight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whoſe radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, riſing, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, ſurround this ſcene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory: and for thee,
Creation univerſal calls aloud,
To diſinvolve the *moral* world, and give
Her *nature's* renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whoſe fate, whoſe *pond'rous* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
Thinks of nothing elſe. I ſee! I ſee it!
All *nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *Deities*, like ſummer's ſwarms, on wing!
All bulking in the full meridian blaze!
I ſee the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A ſun-beam pointing out each ſecret thought

No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd:
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes; he curses whom he dreads;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.
'Tis *present* to my thought!---and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *guess*
The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
Are less obscure; for these may *man* enquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, Where art thou?
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity*?
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all claps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their powers ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of Him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from earth's heaving womb,
To second birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at One call, upstarted from One bed,
Prest in One croud, appall'd with One amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greatest foe falls with him, *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time*'s offspring, *Death*, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her resentment to mankind, how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while foulest foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.
For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners streaming as the *comet*'s blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness: in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand result;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the severd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial: What ensues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven!
The *Goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable ward,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
To see *creation*'s godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancy'd God, a God *indeed*, descends,
To solve all *knots*; to strike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause!
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.
What then am I?---
Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is their sound on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars on the grand chorus, and *complains*?
Censure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I suspend,
And turn it on *myself*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*: by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, return'd the friends He gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, so long?
Complaining of his *favours*, *pain*, and *death*?
Who, without *pain*'s advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from *pain*; all punishment,
To make for *peace*; and death to save from *death*;
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

gives us friends to bleſs the *preſent*
ene;
em, to prepare us for the *next*.
tural are *moral* goods;
ne, *indulgence*, on the whole.
ihappy: *all* have cauſe to ſmile,
to themſelves that cauſe deny.
are at the bottom of our *pains*;
ts, or *judgment*, is the ſource
ſighs: We *ſin*, or we *miſtake*;
tax, when falſe *opinion* ſtings.
grief be baniſh'd, joy indulg'd;
then, when grief puts in her claim,
ne *joyous*, frequently betrays,
vanity, and dies in woe.
ills, corroborates, exalts;
l conqueſt; joy, and virtue too.
titude in *ills*, delights
arth, ourſelves; 'tis duty, glory,
nce.
the good man's ſhining ſcene;
onceals his brighteſt ray;
ſtars, *our* luſtre gives to man.
attle, pilots in the ſtorm,
in calamities, admire
of manhood in a winter-joy;
en, that ſtands the Northern blaſt,
ns in the rigour of our fate.
me part of happineſs, to know
unhappineſs *muſt* prove our lot;
ch few poſſeſs! I 'll pay life's tax,
ne rebel murmur, from this hour,
t miſery to be a *man*;
s *it*, ſhall never be a *God*.
e wiſh for, when we wiſh to live.
ke *proud paſſion*"---" * Wiſh my be-
g loſt?"
us! blaſphemous! abſurd! and falſe!
ch of my ſoul is---That I *am*;
re that I *may* be---*what?* Lorenzo!
'd, and look deep; and deeper ſtill;

ly deep our treaſure runs
eins, through all eternity!
ages, and ſucceeding ſtill
where the phantom of an hour,
rts, each night, dull ſlumber, for re-
air,
and wonder, and exult, and praiſe.
ough infinite, and all unlock;
erv'd) by heaven's redundant love,
adorable itſelf, adore;
in adoration; endleſs joy!
u, not maſter of a moment *here*,
flower, and fleeting as the gale,
a *whole eternity*, enrich'd
and Omnipotence can pour.
fell, no mortal, uninſpir'd,
t conceiv'd, or ever ſhall,
s God, how great (if good) is Man.
oo largely from heaven's love can
ope,
op'd he labours to *ſecure*.

Referring to the Firſt Night.

Ills?---there are none:---*All-gracious!* none from *thee*:
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackeſt ills, and thoſe immortal too,
Begot by *madneſs* on fair *liberty*;
Heaven's daughter, hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks deſtruction to the ſons of men,
Firſt barr'd by *thine*: high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whoſe threats are *mercies*, whoſe injunctions *guides*,
Aſſiſting, not reſtraining, *reaſon's* choice;
Whoſe ſanctions, *unavoidable reſults*
From nature's courſe, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor leſs ſure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his ſons,
"Do this; fly that"---nor always tells the cauſe;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repoſe.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* ſurvey'd,
Aught elſe the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *theſe*, on which to build our truſt!
Thy ways admit no bleminh; none I find;
Or this alone---"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to ſoften *cenſure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peeviſh *grief's* Complaint,
Who like a *daemon*, murmuring from the duſt,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.---Supreme!
For *all* I bleſs thee; moſt, for the *ſecure*;
* *Her* death---*my own* at hand---the fiery gulph,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders:---but it thunders to preſerve;
It ſtrengthen what it ſtrikes; its wholeſome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join heaven's ſweet halleluiahs in thy praiſe,
Great Source of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain*, *death*, *gehenna*, Save.
Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *ſolaces*, and *ſhines*,
The *rough* and *gloomy*, challenges our praiſe.
The *winter* is as needful as the *ſpring*;
The *thunder*, as the ſun; a ſtagnate maſs
Of vapours breeds a peſtilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying ſtorms;
The dread Volcano miniſters to good.
Its ſmother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly ſcann'd;
And, in their uſe, *eclipſes* learn to ſhine.
Man is reſponſible for *ills* receiv'd;
Thoſe we call *wretched* are a choſen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right*, for peace.
Amid my liſt of bleſſings infinite,
Stand this the foremoſt. "*That my heart bubbled.*"
'Tis heaven's laſt effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bleſs, heaven quits us in de pair.

† *Lucia.*

Who fails to grieve, when juſt occaſion calls,
Or grieves too much, deſerves not to be bleſt;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reaſon abſolves the grief, which *reaſon* ends.
May heaven ne'er truſt my friend with happineſs,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain: and made it *ſafe* to *ſmile!*
Such ſmiles are mine, and *ſuch* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from exceſs.
My change of *heart* a change of *ſtyle* demands;
The Conſolation cancels the Complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty ſong.
And when o'erlabour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller ſome riſing ground,
Some ſmall aſcent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And meaſures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has paſt;
And, ſatiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by diſtance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though ſmall, indeed, is that aſcent
The Muſe has gain'd, review the paths ſhe trod;
Various, extenſive, beaten but by view;
And, conſcious of her prudence in repoſe,
Pauſe; and with pleaſure meditate an end,
Though ſtill remote: ſo fruitful is my theme,
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The Muſe has ſtray'd; and much of *ſorrow* ſeen
In human ways: and much of *falſe* and *vain*;
Which none who travel this bad road, can miſs.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily ſhe wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders ſhe diſplay'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*; ſhew'd the *ſource of joy*;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd: aſſign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*, in *few*, to cloſe the whole,
The moral Muſe has ſhadow'd out a ſketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-ſtroke,
Of *moſt* our weakneſs needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *earth*, or proſpect of the *ſkies*.
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
To be diſcharg'd; theſe thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers ſecret ſighs,
While other ſlept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In ſhadows veil'd, ſoft ſliding from her ſphere,
Her ſhepherd chear'd; of her enamour'd leſs,
Than I of thee.—And art thou ſtill unſung,
Beneath whoſe brow, and by whoſe aid, I ſing?
Immortal ſilence! where ſhall I begin?
Where end? Or how ſeal muſic from the ſphere,
To ſooth their goddeſs?
O majeſtic Night!
Nature's great anceſtor! day's elder-born!
And fated to ſurvive the tranſient ſun!
By mortals, and immortal, ſeen with awe!
A ſtarry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waiſt: clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through variety of ſhape and ſhade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and heaven throughout,
Voluntarily pour thy pompous train.
Thy glowing grandeurs *fir*ſt *nature's* moſt auguſt,
In ſtrong aſpect ſ*y* claim a grateful verſe;
And' like a ſable curtain ſtarr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours paſt, ſhall cloſe the ſcen
And what, O man! ſo *worthy* to be ſung?
What more prepares us for the ſong of heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be ſung, ſo *needful?* What ſo well
Celeſtial joys prepare us to ſuſtain?
The ſoul of man, His face deſign'd to ſee
Who gave theſe wonders to be ſeen by man,
Has *here* a previous ſcene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to ſtretch to that expanſe
Of thought, to riſe to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that ſtrength,
Which beſt may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our ſpirits are enlarg'd on *earth*,
The deeper draught ſhall they receive of *heaven*.
Heaven's King! whoſe face unveil'd confers
Redundant bliſs; which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didſt touch the lip of Jeſſe's ſon,
Rapt in ſweet contemplation of theſe fires,
And ſet his harp in concert with the ſpheres;
While of thy works *material* the Supreme
I dare attempt, aſſiſt my daring ſong,
Looſe me from *earth's* inclemure, from the *ſun's*
Contracted circle let my heart at large;
Eliminate my ſpirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this ſtupendous ſcaffolding,
Creation's golden ſtep, to climb to Thee.
Teach me with *art* great *nature* to control,
And ſpread a luſtre o'er the ſhades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind aſſent? and ſhall the *ſun*
Be ſeen at *midnight*, riſing in my ſong?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whoſe heart,
Whoſe *little* heart, is moor'd within a rock
Of this obſcure terreſtrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy proſperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempeſt, pirate, rock, or ſhore;
And whence thou may'ſt import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels doſt thou boaſt o'er foreign realms?
Thou *ſtranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *nature's* univerſal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On ſoaring ſouls, that ſail among the ſpheres;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles ſpacious *earth*, often travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my * Prometheus, from thy pointed rock
Of *falſe* ambition ſhackled, we'll mount;
We'll, *in ecſtacy*, ſteal celeſtial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *ſtars*;
A theft, that ſhall not chain, but ſet thee free.
Above our atmoſphere's inteſtine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail-

* *Night the Eighth.*

orthern nests of feather'd snows,
thunders, and the flaming force
the crooked lightning; above the
ies 625
t tempest wait their growing wings,
eir tender voices to that roar,
. perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
ortrued omens of the sky,
comets' calculated blaze;
thought, and think of *more* than
". 630
il now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
blasts of *earth's* unwholesome air,
here; spread all her faculties
ght ardours; every power unfold,
sublimities of thought. 635
as well as *fire*. At *nature's* birth,
ommission ran---" Be kind to *man*."
new, poor benighted traveller!
vill light thee; though the *Moon*
d fail.
thou, more benighted! more at-
! 640
ortal? The *Stars* call thee back;
y'd their counsel, 'et thee right
spect vast, what is it?---Weigh'd
ght
system of divinity,
student of the *Night* inquires. 645
ripture, writ by God's own hand:
thentic! uncorrupt by man.
vith my *Radius* (the rich gift
nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
essons: some may surprize 650
: in mysteries of Night;
aps, expected in *her* school,
to grow on planet, or on star.
, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
more monstrous, not to see what
655
';---a lecture to mankind.
d we *here*?----Th' existence of a
?
f other beings, man above;
Ether! Sons of higher climes!
may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
written in the skies. 660
eternity?---Lorenzo! *Thine*;
ternity. Nor Faith alone,
is Here; *here* springs the sovereign

very vice; but chiefly *Thine*; 665
de, Ambition, and *impure Desire*.
Thou canst wake at midnight too,
on *Morals* bent: *Ambition, Pleasure!*
ts I for Thee so * lately fought,
barrass'd slaves but slender rest. 670
om midnight is *immoral* noon,
n's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of

limate, but capricious crime,
one of our *Antipodes!*
rnal rove, one moment halt, 675

* *Night the Eighth.*

II.

Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd heaven)
To yonder stars: For other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame, 680
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm 685
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes omnipotence?---To curb our *pride*;
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light:
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himself*, 690
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcom'd on heaven's coast with most applause,
An *humble*, *pure*, *and heavenly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inspir'd:---And canst thou gaze too long? 695
Nor stands thy *truth*, depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by their radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours! mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd; 700
Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love. 705
Nothing in nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our supercilious race, 710
Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inflamed*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*. 715
Wilt thou not feel the bias *nature* gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies
And seize thy brother's throat?----For what---a
clod,
An inch of *earth*? The *planets* cry "Forbear,"
They chace our double darkness; *nature's* gloom, 720
And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.
And see, *day's* amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze. 725
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain* and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight, 730
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;

And darkneſs ſhews its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *freſh* greeter than the *joy*,
If human heart at glorious ob ect glow,
And admiration can inſpire delight.
What ſpeak I more, than I, This moment, feel;
With pleaſing ſtupor firſt the ſoul is ſtruck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wiſe!
Then into tranſport ſtarting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how ſhe glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! This diſplay!
This oſtentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the firſt magnitude to launch
In endleſs ſpeculation, and adore?
One ſun by day, by night *Ten Thouſand* ſhine:
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundleſs in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fire,
Form'd unconſumed, down the ſteep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my ſight!
Nor ſtarts alone; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in duſt, and calls it to the ſkies.
Who ſee it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who ſees it, and can ſtop at what is ſeen?
Material off ring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *Him* who made it! Worthy praiſe!
All praiſe! praiſe *more* than human! nor denyed
Thy praiſe *Divine!*— But though man, drown'd in ſleep,
Withhold his homage, not *elect* I wake:
Bright legions ſwarm unſeen, and ſing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In This His univerſal temple hung
With lights, with inſtruments, and arch'd
That ſhed religion on the ſoul, at once,
The *Temple*, and the *Preacher!* O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of right!
Devotion! deareſt of affections! *mine!*
An *exhalation* all rotomer is *mind*.
True: All things ſpeak a God: but in the ſmall,
Men trace out *Him*; in great, *He* ſeize man:
Seize, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new-born ties, 'mid aſſociates new.
Tell me, ye ſtars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye ſtarr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are theſe ſons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whoſe azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition? in diſdain
Of limit? but in the taſte of heaven!
Vaſt ſcenes! ample dome! wall thou deſign'd
A meet ſanctuary for the Deity?----
Not ſo: That thought above the ſtar impairs,
Thy *duſky* lamps, and ſhallow *ſky reſound*,
And ſtretches thy *diſſolving* frame o'erall the whole,
And makes an univerſe an *Atom*.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy light regain'd, thy grandeur is reſtor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The ſmitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vaſt diſplo ion diſſipates the clouds;
Sh ck'd æther's billows daſh the diſtant ſkies:
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a ſpecious womb,
Might teem with new creation: re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and aſſume
Divinity themſelve. Nor was it ſtrange,
Matter high-wrought to ſuch ſurpriſing pomp,
Such godlike glory, ſtole the ſtyle of gods.
From ages dark, obtuſe, and ſteep'd in *ſenſe*;
For ſure, to *ſenſe*, they truly are divine;
And hideous olv'd idolatry from guilt,
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In thoſe, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unloſt, to hit their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their higheſt, muſt be their adore'd.
But They how *weak*, who could no higher riſe?
And are there then, Lorenzo! thoſe, to whom
Unſeen, and Unexiſtent are the ſame?
And is incomprehenſible join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madneſs, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty Builder thrown aſide
All meaſure in His work; ſtretch'd out His line
So far, and ſpread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as He took delight in wide extreme)
Deep in the boſom of His univerſe,
Bury'd from ſight, as *being* mite, that in ſect, *more*,
To covet, and gaze, and wonder at the ſcene?—
That mite might ne'er preſume to plead amazement
For all ſize of wonder in *himſelf*.
Shall God be leſs miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *my ſenſes* deſcend
From *all my ſenſes?* Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than Created, to the graſp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *Him*, the *more* we ſhould aſſent.
Could we conceive *Him*, God He could not be;
Or *He* not God, or we could not be *more*.
A God! one can comprehend a God:
Mad diſtance how irrevere! On *ſuch* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange)
Nothing can *fathom*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *aſtoniſhes*, is *true*.
The ſcene thou ſeeſt, atteſts the truth I ſing,
And every ſtar ſheds light upon the creed.
Theſe ſtars, this furniture, this coſt of heaven,
It put *together*, thou hadſt ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *remove* is true.
The ground of nature i th' Almighty's oath,
In *reaſon's* court, to ſilence *unbelief*.
How my mind, unwilling, at this ſcene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the ſkies,

ught, perhaps, Lorenzo leſs admires!
Great Sovereign ſent ten thouſand
orlds
, *He* reſides above them All,
unapproachable receſs?
earth's bold inhabitants deny
ituous, the magnific embally
t's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
om they come, or what they would im-
rt
emolument; ſole cauſe that ſtoops
ndeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouſe;
ht, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
ice from eaſt to weſt, from pole to
le.
, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
s *Reaſon*, or a God adores?
was ſent into the world to *ſee*:
s the ſcience needful to their peace;
ous ſcience aſks *ſmall* learning's aid.
heu on metaphyſic pinions ſoar?
thy patience amid logic thorns?
hiſtory's enormous round?
ſuch hard taſk injoins: She gave
man directive of his thought;
t upright, pointing to the ſtars,
ull ſay, "Read thy chief leſſon there."
o read this manuſcript of heaven,
ce a parchment-ſcroll, ſhrunk up by
nes,
orenzo's leſſon from his ſight.
how various! Not the God alone,
Miniſters; I ſee, diffus'd
orders, eſſences ſublime,
s offices, of various plume,
ly liveries, diſtinctly clad,
een, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
mmix'd; they ſtand, with wings out-
ead,
o catch the Maſter's leaſt command,
rough *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
nnumerable!---Well conceiv'd
and by *Chriſtian!* O'er each ſphere
n angel, to direct its courſe,
or ſun, its flames; or to diſcharge
h truſts unknown. For who can ſee
p of matter, and imagine, *Mind*,
alone Inanimate was made,
ingly diſpens'd? That nobler ſon,
the great Sire!---'Tis thus the ſkies
of ſuperiors numberleſs,
in *Excellence*, above mankind,
Earth, in *Magnitude*, the *Spheres*.
a cloud of witneſſes, hang o'er us;
g'd theatre are all our deeds;
a thouſand demigods deſcend
beam we ſee, to walk with men.
ſtection! Strong reſtraint from ill!
re, our virtue finds ſtill ſtronger aid
e ethereal glories *Senſe* ſurveys.
; like magic, ſtrikes from this blue
lt:
attention is it view'd? We feel
ſuccour, unimplor'd, unthought;
ſelf does half the work of *Man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, foreſts, deſarts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of ſubterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* ſtructure, or the ſcoop of *Time*;
If ample of dimenſion, vaſt of ſize,
Ev'n *Theſe* an aggrandizing impulſe give;
Of ſolemn thought enthuſiaſtic heights
Ev'n *Theſe* infuſe.---But what of vaſt in *Theſe?*
Nothing;---or we muſt own the ſkies forgot.
Much leſs in *Art!*----Vain *Art!* Thou pigmy
power!
How doſt thou ſwell and ſtrut, with human pride,
To ſhew thy littleneſs! What childiſh toys,
Thy watery columns ſquirted to the clouds!
Thy baſon'd rivers, and impriſon'd ſeas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *Capitals!* or Thoſe
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immenſe,
Or nodding *Gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *Temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
Yet *Theſe* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of ſuch ſuperior ſcenes?
Enter a temple, it will ſtrike an awe:
What awe from This the Deity has built?
A *Good Man* ſeen, though ſilent, counſel gives:
The touch'd ſpectator wiſhes to be wiſe:
In a bright mirror His own hands have made,
Here we ſee ſomething like the face of God.
To man abandon'd, "*Haſt thou ſeen the ſkies?*"
And yet, ſo thwarted nature's kind deſign
By daring man, he makes her ſacred awe
(That guard from ill) his ſhelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celeſtial art's intent. The trembling ſtars
See crimes gigantic, ſtalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night ſtill *darker* by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the ſhades deſcend,
Rapine and *Murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miſer earths his treaſure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *Plots*, and foul *Conſpiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havock and devaſtation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now ſons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What ſhall I do?---Suppreſs it?---or proclaim?
Why *ſleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His beſt friend's couch the rank adulterer
Aſcend ſecure; and laughs at god and men.
Prepoſterous madmen, void of fear or ſhame,
Lay their crimes bare to theſe chaſte eyes of
heaven;
Yet ſhrink, and ſhudder, at a mortal's ſight,
Were moon, and ſtars, for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light
No; they were made to faſhion the ſublime
Of human hearts, and *wiſer* make the *Wiſe*
Thoſe ends were anſwer'd once; when more
liv'd
Of ſtronger wing, of aquiline aſcent

In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Those antient sages, *Human* stars! they met
Their brothers of the *Skies*, at midnight hour:
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, He who drank
The poison'd bowl, and He of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for Gods, and Godlike men.
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
By Seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in Their bright footsteps here below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
Of hope eternal kindled, *There*, the fire:
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *Men*, more joyous to *Themselves*.
Through *various Virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
The *Zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.
In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *opprobrious* prayer! as much
Our *Ardour* Less, as Greater is our *Light*.
How monstrous This in *Morals*! Scarce more strange
Would this *Phænomenon* in nature strike
A *Sun*, that froze her, or a *Star*, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy *Praise*, give *Credit* too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.---They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery:
That, wise it is to comprehend the whole:
That, *Virtue*, rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The single base of *Virtue* built to heaven:
That God, and *Nature*, our attention claim:
That, *Nature* is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the *Sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That, *Mind immortal* loves *immortal* aims:
That, *boundless Mind* affects a *boundless Space*:
That will surveys, and the sublime of things,
Thus will assimilate, and make her great.
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man,
Such are their doctrines; *such* the *Night* inspir'd.
And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The soul of man was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison *Here*!
There, disincumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
Nor as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their œconomy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.
What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?
As *Earth* the body, since, the *Skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, The noble pasture of the *Mind*;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, The Garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, The breast-plate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.
Thus, have we found a *true* astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
O that the *Stars* (as some have feign'd) let fail
Bloodshed, and havock, on embattled realms,
And rescued *Monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a God,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquest on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy *Tutor*: Grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'st not what it is, how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *Mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it *seems*, it *is*: *Great* objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more Godlike, as *These* more divine.
And *more* divine than *These*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendors, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradise *unlost*!
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *Tree of Life*!
For *Here* it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No *Flaming Sword* denies our entrance *Here*;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever*.
Lorenzo! much of *Moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *Mathematic* glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *Chance*, and *Fate*,
Are left to finish his aërial towers;
Wisdom and *Choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendor void of use,
Use rivals *Beauty*; *Art* contends with *Power*;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expence;
The great Oeconomist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.

i the proſpect! and for ever new!
ſt to the man thas views it *moſt*;
r ſtill in infinite ſucceed.
eſe aërial racers, O how ſwift!
ſhaft loiters from the ſtrongeſt ſtring!
ne can diſtance the career.
e orb aſcending without end!
circle, without end, inclu'd!
within Wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
e, it ſeems a viſion or a dream;
een, we labour to believe it *true*!
olution! what extent! what ſwarms
ls, that laugh at *Earth!* immenſely great!
y diſtant from each other's ſpheres!
an, the wondrous *Space* through which ey roll?
; quite ingulphs all human thought;
prehenſion's abſolute defeat.
ck thou ſeeſt a wild diſorder here;
this illuſtrious chaos to the ſight.
ient neat, and chaſteſt order, reign.
preſcrib'd, inviolably kept,
the lawleſs allies of mankind,
ever thwarting, never interfere:
ets are ty'd! How ſoon are they diſſolv'd,
e ſeeming marry'd planets free!
e for ever, without error rove;
unconfus'd! nor leſs admire
lit untumultuous; all on wing!
, all! yet what profound repoſe!
id action, yet no noiſe! as aw'd
s, by the preſence of their Lord;
by *His* command, in love to man,
et fall loft beams on human reſt,
emſelves. On yon cœruleau plain,
n to *Their* God, and *Thine*,
e, they ſing eternal jubilee,
lebration of *His* praiſe.
their *Song* arrives not at our ear,
ce perplex'd exhibits to the ſight
glyphic of *His* peerleſs power.
v the *Labyrinthian* turns they take,
s intricate, and myſtic maze,
e grand cypher of *Omnipotence*;
how great! how legible to *Man!*
ſo much wonder greater wonder ſtill?
e the pillars that ſupport the ſkies?
e than *Athantan* ſhoulder props
bent head? what magic, what ſtrange rt,
r theſe ponderous orbs ſuſtains?
ld not think them hung in golden hains?---
y are; in the high will of heaven,
s all; makes adamant of air,
diamant; makes all of nought,
of all, if *ſuch* the dread decree.
from their deep foundations torn
gigantic ſons of earth, the broad
ing Alps, all toſt into the ſea;

And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and meaſure, exquiſite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the ſpheres,
Tune their ſonorous inſtruments aloft;
The concert ſwell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element ſuſtain'd,
More rapid movement, and for nobleſt *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to paſs, are not theſe ſtars
The ſeats majeſtic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sovereign nods,
Diſcharge high truſts of *Vengeance*, or of *Love*;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand deſign,
And acts moſt ſolemn ſtill more ſolemnize?
Ye Citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effuſion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in ſuch a ſight!
A ſight ſo noble! and a ſight ſo kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* ſurvey!
Feels not Lorenzo ſomething ſtir within,
That ſweeps away all period? As theſe ſpheres
Meaſure duration, they no leſs inſpire
The Godlike hope of ages without end,
The boundleſs *Space*, through which theſe rovers take
Their reſtleſs roam, ſuggeſts the ſiſter thought
Of boundleſs *Time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* ſkill,
To man unlabour'd, that important gueſt,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *Sight*:
And an *Eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or theſe his deſtin'd midnight counſellors,
The *Stars*, had never whiſper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *inſults*, her ſons.
Could ſhe then kindle the moſt ardent wiſh
To *diſappoint* it?---That is blaſphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a ſecond article,
Momentous, as the exiſtence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely ſought;
And thou may'ſt read thy *Soul immortal*, Here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on theſe glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof.
That calls the wretched *Gay* to dark delights.
Aſſemblies?---This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the faireſt, and the Sultan ſcorn.
He, wife as *Thou*, no *Creſcent* holds ſo fair,
As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him,
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind ſuperior to the charms of *Power*.
Thou muffled in deluſions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From ſide to ſide, in conſtant ebb and flow,
And purify from ſtench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants ſhe power
To turn Lorenzo's ſtubborn tide of thought
From ſtagnating on *Earth's* infected ſhore,
And purge from miſchief his corrupted heart?
Fail her attract on when it draws to heaven?

Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth*'s joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *Unseen*, 1210
And defecate from *Sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,
The *Life* of life, the *Zest* of worldly bliss:
All else on earth amounts---to what? To *This*:
"Bad to be *Suffer'd*; blessings to be *Left*:" 1215
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.
Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!---Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!---Thought too is wilder'd *here*;
In mid-way flight imagination tires: 1220
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same *Manna*, mingle earth and heaven. 1225
How distant some of these nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage), 't were not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature*'s birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight. 1230
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever*: who can satiate sight
In *such* a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count 1235
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *Seraph*'s computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles, 1240
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *Miracle*?---'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind; 1245
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.
To common sense, great *Nature*'s course proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls asleep,
A *Miracle* is sent, as an alarm,
To wake the world, and prove *Him* o'er again, 1250
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal*?
To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back 1255
The flaming courier to the frighted *Fals*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Alaion's soft, flowery vale repose?
Great things are these: still greater, to *create*. 1260
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;---resistless is their power?
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen, 1265
If seen with *human eyes*. The *Brute*, indeed,
See nought but *Spangles* here; the *Fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *Nature* governs all?"
The *Course* of *Nature* is the *Act* of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, *Thou* attest; 1270
For say, could *Nature Nature*'s course control?
But, miracles apart, whose sees him not,
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature*'s midnight face,
But must inquire---"What hand behind the scene, 1275
"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
"In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
"Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
"Who bow'd them flaming through the dark "profound,
"Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew, 1280
"Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
"And set the bosom of *Old Night* on fire?
"Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with man)
"Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their "names?
"Appoints their post, their marches, and re-"turns
"Punctual at stated periods? who disbands
"These veteran troops, their final duty done,
"If e'er disbanded?"---He, whose potent word, 1290
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In *Night*'s inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloath'd in gold,
And call'd them out of *Chaos* to the field, 1295
Where now they war with *Vice* and *Unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flame shall cut a *darker* night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God 1300
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious: and their aid 1305
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *Dividers of my Time!* Ye bright
Accompanys of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair Kalendar distinctly mark'd! 1310
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him;
Since *You*, and yours, roll on, though man stands still;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to *Wisdom*: now beyond 1315
All shadow of excuse for fooling on,
Age smooths our path to prudence, sweeps aside
The snares keen *Appetite*, and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that grey head,
Whose *Folly* would undo what *Age* has done! 1320
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!---Much rather, Thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *Machine*, with all its *Wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight, 1325
With such an *Index* fair as none can miss,
Whose is an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd.

ne eye, dread Deity! to read
it doctrine of thy works; to see
as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass
dly wishes. *Time, Eternity!*
ese, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
a before me; let me lay them both
scale, and learn their various weight.
e appear a *Moment*, as it *is*;
t *Eternity's* full orb, at once,
n my soul, and strike it into heaven.
hall I see far more than charms me now?
creation's model in *Thy* breast
d, nor wonder at the transcript more?
is vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
vel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
hall my soul her incarnation quit,
e-adopted to thy blest embrace,
er *Apotheosis* in Thee?
think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
directly striking at the mark;
e thy *dead devotion* was my point;
w I bless *night's* consecrating shades,
o a *temple* turn an *universe*;
ith great ideas, full of heaven,
idote the pestilential earth!
form, that either frowns, or falls,
asylum has the soul in prayer!
at a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
at a God must dwell in such a fane!
a genius must inform the skies!
orenzo's salamander heart
d untouch'd, amid these sacred fires?
turnal sparks! ye glowing embers,
en's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no
more,
ize, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
s you, or forbears: assist my song;
ir whole influence, exorcise his heart,
ossess; and bring him back to *man*,
s Lorenzo a demurrer *still?*
thy parts provokes thee to contest
which, contested, put thy *parts* to
shame.
ne they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,
is heart, how despicably small!
ight, ought great, or generous, to re-
ceive!
th an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *Self!*
mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
d passions, of the nobler kind,
ared there; or *they* alone,
ort, would wake high hope: and open,
'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
rder, wisdom, goodness, providence,
dicts miracles of love display,
nite all the truly-great desire.
d that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
its *wishes*; great, in its *purveys*.
views a narrow mind extend;
its corrugate, expansive make,
ere long, *more* than planets shall em-
brace.
[illegible] makes a man of *earth*;
contemplate, and become *divine*.

As man was made for glory, and for
All littleness is an approach to woe;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which mak
Take God from *nature*, nothing great
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing see
Man's heart is a jakes, and loves the m
Emerge from thy profound: erect thin
See thy distress! how close art thou bes
Besieg'd by *nature*, the proud sceptic's f
Inclos'd by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mi
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, sure captive of be
From this thy blest captivity, what art
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee fre
This scene is heaven's indulgent violen
Canst thou bear up against this tide of g
What is earth bottom'd in these ambient
But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *ca*
Spite of these numerous, awful, *witnesse*
And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of v
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they *did*; but *no* man *disbelie*
God is a *Spirit*; *Spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs; God by n
As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, siz
Conception of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to gener
Each attribute of these *material* gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel th
And leads in triumph the whole mind of
Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to t
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* p
Of this great master moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *ther*
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of tho
And, for thy notice, struggle with the wo
Retire;---the *world* shut out;---thy tho
home;---
Imagination's airy wing repress;---
Lock up thy *senses*;---let no *passion* stir;
Wake all to *reason*;---let *her* reign alone
Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the d
Of *nature's* silence, midnight, thus inqu
As *I* have done; and shall inquire no m
In nature's channel, thus the questions r
"What am I? and from *whence*?---
" know,
" But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, concl

" Something *eternal*; had there e'er been *nought*,
" *Nought* ſtill had been: *eternal* there *muſt* be.---
" But *what* eternal?---Why not *human race*?
" And Adam's anceſtors without an end?---
" That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince every link
" Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
" Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole*?
" Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties riſe;
" I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
" Whence *earth*, and theſe bright *orbs*?---*Eternal* too?
" Grant *matter* was eternal; ſtill theſe *orbs*
" Would want ſome other father;---much deſign
" Is ſeen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
" *Deſign* implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
" *That* can't be from *themſelves*---or *man*; that art
" Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
" And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.---
" Who, *motion*, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
" Shot through vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
" Who bid brute *matter's* reſtive lump aſſume
" Such various forms, and give it wings to fly?
" Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
" Aſſerting its indiſputable right
" To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
" Has matter *none*? Then whence theſe glorious forms
" And boundleſs flights, from *ſhapeleſs*, and *reſt*?
" Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
" Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
" In *mathematics*? Has it fram'd *ſuch* laws,
" Which but to gueſs, a Newton made immortal?
" If ſo, how each *ſage* atom laughs at me,
" Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man*!
" If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
" And that with greater far, than human ſkill;
" Reſides not in each block;---a Godhead reigns.
" Grant, then, inviſible, eternal, Mind;
" *That* granted, all is ſolv'd---But, granting that,
" Draw I not o'er me a ſtill darker cloud?
" Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
" A being without origin, or end!---
" Hail, human liberty! There is no God---
" Yet, why? On either ſcheme that knot ſubſiſts;
" Subſiſt it *muſt*, in God, or *human race*:
" If in the laſt, how many knots beſide,
" Indiſſoluble all!---Why chooſe it *there*,
" Where, choſen, ſtill ſubſiſt ten thouſand more?
" Re'ect it, where, that choſen, all the reſt
" Diſpers'd leave *reaſon's* whole horizon clear;
" This is not reaſon's dictate; *reaſon* ſays,
" Cloſe with the ſide where *one* grain turns the ſcale;
" What vaſt preponderance is here! can reaſon
" With louder voice exclaim---*Believe* a God?
" And *reaſon* heard, is the ſole mark of man.
" What things impoſſible muſt man think true,
" On any other ſyſtem! and how ſtrange
" To *diſbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief*.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whoſe providential care
Though theſe bright orbs' dark centres dams a ray!
Of *nature* univerſal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Through little, on the footſtool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fixt ſtar, in ages can it reach
This diſtant *earth*! Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The ſuburbs of Creation? Where, the wall
Whoſe battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-exiſtence? Nothing's ſtrange abode!
Say, at what point of ſpace Jehovah dropp'd
His ſlacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by:
Weigh'd *worlds*, and meaſur'd *infinite*, no more!
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and ſays, to gods,
In characters illuſtrious as the ſun,
" I ſtand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
" The work accompliſh'd; the creation clos'd,
" Shout, all ye gods! nor ſhout ye gods alone;
" Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
" That reſts, or rolls, ye heights, and depths re-
" ſound!
" Reſound! reſound! ye depths, and heights, re-
" ſound!"
Hard are theſe queſtions;---Anſwer harder ſtill.
Is *this* the ſole exploit, the ſingle birth,
The ſolitary ſon of *power divine*?
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of diſtant *ſpace*?
Has *He* not bid, In various provinces,
Brother-Creations the dark bowels burſt
Of *night* primæval; barren, now, no more?
And *He* the central ſun, tranſpiercing all
Theſe *giant-generations*, which diſport,
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or abſorb'd,
In that *abyſs of horror*, whence they ſprung,
While *Chaos* triumphs, repoſſeſt of all
Rival *creation* raviſh'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *nature* both the womb, and grave!
Think'ſt thou my ſcheme, Lorenzo, ſpreads too wide?
Is this *extravagant*?---No: this is *juſt*:
Juſt, in *conjecture*, though 't were falſe in *fact*.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error ſprung
From noble root, high thought of the Moſt-High.
But wherefore error? who can prove it ſuch?---
He that can ſet Omnipotence a bound.

conceive beyond what God can *do*?
but *quite intelligible* to *God*,
ions into being, with like ease,
creation, and a single *grain*
the word? a thousand worlds are born!
ind worlds? there's space for millions
ore;
has space can his great *fiat* fail?
me not, cold critic! but indulge
n *imagination*; why condemn?
indulge such thoughts, as swell our
arts
er admiration of *that power*,
s our hearts with such high thoughts to
ell?
indulge in *His* augmented praise?
His glory a still brighter ray,
s left to *Chaos*, and the realms
night, where *fancy* strays aghast;
igh most *talkative*, make no *report*?
ems my thought enormous? Think
ain;
e 'self shall aid thy lame belief.
at revelation to the sight!)
not led us in the deep disclose
un *nature*, exquisitely *small*,
igh *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd*?
the rever e, the mind would mount
de, what mind would mount too far,
he balance, and creation *poise*?
ne can err on such a theme;
o great, if we the *cause survey*?
s Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
ies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
herself but at the centre still!
names! *existence*, all *thine own*!
nothing; flatter'd much, if still'd
the fleeting atmosphere of God."
e voice---of what? of whom?---What
ce
r to my want, in *such* ascent,
deem one universe too small?
Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
e vortex of Almighty power)
home creation, in the map
al *nature*, as a speck,
Britannia in our little ball;
fair, and glorious, for its size,
here, far out-measur'd, far outshone?
or the *full* beyond us lies)
not figure it, an *Isle*, almost
for notice, in the vast of being;
mighty seas of *un-built* space
r *realms*; from ample *continents*
life, where nobler natives dwell;
n, less remote from Deity,
neath the *line* of the Supreme;
ls in excellence make haste, put forth,
growths; nor the late autumn wait
worth, but ripen soon to gods?
drown *fancy* in such depths as these?
sumptuous rover! and confess
ds of man; nor blame them, as too
ll.

III.

Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen*?
Full ample the dominion of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about
him,
Farther and faster than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *He* alone who built it can destroy.
Beyond this *city* why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is deny'd him? None;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is *instruction* here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our
hearts,
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to
praise.
Is *earth*, then, more infernal? has she those
Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engaged,
Ne'er ask'd the *moon* one question; never
held
Least correspondence with a single star:
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of heaven*
Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion; *stars* malign,
Which make the fond *astronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or p ur'd out
The blood to Jove!—O Thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O Thou Great Jove unfeign'd;
Divine Instructor: Thy *first* volume, *this*,
For *man*'s perusal; all in Capitals!
In *moon*, and *stars* (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight: who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ,
In language universal, to Mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the
plough,
Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that
speaks!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *sacred page*!
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,
And scripture self a *fragment*, *that* unread.

Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise:
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by Thee. 1675
By Thee *much* open'd, I confess, O *Night!*
Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail:
Say, gentle *Night!* whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight; 1680
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon! 1685
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—And shew
The Mighty Potentate, to whom belong
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side---- 1690
O for a glimpse of Him my soul adores!
As the chac'd hart, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where? 1695
Where blazes *His* bright court? Where burns *His* throne?
Thou know'st; for thou art near Him; by Thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing, 1700
Who travel far, discover where *He* dwells?
A *star* His dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleiades! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves, 1705
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find *Him?*
These courtiers keep the secret of their King:
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale, 1710
From sphere to sphere; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent: at once to *tempt* and *aid*:
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *Great* God of all.
In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car, 1715
From *earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd *earth* recedes;
I pass the *moon*; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*:
Where, with his listed tube, the subtle sage 1720
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lens thefts *human* sight.
I pause at every *planet* on my road,
And ask for Him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their aircheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring, 1725
In which, of *earths* an army might be lost,
Pick the bold *comet*, take my bolder flight,
Mid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Independent, native lustre, proud:
Sons of systems! and the lords of life, 1730
Through their wide empires!---What behold I *now?*
A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun; 1735
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity:
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur on his works, whence *folly* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher; 1740
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *Him*)
O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire----
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?---Where is *earth?*----Nay, where art Thou,
O *sun?* Is the sun turn'd recluse?---And are
His boasted expeditions short to *mire?*---
To *mine* how short! On nature's Alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd, 1750
How can man's curious spirit not enquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd? 1755
"O ye, as distant from my little home,
"As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
"Far from my native element I roam,
"In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
"What province This, of *His* immense domain, 1760
"Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
"Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
"A colony from heaven? Or, only rais'd,
"By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring realms,
"To secondary gods, and half divine?---- 1765
"Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
"Far other life you live, far other tongue
"You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
"Than man. How various are the works of God!
"But say, *what* thought? is *reason* here inthron'd, 1770
"And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
"Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd?*
"Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
"And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
"*Our* Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree, 1775
"And ask their Adams----"*Who would not be wise?*"
"Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd?*
"And if redeem'd---is your Redeemer *sown'd?*
"Is this your final residence? if not, 1780
"Change you your scene, *translated?* or by *death?*
"And if by *death*; *what death?*----Know you *disease?*

rid *war*?---With war, this fatal hour,
groans (ſo call we a ſmall field,
kings run mad.) In *Our* world, death
" deputes
trance to do the work of *Age*;
nging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
of execution, for diſpatch
rth *Imperial* butchers; bids them ſlay
ſheep (the ſilly ſheep they fleec'd be-
" fore),
ſs him twice ten thouſand at a meal.
our executioners on thrones?
w, can rage for plunder make a *god*?
ed/hed waſh out every other ſtain?---
ou, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter
" groſs
firits clean, are delicately clad
ſpun Æther, privileg'd to ſoar,
ed, uninfected; how unlike
: of man! How few of human race
r own *mud* unmurdur'd! How we wage
r eternal! Is your painful day
ly conflict o'er? Or, are you ſtill
ndidates at ſchool? And have you theſe
iſaffect *Reverſions*, as with *Us*?
at are *We*? You never heard of *Man*;
th, the *Bed'am* of the univerſe!
Reaſon (un-diſeas'd with You) runs
" mad,
rſes *Folly's* children as *her own*;
the fouleſt. In the ſacred mount
reſs, where reaſon is pronounc'd
le; and *thunders*, like a god;
ere, by *Saints*, the Dæmons are outdone;
Theſe think wrong, our *Saints* refine to
" right;
ndly teach *dull* hell her own black arts;
nſtructed, o'er their *morals* ſmile.---
ie, how ſtrange to You, who know not
" *Man!*
leaſt rumour of our race arriv'd?
ere Eliſah in his flaming car?
you the good Enoch, on his road
e fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
uſh'd, perhaps, your ſphere in his deſ-
" cent,
your pure cryſtal Æther, or let fall
eclipſe from his portentous ſhade?
: the fiend had lodg'd on ſome broad
" orb
t his way; nor reach'd his preſent home,
lacken'd *Earth* with footſteps foul'd in
" hell,
ſh'd in *Ocean*, as from Rome he paſt
ain's iſle; *too, too*, conſpicuous *There*?"
is all digreſſion: where is He,
heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
, and chains, and darkneſs? Where is
ſe,
reation's ſummit in a vale?
n, while man is *Man*, he can't but
ſeek:
finds, commences *mere* than man?
ſcope his throne to reach!
learn'd on *Earth!* or bleſt *Above!*

Ye ſearching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your Great Maſter's orb? His planets, where?
Thoſe *conſcious* Satellites, thoſe *Morning Stars*,
Firſt-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration moſt profound, thrown off;
By ſweet attraction, no leſs ſtrongly drawn;
Awe'd, and yet *rapture'd*; *rapture'd*, yet *ſerene*;
Paſt thought illuſtrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In ſtill approaching circles, ſtill *remote*,
Revolving round the ſun's eternal Sire?
Or ſent, in lines direct, on embaſſies
To nations---in what latitude?---Beyond
Terreſtrial thought's horizon!---And on what
High errands ſent?---Here *human* effort ends;
And leaves me ſtill a ſtranger to *His* throne.
Full well it might! I quite miſtook my road.
Born in an age more Curious than Devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of heaven, or hell,
Than ſtudious *this* to ſhun, or *that* ſecure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or *Star*, or *Angel*, for their guide,
Who worſhip God, ſhall *find* him. Humble *Love*,
And not proud *Reaſon*, keeps the door of heaven;
Love finds admiſſion, where proud *Science* fail.
Man's ſcience is the culture of of his heart;
And not to loſe his plumbet in the depths
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that ſets
The wiſeſt on a level with the fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *Here!*)
Paſt doubt is deep philoſophy *Above*;
Higher degrees in bliſs archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepeſt, learning ſtill.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to ſpeak!) is *ſeen* in All!
In *Man!* in *Earth!* in more amazing *Sites!*
Teaching this leſſon, *Pride* is loth to learn---
" Not *deeply* to *diſcern*, not *much* to *know*,
" Mankind was born to Wonder, and Adore."
And is there cauſe for higher *wonder* ſtill,
Than that which ſtruck us from our paſt ſurveys?
Yes; and for deeper *Adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?---Yes, Lorenzo!
This;
Each of theſe ſtars is a *religious* houſe;
I ſaw their altars ſmoke, their incenſe riſe;
And heard *Hoſannas* ring through every ſphere,
A ſeminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *conſecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The Great Proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waſte: but ſows theſe fiery fields
With ſeeds of *reaſon*, which to *virtues* riſe
Beneath *His* genial ray; and, if crop'd
The peſtilential blaſts of ſtubborn *evil*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the ſkies
And is *Devotion* thought too much on *earth*,
When being, ſo ſuperior, homage *baſe*,
And *triumph* in proſtration to The Throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of ſtars,
Æthereal journeys, and diſcovery'd there,

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
All *Nature* sending incense to The Throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of Our sphere? 1900
Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
Since I have pour'd, like seign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muse---Here turn we, and review 1905
Our past nocturnal landscape wide:---Then say,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
" O what a root! O what a branch, is here! 1910
" O what a Father! What a Family!
" Worlds! systems! and creations!-----And creations,
" In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
" *Great Vine! On Thee, on Thee the cluster hangs;
" The filial cluster! infinitely spread 1915
" In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
" And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
" Or, shall I say (for who can say enough?)
" A constellation of ten thousand gems,
" (And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!) 1920
" Set in one *Signet*, flames on the right hand
" Of Majesty Divine! The *blaming Seal*,
" That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,
" Indelible, *His* sovereign attribute,
" Omnipotence, and Love! *That*, passing bound: 1925
" And *This*, surpassing That. Nor stop we *Here*,
" For want of *Power* in God, but *Thought* in Man.
" Ev'n *This* acknowledg'd, leave us still in debt:
" If *Greater* aught, That Greater all is Thine,
" Dread Sire!-----Accept this *Miniature* of Thee; 1930
" And pardon an *Attempt* from mortal thought,
" In which archangels might have fail'd unblam'd."
How such ideas of th' Almighty's *Power*,
And such ideas of th' Almighty's *Plan*,
(Ideas not absurd), distend the thought 1935
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In *Inconceivables* to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* must *Man* descend, when *God* is sore! 1940
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee, " † We would mount, Lorenzo!
" And kindle our devotion at the *Stars*?
And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And doft confute 1945
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *Smile*?
Lorenzo! *Mirth* how miserable *here*!
Swear by the *Stars*, by Him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *They*.
Then *Thou*, like *Them*, shalt shine; like *Them*, shalt *rise*

From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
The *Stars*, from whence?---Ask *Chaos*---He can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From *Darkness*, and *Confusion*, took their birth;
So is of *Deformity*! from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
And then, to spheres opaque: Then dimly shone;
Then brighten'd; Then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress; in advance 1960
From worse to better; but, when *Minds* ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
Heaven aids exertion; Greater makes the Great;
The *voluntary* Little lessens more.
Obe a *Man*! and thou shalt be a *God*! 1965
And *Half Self-made*!---Ambition how divine!
O Thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? Unkindled?----Though high taught,
Schol'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world! 1970
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to heaven?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest hell!
Pride in *Religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once, 1975
Were half so sad, at one benighted mind,
Which grope for happiness, and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *Night*,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps 1980
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad *Sin* make the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.
Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *Matter's* grandeur, know, one end is This,
To tell the *Rational*, who gazes on it----
" Though *That* immensely Great, still Greater *He*,
" Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and ponge,
" Unburden'd nature's univer'al scheme; 1990
" Can grasp *Creation* with a *single* thought;
" *Creation* grasp; and not exclude its Sire'----
To tell him farther---" It behoves him much
" To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate
" Of being, brighter than a thousand suns: 1995
" One single ray of *Thought* outshines them all.----
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *Thought* is now deny'd to rise, 2000
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.
Why then persist?---No mortal ever liv'd
But, dying, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;

* *John* xv. 1. † *Page* 361.

ıd far worſe!---Think Thou, with dying
nen;
cend to think as angels think!
'e a chance for happineſs!
ıre ſuch, ill choice entures ill fate;
ill had been, though there had been no
God.
ıu not know, my new aſtronomer!
turning from the *Sun*, brings night to
nan?
turning from his *God*, brings *endleſs*
ight;
thou canſt read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
ep the darkneſs! and the groan, how
ead!
how far, from *lambent* are the flames!---
Lorenzo's purchaſe! Such his praiſe!
ud, the politic, Lorenzo's praiſe!
in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
read o'er the volume of the ſkies.
ink not thou haſt heard all this from
ne;
; but echoes what Great *Nature* ſpeaks.
as ſhe ſpoken? Thus the goddeſs ſpoke,
eaks for ever:---"Place, at nature's
ead,
'ereign, which o'er all things rolls his
ye,
ds his wing, promulgates his commands,
above all, diffuſes endleſs good;
hom, for ſure redreſs, the wrong'd may
ly;
vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for
peace;
hom, the various tenants of theſe
ſpheres,
ify'd in fortunes, place, and powers,
in enjoyment, as in worth they riſe,
e at length (if worthy ſuch approach)
at bleſt fountain-head, from which they
ſtream;
e conflict paſt redoubles preſent joy;
relent joy looks forward on increaſe:
That, on more; no period! every ſtep
ible boon! a *Promiſe*, and a *Bliſs*."
y ſits *this* ſcheme on human hearts!
heir make; it ſooths their vaſt deſires;
pleas'd; and *Reaſon* aſks no more;
onal! 'tis great!---But what is *Thine?*
ns! ſhocks! excruciates! and confounds!
is quite *naked*, both of help, and hope,
from bad to worſe; few years, the
port
une; then the morſel of *Deſpair*.
then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'ſt it
vell)
Vice?----Mere want of compaſs in our
hought.
, what?---The proof of *Common-ſenſe*.
't thou whooted, where the *Leaſt* pre-
vails?
fault, if *theſe Truths* call thee *Fool?*
ou ſhalt never be *miſcall'd* by me.
her *Shame*, nor *Terrer*, ſtand thy Friend?
thou *ſtill* an inſect in the mire?

How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from earth; eſcorted thee through
all
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee like a God,
Through ſplendours of firſt magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Cloſe-cruis'd on the bright paradiſe of God;
And almoſt introduc'd thee to The Throne!
And art thou ſtill carouſing, for delight,
Rank poiſon; firſt, fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then ſubſiding into final *gall?*
To beings of ſublime, *immortal* make,
How ſhocking is all joy, whoſe end is ſure!
Such joy, *more* ſhocking ſtill, the more it *charms!*
And doſt thou chuſe what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as ſhort? And doſt thou chuſe
(*Thou*, to whoſe palate *Glory* is ſo ſweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And ſeen it bluſh beneath a boaſtful brow;
For, by ſtrong guilt's moſt violent aſſault,
Conſcience is but *diſabled*, not *deſtroy'd*.
O thou moſt Aweful Being; and moſt Vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread Eternity has ſown her ſeeds
Of bliſs, and woe, in thy deſpotic breaſt;
Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy
choice;
A butterfly comes croſs, and both are fled.
Is This the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, ſhall it be moſt juſt?
Lorenzo! No: it cannot,---*ſhall* not, be,
If there is force in *Reaſon*; or, in *Sounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpſes of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *ſlumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Thro' ſenſeleſs mazes hunt ſouls *un-inſpir'd*.
Attend---The ſacred myſteries begin----
My ſolemn *Night-born* adiuration hear;
Hear, and I'll raiſe thy ſpirit from the duſt;
While the *ſtars* gaze on this inchantment *new*,
Inchantment, not Infernal, but Divine!
" By *Silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
" By *Darkneſs*, Guilt's inevitable doom;
" By *Darkneſs*, and by *Silence*, ſiſters dread!
" That draw the curtain round Night's ebon
throne,
" And raiſe ideas, ſolemn as the ſcene!
" By Night, and all of aweful, night preſents
" To *Thought* or *Senſe* (of aweful much, to both,
" The goddeſs brings)! By theſe her trembling
Fires,
" Like Veſta's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*
" Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
" By theſe bright orators, that *prove*, and *praiſe*,
" And preſs thee to revere, the Deity;
" Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile
" To reach *his throne*; as *ſtages* of the ſoul,
" Through which, at different periods, ſhe ſhall
paſs,
" Refining gradual, for her final height,
" And purging off ſome droſs at every ſphere!
" By this dark pall thrown o'er the ſilent world!
" By the world's kings, and kingdoms, moſt re-
nown'd,

" From ſhort ambition's *zenith* ſet for ever ;
" Sad preſage to vain boaſters, now in bloom !
" By the long lift of ſwift mortality,
" From Adam downward to this evening knell,
" Which midnight waves in *fancy's* ſtartled eye ;
" And ſhock her with an hundred centuries,
" Round *death's* black banner throng'd, in human thought !
" By thouſands, *now*, reſigning their laſt breath,
" And calling thee---wert thou ſo wiſe to hear !
" By tomb o'er tomb ariſing : human earth
" Ejected, to make room for---human earth ;
" The monarch's *terror !* and the ſexton's *trade !*
" By pompous obſequies that ſhun the day,
" The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
" Which makes poor man's humiliation proud :
" Boaſt of our *ruin !* triumph of our *duſt !*
" By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;
" And the pale lamp that ſhews the ghaſtly dead,
" *More* ghaſtly, through the thick incumbent gloom !
" By viſits (if there are) from darker ſcenes,
" The gliding ſpectre ! and the groaning grave !
" By groans, and graves, and miſeries that groan
" For the grave's ſhelter ! By deſponding men,
" Senſeleſs to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
" By guilt's laſt audit ! By yon *moon* in blood,
" The rocking firmament, the falling ſtars,
" And thunder's laſt diſcharge, great nature's knell !
" By Second *chaos* and Eternal *night*"---
Be wiſe---Nor let Philander blame my *charm* ;
But own not ill diſcharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living ; *duty* to the dead.
For know I'm but executor : *he* left
This moral legacy : *I* make it o'er
By *his* command ; Philander hear in me :
And heaven in both.---If deaf to theſe, O ! hear
Florello's tender voice : *his* weal depends
On *thy* reſolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;
For *his* take---love *thyſelf* : examp'e ſtrikes
All human hearts : a *bad* example more :
More ſtill a father's ; that enſures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldſt thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miſeries,
And make him curſe the being which thou gaveſt ?
Is *this* the bleſſing of ſo fond a father ?
If careleſs of Lorenzo ! ſpare, Oh ! ſpare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend !
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him :
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no diſhonour to the dead.
Let *paſſion* do, what *nobler motive* ſhould ;
Let *love*, and *emulation*, riſe in aid
To *reaſon* ; and perſuade thee to be---bleſt.
This ſeems not a requeſt to be denv'd ;
Yet (ſuch the infatuation of mankind !)
'Tis the moſt *he elſe*, man can make to man.
Shall I then riſe, in argument, and warmth ?
And urge Philander's poſthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd ?-----
But Oh ! I faint ! My ſpirits fail !---Nor ſtrange !
So long on wing, and in no middle clime !
To which my great Creator's glory call'd :
And *calls*---but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has ſtrok'd my drooping lids, and *promiſes*
My long arrear of reſt : the *drowſy god*
(Wont to return with our returning *peace !*
Will *pay*, ere long, and bleſs me with repoſe.
Haſte, haſte, ſweet ſtranger ! from the peaſant's cot,
The ſhip-boy's hammock, or the ſoldier's ſtraw,
Whence *forrow* never chac'd thee ; with thee bring,
Not hideous viſions, as of late : but draughts
Delicious of well-taſted, cordial, reſt ;
Man's rich reſtorative ; his balmy bath,
That ſupples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which aſks ſuch frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the ſucceeding dawn :
Freſh we ſpin on, till *ſickneſs* clogs our wheels,
Or *death* quite breaks the ſpring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me ?
------" THOU only know'ſt,
" Thou, whoſe broad eye the *future*, and the *paſt*,
" Joins to the *preſent* ; making one of *three*
" To moral thought ! Thou know'ſt, and Thou alone,
" All-knowing !---all-unknown !---and yet well-known !
" Near, though remote ! and, though unfathom'd, felt !
" And, though inviſible, for ever ſeen !
" And ſeen in all ! the *great* and the *minute* :
" Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
" Each flower, each leaf, with its ſmall people ſwarm'd,
" (Thoſe puny vouchers of Omnipotence !)
" To the firſt thought, that aſks, " *From whence ?*"
" declare
" Their common ſource. Thou Fountain, running o'er
" In rivers of communicated joy !
" Who gav'ſt us ſpeech for far, far humbler themes !
" Say, by what name ſhall I preſume to call
" Him I ſee burning in theſe countleſs ſuns,
" As Moſes, in the *buſh ?* Illuſtrate us Mind !
" The whole creation, leſs, far leſs, to Thee,
" Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
" How ſhall I name Thee ?---How my labouring ſoul
" Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !
" Great ſyſtem of perfections ! mighty cauſe
" Of cauſes mighty ! cauſe uncaus'd ! ſole root
" Of *nature*, that luxuriant growth of God !
" Firſt Father of *effects !* that progeny
" Of endleſs ſeries ! where the golden chain
" Link'd admits a period, who can tell ?
" Father of all that is or heard, or hears !

of all that is or ſeen, or ſees!
of all that *is*, or *ſhall* ariſe!
of this immeaſurable maſs
er multiform; or denſe, or rare;
, or lucid, rapid, or at reſt;
, or paſſing bound! in each extreme
amaze, and myſtery, to man.
of theſe bright millions of the *night!*
ch the leaſt full Godhead had pro-
' claim'd,
rown the gazer on his knee.—Or, ſay,
llation higher ſtill, Thy choice?
of *matter's* temporary lord!
of *ſpirit!* nobler offspring! ſparks
paternal glory; rich endow'd
arious meaſures, and with various modes
ſe, *reaſon*, *intuition*; beams
ale, or bright from *day divine*, to break

rker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
reated ſpirit); beams, that riſe
er other in ſuperior light,
laſt ripens into luſtre ſtrong,
approach to Godhead. Rather fond
nter than e'er bore that name on earth)
ſtial beings! beings bleſt
owers to pleaſe Thee; not of paſſive ply
they know not; beings lodg'd in ſeats
l-adapted joys, in different domes
imperial palace for thy ſons;
proud, populous, well-policy'd,
boundleſs habitation, plann'd by Thee:
ſeveral clans their ſeveral climates ſuit;
tranſpoſition, doubtleſs, would deſtroy.

! indulge, immortal King, indulge
leſs auguſt indeed, but more
ng; ah! how ſweet in human ears,
n our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
of immortality to man!
e that * lately ſet my ſoul on fire—
hou the Next! yet equal! Thou, by
' whom
leſſing was convey'd; far more! was
' *bought*;
e the price! by whom all worlds
ade; and one, redeem'd! illuſtrious
" Light
Light illuſtrious! Thou, whoſe *regal*
' power,
n *time*, but infinite in *ſpace*,
e than adamantine baſis fix'd,
ne, far more, than diadems and thrones,
ly reigns; the *Dread* of gods!
h! the *Friend* of man! beneath whoſe
' foot,
the mandate of whoſe awful nod,
ions, revolution, fortunes, fates,
, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
h the ſhort channels of expiring *time*,

eſs ocean of eternity,
r tempeſtuous (as *thy* Spirit breathes);
ure ſubſiſtion!—And, O Thou
ious Third! diſtinct, not ſeparate!

Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

" Beaming from *Both!* with both incorporate;
" And (ſtrange to tell!) incorporate with duſt!
" By condeſcenſion, as Thy glory great,
" Enſhrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
" Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
" Of heaven with diſtant earth! by whom I truſt,
" (If not inſpir'd) uncenſur'd this addreſs
" To Thee, to Them—To whom!—Myſterious
" Power!
" Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkneſs in light;
" Number in unity! our Joy! our Dread!
" The *Triple* Bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
" That animates all right, the *Triple* Sun!
" Sun of the ſoul! her never-ſetting Sun!
" Triune, Unutterable, Unconceiv'd,
" Abſconding, yet Demonſtrable, Great God!
" Greater than Greateſt! Better than the Beſt!
" Kinder than kindeſt! with ſoft *pity's* eye,
" Or (ſtronger ſtill to ſpeak it) with *Thine Own*,
" From Thy bright home, from that high Fir-
" mament,
" Where Thou, from all eternity, haſt dwelt;
" Beyond archangels' unaſſiſted ken;
" From far above what mortals higheſt call;
" From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
" Through—What? confounding interval! thro'
" all
" And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive;
" Through radiant ranks of eſſences unknown;
" Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
" Round various banners of Omnipotence,
" With endleſs change of rapturous duties fir'd;
" Through wondrous beings' interpoſing ſwarms;
" All cluſtering at the call, To dwell in Thee;
" Through this wide waſte of worlds! this *viſta*
" vaſt,
" All ſanded o'er with ſuns; ſuns turn'd to *night*
" Before *thy* feebleſt beam—look down—down
" —down,
" On a poor *breathing particle* in duſt,
" Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
" His crimes forgive! forgive this virtues, too!
" Thoſe ſmaller faults, half-converts to the right.
" Nor let me cloſe theſe eyes, which never more
" May ſee the ſun (though night's deſcending ſcale
" Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unbleſt!
" In *Thy* diſpleaſure dwells *eternal* pain;
" Pain, our averſion; pain, which ſtrikes me *now*;
" And, ſince all pain is terrible to man,
" Though tranſient, terrible; at *Thy* good hour,
" Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
" My *clay-cold bed!* by nature, now, ſo near;
" By nature, near; ſtill nearer by diſeaſe—
" Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
" Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
" Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
" That tongue of death—that herald of the tomb!
" And when (the ſhelter of thy wing implor'd)
" My *ſenſes*, ſooth'd, ſhall ſink in ſoft repoſe,
" O ſink *this* truth ſtill deeper in my ſoul,
" Suggeſted by my pillow, ſign'd by *fate*,

" Fifft; in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*---
" *Man's fickly ſoul, though turn'd and teſt'd for*
" *ever,*
" *From ſide to ſide, can reſt on nought but* Thee:
" *Here, in full truſt; hereafter, in full joy;*
" On Thee, the promis'd, ſure, eternal down
" Of ſpirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
" Nor of *that* pillow ſhall *my* ſoul deſpond;
" For---Love almighty! Love almighty! (ſing,
" Exult creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
" That death of *death!* that cordial of *deſpair!*
" And loud eternity's triumphant ſong!
" Of whom, no more:---For, O thou Patron-
" God!
" Thou *God* and *Mortal!* thence *more* God to
" man!
" Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
" Thou canſt not 'ſcape *uninjur'd* from our
" *praiſe.*
" Uninjur'd from our praiſe can He eſcape,
" Who, diſembolom'd from the Father, bows
" The heaven of heavens, to kiſs the diſtant
" earth!
" Breathes out in agonies a ſinleſs ſoul!
" Againſt the *Creſt; Death!*'s iron ſceptre breaks!
" From famiſh'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
" Throws wide the gates celeſtial to his *foes!*
" Their *gratitude*, for ſuch a boundleſs debt,
" Deputes their *ſuffering brothers* to receive!
" And, if deep human guilt in payment fails; 2360
" As deeper guilt prohibits our *deſpair!*
" Injoins it, as our duty, to *reject!*
" And (to cloſe all) omnipotently kind,
" * *Takes his delights among the ſons of men.*"
What words are theſe---And did they come
from heaven?
And were they ſpoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all myſteries to love like this?
The ſongs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the ſound;
Heal and exhilerate the broken heart; 2370
Though plung'd, before, in horrors dark as *night*:
Rich prelibation of *conſummate* joy!
Nor wait we diſſolution to be bleſt.
This final effort of the moral Muſe,
How juſtly * *titled!* nor for me alone: 2375
For all that read: what ſpirit of ſupport,
What heights of Conſolation, crown my ſong!
Then, farewel Night! of darkneſs, now, no
more:
Joy breaks; ſhines; triumphs; 'tis eternal day.
Shall that which riſes out of *nought* complain 2380
Of a few evils, paid with endleſs joys?
My ſoul! henceforth, in ſweeteſt union join
The two ſupports of human happineſs,
Which ſome, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taſte of life*, and conſtant *thought of death!* 2385
The *thought* of death, ſole victor of its *dread!*
Hope, be thy *joy*; and *fortitude* thy *ſhield*;
Thy *patron* He, whoſe diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heaven; *Eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers' of the *world* their own, 2390

* *The Creſcinella.*

Their feather, and their froth, for endleſs ra
They part with all for that *we* ſet *no* ſtore *by*
They mortify, they leave, or ſ[illegible]dain, pi
And laugh to ſcorn the *ſtyle* that aw'd us more.
How muſt a ſpirit, late eſcap'd from earth;
Suppoſe Philander's, Lucia's, or Narciſſa's,
The *trial of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, aſtoniſh'd, on the ways of man,
Whoſe lives, whoſe drift is to forget their gra
And when our *preſent privilege* is paſt,
To ſcourge us with the ſenſe of its *laſt*,
The *ſame* aſtoniſhment will ſeize us all.
What *then* muſt pain us, would preſerve us now
Lorenzo! 'tis not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wiſdom, ere the moment to be wiſe;
That is, ſeize *vaſtneſs*, ere the grave *ſtrikes*.
For what, my frail philoſopher! is *life*?
'Tis nothing but full ſatisfied *deſire*,
When *truth*, reſiſted long, is *ſeen* our foe:
And calls Eternity to do her right.
Thus, *darkneſs* aiding intellectual light,
And ſacred *fierce* whi[illegible]ering truth divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace.
My ſong the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And ſhot, ambitious of unbounded ſcenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes,
'Tis pride to praiſe her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth
tongue,
Lorenzo! riſe, at this auſpicious hour;
An hour, when heaven's moſt intimate with m
When, like a falling ſtar, the ray divine
Glides ſwift into the boſom of the *juſt*;
And juſt are all, *determin'd* to reclaim.
Which ſets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who ſhalt wake, when the creation ſleep
When, like a taper, all theſe ſuns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that ſupport the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
And Midnight, *Univerſal* Midnight! reigns.

END OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

" *My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied even as it were with ma*
" *row and fatneſs? when my mouth praiſeth th*
" *with joyful lips.*" PSALM lxiii.

PART I.

THE days how few, how ſhort the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place!

o the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
old us with a ſigh,
e born ſeem little more,
o begin to die.

there are who feel this truth
ears alarm'd; and yet,
eluſions lull'd aſleep,
eighty truth forget:

not I to theſe akin?
umbers o'er the quill;
r blots, whate'er it writes;
n I writing ſtill?

s of nature in decline,
nguor in my thoughts;
cenſure, and abate
our on my faults;

e, Madam: ere to You
omil'd verſe I pay,
on felt infirmity,
er of decay.

d deceas'd, another born,
oah they beheld,
ſe white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
any ſuns have roll'd:

e patriarch! he rejoic'd
nd world to ſee:
l world, though gay the ſcene,
aſt no charms for me.

is brilliant age appears
eſolation ſpread:
ith whom I liv'd, and ſmil'd,
life was life, are dead;

them dy'd my joys: the grave
ken nature's laws;
d, againſt this feeble frame,
ial cruel jaws!

pare! condemn'd to life!
l impairs my ſight:
hand diſobeys my will,
embies as I write.

ll I write? Thalia, tell;
g-abandon'd Muſe!
l of fancy ſhall I range?
bject ſhall I chuſe?

of moment high inſpire,
ſcue me from ſhame,
g on thy charms ſo late,
deur in my theme.

e themes, which moſt admire,
dazzle, or amaze,
nown'd exploits of war,
harms, or empire's blaze,

s, which, in a world of woe,
appeaſe our pain;
age of gaudy guilt,
's flood reſtrain;

ſtorms of life ſupport
inſhaken mind,
infading laurels crown
w of the reſign'd.

O Reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Though ſtarring every Muſe's ſmile,
And every Poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other deities creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious conſummation, Thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! The love divine
In evils to diſcern,
Thus the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I dread: dare I to leave
Of humble proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? a dangerous ſea?
What throngs have ſunk before!

How proud the poet's billow ſwells!
The God! the God! his boaſt:
A boaſt how vain! What wrecks abound!
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards
Confine their charming ſong,
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet write I muſt; a * Lady ſues;
How ſhameful her requeſt!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but through fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you;

Too well he knows the twiſting ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd:

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart as yours to melt.

* *Mrs. M*——.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad experience ſay?
Through truths auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But Thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate, we meet our foes,
In ſore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by ſenſe,
From reaſon's channel ſtrays:
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs, in extaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight:
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its courſe, life's murmuring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up-----

Deſpair.

Since vain all here; all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal: its frowns are friends;
Its ſtroke ſevere, moſt kind.

For in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And our beſt errands, in the dark,
Send out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
The ſame oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and the
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of pe
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price,
For our eternal good,

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an œconomiſt is man
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weig
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

Say not, your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our preſent ſtate;

What are the tears, which trickle d
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of p
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate, keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our
right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own;

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain:

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of w
Though you may think it ſlow,
When, in the liſt of fortune's ſmiles,
You 'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſued
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb
"Of ſound, important good:"

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong and endleſs ties:
And every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe:

'Twill ſound ſevere---Yet reſt aſſur'
I'm ſtudious of your peace;
Though I ſhould dare to give you joy
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

all come (you queſtion this)
, when you ſhall bleſs,
brighteſt beams of life,
s of your diſtreſs.

without ſurprize a truth,
ter-truth to this,
of fortune often tie
ng heart to bliſs:

this a paradox?
d motto read;
truth! divinely ſung
whoſe heart had bled;

tion ſwift he flew,
friend he found,
which bleſt him with a ſmile
aſping with his wound.

ought precious is obtain'd
t is painful too;
and to travel born,
aths are but few:

we work our way,
ring many a ſhock,
what truly charms; as found
in the block.

after, ſome ſevere
nent for our ſins,
er bleſſing (not ſo call'd),
ppineſs, begins.

e'er defy'd the flames,
s of life unvext;
ome quarrel with this world,
ſſion for the next.

ien, pangs are parent pangs,
gs of happy birth;
which only can be born
ppineſs on earth.

ed earth look all around,
igh time's records run;
what is a man unſtruck?
an undone.

ent, am I deeply ſtung —
l pretence is try'd;
n man boaſts, Heaven puts to proof
intings of his pride;

I, Madam! your ſupport.—
quiſite the ſmart:
ally tim'd the * news
ſtrikes me to the heart!

s of which I ſpoke, I feel:
h like thine, is born,
lov'd! I bleſs the blow,
umph, whilſt I mourn.

the Author was writing This, he re-
ves of Mr. Samuel Richardſon's death,
ien printing the former part of the

Nor mourn I long; by grief ſubdued
By reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Contin es by our own;

And when continued paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No: my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

Madam! I grant your loſs is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a Friend.

But ſuch a friend! and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weakneſs, and I drop,
All ſorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your ſettled grief to ſooth,
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our paſſions' ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him preſented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of diſtreſs;

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Æculapian art:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Though tranſports are denyed:

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive encreaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human woe,
In part their peace deſtroy?

He lives in thoſe he left:—to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from it's cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind;
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let thoſe prophecy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon:

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire:
And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his ſire:

Nor think great is born in haſte,
Wile nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be ſurpriſ'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boaſters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In field of blood; a banner bright!
High wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though coſting dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought;

The paſſive hero, who ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæſar's toil:

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword,

Nor can the thunders of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe.

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you,

Share his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That cold diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some ſeem in love with ſorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand,
And ſtamp it with diſgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt heaven's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred
And nurs'd by wort of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's ſelf
By perſeverance brought,

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles;
Are radiant marks of man;

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face:
And light in ſons of honeſt joy
Some beams of Moſes' face;

Is Reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind;

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On His almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

For joy what cauſe? how every ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love?

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul,

Broke looſe from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at laſt it's vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done,

Fatal miſtake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is ſet down
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds;

h man sits still, and takes his ease;
is at work on man;
ns, no moment unemploy'd,
less him, if he can.

n consents not, boldly bent
ashion his own fate;
nere bungler in the trade,
nts his crime too late;

oud laments: let me thy cause,
gent Father! plead;
he wretches we deplore,
ne by thee was made.

thy whole creation fair?
ve divine the child;
ought it forth; and from its birth,
'er it fondly smil'd:

d through periods distant far,
ere the world began,
is, and has in travel been,
rth the good of man;

ds in constant service bound
ds stering winds and seas;
did in to travel hard
master, man, to please:

good the worst events
ugh secret channels run;
r man their destin'd course,
as for man begun.

it (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
ten smite, and smites
l, as demonstration strong;
heaven in man delights:

rown to man of things unseen,
ure worlds, or fates?
, nor more, than what to man's
ne affairs relates;

Revelation then? a list,
ventory just
oor insects goods, so late
out of night and dust.

rious motives to rejoice!
der joy sincere,
no weight? our joy is felt
l this narrow sphere;

e in heaven new heaven create
ouble its delight?
world, when heaven looks down,
easing in its sight!

oop forward from their thrones
r its joyful lays;
e sweet envoy, and join,
natic praise:

no cause to fear the stroke
ven's avenging rod?
presume to counteract
athetic God?

gn, our patience makes
an armless wand;
larts a serpent's sting,
at in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain,

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the Power
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess
More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

"But how to smile; to stem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis diamond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress?
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right:

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend 's an optick to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here maidam! let me viſit one,
My fault who, partly, ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For Reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment on its foes,

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honor to lie hid,
Its praiſe to be forgot.

The wiſe, as flowers, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When evening damps, and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

What though your Muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as * this?
This for renown? yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs:

Your traſh, with mine, at open war,
Is † obſtinately bent,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom and diſcontent;

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder whilſt we praiſe:

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature ſtart;
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts:

"But great your name"--To feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

Can fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe ſave?

But fame you loſe: good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame!

Nor boaſt your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies;

Your taſte too fail; what moſt excels
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt!
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's * helmet ſeek,
Reſplendent are its rays,
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume,
Of ſublunary praiſe.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To ſee that---‡ "All is right,"
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight;

If ſo, all 's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven:
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are, now, in heaven."

Nay, ſuch philanthropy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me:

Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs:

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God at preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they ſhine
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul;

* *Candide.* † *Second Part.*

* *Epheſ.* vi. 17. ‡ *Which his romance ridicules.*

hich reads his hand as clear,
ninute affairs,
mple manuſcript
and moon, and ſtars;

s him not more bent aright,
l that vaſt machine,
rrect one erring thought
nall world within;

hat ſhall ſurvive the fall
is wonders here,
hen ſuns ten thouſand drop,
ve a darken'd ſphere.

r groſs, how bright it ſhines!
: how great his care!
and eternity
er glories ſhare;

ur hearts impreſs, on thoſe
temptation dwell;
ny thoughts how juſtly thrown,
I now ſhall tell:

ward with attentive mind
byrinth I trace,
far myſelf beyond
us to my peace:

ll the crooked paths I trod
y he purſued;
aſtray to quick return
nately woo'd;

nation home to preſs
capricious will,
reſcues did I meet,
the maſk of ill!

foes in ambuſh laid
my ſoul's deſire!
ſt penitents are made
we moſt admire.

ſometimes (real good
mortals know!)
the ſummit of my wiſh,
dly plung'd in woe?

inn'd, but cauſe I found
's defeat to bleſs:
nted an event;
l to my ſucceſs.

'd appetite to give
intenſe delight,
lark and deep perplexities
me to the right.

this the gloomy path,
ou are treading now?
moſt gloomy leads to light,
ur proud paſſions bow:

ouring under fancy'd ill,
its to ſuſtain,
cur'd with ſovereign draughts
agin'd pain.

ſe from fancy'd tyranny
an ſet us free;
d miſeries we feel,
k in miſery.

VIII.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs;
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whiſper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to ſave:

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

We to ourſelves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuſe
Theſe ſelf-recording lines;
A record, modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bounds confines:

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humble flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end;

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From chaos, and old night.

From what ſeem'd horror, and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd,
Eternally are ſhown.

But whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd Prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your boſom; there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal;
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To freſh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure or ſomewhat odd,
Though 'tis the beſt that man can give,—
"Ev'n be content with God."

Through love he gave you the deceas'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reaſon fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by ſenſe.

This friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate;

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart;
A truth leſs obvious hear;
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear:

Diſpute you this? Oh! ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tears now trickling down, He ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;

A ſmile, which through eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at laſt, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a ſovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh; peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which guilt ſhould waſh away;

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt thoſe diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe;

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute,
As all had been but one,

And is He then ſo near! ſo kind!—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep,
And ſhall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep;

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is doom'd a boon too ſmall:

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt:

Man born for infinite, in whom
Nor period can deſtroy
The power, in exquiſite extremes,
To ſuffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

For what the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the Poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe;

They warm e'en me—I dare not ſay,
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet ſo frightful what, or like
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidable ſpoke?

And are we darker than that grave
Than rocks more hard, and blinder?
We are?—if not to ſuch a God
In agonies reſign'd.

Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears e'en thy,
Is mercy from above;

What moſt embitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

n head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
ers wonders riſe,
i· otence prepares
t for the wiſe:

nquet! rich in wines
; to the ſoul!
orts ſparkle from the ſtream,
fill the bowl!

fuſe of every bliſs!
immenſe prevails;
an't fathom its profound;
s plummet fails.

d might, by what they know,
e, nor dream of more;
irop, how deep the ſea!
how wide the ſhore!

erant good-will,
Deity!
dth part who comprehends,
s He.

ample azure field
ant worlds is ſown!
ſtoniſh us with thoſe
p in æther thrown!

eyond of brighter worlds
a million more?—
nſwer, let us all
rate, and adore.

art Infinite in power,
indulgence leſs;
quite impotent and blind,
into diſtreſs;

is Reſignation? 'Tis
eakneſs underſtood;
a graſping, with an hand
g.r, every good.

ginners ſtand appall'd,
who dare not truſt;
ſt ſouls, like demons dark,
muring in the duſt;

murmur, or repine
by Thee is done,
ard, than to complain
nets in the ſun.

not, with an heart at eaſe,
e, unclouded brow,
d goodneſs at the helm,
gheſt ocean plough?

ugh I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
mountains o'er me roar?
igus! as Jonah ſafe,
ed, and adore:

welcome, let it wear
tremendous form;
es; rage, winds! I know, that Thou
ve me by a ſtorm.

e immortal ſpirits born,
e, their fountain, flow.
s curl'd around to theirs
ing ſtreams below.

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To Thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To Thee aſpiring they exult,
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies;

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And generous ſenſe of paſt,
To Thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or reſign'd;

Reſign'd through duty, intereſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous Truth!) in heaven itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe;

And when to praiſe the man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! Ingratitude how black!
With muſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

Praiſe cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night;

'Tis nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, Madam! when your heart 's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with ardour court:

When

When prayer partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts through heaven's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King:

The labouring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees;
I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone!
An humble heart, God's * other ſeat!
The rival of his throne:

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low!
And condeſcends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
How treat our gueſt divine?
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

Thus far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
Now let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
The diſmal human groan:

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and intereſts fly as far
Aſunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and ſordid joys,
Our grandeur we diſgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers poſſeſs'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt.

No ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the riſing ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may, if wiſe, for ever back,
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on Reaſon rouz'd
In awful luſtre riſe,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all diſquiet dies.

Earth's glories too their ſplendour loſe,
Thoſe phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then levell'd quite, whilſt yet alive,
The monarch and his ſlave;
Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leſſon from the grave:

* *Iſaiah*, lvii. 15.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaſt of glory more
Than ſparkles from a crown.

When human glory riſes high
As human glory can;
When, though the King is truly great,
Still greater is the Man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the Monarch proud
In grandeur ſhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy ſhroud.

Wiſdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though graſping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death! through thy approach
Is wiſer every hour;

Approach how ſwift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare,
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones beſtows, and, when they fa
Can throne them higher ſtill?

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd,
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread power,
As burſting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, ſpare it; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourſelf forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wiſe:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
Voltaire will cloſe with me:

How ſhocking is that modeſty,
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed!
Our conſtitution's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed:

What then are they, whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt!

ce, by no ſuperior joys
es keeps in pay;
ure diſintereſted love
they obey!

devotion to the wrong,
tempted by no prize;
commandments, and their creed
ine of lyes

y's forge: gay fancy ſmiles
n plain, and cool;
ofe curious trade it is
e the fineſt fool.

long life's the greateſt curſe
ortals can receive,
imagine the chief end
g is to live;

ghtleſs of their day of death,
th-day of their ſorrow!
it may be diſtant far,
h them till—to-morrow.

cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
an humble cot;
your genius, or your ſtate,
ſtle is my lot:

quite level ſhall we lie;
hat pride moſt bemoans,
in rank ſo diſtant now,
as our bones;

hat ſound! Alarming ſound!
to meet your fate!
writes Finis to our works,
ing at the gate;

works will ſoon be weigh'd;
r judges ſit;
rowns be loſt or won,
e ambitious wit:

far brighteſt it will be prov'd,
ak it in good ſenſe;
ation moſt profound
l Omnipotence.

lone unlocks the gate
Eternity;
thou thou never, never loſe
ore than † golden key!

may ſeem too rough excuſe,
od I have at heart:
my ſoul I wiſh you well;
we muſt not part:

and I, in love with life,
ture ſchemes contrive,
in wonder not unjuſt,
are ſtill alive?

we left? How mean in man
w's ſhade to crave!
, ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
e to take your leave:

Happier, than happieſt life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes Vici, on his ſhield;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

O! how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright!

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poſterity's diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd,
Whole hecatombs ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

Men's praiſe your vanity purſues;
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll reſign the will;

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim;
How very far ſuperior they
In number, and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume:
Or only write, what none can blame,
His jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ;
Though juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy;

But ſing no more—no more I ſing
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads ſwell the concert loud!
Their golden harps reſound
High, as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord and ſong
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language new of men to ſpeak)
From echoing pole to pole!

While

* *Letter to Lord Lyttelton.*

† *Alluding to Pruſſia.*

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
" Above, beneath the ſun,
" Through boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
" Jehovah's will be done."

'Tis done in heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
Or earth's another hell;

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains:
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
And points the ſhafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
'Tis ſafe; I write to You:

You know, that virtue's baſis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental ſight:

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world, a ſcene
How diſmal and forlorn?
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born;

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or, ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt!

Well-pleas'd to bear heaven's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt power employ;
'Tis noble chemiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant?
How glorious doſt thou ſhine!
And dart through ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel:

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Reſign, reſign: this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtill;
A crown has been reſign'd by more
Than have reſign'd the will;

Though will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes,
Than him who wears a crown;

Hence, in the boſom cold of age,
It kindled a ſtrange aim,
To ſhine in ſong; and bid me boaſt
The grandeur of my theme;

But oh! how far preſumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers ceaſe to flow.

Firſt! greateſt! beſt! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; thou alone
Can'ſt make our wiſdom wiſe;

And how unwiſe! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
" A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
" Indeed, beneath the taught!"

Means moſt infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with inſtructions moſt divine,
To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a ſoul on fire,
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
Where angels ſtring the lyre;

How cold is man? to him how hard
(Hard, what moſt eaſy ſeems)
" To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
" Which yet he—moſt eſteems."

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And, to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

ON

THE LATE QUEEN'S DEA

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE TH

INSCRIBED

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES
LORDS JUSTICES.

MDCCXIV.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience,
To eaſe the fullneſs of my grateful tho
My fame at once, and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to you.

T

you, long ſince beyond Britannia
,
d your country's glory with own;
never did more lovely ſhine,
ſo late the kindled wrath divine
ur ambition, in great Anna's fate,
d all the pomp of human ſtate.
are rich in fame, and fame decay,
s'd in life, and greatneſs fade away,
brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
rays, and ſparkles near a tomb.
r, the great eſteem and honour due,
moment to profeſs to you,
:ſs reign'd, when fortune, ſo ſevere,
our boſoms to be moſt ſincere.
no motives could have force to raiſe
lue, and provoke my praiſe,
riſe above, and far tranſcend
lories with this world ſhall end,
g forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
ight orb, and Cato be forgot.
ah! my theme I need not tell,
ye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell;
o verſe would raiſe his humble voice,
ew his duty, not his choice.
he weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
, and to ſpeak is to complain.
ok back, (for who too oft can view
lluſtrious ſcene, for ever New!)
ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
onſtant tribute, not their own.
's heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
he harveſt, and ſubdue the foe;
lack ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
wear the wreaths her ſummers won.
leaſures in their turns appear,
hs are the product of the year.
he whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
s victory is loſt in peace.
his profuſion on our favour'd Iſle?
ortune on our virtue ſmile?
ceptre, in great Anna's hand,
h this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim,
nd thy good fortune are the ſame.
th alarms our trumpets fill the ſky;
ſigns! the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
ur canvaſs to the ſouthern ſhore;
ſigns! the ſouth reſigns her ſtore.
mooths the tumult of the main,
the field with mountains of the ſlain.
Churchill but the glory ſhare,
ns lie ſubdued by Anna's prayer.
t her zeal! how fervent her deſire!
r ſoul in holy warmth expire!
votion did her time divide,
ms of pleaſure or of pride.
reſt, or the ſun's parting ray,
duty, limited the day.
ucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
er thoughts, and ſoften'd all her
!
uch deſcending angels ſpread,
their wings a ſhelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart:
She ſaw, and griev'd to ſee, the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She ſhed her bounty, pious profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.
Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.
What ſtrikes my ſight? does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurprize!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it diſappears,
Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphan's tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever fought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune loſt her name, her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly ſtroke, from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of fame arriv'd,
Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſt,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd!
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire:
Wiſely to ſpend, is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refreſh'd the dry,
Shall riſe a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date;
Is virtue's great reward puſh'd off by fate;
Here random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth and regal ſtate,
Anna ſate arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus

Thus end matureſt honours of the crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!
So when with idle ſkill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; the ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a failing tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.
'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage; from our deep diſtreſs
We learn how much in George the Gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious monarch! what a praiſe is thine!
Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we ſmooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the Gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join theſe whom intereſt joins, and chace our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And ſue without a bluſh the Britiſh crown.
Secure his honour, though he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great ſir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To u . far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chooſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine;
In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.
All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt
That we contemplate, and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient mode of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Iſis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Sent through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne!
For England's church her lateſt accents ſtrain'd;
And freedom with his dying hand retain'd,
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What though thy birth a diſtant boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh c
The crown's impatient to encloſe thy h
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold i
Our ſtrict obedience through the world
That king's a Briton, who can govern

THE

INSTALMEN

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROB. WAI

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDE THE GARTER.

MDCCXXVI.

WITH invocations ſome their br
flame;
I need no Muſe, a Walpole is my them
Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd ſons of
Our morning ſtars! our boaſt in former
Which hovering o'er, your purple w
play,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee b
One, throw the mantle's crimſon folds
By that, the ſword on his proud thigh be
This, claſp the diamond-girdle round hi
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his
And Edward own ſince firſt he fix'd the
None preſt fair glory with a ſwifter pace.
When fate would call ſome might forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth
Or aid ſome favourite king's illuſtrious t
It bids his blood with generous ardour
His blood, from virtue's celebrated ſourc
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a
courſe;
That men prepar'd may juſt attention p
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorio
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.
See, Britain, ſee thy Walpole ſhine ſ
His azure ribbon, and his radiant ſtar;
A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſha
Thy veſſel ſafe, through fortune's rough
If peace ſtill ſmiles, by this ſhall
ſteer
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the
And, gathering tribute from each diſtant
In Britain's lap the world's abundance p

ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
hat black cloud which riſing from the
es,
der, form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is

ne ſeas, and awe the continent.
irect it, where the bolt to throw,
is, a comet to the foe.
he Muſe ſhall kindle, and aſpire:
O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
s of royal bounty, turn'd by thee
dry domains of poeſy.
: ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care,
ler worth forbids us to deſpair:
partial ſmile from cenſure free;
nt for merit, though it fell on me.
nſwick's ſmile has authoriz'd my Muſe,
er conduct, and ſubli ne her views.
s are the whoredoms of the pen,
litute fair fame to worthleſs men:
nation of celeſtial fire
s deſpiſe, what wiſe men ſhould admire.
praiſe to diſtant times be known,
ir author's merit, but their own.
ink the taſk is hard, to weed
rank flattery's vivacious ſeed,
l deep; one means muſt ſet them free
nd patriot! let them ſing of thee.
ilgar trees ignobler honours wear,
retain, when winter chills the year;
ous Orange, favourite of the ſun,
ous charms can through the ſeaſons run;
ſtorm with her tenacious green;
rs and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen:
ſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring;
their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.
pole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
r ornament and profit too;
f ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
nd gilded by the royal beam.
the nipping blaſts of envy riſe,
n pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
o honours, but ſecurely great
olds the colour of his fate:
knows, though ruſſling factions preſs;
deeply rooted in ſucceſs;
ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd *;
harm'd Muſes ſhelter in his ſhade.
long, enkindled by the theme,
rnity to launch thy name!
in view, no right of verſe I plead,
chaſte truth indites, old time ſhall read.
ld! a man of ancient faith and blood,
ſoon, beat high for arts, and public
d;
glory great, but natural appears,
nuine growth of ſervices and years;
len exhalation drawn on high,
idly gilt by partial majeſty:
uring greateſt toils with greateſt eaſe,
rn to ſerve us, and yet born to pleaſe:
while our rights in equal ſcales he lays,
nce may truſt, and yet the people praiſe;
ius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
gue is flowing, and his heart ſincere,

" His council guides, his temper chears our iſle,
" And, ſmiling, gives three kingdoms cauſe to ſmile."

Joy then to Britain, bleſt with ſuch a ſon,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly conſcious meets the ſmiles of fate,
True greatneſs lies in daring to be great.
Let daſtard ſouls, or affectation, run
To ſhades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, miſled by falſe applauſe,
The pride of modeſty to virtue's cauſe.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wiſe to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the luſtre of our age and clime,
And ſheds rich ſeeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs alone, in fields of ſlaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when ſtern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet roſe, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas riſe in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court deſert, who fame deſpiſe.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's ſail?
And what applauſe, but her propitious gale?
When ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore,
From her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
By blaſts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.
Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud incloſure down;
And high deſert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling, in juſtice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are moſt Gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them, by rewarding well.
Though ſtrong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it tranſfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it ſoars into the ſky.
Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praiſe;
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more: for in this dread ſuſpenſe of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate

Weigh

* *Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.*

Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick, for the great event,
Brunſwick, of kings, the terror, or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN

EPISTLE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEO. LORD LANSDOWNE.

" —Parnaſſia laurus
" Parva ſub ingenti matris ſe ſubjicit umbra."
VIRG.

MDCCXII.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone,
While ſuppliant Kings in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
Horace did oft' the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring;
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who knows no want of Cæſar, finding you;
The Muſe's friend is pleas'd the Muſe ſhould preſs
Through circling crowds, and labour for acceſs,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of Arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heaven repair'd ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd:
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſures chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of Nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon as Britain's bleſſings ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids every nation ceaſe her wonted mean,
And every Monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Through milder tracks he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.

No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed, the golden ſhear ſhall claim
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmooth flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All nature ſeems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in every field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe,
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage can feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bollingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate) in Bourbon's ſtately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and rob'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well pleas'd on one,
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis Themes, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford!
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him, that could brave Talard tame?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thouſand happy conſequences flow
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow!)
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole;
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.

lomela providently flies
woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
r young, and make them try the wing,
their tender notes attempt to ſing:
le, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
rs vain the tuneful mother's care.
s bold adventurer of late,
ng ocean plough'd with equal fate.
ſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height,
r a curſe, if not a friend to right:
:r is to make diſſenſion ceaſe,
may ſerve the King of kings in peace.
ow ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
abroad in perfect excellence;
ay dread ſome greater curſe at hand;
: a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:
s weary, and retir'd to reſt;
re famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
1 her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
) the relicks of the ſword away.
eaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
e fulneſs of his glory ſhone;
mon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
to raiſe a temple to the Lord.
ſhall build, and every ſacred pile
ce eternal to Britannia's iſle.
ghty ſouls, whom military care
rom their only great affair,
l their full united force, to bleſs
hty Author of their late ſucceſs.
is all the world ſubdued to this?
ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs;
are conqueſts to great Anna known,
: ſplendour of an earthly throne;
! whoſe triumph is too great, within
y bounds of matter to begin;
ous to ſhine forth, till it has run
iis darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.
ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
n, and ſmile on this auſpicious day:
t your deaths; to thoſe your glory tell,
at Agincourt or Creſſy fell;
p into eternity retire,
r things than peace or war enquire;
tent, and unconcern'd to know
her paſſes in the world below.
aveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
it once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:
r pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
ncholy numbers in each ſtreet
of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
g in the bottom of the main);
s back from joy, in tender fear,
insult of their woes appear,
e us grudge ourſelves that wealth, their
d
preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
ſhall run pure, and diſengage
at ſtrange fate of mixing peace with.

n without a ſin we now may call,
tleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
ians while we pray, nor in one breath
cy for ourſelves, for others Death.

But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place;
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep that fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the Muſes ſing?
The Muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike Poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus ſhut, her *Io Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the Muſe may wear
(A thouſand various forms become the fair;)
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crouded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce:
Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks;
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcenes his ſoul and body reunite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.
More glory to an Author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.
How often have I ſeen the generous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And ſteal a truth, which every ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her power?

The

The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lye.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind;
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the Muſes' banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats, and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on ſome tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?
To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue, whom ſo fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muſes to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance;
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte;
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt:
For Corneille's ſake I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What though we wrong him? Iſabella's woe
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The Drama glories in the Britiſh Muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great curioſity indeed,
From his dark maze to free the hero's reed;
We rouze th' affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome tormentor's blow:
They ſigh: we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæſar, in a human plan,
And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what Heaven deſign'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakeſpeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *wrote*
Our neighbour's ſtage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On Nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakeſpeare till the curtain falls
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly we muſt own,
Not antient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too
We ſometimes err by thriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.
And yet in Shakeſpeare ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with maſter-ſtrokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and inchanted iſle,
Bid us no longer at our nurſes ſmile;
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France
Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendants. Shakeſpeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame:—
Yet I in vain that author would ſuppreſs,
What can't be greater, cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim,
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakeſpeare riſe unbleſs'd with Talbot's ſmile,
Ev'n Shakeſpeare's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle:
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the Will-almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muſes glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums rate,
And mortify an Author with your praiſe:
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
But cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the Poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded, when beſt underſtood.

* *An anceſtor of the duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakeſpeare.*

Young.

es write for glory not for gold,
eneath their nature to be ſold:
teſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
a ſenſe of what the Muſe deſerves;
e, which from her Lanſdowne ſcars no
g,
e, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.
is great theme allure me farther ſtill,
eſume to uſe your patience ill,
ld would plead my cauſe, and none but

diſguſt at what I now purſue:
at is mean my Muſe can't raiſe, I'll
ſe
that's able to exalt my Muſe.
o, not void of thought, can Granville
e,
a ſpark of his immortal flame?
we ſeek the patriot, or the friend,
gbroke, let Anna recommend;
we chooſe to love or to admire,
the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
ative graces without thought abound,
familiar glories ſpread around,
incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
: for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
befriend the moſt heroic way,
on none an obligation lay;
by nature's hand for all that's well,
e a virtue when you moſt excel.
h ſweet your preſence, graceful is your
,
happy want not to be ſeen;
priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
t an approbation but your own:
s, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
r fix'd, though reſolute to pleaſe;
e all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
ld's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;
s beyond the limits of the day,
chold it, and their God obey.
ke delight in others excellence;
which Nature rarely does diſpenſe:
at breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
e well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
not thoſe, who ſhew your name reſpect.
worth, as might excuſe neglect;
in pain leſt merit you ſhould know;
the well-deſerver as a foe;
leſome acquaintance, that will claim
'l us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
iſh your country's good; that told ſo well
wers are known, th' event I need not tell.
'eſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
l of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
great fame had Hector's valour wrought
ant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.
you, my lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
ds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate,
not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
nder penſive o'er the barren ſtrand;
you by receiv'd example taught,
to ſhun the diſcipline of thought;
onfin'd by bounds of time and place,
oſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not ſo much in form, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport, muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told!
So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpris'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhores the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who's confin'd
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe ſkies to dwell;
Ranges Eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heavenly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand*.
Behold the glories of your life compleat!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and raiſed you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name,
Though you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowment from the King of kings.
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granville's in five thouſand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you muſt blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name,

* *See his Lordſhip's Tragedy intitled "Heroic Love."*

YOUNG.

He's

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a tye far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun, to bend his courſe *.
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.
How are you bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end;
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain;
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.
With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late:
'Twas paſt, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which lips charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each act of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greateſt of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itſelf confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mount'd to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.
His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;
Then with a groan—ſupport me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear †.

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief;
To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the bleſſings peace on Europe ſhowers;
Nor yet diſdain thoſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the Muſe immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in lateſt time, when ſtory's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville ſung:
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted lord.

TWO

EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE.

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

MDCCXXX.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan th future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets, and load the ſtall
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' proſe works up, and Lico's ſtrains
Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh *from high*,
Where ſpeculation rooſted near the ſky;
Letters, Eſſays, Sock, Buſkin, Satire, Song,
And all the Garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burſt; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true abſurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid, leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public miſtreſs, none enjoys,
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;
With *fame*, in juſt proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhew they live) they flutter, and they ſting

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* *His Lordſhip's Nephew, who took Orders.* YOUNG.

† *The Author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harriſon, Fellow of New-College, Oxon.*—YOUNG.—[*See a more particular account of him in the "Supplement to Swift."*]

by depredations waſps proclaim
ireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.
we not cenſure all the motley train,
er with ale irriguous, or champaign?
er they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
het their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
llege ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
irple prelate, or the pariſh clerk;
niet Quidnunc, or demanding prig;
aintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad;
er extremely witty, or quite mad;
ndly dull, or ſhallowly polite;
nat read well, or men that only write;
er peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
ieaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſuc-
eeds;
nkrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
ggos crawl from out a periſh'd nut.
mmer this, and that his trowel quits,
canting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
iving men ſubſiſts each other trade;
ry *broken* craft a writer's made:
iis material, Paper, takes its birth
tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.
, fruitful *iſle!* to thee alone belong
is of wits, and brokers in old ſong;
vell a land of liberty we name,
all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame;
ns, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
e mankind's contempt, whene'er they
eaſe;
odden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
erceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
eavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires;
verſe immortal kindles looſe deſires:
e they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
ort and pity, puniſhment and crime.
it glorious motives urge our Authors on,
o undo, and thus to be undone!
ſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
w (in vain!) he ſtill retains his wits:
er marries, and his dear proves keen;
tes as an Hypnotic for the ſpleen:
vrite, confin'd by phyſic; ſome, by debt;
for 'tis Sunday; ſome, ſome becauſe 'tis
et;
gh private pique ſome do the public right,
ve their king and country out of ſpight:
er writes becauſe his father writ,
roves himſelf a baſtard by his wit.
Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
r: why write then? He wants twenty
ound:
dly, not his brains, this impulſe give:
grow immortal; for he cannot live:
s his awful front, and takes his ream,
o proviſion made, but of his theme;
s'a *title* has his fancy ſmit,
uaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
ites, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
h wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make
iem juſt;
directly from the *gods* deſcends,
he by labour would diſtruſt his *friends!*

Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs:
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning
knows.
So ſounds ſpontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;
The prieſts found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.
Clodio dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the
whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)
Oft have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* ſay,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I'll meet thee youth, at White's:" the youth
replies.
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his ſacrifice;
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every ſnare:
Clodio for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they ſtake;
How muſt Spain tremble, and the German
ſhake!
Such writers have we! all but ſenſe, they print;
Ev'n George's praiſe is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's
reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you *can ſteal*) celeſtial fire.
O! the juſt contraſt! O! the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with
fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who ſo ſad, but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay Caſtruchio's miſcellaneous dreſs?
Though 'tis but one of the dull works he
wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
Theſe, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtic dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet;
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps; who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* your ecſtaſies.
Will they perſiſt? 'Tis madneſs; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the Mint.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt ululis, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes;
O frail concluſion; the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:

Treat

Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your diſcerpeſt;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head:
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night:
But, riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream:
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their head.
In vain *advertiſements* the town o'erſpread;
They 're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who *preſs* for fame, but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,
And ſays, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fears diſmiſs;
"Your glory, and my own, ſhall live by this;
"Your power is fixt, your fame through time convey'd.
"And Britain Europe's Queen—if I am paid."
A Statеſman has his anſwer in a trice;
'Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns:
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:
His patron he will patronize no more;
But, ruffles like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with ſcandal and with ſcoff;
But 'tis ſo very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But, when once publiſh'd, they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can thoſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion 's ſold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like Lapland winds they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
A ſtaff Ulyſſes tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew
For Chriſtian miniſters of ſtate are new.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Whilſt far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With *golden* forceps, theſe, another takes,
And ſtate elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richeſt* ſtateſman wants wherewith to pay
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the *greateſt* powers enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's ſelf they fight:
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconſtancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets;
From the ſame hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wiſh it were.
If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly Proteus' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit!
Now ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, tranſform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*
Invites the town to ſup at Drury-lane;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He 's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung;
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make*:
The Snake reigns moſt, Snakes, Pliny ſays, are bred,
When the *brain* 's periſh'd in a human head.
Ye grovelling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, tuneleſs things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the Tree of Knowledge, like you, curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.
What if the *figure* ſhould in *fact* prove true!
It did in Elkenah *, why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes paſt,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hiſt at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape:

* *Settle, the city poet.*

s the fate of talents misapply'd;
d your Prototype; and so he dy'd.
abandon'd manners of our writing train
empt mankind to think religion vain;
their fate, their habit, and their mien,
ods there are is eminently seen:
s stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
arks the murderers of fame from men:
gh meagre jaws they draw their venal
reath,
stly as their brothers in Macbeth;
feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
ftener chang'd their principles than shirt.
anfient vestments of these frugal men,
is to paper for our mirth again:
on (O merry-melancholy fate!)
eg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
an lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
iend through pity gives, the foe through
ite;
though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
the men, who writers dare commence
ut their *patent*, probity and sense,
n *these*, their politics our Quidnuncs seek,
aturday 's the learning of the week;
abouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
eavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
heir coarse nonsense down, though ne'er
dull;
em at every thump upon your scull;
launch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
oneſt folly echoes to the lye.
I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
ing a villain for his *probity!*
tretches out a most respectful ear,
snares for woodcocks in his holy leer;
les through my soul to hear the *cock's*
encomium on his friend the *fox*,
tron of his *liberties* and *rights!*
graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.
when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded
ate
rges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
s of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
risons pour their filth into the field;
nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
ose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM OXFORD.

L write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the
Muses' *seat?*
, mortal, or immortal, as they please,
arn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
ot a † Royal Patron wisely strove
o the Muse in her Athenian grove?
new strings to her harmonious shell,
iven new tongues to those who spoke so
ell?

† *King George I.*

Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An Author! 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?
Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you
read?
'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,
What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame;
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think *that early* we *must* think *at last*.
Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold,
'Tis arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-
dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the
same.

Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *gen'rous* brought!
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit's* a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A ſplendid ſource of ill in thouſand ways;
A certain ſnare to miſeries immenſe;
A pay prerogative from common ſenſe;
Unleſs ſtrong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the beſt,
Senſe fills your head, and genius fires your breaſt;
Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live:
Deſerve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'tis coſt,
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.
Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs:
Who writes, an awful character profeſs:
The world as peril of their wiſdom claim,
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd,
Should dare aſk public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ;
No writer, fam'd in your own way, paſs over;
Much truſt example, but reflexion more:
More had the antients writ, they more had taught;
Which ſhews ſome work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd perfection know; and, know
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix;
And zealouſly prefer your lines to fix.
Write and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *faults* ſo ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praiſe,
Slow runs the Pegaſus that wins the bays.
Work like for immortality to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek:
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; Addiſon
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unſound.
He that *ſtrikes out*, and ſtrikes not out the *beſt*,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt.
Give e'er ſo little, if what's right be there,
We praiſe for what you *burn*, and what you *ſpare*;
The part you burn, ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine,
And is as incenſe to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well:
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame, more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius cenſures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.
Let *ſatire* leſs engage you than *applauſe*:
It ſhews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt.
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt know that glory you preſume to give.
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding lends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defects in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I 'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no *meme* in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
'Tis rather virtue, breeding, wit or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.
Can others write like you? Your taſk is o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflection be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life;
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.
Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.

True

all men think of courſe, as all men
am;
they ſlightly think, 'tis much the ſame.
rs admit not of a half-renown;
ve you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
it did honor to the name of man.
hty the *ſubject*, cogent the *diſcourſe*,
the *ſtyle*, the very *ſound* of force,
conduct, ſimple the *deſign*,
the *moral*, and the *ſoul* divine:
ire art, and judgment wit, exceed;
arning reaſon reign; o'er that, your
ed:
rue's feeds, at once, and *laurel's*, grow;
, and riſe a Pope, or a Deſpreau:
en your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
to the full luſtre of your lines:
t expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
angel is a fallen wit;
y plead Lucifer's deteſted cauſe,
bare talents challenge our applauſe.
ou reſtore juſt honours, to the pen?
le writers *riſe* to worthy men.
o's this with nonſenſe, nonſenſe would
ſtrain?
; this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the
ain?
lamns our traſh, with ſo much traſh re-
lete?
ree ells round, huge Cheyne rails at
eat?"
with Bavius then my voice exalt,
llenge all mankind to find one fault?
ge *examens* overwhelm my page,
ten reaſon with dogmatic rage?
e tedious volume writ in rhyme,
a duller could excuſe the crime?
it to writing, the moſt idle thing
to harangue on what we ſing.
t tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
othing can intimidate or bribe,
the judge; Time has nor friend nor

e *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
ith this truth, all critics I defy;
all, by my *own* pen I die:
arlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs

immortals, or to *ſtay the ſtain*.
reſt with danger, and in awful dread
y pamphlets level'd at my head,
e I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
form, to ſerve me this campaign;
y hope to quit the dreadful field
with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield;
re Codrus rouſes to the fray
might, and damns me—for a day.
ns a flock of geeſe, and, on the green,
their fooliſh necks in awkward ſpleen,
us in rage!) to *biſs*, not *bite*,
eir quills, when *ſons of Dulneſs* write.

AN EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY MR. DODDINGTON.

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

" —*Quæ cenſet Amiculus, ut ſi*
" *Cuncta mer monſtrare velit*—" HOR.

THOUGH ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of uſe impart, though void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good-will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.
As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his ſource, he drains a thouſand ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall rivulet brings.
So thou ſhalt, hence, abſorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intereſt ſhall profane the Muſe,
No malice, wrapt in truth's diſguiſe, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.
When firſt a generous mind ſurveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the ſhow (though little underſtood)
He only ſeeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to diſpoſe,
And gratitude ſtill ſprings, where bounty ſows;
That every grant ſincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But thoſe who long the paths of ſtate have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving ſtill, their gates beſiege,
'Tis eaſier far to give, than to oblige.
This of my conduct ſeems the niceſt part,
The chief perfection of the ſtateſman's art,
To give to fair aſſent a fairer face,
Or ſoften a refuſal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; ſtill squander, not beſtow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;

Still

Still aſk, but ne'er conſult their own deſerts,
And meaſure by their intereſt, not their parts:
From this miſtake ſo many men we ſee,
But ill become the thing they wiſh'd to be;
Hence diſcontent, and freſh demands ariſe,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cauſe ſuſpects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can pleaſe, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.
As theſe o'erprize their worth, ſo ſure the great
May ſell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no diſtinction, where diſtinction 's due,
Marks from the many the ſuperior few;
When ſtrong cabal conſtrains them to be juſt,
And makes them give at laſt—becauſe they muſt;
What hopes that men of real worth ſhould prize,
What neither friendſhip gives, nor merit buys?
The man who juſtly o'er the whole preſides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wiſe affection guides;
Knows when to ſtop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not beſtow'd.
When, ſafe on ſhore ourſelves, we ſee the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through ſuch a tumult, 'tis no eaſy taſk
To drive the man of real worth to aſk;
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the ſhow,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to beſtow;
From hence ſo few are ſkill'd, in either caſe,
To aſk with dignity, or give with grace.
Sometimes the great, ſedne'd by love of parts,
Conſult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering ſparks that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themſelves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the ſun;
'Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men r
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a freſh offence,
By which ſuperior power is ſtill imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardſhips breed;
But thoſe who hate from envy, hate indeed.
"Since ſo perplex'd the choice, whom ſhall we truſt?'
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and juſt;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who ſerves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honeſt, and eſteem the brave,
Deſpiſe the coxcomb, but deteſt the knave;
No ſhew of parts the truly wiſe ſeduce,
To think that knaves can be of real uſe.
The man who contradicts the public voice,
And ſtrives to dignify a worthleſs choice,
Attempts a taſk that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthleſs man, that gains what he pretends,
Diſguſts a thouſand unpretending friends:
And ſince no art can make a counterpaſs,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic braſs,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debaſe the ſtamp, than raiſe the coin.
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that taſk be hard;
Souls form'd alike ſo quick by nature blend,
An honeſt man is more than half thy friend.
Him, no mean views, or haſte to riſe, ſhall sway,
Thy choice to ſully, or thy truſt betray:
Ambition, here, ſhall at due diſtance ſtand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honeſt hand:
Beſides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view thoſe failings with a lover's eye;
Though ſmall his genius, let him do his beſt,
Our wiſhes and belief ſupply the reſt.
Let others barter ſervile faith for gold,
His friendſhip is not to be bought or ſold:
Fierce oppoſition he, unmov'd, ſhall face,
Modeſt in favour, daring in diſgrace,
To ſhare thy adverſe fate alone, pretend;
In power, a ſervant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundleſs thirſt of doing good:
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty maſter's ſteps thou trace,
The brave to cheriſh, and the good to grace;
Long ſhalt thou ſtand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king, through thee:
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he ſtrikes the blow;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy cloſe, and brighten thy decline;
(Illuſtrious doom!) the great, when thus diſplac'd,
With friendſhip guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In aweful ruin, like Rome's ſenate, fall,
The prey and worſhip of the wondering Gaul.
No doubt, to genius ſome reward is due,
(Excluding that, were ſatirizing you;)
But, yet, believe thy undeſigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance caſt,
Let probity be firſt, and parts the laſt.
On theſe foundations if thou dar'ſt be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage ſhall droop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praiſe,
Then future times ſhall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.

s far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
inted out the rocks where others split;
it inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
egligent of any fame—but thine,
the friendly, but superfluous part;
t from nature what I teach from art.

OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

ES OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

"— *Sopitos suscitat ignes.*" VIRG.

I.

M man's too curious and impatient sight,
he future, heaven involves in thickest night,
grey hairs: though freedom much we
ast,
ast perform, what they determine most,
udden changes our resolves betray?
rrow is a satire on to-day,
ews its weakness. Whom shall men be-
ve,
onstantly themselves, themselves deceive.

II.

g had I bid my once-lov'd Muse adieu;
irm old age; my passion burns anew.
weet your verse! how great your force of
ind!
power of words! what skill in dark man-
nd!
the conduct; generous the design;
eauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
Mars and Venus are, once more, beset,
wit has caught them in its golden net.

III.

what strikes home with most exalted grace
ghty genius taught to know its place;
where worth shines, its humbled crest to
end,
eal devoted to that godlike end.
we discern so rich a vein of sense,
gh the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
te the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
oundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

IV.

whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
ngue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
enius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
owly take possession of the fame.
ior know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
h for me that 'tis from human wit,
oths my pride: all glory in the pen
has done honor to the race of men.

V.

this have others done; a like applause
ient and a * modern Horace draws.

* *Boileau.*

But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you, at once disclose.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

VI.

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O, for some God my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: ev'n foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so compleat a song.

VII.

A golden period shall from you commence:
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shewn
For you; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own.
For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

IX.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present
thee mine.

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DOCTOR YOUNG.

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH[a].

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;

[a] "*A Poetical Epistle from the late Lord Mel-*
"*combe to the Earl of Bute, with corrections by the*
"*Author of the Night Thoughts,*" *was published in*
4to. 1776.

Take

Take the Muſe's lateſt ſpark*,
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bad Thee look beyond the grave;
Genius ſoars, and Virtue guides;
Above, the love of God preſides.
There 's a gulph 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why ſtand ſhivering on the ſhore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring Virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe, through ſeas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue ſteers.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY Muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen clime to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

† To dive full deep in *ancient days*,
The *warrior's* ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarch's* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic's* loftier trump to ſound;—
But let Arion's ſea-ſtrung harp be Mine:

III.

But where 's his *dolphin?* Know'ſt thou,
where?—
May that be found in Thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong! Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcued from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me, ſay'ſt thou, who courſs my ſmile?
"What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle!—
No ſtranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorſet downs, when Milton's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* ſooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That Milton's blindneſs lay not in his ſong?

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were grey:
How ſhortly ſhall we Both forget,
To thee my patron I my debt,
And thou to thine for Pruſſia's golden key.

VII.

The preſent, in oblivion caſt,
Full ſoon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
Full ſoon the wide diſtinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High ſhuſh'd ſucceſs, and pale defeat;
The Gallic gaiety, and Britiſh ſpleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! ſtay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing ſtrikes the liſtening ear:
Time groans his laſt! Eternal loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels and deſires,
Than once prevail'd; we ſtand on higher ground:
What ſcenes we ſee!—Exalted aim?
With ardours *new*, our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſt! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTAT

I.

IN lofty ſounds let thoſe delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight
And, bold in word, of arms decline the ſtrain:
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms!
Why gleams the *Youth* with brandiſh'd arms!
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's ſailors

* *See Mr. Cuſt's Life of Young.*
† *Annals of the Emperor Charles* XII. *Lewis* XIV.

III.

and revere.—At Britain's nod,
each enchanted grove and wood
: huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
d canvaſs-wings, and fly through ſtorms,
'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

ods again: the labouring earth
ſes a tremendous birth;
ig rivers runs her molten ore;
ce monſters of enormous ſize,
hideous aſpect, threatening riſe,
m the deck, from trembling baſtions
oar.

V.

: miniſters of fate fulfil,
npires wide, an *iſland's* will,
ones unjuſt wake vengeance: know, ye
owers!
lden night, and ponderous balls,
floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
v'd Britannia's awful ſenate lowers.

VI.

r * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
triot picture, what may raiſe,
: attempts, a warm diſdain;
hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
darted lightning, ſwiftly down
h of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

VII.

nia ſheaths her courage keen,
ſpares her nitrous magazine;
ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
leave all law below them; then *they*
laze!
thunder from reſounding ſeas,
y their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

VIII.

furies riſe! the battle raves!
ends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
te of nature, ſpite of Jove,
: all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
is winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

uſand deaths the burſting bomb
from her diſembowel'd womb;
owing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
ving'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts;
: ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks
ehind.

X.

' laurels riſe in tented fields;
reath immortal *ocean* yields,
's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is
pent,
e glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
lambent is Bellona's flame?
forms languiſh on the continent!

* *Houſe of Lords.*

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car.
Her caſtled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superior terror to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their
flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or ſee I Vulcan's ſooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye ſons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe baubles fall,
Yon ſhield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your ſtrokes ſuſpend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * and firſt take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickeſt *night*,
And ghaſtly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans* and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon ſhake;
If Britain's crimes ſupport not Britain's foes,
And edge their ſwords: O power divine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cauſe, by fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious chiefs; awake;
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

* *Alluding to Virgil's Deſcription of Thunder.*

The

III.

The day commiſſion'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too *feeble* to ſuſtain;
Or *firm* to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV.

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
" Our guide in counſel, and our ſtrength in
" fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wiſdom, and how weak is might!

V.

" Let proſtrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorſe, and ſighs ſincere
" For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appeaſe;
" A wrath, more formidable far
" Than angry nature's waſteful war,
" The whirl of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas.

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
" To thee for ſuccour we reſort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of ſafety, thy defence.

VII.

" O thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our burſts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou canſt arreſt the flying ball;
" Or ſend it back and bid it fall
" On thoſe, from whoſe proud deck the thunder
" broke.

VIII.

" Britain in vain extends her care
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the foe;
" There 's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" Ally Supreme! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the ſea;
" With ſeas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws
" fulfil:
" 'Tis thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouze, or huſh the martial ſtorm;
" And turn the tide of conqueſt, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam ſublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine, from death to
" free;
" To turn aſide his level'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
" There we caſt anchor, we confide in Thee.

* *Ruſſia.*

XI.

" Thou, who haſt taught the *north* to
" And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal
" Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes in
" Their blaſted pride with dread to
" Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, bla
" And George depute to thunder in thy

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold and ſtrong
" Black, hovering clouds appal the
" With dread of vengeance: nature's aw
" Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt Tho
" Where is puiſſance and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or wo
" pire.

XIII.

" Let George the juſt chaſtiſe the va
" Thou, who durſt curb the rebel ma
" To mount the ſhore when boiling billow
" Bid George repel a bolder tide,
" The boundleſs ſwell of Gallic prid
" And check *ambition's* overwhelming wav

XIV.

" And when (all milder means with
" *Ambition*, tam'd by loſs of blood,
" Regains her reaſon; then, on angels wi
" Let *peace* deſcend, and ſhouting gre
" With peals of joy, Britannia's fle
" How richly freighted! It, triumphant,
" The poiſe of kingdoms, and the
" kings."

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRIC

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* ſound; I is nothing formidable in the true it; of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) the critics have hitherto entertained a Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, thou *familiar*. As a fixt ſtar is as much in th of nature, as a flower of the field, the obvious, and of greater dignity. This i received notion of Pindar; I ſhall there ſupport at large that hint which is now

Trade is a very *noble* ſubject in itſe *proper* than any for an Engliſhman; a culariy *ſeaſonable* at this juncture.

We have more ſpecimens of good every province, than in the *ſublime*; ou mous *Epic Poems* excepted. I was make an attempt where I had feweſt ri

† *Aurora Borealis.*

on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller of the *real* interest, or *possible* glory of his ry, than before; or a stronger *impression from* a warmer *concern for* it, I give up to the any farther reputation.

e have many *copies* and *translations* that pass *riginals*. This Ode I humbly conceive is an nal, though it professes imitation. No man be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *par-r* works; any more than like Raphael, by ing the *cartoons*. The genius and spirit of great men must be collected from the *whole*; when thus we are possessed of it, we must t its energy in *subjects* and *designs* of our own. hing is so *unpindarical* as following Pindar on foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he must be o, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a *close*, and a noble *original*.

s for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* Ode of six dred lines. Nothing is long or short in writ- but *relatively* to the demand of the subject, the manner of treating it. A *distich* may be, and a folio *short*. However, I have broken this into Strains, each of which may be consider- s a separate Ode if you please. And if the ety and fullness of matter be considered, I am er apprehensive of danger from brevity in this , than from length. But lank writing is t I think ought most to be declined, if for hing else, for our plenty of it.

The *Ode* is the most spirited kind of poetry, and *Pindaric* is the most spirited kind of *Ode*; this eak at my own very great peril: but truth an eternal title to our confession, though we sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE

BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λογίοι-
σιν ἐντι πρόσοδοι
νᾶσον ἐυκλέα τάν-
δε κοσμεῖν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

he *Proposition*. An address to the vessel that brought over the *King*. *Who* should sing on this occasion. A *Pindaric* boast.

I.

FAST by the *surge* my limbs are spread,
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
he winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar;
he God descends; and transports warm my soul.

II.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd Isle! no less,
By nature's *favour*, from mankind,
Than by the foaming *sea*, disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an *isle*, in happiness!

III.

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away, my soul! salute the * *Pine*,
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee, *she* spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime
O send her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and secure from *storm*.

VI.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to soar,
Which Gods of old and Heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise—
The sea she scorns; and, *now*, shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *skies*!

VII.

Dare *you* to sing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shackle *prose*, and boast of *absent* Gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic Odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* Sons of Genius rise!
Of *genuine* title to the skies;
Ye *fount*s of Learning! and ye *mints* of Fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast,
As, when full-ripened teems the vine,
The generous bursts of willing wine
Distil nectareous from the grape *unprest*.

STRAIN

* *The vessel that brought over the King.*

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the King attended. A *proſpect* of happineſs. *Induſtry.* A ſurpriſing inſtance of it in old Rome. The miſchief of *ſloth.* What happineſs is. *Sloth* its greateſt enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Deſcribed. What* the greateſt human excellence. The *praiſe* of wealth. Its *uſe, abuſe, end.* The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cauſe of it. The benefit of man's *neceſſities.* Britain's naval ſtores. She makes *all Nature* ſerviceable to her ends. Of *reaſon.* Its *excellence. How* we ſhould form our *eſtimate* of things. *Reaſon's* difficult taſk. *Why* the firſt glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

I.

"OUR Monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance;
And Plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

"Our Monarch comes! nor comes alone:"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am preſent to the *future* blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the ſun!—O thou divine,
Bleſt Induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, *maſt, cable, anchor, oar,*
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar*;
On *oaks* nurſt, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden Fruit! *oak* well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry compleat?
When Punick war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As ſoon they fall; as ſoon they riſe;
One moon, a *foreſt*, and the next, a *fleet.*

VI.

Is *ſloth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtaguate, yet be c
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted fo
Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he choaks th

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fa
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh *here:*
What though ſhe languiſh'd? 'twa
She's ſound of heart; her conſtitution

IX.

Wake, ſling her up. Trade! lea
On thy fixt anchor, puſh from ſho
Earth lies before thee, every climate co
And ſee, ſhe 's rous'd, abſolv'd fr
Her brow, in cloudleſs azure, rears
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every po

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue, and na
Again, ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again, ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone
and fame!

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that h
In ſhameful ſloth with nerves unſtr
The nation's languid load, defy the ſtorm
The ſheets unfurl, and anchors wei
The long-moor'd veſſel wing to ſea
Worlds, worlds ſalute, and peopled ocea

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Ni
Their ſedgy foreheads lift and ſmile
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and w
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs from far,
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Ara
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſail
Nor diſtant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the *ballaſt* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant iſle! What tide that flow
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhower that
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhine
for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon blending on thy

XV.

All theſe one Britiſh harveſt make!
The ſervant Ocean for thy ſake
Both ſinks and ſwells: his arms thy boſom wrap;
And fondly give, in boundleſs dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the firſt renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
When hearts for others welfare glow;
And *ſpend* as free as gods beſtow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then my breaſt; *abound* my ſtore!
This, and this boldly I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoicks boaſt:
Paſſions and *riches*, good or ill;
As us'd by man, demand our ſkill;
All bleſſings wound us, when diſcretion's loſt.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wiſe*,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Yet thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe;
The *narrow-ſoul'd*, or the *profuſe*,
The *thrifty-great* find *morals* in the mine;

XIX.

Happy the man! who large of heart,
Has learnt the rare illuſtrious *art*
Of being rich: ſtores *ſtarve* us, or they *cloy*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* ſkill,
Extract not what is *brighter* ſtill:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty 's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
Chandos ſhines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No *ſordid* ſon of thine ſhall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nation! commerce and increaſe.

XXII.

How *various Nature!* tumid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, *worms* weave ſilken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun;
Beneath the ſoil, *there* harveſts run;
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*!

XXIII.

What 's *various* Nature? Art divine
Man's ſoul to ſoften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may ſtand in need of all;
And *intereſt* draw around the ball,
As not to *unite* and *join* all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *ſupreme*, to mortal men,
In their *neceſſities* diſtinctly writ:
Ev'n *appetite* ſupplies the place
Of abſent virtue, abſent grace,
And human want *perſorms* for human wit.

XXV.

Vaſt naval enſigns ſtrow'd around
The wond'ring *foreigner* confound!
How ſtands the deep-aw'd continent aghaſt,
As her proud *ſceptr'd* ſons ſurvey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains riſe, of cable, anchor, maſt!

XXVI.

The unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees *here*, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king:
How earth 's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot, our throng'd Exchange!
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſprings.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils ſhe in *trade?* or bleeds in honeſt *wars?*
Her keel each yielding *ſea* enthrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
Her pilot into ſervice liſts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

In ſize confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the ſhade,
And ſeem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted up the human ſoul,
Heaven bid its rays tranſpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *Reaſon*, gave us *All*.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bleſt Reaſon! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghoſts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the ſtars around him fall;
A God is nought but Reaſon Infinite.

XXX.

The man of Reaſon is a God
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole *Agent* he beneath the ſhining ſphere,
Others are *paſſive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As *accident* is pleas'd to *diminiſh*.

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe?* or crowns *inflame?*
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſprings;
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the *dart*, diſſolve the *charm*,
Who know the *ſlender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *preſent* object, *preſent* day,
Are idle *phantoms*; and away:
What 's *laſting* only does *exiſt*. Know *This*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, Commerce, Freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of *endleſs* bliſs.

How

XXXIII.

How *foreign* theſe, though *moſt* in view!
Go, look your *whole* exiſtence through;
Thence, form your *rule*; *thence* fix your eſtimate,
For ſo the Gods: but as the *gains*,
How great the *toil!* 'Twill coſt more pains,
To vanquiſh *Folly*, than reduce a *State*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *Reaſon!* the *firſt* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine.
By thee, *Trade's* ſwarming throng, gay *Freedom's* ſmile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *Arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *inſtruct* our iſle.

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from Commerce. Why Britains ſhould purſue it. What wealth *includes*. An *Hiſtorical* digreſſion, which kind is moſt frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cauſe* of it.—Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miſerable fall. The neighbouring kings juſt *reflection* on it. An awful image of the Divine Power and Vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
The barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffick of the ſoul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with Learning's *brighter* ſun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold!*
Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Intr'd to winds and ſeas! leſt Gods repent:
The Gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhower,
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one—
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes!* every deck, a *throne!*

IV.

She ſate an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her *fixible* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and ſhe call'd the *ſeas*,
By Both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings;
Her Armagh's ſteed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Baſhan's oak, transform'd, her o
High Lebanon her maſt; far Dedan warn
Her mantled hoſt; Arabia feeds;
Her ſail of purple Egypt ſpreads;
Arvad ſends mariners; the Perſian, arms,

VI.

The world's laſt limit bounds her fame
The *golden city* was her name!
Thoſe ſtars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coaſt,
And rich as Nile's, let others boaſt;
Hers the far nobler *harveſt* of the ſeas.

VII.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of Empires! Nature's care!
The ſtrength of Ocean! *head* of Plenty, S
The pride of Iſles! In *wars* rever'd
Mother of *crafts!* lov'd! courted!
Pilot of kingdoms! and ſupport of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!—But ſhe fe
Her pamper'd ſons revolt! rebel!
Againſt his favourite iſle loud roars the *m*
The tempeſt howls? her ſculptur'd
Seen, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* hon
The land, one *altar!* a whole people, *ſa*

IX.

The deſtin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The ſable *hour* is coming down;
She 's on her march from yon Almighty
The *ſword* and *ſtorm* are in her hand
She trumpets ſhrill her dread comm
Dark be the light of earth! the boaſt, *u*

X.

For, oh! her ſins are red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The Queen of Trade is *laughs!* once
juſt,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *droſs*, her bloſſom into *duſt*

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly
Her ſordid *wealth* ſinks! her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* ſprightly ſound?
Is it for *this*, her great-ones toſs the brow

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers
To *nuptials* cold, how *gleets* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading rig
The *ſpurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh *all* her migh

XIII.

Tyre's *artizan*, ſweet *orator*,
Her *merchant ſage*, big *man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary head*
Whoſe brows with *wiſdom* ſhould be
Her very *prieſts* in guilt abound;
Hence, the world's *ſcorn* all her honors ſh

XIV.

What death of *truth!* what thirſt of *gold!*
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *baſe ones* lifted high!
What *public* boaſts! what *private* views!
What *deſert* temples! *crowded* ſtews!
What *women!*—practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is, who ſees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

He ſees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courſer paws, and foams the rein;
And charlots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain! Her high, preſumptuous air
In gorgeous veſtments rich and rare,
'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coſtly *ſtain*,
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine, in vain!
vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
like o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wines flow in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
amaſcus, vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe vain, ſhe boaſts,
ain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
o *ſhips*, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there*: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
lunge her in ſeas, from which her glory roſe.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of *cedar* nought avail,
)r pilot *learn'd!* She ſinks, nor ſinks *alone*,
Her Gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
he ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though ſo vaſt her naval might,
In *her* firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right?
ll *flags abas'd* her ſea-dominion greet:
What though ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that iſle deſtroy
hoſe conqueſt ſail'd, as far as ſail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings *ſhe* cloath'd in purple ſhake
Their aweful brows: "O foul miſtake!
O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is ſhe,
"Who ſaid—with my *own* art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm"—
And ſwell'd at heart, vain Empreſs of the Sea!

XXIII.

"This, This is ſhe, who *meanly* ſoar'd:
"Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
"And ſtile herſelf a God!—Through ſtormy wars
"This Eagle-iſle her thunder bore,
"High-fed her young with *human* gore;
"And *would* have built her neſt among the ſtars.

XXIV.

"But ah, frail man! how impotent
"To ſtand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
"To turn aſide the great Creator's aim!
"Shall iſland-kings with Him contend,
"Who makes the Poles beneath him bend?
"And ſhall drink up the ſea herſelf with flame?

XXV.

"*Earth*, *Æther*, *Empyreum* bow,
"When from the brazen mountain's brow
"The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
"Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
"Puts on his veſture dipt in blood,
"And marches out to ſcourge the world below.

XXVI.

"Ah! wretched Iſle, once call'd the *great!*
"Ah! wretched Iſle, and wiſe too late!
"The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
"Thy *luxury*, *corruption*, *pride*,
"And *freedom* loſt, the realms deride,
"Ador'd thee *ſtanding*, o'er thy ruins ſhout:

XXVII.

"To ſcourge with *war*, or peace *beſtow*,
"*Was* thine, O fallen! fallen low!
"'*Twas* thine, of jarring thrones to ſtill debates:
"How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
"Wide *waſte*, and *night*, and *Terror* frown,
"Where *Empire* ſtam'd in gold, and balanc'd
"ſtates."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *Inference* from this hiſtory. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* Nations. How *far* the ſtroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* ſupports our endeavours. The *unconſider'd* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to purſue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *ſea*. Britain's grandeur from her *ſituation*. The *winds*, the *ſeas*, the *conſtellations*, deſcribed. Sir Iſaac Newton's praiſe. Britain compared with *other* States. The Leviathan deſcribed. Britain's ſite, and ancient title to the *ſeas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* deſpiſe *Trade* as mean. *Cenſured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A ſurprizing inſtance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *periſh* by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *ſolicit* down!
Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

This

II.

This Truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe, as Fortunes ſwell:
What is large property?—The *ſign* of good,
Of worth *ſuperior*: if 'tis *leſs*,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the Gods with favours *miſbeſtow'd*.

III.

This council ſuits Britannia's Iſle,
High-ſtuſh'd with wealth, and Freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the Continent,
Who ſtarve, *at home*, on meagre toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſ-ſpent.

IV.

Fell Tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; how Genius down,
Lay Virtue waſte! for worth or arts, who ſtrain,
To throw them at a *monſter's* foot?
'Tis *property* ſupports *purſuit*.
Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle,
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouſe, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong: O Muſe, not *thine*,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffick if they pleaſe
Britain, fair daughter of the ſeas,
Is born for trade; to plough her field, the wave:
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt,
Gods gave the *dwelld*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *ſolid* ſpace,
Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the ſea!
And why? for Commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for Commerce, Ocean flows for Thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a Prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong *guards*, the waves,
Of *ſervant* winds admiſſion craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

There are her friends; ſoft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſtling from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caſpian, the broad Baltick boil,
And into life the dead Pacifick ſcourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marſhal'd train:
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtar that quits *this* hemiſphere
Muſt quit the ſkies, to want a Britiſh fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glory *burns*;
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons ſet and
The fair-fac'd ſons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South
The raging *Dog* that fires the *midnight* ſki

XII.

Theſe nations Newton made his ow
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty ſoul did, like a giant, run
To the vaſt volume's *cloſing* ſtar;
Decypher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* ſtrand,
Not *ſuch* the ſea: let Fohi's ancient line
Vaſt *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *ſmall* elephant—
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom Nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of l
He *ſleeps* an iſle! his ſports the billows
Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the ſkies; the ſtars are out
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *ſtorm*.

XV.

Th' Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The ſeas are ours."—The monarc
The floods their hands, their hands the clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival, then, to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the ſkies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Brit
The powers of earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more prochi
And prove their diſtance moſt, as th near.

XVII.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but O what wondro
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle!
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by Gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foe
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe
The child of Britain! And ſhall ſhe con
It were no leſs than parricide:—
What wonders riſe from out the ti
Her *High and Mighty* to the rudder bend

XIX.

And are there, then, of lofty brow
Who think *trade* mean, and ſcorn t
So far beneath the ſtate of *noble* birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themſelves* lo
The ſons of *Nobles* are the ſons of earth.

XX.

what have earth's mean ſons to do,
ap her fruits, and warm purſue
s *chief* good, not *ſhut* on others' toil?
Commerce from the Gods came down,
ompaſs, *chart*, and *ſtarry* crown,
te, to make the nations *ſmile*.

XXI.

and behold the Ruſſian bow,
orty crowns, his mighty *brow*
To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*:
rm, which ſwept the bloody field,
he huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
rs wait, and *thrones* impatient ſtand.

XXII

e to *ſubjects!* firſt renown,
eſs example to the *crown!*
poor: what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
es! adore the man divine—
irtue ſtill as *ſpear* decline,
s barbarous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII.

of Judah, great, as wiſe,
liram ſtrove in merchandize:
ith monarchs ſtruggle for an *ear!*
ſerchant * ſinking to his grave,
of treaſure ſwells the cave;
much, the merchant *bury'd* more.

XXIV.

hant an inglorious name?
for Pindar ſuch a theme,
r me; I pant beneath the weight!
is Ocean's were my voice,
and thoughts to court my choice
d *ſands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

nts o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
rade in *bleſſing*, thoſe in *pain*,
ſwell, and ſhout, while nations groan:
irple Monarchs, Merchants vie;
to *ſpend*, what, to *ſupply?*
or bleſſings; Merchants pour them
n.

XXVI.

Merchants are in league and love;
odours *pay* ſoft *airs* above,
: teeming field prolific range;
are Merchants; take, return,
nd heat; by *traffick* born;
eation is one vaſt Exchange.

XXVII.

ant an inglorious name?
y the ſons of *letter'd* fame,
r *volumes*, ſwelling in their *cells?*
ſe, in *change* of ſcene,
lous manners, *throngs* of men,
Arts, and *ſolid* Wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

rt's mechanick, Nature's ſtores
ighs; to *ſtarry* Science ſoars:
n *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
s, tongues, intereſts, of the ball:
lies Trade, he ſtudies all;
Merchants are accompliſh'd Men.

ſure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300
eath.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praiſe. Britain ſhould decline *war*; but boldly aſſert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and ſurprizing *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miſer's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *falſe* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be purſued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praiſe. America deſcribed. Worlds ſtill *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* repreſented.

I.

HOW ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul?
How ſloth's laſcivious reign control
By verſe with undiſtinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How every breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words, and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *ſpirit* pour, like vernal ſhowers,
My *verſe* ſhall burſt out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from *war*:
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain a *comet*, or a *ſtar*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne* † a voice through time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal ſhowers,
To chear the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The bloom call'd forth ſees azure ſkies diſplay'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to ſing,
Induſtrious *bees* ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſh'd, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain! her iſle 's an iſle *indeed*,
A *ſpot* too ſmall to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

* *The King's ſpeech.*

Trade

VII.

Trade's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all:
Trade's all herſelf; hers, hers, the ball;
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there:
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp the ſtudent's eaſe!
'Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

VIII

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The punic oar. Behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordial from his *naval* art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid the Afric Merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which his Majeſty *firſt* deigned to dwell;
The walls with *ſilver* ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the ſun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Beat the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring earth ſhould groan,
Beneath yon load*: *created* ſure, not *made*!
Servant and *rival* of the ſkies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher riſe:
What hand immortal raiſed thee?—*Humble* Trade.

XI.

Were hadſt thou been, if left at large,
Thoſe ſinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at *pleaſure* on the flow'ry green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar
Had ſwung behind the rolling car,
Or *ſhi'd* it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

XII.

As by reflation men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's *doom*;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *ruſt*,
Which, paſſing numerous hands, would *ſhine*;
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *duſt*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can poliſh fair;
Make *earth* well worth the *wiſe* man's care;
Call forth her foreſts, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one houſe* of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Her's, every ſun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade Monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts even Freedom's glorious cauſe—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

XV.

Nor lend each other mutual aid:
Why is heaven's ſmile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleaſure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
Boundleſs in *time* and in *degree*:
Pleaſure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

XVI.

Falſe joy 's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the *ſpirits*, and untunes the *frame*
True joy, the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright *ſerene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inſ

XVII.

Merchant! *Religion* is the cau
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *falſe* coin from *true*; to ſweep the
The *mighty ſtake* ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt *tie* of *field*, or *fund*:
Commerce gives gold, *Religion* makes it *gain*.

XVIII.

Join, then, Religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor*
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud *our* decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to *bleſs*, who couldſt *ſubdue* mankind

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divi
By day, by *night*; the *ſtars* are thine,
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *beſtow*,
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun!

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our ſires ſent do
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edwar
Let Forbiſhers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround

XXI.

Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide d
An *univerſe*! her rivers, *ſeas*!
Her fruits, both men and gods to ple
Heaven's faireſt birth! and, but for thee,

XXII.

Worlds *ſtill unknown* deep ſhadows w
Call wonders forth from nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are *due* to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That Trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree
By great Eliza do not ſwear;
For thee, O George! the gods decla
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *ſtars*, with thee prev
Full be thy *fame*, as ſwelling *ſails*,
Conſtant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *maſts*, el
Thy *juſtice*, an unerring *helm*
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, ſure *anchor* of her ſtate

* *St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax* YOUNG.

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What *is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the moſt famed in hiſtory. The ſign Lyra.* What *the conſtellations are. Argo. The whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The Britiſh ladies cenſured. The Moon.* What *the ſea is.* Apoſtrophe *to the Emperor. The Spaniſh armada. How Britain ſhould ſpeak her reſentment.* What *gives power.* What *navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China.* Who *maſter of the world. The hiſtory of the world is. The* genealogy *of glory. Miſtakes about it. Peace the merchant's harveſt.* Ships *of* divine *origin.* Merchants *ambaſſadors. The Briton's voyage.* Praiſe *the food of glory. Britain's record.*

I.

BRITANNIA'S ſtate what bounds confine!
(Of riſing thought O golden mine!
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulphs, oceans, ſet no bound;
She ſallies till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far
s wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small iſle! For Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove, who burſt from Macedon,
or gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* ſhone:
hey roſe to *Gods*, in *half* thy ſphere confin'd.

III.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth 's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
hear yon *ſpangled harp* repeat my lay!
Your *ſtarry lyre* has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the *planets* round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

The ſkies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of Heroes old;
s in a mirror ſhew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by Gods, are writ in *ſtars*,
nd noble *verſe*, that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The *ſkies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
hiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views*;
hiron, the Shovell of a former age.

VI.

The Whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours *grateful* luſtre on my lays;
ow ſmiles Arion's friend * with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealouſies his ſmile ſubdue;
e fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

* *The Dolphin.*

VII.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To ſee his Britiſh brothers reign
As ſtars below: the Balance, George! from Thine,
Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
More accurate the *night* and *day*;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to ſhine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court, ye *leſſer* lights!
How could the wiſe-man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! ye practiſe *ſhameful* arts;
Your own *retain*, *ſeize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the Britiſh Fair.

IX.

This truth I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale Queen! be *flush'd* at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
"To *ſhare* her empire is thy pride."
Hz, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the *main!* Ye kings renown'd!
Britannia's *centre*, and your *bound:*
Auſtrian! where-e'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! And Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening ſun can ſhine,
Parts are for *emperors*; for her the *whole.*

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the ſkill
To ſee *thy* welfare in the *world's*? Too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill, not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate.*

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill doſt own,
Who reſcued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt, that the *kind* are *brave*;
Ill doſt thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin*, as was that to *ſave.*

XIII.

How would'ſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted inſpiration 's vain?
Yet what if my *prediction* ſhould prove *true*?
Know'ſt thou the *fatal pair* who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire *Thine*
As one *rejected*, what, if one *ſubdue*?

XIV.

What *naval* ſcene adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate *,
Inſpires her *councils*, and records her *power*?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On ſinking thrones, the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt aſſembled ſenates lour.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts ſo *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language ſound,
Than *that* which proſtrates human ſouls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

* *The Spaniſh armada in the Houſe of Lords.*

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expence* of blood,
Or *reach* of counsel gives the world a *lord*:
Trade calls *him* forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest *sword*.

XVII.

Nay, *her's* the sword! For Fleets have *wings*;
Like lightning fly to *distant* kings;
Like Gods descend at *once* on trembling states:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pin o'd people*, thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar*,
And carry *sable clouds*, and *sweep*
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX.

The *Fools of Nature* ever strike
On bare *outsides*; and loath, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
Trade's the big *heart*; bright empire, but their *eye*.

XX.

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?--
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their *ruin*, fly from *toil*;
That meanest product on their soil,
Their *people* sell: one half on t' other feed.

XXI.

Of Nature's Wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric 's a glaring Monument:
Mid *citron* forests and *tomegranate* groves
(Curst, in a paradise!) she pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd*, *famish'd*, tradeless native roves:

XXII.

Not so thine, China, blooming-wide;
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide*;
Thy *products* would exhaust both India's mines;
Shut he *that* gate of trade! Or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful song! Her growth * *inspires* thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! To *these*, and such as these,
The river broad, and foaming *seas*
Which *sever* lands to mortals *less* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* skill or might:
Those sever'd parts of earth *unite*:
Trade's the full *pulse*, that sends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O! could one *engrossing* hand
The various streams of Trade command,
That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful Power the world would brave.
Bold War, and Empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects; and his *Will*, their law.

* *Coffee.*

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious ear
From Commerce, Grandeur's humble l
To George from Noah, empires living, dea
Their pride, their shame, their rise,
fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium*, undesign'd, on Trade.

XXVI.

Trade springs from Peace, and Wealth
Trade,
And Power from Wealth! of Power is
The God on Earth: hail, then, the dove of P
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood
War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

XXVII.

Then perish War!—Detested War!
Shalt thou make Gods? light Cæsar's st
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun!

XXVIII.

Peace is the Merchant's summer clear!
His *harvest!* harvest *round* the year!
For Peace with laurel every *mast* be bound;
Each *deck* carouse, each *flag* stream out,
Each *cannon* sound, each *sailor* shout!
For Peace let every *sacred ship* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first *design*;
With which the Patriarch Nature's *ruins* brav
Two worlds aboard, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The *Gods made* Human race, a *Pilot*, *saw'd*.

XXX.

How sacred too the Merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian Fame*;
Bright shone the *sword*, but brighter trade
law;
Merchants in *distant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd
Merchants Embassadors! and Thrones in aw

XXXI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of stars; the *births* of clime
Summer and Winter theirs; theirs *land* and
Theirs are the *seasons*, *months*, and *years*:
And each a different *garland* wears:—
O that my song could add Eternity!

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye *bound*?
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Launch from the Thames, and end among
stars:

XXXIII.

If to my *subject* rose my *soul*,
Your fame should last while oceans roll:

* *In Queen Elizabeth's Reign.*

orlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
Greeks of mighty name,
Britannia's fleet proclaim,
read her ſtory in the ſkies.

XXXIV.

, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
ls, dance; ye Billows, flow;
ıfures, O ye Starry Throng;
in concert breathe around;
! to the concert bound
'ole! To Britain all belong.

HE MORAL.

r ſhould be the moſt virtuous. Of What Britain's arts ſhould be.

ry.

I.

I! thus bleſt, thy bleſſing know;
a vain! the Gods beſtow;
ans cheriſh, *fource* adore:
lings of thy ſoul repreſs;
: may *loſe*, who moſt *poſſeſs*;
ewe, and *tremble* at thy ſtore.

II.

o fond of life, *at beſt*,
ul, not *enamour'd* gueſt:
r forward; 'twill gay proſpects

mmortal; that deride
wealth, a Perſian pride,
rfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

nity! a ſcene!
venturers ſerene?
to *deal* in pure renown!
h Gods! What tranſports roll;
ıdleſs *import* to the ſoul!
empire! and the ſubjects *crown!*

IV.

Gods, and plough the ſeas:
arts, O Britain! theſe.
for an immenſe *command*;
breathe war's fiery God;
ıll *victor* fears thy nod,
ent fills thy glorious hand.

V.

while Heaven-born Freedom laſts,
de's ſoft ſpurious daughter blaſts;
anny? A monſtrous birth
ıry, by bribes careſs'd,
g power in *ſhades* compreſs'd,
'ound, and chains the *groaning*

HE CLOSE.

firſt ſung. How *ſung.* *Preferable jects.* *How Britain ſhould be ſung*

I.

ade! I *firſt*, who boaſt no ſtore,
he nought, *thus* ſnatch from ſhore,
The ſhore of Proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long;
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time, to ſure renown;
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

II.

Thou art the Briton's nobleſt theme,
Why, then, unſung? My *ſimple* aim
To dreſs *plain ſenſe*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not ſport imaginations vain,
But liſt, with yon ethereal train,
The ſhining Muſe, to ſerve the *public good.*

III.

Of *ancient art*, and *ancient praiſe*,
The *ſprings* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes ghoſts around me throng.
And think their glory ſung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far ſurpaſt, as *uſeful* cares
Tranſcend diverſion *light* and glory *vain*:
The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throng,
And panting ſteed, to him belong
The *charioteer's*, not *emperor's* golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muſe deſpiſe
That *would* to glowing Ætna riſe
(Such Pindar's breaſt) thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the Gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or ſong, how rare the true *Sublime!*

VI.

None, *Britiſh-born*, will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Though not with *genius* with *ſome* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muſe!) the *lay* may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh Maſt,
The Britiſh Maſt, with *nobler* laurels bound!

VII.

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorm unbroke;
By ſtrength *not hers* ſublime: thus, proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *ſtrain*;
And lives, and echoes through the *plain*,
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye *groveling* Sons of Verſe
Who *ſing* not actions, but *rehearſe*,
And *feel* the Muſe with *impotent* deſire;
Ye ſacrilegious! who preſume
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her Hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

" Ye Sirens, ſing; ye Tritons, blow;
" Ye Nereids, dance; ye Billows, flow;
" Roll to my meaſures, O ye Starry Throng!
" Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
" Ye Nymphs! to the concert bound
" From Pole to Pole; to Britain all belong;
" Britain to Heaven; from Heaven deſcends my ſong.

THOMSON'S POEMS.

THE SEASONS.

SPRING.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hertford. The ſeaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and laſt on man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of Love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

COME, gentle Spring! ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
O Hertford! fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſoften gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs; ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time with bill ingulpht
To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life, and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding Heaven.
Forth fly the tepid Airs, and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt;
There, unreſiſting, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring fields the ſower ſtalks
With meaſur'd ſtep, and lib'ral throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your higheſt tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.
Ye generous Britons! venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Waits all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhauſtleſs granary of a world!
Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming power
At large, to wander o'er the verdant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!
Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And ſwells and deepens to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy grove
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,

leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd
nce to the ſighing gales;
:r ruſtle through the twining brake,
ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
ırs of the flouriſhing year,
wift and ſecret-working hand,
lows, and fills the liberal air
agrance; while the promis'd fruit
: embryo, unperceiv'd,
mſon ſolds. Now from the town,
oke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
nder o'er the dewy fields, [drops
eſs breathes, and daſh the trembling
t buſh, as through the verdant maze
ır hedges I purſue my walk;
mell of dairy; or aſcend
ce, Auguſta, in thy plains,
ountry, far diffus'd around,
s bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
loſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
joy to joy, and hid beneath
uſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.
from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
l ſcatter from his humid wings
mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
ſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
wn Spring through all her foliage

lead, a wide dejected waſte.
nder'd by the hazy north,
nyriads, inſect armies waſt
poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
ls and bark, into the blacken'd core,
way. A feeble race! yet oft
ons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
nine waits, and kills the year.
; plague the ſkilful farmer chaff
ſtraw before his orchard burns;
ly'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
cranny ſuffocated falls:
'er the blooms the pungent duſt
fatal to the froſty tribe;
' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
led water drowns them in their neſt;
hey pick them up with buſy bill,
oping birds unwilely ſcares.
, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
ning clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with
e vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
ain, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
eſs, drown the crude unripen'd year.
-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up
iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
ſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
ing æther; but by ſwift degrees,
heaps, the doubling vapour ſails
oaded ſky, and mingled deep
orizon round a ſettled gloom:
wintry-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
every hope, and every joy,
f Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
ſt calm, that not a breath

Is heard to quiver through the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem, through deluſive lapſe,
Forgetful of their courſe 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off,
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike at once
Into the general choir. E'en mountains, vales,
And foreſts, ſeem impatient to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields,
And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow
In large effuſion o'er the freſhen'd world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard
By ſuch as wander thro' the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth,
And, while the milky nutritive diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.
Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life, [earth
Till in the weſtern ſky the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the fluſh
Of broken clouds gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoaking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſcape laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods, their every muſe wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings:
Mean time, refracted from yon' eaſtern cloud,
Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe, and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, awful Newton! the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhow'ry priſm,
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſcloſ'd,
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly.
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds;
A ſoften'd ſhade, and ſaturated earth,
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd thro ten thouſand different plaſtic tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſt to number up their tribes,
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch, or thro' the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bears his blind way, or climbs the mountain rock,
Proud by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand Nature flung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mould,
The moiſt'ning current, and prolific rain.
But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently ſumm'd away,
And up they roſe as vig'rous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful 'tendance of the flock.
Mean time the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs, ſave the ſweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act nor foul deed
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven,
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful Sun
Shot his beſt rays; and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down, as o'er the ſwelling mead
The herds and flocks commixing play'd ſecure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion ſaw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his fellow joy:
For muſic held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft ſigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In confonance. Such were thoſe prime of days.
But now thoſe white unblemiſh'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their Golden Age,
Are found no more amid theſe iron times,
These dregs of life. Now the diſtemper'd mind
Has loſt that concord of harmonious powers
Which forms the ſoul of happineſs, and all
Is off the poiſe within: the paſſions all
Have burſt their bounds; and Reaſon, half ex-
Or impotent, or elſe approving, ſees [tinct,
The foul diſorder. Senſeleſs and deform'd,
Convulſive Anger ſtorms at large; or, pale
And ſilent, lurks into fell revenge.
Base Envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Deſponding Fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, looſens every power.
E'en Love itſelf is bitterneſs of ſoul,
A penſive anguiſh pining at the heart;
Or, funk to ſordid inſtreſt, feels no more
That noble wiſh, that never-cloy'd deſire,
Which, ſelfiſh joy diſdaining, ſeeks alone
To bleſs the dearer object of its flame.
Hope ſickens with extravagance; and Grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells,
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm; whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a littleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good:
Then dark Diſguſt, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence:
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling fell,
And joyleſs Inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature, diſturb'd,
Is deem'd vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.
Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came;
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt,
Till, from the centre to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.
The ſeaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows, and Summer rose
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring before
Green'd all the year, and fruits and bloſſoms blush'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm
Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow nor hurricanes to rage:
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not relaxing on the ſprings of life.
But now of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſs'd, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herd neglected dies,
Tho' with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of Art, 'tis copious bleſt:
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd Man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the ſtain,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They, too, are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,

ɔity in their ſhaggy breaſt:
/hom Nature form'd of milder clay,
kind emotion in his heart,
lone to weep, while from her lap
n thouſand delicacies, herbs
s num'rous as the drops of rain,
that gave them birth; ſhall he, fair [heaven,
ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on
mingle with the prowling herd,
tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
l, deſerves to bleed; but ye, ye

'e done? ye peaceful People! what
ith? ye, who have given us milk
treams, and lent us your own coat
Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
ſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal!
he offended? he, whoſe toil,
ever ready, clothes the land
pomp of harveſt, ſhall he bleed,
ling, groan beneath the cruel hands
down he feeds? and that, perhaps,
riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
labour? Thus the feeling heart
rly ſuggeſt; but 'tis enough,
ge, advent'rous, to have touch'd
numbers of the Samian ſage:
n forbids the bold preſumptuous
will has fix'd us in a ſtate [ſtrain,
t yet to pure perfection riſe.
n the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
ning, down their moſſy-tinctur'd

billowy foam, now is the time,
dark-brown water aids the guile,
trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
tapering with elaſtic ſpring,
n the hoary ſteed the floating line,
ender wat'ry ſtores prepare.
thy hook the tortur'd worm.
wiſt in agonizing folds,
apacious hunger ſwallowed deep,
a tear it from the bleeding breaſt
helpleſs, uncomplaining wretch,
id horror to the tender hand.
his lively ray the potent ſun
e ſtreams, and rous'd the ſcaly race,
y chearful, to thy ſport repair:
the Weſtern breezes curling play,
r æther bear the ſhadowy clouds.
ont, this day, amid the hills
ids warbling round, trace up the

urſue their rocky-channel'd maze
river, in whoſe ample wave
Naiads love to ſport at large.
ubious point, where with the pool
trembling ſtream, or where it boils
one, or from the hollow'd bank
s in undulating flow,
nice judging, the deluſive fly,
lead it round in artful curve,
ntive mark the ſpringing game.
ove the ſurface of the flood

They wanton riſe, or, urg'd by hunger, leap
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hoo
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore ſlow-dragging ſome
With various hand, proportion'd to their ſtr
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the ſhort ſpa
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw: but ſhould you
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roo
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fl
And oft' attempts to ſeize it, but as oft'
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear:
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death
With ſullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep ſtruck, and runs out all the ſtrength'd l
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering w
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage;
Till, floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gayly drag your unreſiſting prize.
Thus paſs the temperate hours; but when the
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcatter
clouds,
E'en ſhooting liſtleſs languor thro' the deeps,
Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders cro
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips ha
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon' ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liq
wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the ha
High in the hoetling cliff, his airy builds:
There let the elaſtic pace thy fancy lead
Thro' rural ſcenes, ſuch as the Mantuan ſwai
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong:
Or catch thyſelf the landſcape, gilding ſwift
Athwart Imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream
Confus'd of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace,
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon' breathing proſpect bids the M
Threw all her beauty forth. But who can pa
Like Nature? Can Imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If Fancy, then,
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,

Ah! what ſhall Language do? ah! where find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours, and whoſe power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, thoſe aromatic gales,
That inexhauſtive flow continual round?
Yet, tho' ſucceſsful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye Virgins and ye Youths! whoſe hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my ſong!
Form'd by the Graces, Lovelineſs itſelf!
Come with thoſe downcaſt eyes, ſedate and ſweet,
Thoſe looks demure, that deeply pierce the ſoul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reaſon mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the roſy-footed May
Steals bluſhing on, together let us tread
The morning-dews; and gather, in their prime,
Freſh blooming flowers, to grace the braided hair.
And thy lov'd boſom, that improves their ſweets.
See where the winding vale its laviſh ſtores
Irriguous ſpreads. See how the lily drinks
The late-riſen rill, ſcarce oozing through the graſs,
Of growth luxuriant, or the humid bank
In fair profuſion decks. Long let us walk
Where the breeze blows from yon' extended field
Of bloſſom'd beans: Arabia cannot boaſt
A fuller gale of joy than, lib'ral, thence
Breathes thro' the ſenſe, and takes the raviſh'd ſoul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of freſh verdure and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
Where, undiſguis'd by mimic Art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Thro' the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inſerted tube
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft with bolder wing they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps;
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon' mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe; violet, darkly blue;
And Polyanthus, of unnumber'd dies;
The yellow wallflower, ſtain'd with iron brown,
And laviſh ſtock, that ſcents the garden round.
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diſtus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run, and while they breake
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florift marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting from the bud,
Firſt born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance: nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor, broad carnations, nor gay ſpotted pinks;
Nor ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of beings! univerſal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee: to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb, who with a maſter-hand
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live æther, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks and ſwells
The juicy tide, a twining maſs of tubes.
At thy command the vernal ſun awakes
The torpid ſap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance
And lively fermentation mounting, ſpreads
All this innumerous colour'd ſcene of things.
As riſing from the vegetable world
My theme aſcends, with equal wing aſcends
My panting Muſe! and hark! how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayeſt trim.
Lend me your ſong, ye Nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running ſoul of Melody
Into my varied verſe! while I deduce,
From the firſt note the hollow cuckow ſings,
The ſymphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, The paſſion of the groves.
When firſt the ſoul of Love is ſent abroad
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious ſeizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long forgotten ſtrain,
At firſt faint-warbling; but no ſooner grows
The ſoft infuſion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows,
In muſic unconfin'd. Up ſprings the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the Meſſenger of Morn:
Ere yet the ſhadows fly, he mounted ſings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their ambush
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copſe
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and buſh
Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads

joriſters that lodge within,
of harmony. The thruſh
rk, o'er the kind-contending throng
rd, run thro' the ſweeteſt length
hen liſtening Philomela deigns
joy, and purpoſes, in thought
ce her night excel their day.
d whiſtles from the thorny brake;
bulfinch anſwers from the grove:
innets, o'er the flowering furze
ofuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe,
ſongſters, in the freſhing ſhade
ng leaves, their modulations mix
the jay, the rook, the daw,
ſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
oncert, while the ſtock-dove breathes
r murmur thro' the whole.
reates the melody, and all
f muſic is the voice of Love;
irds and beaſts the tender arts
eaches: hence the gloſſy kind
inning way inventive love
nd in courtſhip to their maths
eir little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
awe, in airy rings they rove,
by a thouſand tricks to catch
, conſcious, half-averted glance
rdleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
e leaſt approvance to beſtow,
burniſh, and, by hope inſpir'd,
dvance; then on a ſudden ſtruck,
er'd; then again approach,
ion ſpread the ſpotted wing,
very feather with deſire.
leagues agreed, to the deep woods
way, all as their fancy leads,
ood, or ſecret ſafety prompts,
s great command may be obey'd;
veet ſenſations they perceive
ain. Some to the holly hedge
ir, and to the thicket ſome;
ude protection of the thorn
feeble offſpring: the cleft tree
d concealment to a few;
inſects, and its moſs their neſts:
far in the graſſy dale
g waſte their humble texture weave:
woodland ſolitudes delight,
ted glooms or ſhaggy banks,
vided by a babbling brook,
urs ſoothe them all the live-long

d duty fix'd. Among the roots
dant o'er the plaintive ſtream,
he firſt foundation of their domes,
trees, in artful fabric laid,
ith clay together. Now 'tis nought
urry thro' the buſy air,
mber'd wings. The ſwallow ſweeps
ol, to build the hanging houſe
iten from the careleſs back
flocks a thouſand tugging bills
l wool; and oft', when unobſerv'd,
barn a ſtraw, till ſoft and warm,
nplete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger or by ſmooth delight,
Tho' the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows,
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour. O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undeſiring, bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young,
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins, E'en ſo a gentle pair,
By Fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft' as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they ſcorn; exalting Love,
By the great Father of the Spring inſpir'd,
Gives inſtant courage to the fearful race,
And to the ſimple art. With ſtealthy wing
Should ſome rude foot their woody haunts moleſt,
Amid a neighbouring buſh they ſilent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling ſchoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wandering ſwain the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her ſounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excurſion, ſkims the level lawn
To tempt him from her neſt. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moſs, and o'er the trackleſs waſte
The heath-hen, flutters; pious fraud! to lead
The hot-purſuing ſpaniel far aſtray.
Be not the Muſe aſham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd and boundleſs air.
Dull are the pretty ſlaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its bright'ning luſtre loſt;
Nor is that ſprightly wildneſs in their notes
Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beach.
O then, ye Friends of love and love-taught ſong,
Spare the ſoft tribes! this barbarous art forbear!
If on your boſom Innocence can win,
Muſic engage, or Piety perſuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd

To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft' when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls,
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows thro' the night, and on the bough
Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain, and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some ev'ning, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse, till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. Tho' surging air receives
Its plumy burden, and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
'Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's * shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire:
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire, which in peace
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive, there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock,
Whose breast with ardour flames as on he walks,
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond
The finely chequer'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his offspring,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes below rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels:
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot: or thro' the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense:
And oft', in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk:
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury: to the hollowed earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then steep-descending cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad moisters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern roused,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How, by this flame their native wrath sublimed,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste, in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves: but this rude theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun:
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

* *The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.*

cadence; and his sportive lambs,
nd that convolv'd, in friskful glee 834
s play. And now the sprightly

m forth: when swift, the signal

way, and sweep the massy mound
round the hill, the rampart once
r, in ancient barbarous times,
ited Britain, ever bled, 840
al broil; ere yet she grew
-laid indissoluble state,
lth and Commerce lift their golden

r labours Liberty and Law
atch, the wonder of a world! 845
his mighty Breath, ye Sages! say,
werful language, felt, not heard,
e fowls of heaven, and thro' their

f love diffuses? What, but God?
od! who, boundless Spirit all, 850
tting Energy, pervades,
tains, and agitates the whole.
works alone, and yet alone
work; with such perfection fram'd
lex stupendous scheme of things. 855
ceal'd to every purer eye
ng Author in his works appears,
ly Spring! in thee, and thy soft

God is seen, while water, earth,
est his bounty, which exalts 860
reation to this finer thought,
melts their undesigning hearts
us in tenderness and joy.
y song a nobler note assume,
' infusive force of Spring on Man; 865
n and earth, as if contending, vie
being, and serene his soul.
ear to join the general smile
can fierce passions vex his breast,
gale is peace, and every grove 870
Hence! from the bounteous walks
Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,
nfeeling of another's woe,
sh to yourselves: away!
ye generous Minds! in whose wide
;
rks, creative bounty burns 876
est beam, and on your open front
ye sits, from his dark retreat
dest Want; nor till invok'd
Goodness wait: your active search
ld wintry corner unexplor'd! 881
orking Heaven, surprising oft'
heart with unexpected good.
roving spirit of the wind
ng abroad! for you the teeming

gladsome plenty o'er the world,
sheds his kindest rays for you,
f human race! In these green days,
kness lifts her languid head,
resh, and young-ey'd Health exalts

The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still: 895
By swift degrees the Love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom, till at last sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world! 900
These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart, inform'd by Reason's purer ray,
O Lyttleton, the friend! thy passions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou strayest,
Thy British Temple; there along the dale 906
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
Or gleam in lengthened vista thro' the trees, 910
You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts,
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
And pensive listen to the various voice 914
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twisted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft'
You wander thro' the philosophic world, 920
Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.
And oft', conducted by historic truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time,
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal, how from the venal gulph
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive:
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
The Muses charm, while with sure taste refin'd,
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
With soul to thine attun'd: then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love, 935
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treasures forth
In varied converse, softening every theme, 940
You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal joy;
Unutterable happiness! which Love 945
Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
Mean time you again the height, from whose fair brow

The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around,
And, ſnatch'd o'er hill, and dale, and wood, and lawn,
And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd
Of houſehold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams;
Wide ſtretching from the hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſcape, by degrees
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills,
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round:
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear ecſtatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye Fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts;
Dare not the infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile; let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will: nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love;
Of the ſmooth glance beware: for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours:
Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away: while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace,
Th' enticing ſmile, the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her ſiren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
E'en preſent, in the very lap of Love
Inglorious laid, while muſic flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours,
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſnaky creſt: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conſcious heart, where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd
Rage in each thought, by reaſon's muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected Fortune flies, and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin fall his ſcatter'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around; the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light; the roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines, and you' bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct, and he alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while borne away
On ſwelling thought his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair,
And leaves the ſemblance of a lower fix'd
In melancholy ſtate, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades and ſympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the penſive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt;
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement till the moon
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle Hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoftened ſoul, and woos the birl of eve
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world,
And all the ſons of Care, lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear,
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love,
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd: but if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies:
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey Morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love; and then, perhaps,
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft' with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks,
Sometimes in crouds diſtreſs'd; or, if retir'd
To ſecret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Thro' foreſts huge, and long-untravell'd heaths,
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt, or ſhrinks, aghaſt,
Back from the bending precipice, or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore, where, ſuccourleſs and faint,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain; borne by the outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.
Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But thro' the heart
Should Jealouſy its venom once diffuſe,
'Tis then delightful miſery no more,

ony unmix'd, inceſſant gall,
ing every thought, and blaſting all
Paradiſe. Ye fairy Proſpects, then,
ds of Roſes, and ye Bowers of Joy,
ll! ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
out your laſt! the yellow-tinging plague
d viſion taints, and in a night
d gloom imagination wraps.
en! inſtead of love-enlivened cheeks,
ny features, and of ardent eyes,
lowing rapture bright, dark looks ſucceed,
d, and glaring with untender fire;
ded aſpect, and a burning cheek,
the whole poiſon'd ſoul malignant fits,
ightens Love away. Ten thouſand fears
ed wild, ten thouſand frantic views
rid rivals, hanging on the charms
nich he melts in fondneſs, eat him up
ervent anguiſh and conſuming rage.
reproaches lend their idle aid,
ul pride, and reſolution frail,
falſe peace a moment. Fancy pours
her beauties on his buſy thought,
t endearments twining round the ſoul,
ll the witchcraft of enſnaring love.
t the fierce ſtorm involves his mind anew,
thro' the nerves, and boils along the
ins,
anxious doubt diſtracts the tortur'd heart;
n the ſad aſſurance of his fears
eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm
uth,
Love deludes into his thorny wilds
lowery tempting paths, or leads a life
r'd rapture or of cruel care,
ghteſt aims extinguiſh'd all, and all
ely moments running down to waſte.
happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
hearts, their fortunes, and their beings
end.
t the coarſer tie of human laws,
ral oft, and foreign to the mind,
nds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
ng all their paſſions into love,
Friendſhip full exerts her ſofteſt power,
eſteem, enlivened by deſire
le; and ſympathy of ſoul;
t meeting thought, and will preventing
ll,
boundleſs confidence; for nought but
e

Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere lifeleſs, violated form,
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith
And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh?
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean time, a ſmiling offſpring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human bloſſom blows, and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant Reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enliv'ning ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while ye look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All-various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love,
And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy, and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild,
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE subject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. Doddington. An Introductory reflexion on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country, which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

FROM bright'ning fields of æther fair diſcloſe'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While from his ardent look the turning Spring
Averts her bluſh'ful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders through the gloom,
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inſpiration! from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortals ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and rapture'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.
And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the youthful graces all unite;
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,
By decency chaſtis'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O, Doddington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.
With what an awful world-revolving power
Were firſt th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments, away.
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful. Such th' all-perfect Hand!
That poiſ'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.
When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er æther ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away: With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top,
Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue through the duſk, the ſmoaking current ſhine;
And from the bladed feld the fearful hare
Limps aukward; while along the foreſt glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon-clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.
Falſely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd ſoul!
Or elſe to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing through diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves: when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk?
But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all,
Aſtart the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad,
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In unſightly gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?
'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years, to Mercury, whoſe diſk

: be caught by philoſophic eye,
: near effulgence of thy blaze.
:r of the planetary train!
whoſe quick'ning glance their cumb-
orbs
te unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
as now, the green abodes of life!
y forms of being wait on thee!
pirit! from th' unfetter'd mind,
ablim'd, down to the daſly race,
ng myriads of thy ſetting beam.
getable world is alſo thine,
Seaſons! who the pomp precede
s thy throne, as through thy vaſt do-
,
long the bright ecliptic road,
rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
e th' expecting nations, circled gay
he various tribes of foodful earth,
ay bounty, or ſend grateful up
n hymn; while, round thy beaming
, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
us knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours,
yrs floating looſe, the timely Rains;
ethereal, the light-footed Dews,
:n'd into joy, the furly Storms.
ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
ery beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
wers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy
,
to land is flaſh'd the vernal year.
he ſurface of enliven'd earth,
/ith hills, and dales, and leafy woods,
treſſes, is thy force confin'd;
bowel'd cavern darting deep,
al kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
nence the veiny marble ſhines;
our draws his tools; hence burniſh'd
the day; the noble works of Peace
s mankind, and generous Commerce
of nations in a golden chain.
uſtful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
irement forms the lucid ſtone.
diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
ght, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
native luſtre let abroad,
: ſparkles on the fair-one's breaſt,
ambition emulate her eyes.
ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
waving radiance inward flames.
the ſapphire, ſolid æther, takes
lean; and, of evening tinct,
ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
wn ſmile the yellow topaz burns:
verdure dies the robe of Spring,
ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
een em'rald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
gh the whitening opal play thy beams;
ſeveral from its ſurface, form
; variance of revolving hues,
aries in the gazer's hand.
dead creation, from thy touch,
nimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!
How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him!
Who, Light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, o'erflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
E'en in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the choir celeſtial Thee reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as through the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party colour'd bands, till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth
ſeems,
Far ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending
ſphere.
Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping Coolneſs to the ſhade retires:
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant Heat, diſpreading through the
ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.
Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-flaſh'd bloom
reſign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſets, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.
Home, from his morning taſk, the ſwain
retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around

The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks,
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Shelt'ring embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise,
Faint, underneath, the houshold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warm ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink
And secret corner, where they slept away
The wint'ry storms, or rising from their tombs
To higher life, by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!
People the blaze. To sunny waters some
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool
They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,
Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting salmon. Through the green wood glade
Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed,
In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the sweet task,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what soft beds, their young, yet undisclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With pow'rless wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedless flies the window proves
A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;
The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strides backward, grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
And aid the helping hospitable hand.
Rebounds the living surface of the ground:
Nor unedightful is the ceaseless hum,
To him who muses through the woods at noon:
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.
Gradual from these what numerous kinds descend,
Evading e'en the microscopic eye!
Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid streams, emits the living cloud
Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure
Within its winding citadel the stone
Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems
Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, escape
The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise.
Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
Or swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
And lives the man, whose universal eye,
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord,
As with unfaltering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty chain of beings leaning down
From infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, desolate abyss!
From which astonish'd thought recoiling turns?
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,
As on our smiling eyes his servant sun.
Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,

and downward, thwarting and con-
'd,
vering nations sport; till, tempest-
'd,
'inter sweeps them from the face of
345
ixurious men, unheeding, pass
immer l[illegible] in fortune's shine,
glitter! Thus they flutter on
to toy, from vanity to vice;
wn away by death, oblivion comes 350
ind strikes them from the book of life.
rms the village o'er the jovial mead;
youth, brown with meridian toil,
and strong; full as the summer rose,
prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
d, swelling on the sight, and all
ed graces burning o'er her cheek.
ing age is here; and infant-hands
long rake, or with the fragrant load
'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
the tedded grain; all in a row
g broad, or wheeling round the field,
ad their breathing harvest to the sun,
ws refreshful round a rural smell:
y rake the green-appearing ground,
the dusky wave along the mead, 366
t hay-cock rises thick behind,
gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
he breeze, resounds the blended voice
labour, love, and social glee. 370
ing thence, in one diffusive band,
e the troubled flocks, by many a dog
l, to where the mazy-running brook
leep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
he giddy brink, much is the toil,
our much, of men, and boys, and
,
ft fearful people to the flood
heir woolly sides And oft the swain,
impatient seizing, hurls them in: 380
'd then, nor hesitating more,
they plunge amid the flashing wave,
ng labour to the farthest shore.
this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
the flood, and from his lively haunt
is banish'd by the sordid stream;
d dripping, to the breezy brow
e the harmless race; where, as they
d
lling treasures to the sunny ray,
b'd, and wondering what this wild 390
is tumult means, their loud complaints
ry fill; and toss'd from rock to rock,
bleatings run around the hills.
snowy white, the gather'd flocks
wattled pen innumerous press'd, 395
e head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
erds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
wife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
er gay-drest maids attending round.
in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-
king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace: 405
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp their master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robes bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face, 415
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.
A simple scene! yet hence Britannia sees
Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime; 425
The treasures of the sun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder
hence
Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, e'en
now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast;
Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the
world.
'Tis raging noon; and vertical the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye 435
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze,
In vain the sight, dejected, to the ground
Stoops for relief; thence hot-ascending steams
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,
Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither e'en the soul.
Echo no more returns the chearful sound
Of sharpening scythe; the mower sinking, heaps
O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd:
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature
pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or thro' the unshelter'd glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450
All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
And restless turn, and look around for night:
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,

And fresh berew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfi'd and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.
Welcome, ye shades! ye Lowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool through the nerves your pleasing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the fresh expanded eye
And ear resound their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain,
A various groupe the herds and flocks compose;
Rural confusion! On the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholsome viands fill'd;
There, list'ning every noise, his watchful dog.
Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd,
That startling scatters from the shallow brook,
In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
Through all the bright severity of noon;
While from their labouring breasts a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft' in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant and erect, the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest, largest growth,
That, forming high in air a woodland choir,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step
Solemn and slow the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath
Ecstatic felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent; to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul,
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
(Backward to mingle in detested war,
But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberless such offices of love,
Daily and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
Or dalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd I feel
A sacred terror, a severe delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
"Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
"From the same Parent-Power our beings drew;
"The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
"Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life,
"Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
"This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
"Where purity and peace immingle charms.
"Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
"Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
"By noisy folly and discordant vice,
"Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God.
"Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
"When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
"Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
"And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
"The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade;
"A privilege bestow'd by us alone
"On Contemplation, or the hallowed ear
"Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
And art thou, * Stanley, of that sacred band?
Alas, for us too soon! though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe;
Who seeks thee still in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

* *A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year* 1738.

where moral Wiſdom mildly ſhone
he toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
ſmiles, without forbidden pride.
thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
to parental Nature pay
of grateful joy, who for a while
this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
lightened mind and gentle worth.
e Muſe; the wintry blaſt of death
the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
he heavenly beams of brighter ſuns,
endleſs ages, into higher powers.
p the mount, in aëry viſion wrapt,
egardleſs whither, till the ſound
r fall of water, every ſenſe
om the charm of thought; ſwift ſhrink-
ack,
y ſteps, and view the broken ſcene.
to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
and placid; where collected all,
ipetuous torrent, down the ſteep
'ring ſhoots, and ſhakes the country
d.
n azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
it'ning by degrees, as prone it falls,
the loud-reſounding rocks below
a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
he tortur'd wave here find repoſe;
ng ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
es o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
e hollow channel rapid darts;
ing faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
d infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
faſer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
e mazes of the quiet vale.
from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow
, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars
ard pinions through the flood of day;
ing full his boſom to the blaze,
the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
the thicket; or, from bower to bower
ve, force an interrupted ſtrain.
k-dove only through the foreſt coos,
lly hoarſe; oft ceaſing rom his plaint,
erval of weary woe! again
idea of his murder'd mate,
om his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
s fancy comes; and then reſounds
ſong of ſorrow through the grove.
the dewy border let me ſit,
e freſhneſs of the humid air;
that hollow'd rock, groteſque and wild,
e chair, moſs-lin'd, and over head
ring umbrage ſhaded, where the bee
ligent, and with th' extracted balm
ant-woodbine loads his little thigh.
while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
ature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
ne, bold Fancy, ſpread a daring flight,
w the wonders of the torrid Zone:
inrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd,
ze is feeble, and yon ſkies are cool.

See how at once the bright effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaces from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general Breeze, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee each circling year,
Returning ſuns and double ſeaſons paſs;
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays;
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands, that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind, that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.
Or, ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its ſtrength'ning wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſted worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt anana, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age!
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads

And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring; for oft theſe valleys ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely regions, where, retir'd
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening ſeas:
On whoſe luxurious herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a ſall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green ſcales, the crocodile extends.
The flood diſparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his ſide,
The darted ſteel in idle ſhivers flies:
He fearleſs walks the plain, or ſeeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmleſs ſtranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that caſt
Their ample ſhade o'er Niger's yellow ſtream,
And where the Ganges rolls his ſacred wave,
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in ſolemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant, wiſeſt of brutes!
O truly wiſe! with gentle might endow'd;
Though powerful, not deſtructive! Here he ſees
Revolving ages ſweep the change-ful earth,
And empires riſe and fall; regardleſs he
Of what the never-reſting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'ſcape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his ſteps;
Or with his towery grandeur ſwell their ſtate,
The pride of kings! or elſe his ſtrength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Aſtoniſh'd at the madneſs of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid bloſſoms glowing from afar,
Thick ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in † ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs thrills her lay.
But come, my Muſe, the deſart-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky;
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who, beneath the maſk
Of ſocial commerce, com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No holy Fury thou, blaſpheming Heaven,
With confecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers;
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,
Though palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and cultur'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom,
Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtrugling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!
Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold æerial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightning rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd the whole precipitated maſs
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.
The treaſures theſe hid from the boundleſs ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,

* *The Hippopotamus, or river-horſe.*

† *In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.*

of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
ling out, he through the lucid lake
mbea rolls his infant ſtream.
the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
il youth, amid the fragrant iſles,
unfading verdure ſmile around.
, thence the manly river breaks;
ering many a flood, and copious fed
ne mellow'd treaſures of the ſky,
progreſſive majeſty along:
ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his
,
ders wild o'er ſolitary traſts
erted ſand; till, glad to quit
's deſart, down the Nubian rocks,
ndering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
t joys beneath the ſpreading wave.
ther Niger, too, and all the floods
the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
r limbs; and all that from the tract
mountains ſtretch'd through gorgeous

r'mandel's coaſt, or Malabar;
ſenam's orient ſtream, that nightly
;
ſt lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower;
; bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
untoiling harveſt o'er the land.
thy world, Columbus, drinks, refreſh'd,
moiſture of the melting year.
his iſles the branching Oronoque
own deluge; and the native drives
dloſt on life-ſufficing trees,
s dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
ne roaring Andes, huge deſcends
ty † Orellana. Scarce the Muſe
ch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
ke Plata; to whoſe dread expanſe,
s depth, and wondrous length of
:,
are rills. With unabated force,
gnity they ſweep along,
erſe realms unknown, and blooming
,
ul deſarts, worlds of ſolitude,
ſun ſmiles, and ſeaſons teem in vain,
id unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe,
ed plains they fair diffuſive flow,
a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
ſt boſom, many a happy iſle;
blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
n crimes and Europe's cruel ſons.
ing on they proudly ſeek the deep,
quiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
ne liquid weight of half the globe;
trembles for his green domain.
ls this wondrous waſte of wealth?

iver that runs through Siam; on whoſe multitude of thoſe inſects, called fire- beautiful appearance in the night.
† *The river of the Amazons.*

This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and waſting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums and ſpicy health,
Their foreſts yield? their toiling inſects, what
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and ſad Potoſi's mines,
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated race! the ſoft'ning arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The god-like wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;
Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
Seem o'er this world of ſlaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppreſſive ray, the roſeat bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs: or worſe; to ruthleſs deeds,
Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet humanity; theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which e'en imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In'orbs immenſe, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds; and while, with threat'ning tongue,
And deathful jaws creſt, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,
The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of guilt,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd;
The lively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte;
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufty iſles

That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awakened village starts,
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
Her thoughtless infant. From the pirate's den,
Or stern Morocco's tyrant-fang escap'd,
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again;
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From Atlas eastward to the frighted Nile.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day, after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below,
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
Where the round æther mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds:
At evening, to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless, while the wonted roar is up,
And hiss continual thro' the tedious night.
Yet here, e'en here, into these black abodes
Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
And guilty Cæsar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following thro' Numidian wilds,
Disdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Ausonia pours,
When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft', angels of wrath,
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
Son of the desert! e'en the camel feels,
Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast:
Or from the blacken'd æther, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer still they darkning come,
Till with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise,
And by their noon-day mount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
Beneath descending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
Obeys the blast, the aërial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girds the globe,
The circling Typhon *, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
And dire Ecnephia * reign. Amid the heavens,
Fallely serene, deep in a cloudy speck †
Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells,
Of no regard save to the skilful eye:
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Musters its force: a faint deceitful calm,
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading sail; then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
With such mad seas the daring Gama ‡ fought
For many a day and many a dreadful night,
Incessant lab'ring round the stormy Cape,
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
Of gold: for then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The rising world of trade; the Genius then
Of Navigation, that in hopeless sloth
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard, at last,
The Lusitanian Prince *, who, Heaven-inspir'd,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.
Increasing still the terrors of the storm,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along,
And from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves.
The stormy Fates descend: one death involves
Tyrants and slaves; while straight their mingled limbs
Crash'd at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,

* *Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular sorts or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.*

† *Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance, at first, no bigger.*

‡ *Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East-Indies.*

* *Don Henry, third son to John I. King of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of the countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.*

d blue, corruption wrapt,
ors yet no deſperate foot
ierce, then, waſteful, forth
ver of peſtilent diſeaſe. 1035
is fiends her courſe attend,
g, and to heartleſs woe,
ion, caſting down
s and all the pride of Man:
Carthagena quench'd 1040
You, gallant Vernon! ſaw
ne; you, pitying, ſaw
's ſunk the warrior's arm;
ing pang, the ghaſtly form,
ring, and the beamleſs eye,
rdour bright; you heard the 1046
s from ſhore to ſhore;
ng'd amid the ſullen waves
, while on each other fix'd,
e blank aſſiſtants ſeem'd, 1050
m Fate would next demand.
ention thoſe inclement ſkies,
o'er the ſickening city, Plague,
of Nemeſis divine,
Ethiopia's poiſon'd woods†,
's filth, and fetid fields. 1056
s putrefying heap'd,
er ſprung. Her awful rage
; man is her deſtin'd prey,
! and o'er his guilty domes
incumbent cloud of death, 1060
the living winds,
wholeſome breeze, and ſtain'd
ture by the ſun, ſuffus'd,
Princely Wiſdom, then, 1065
ful eye; and from the hand
, ineffectual, drop
lance: mute the voice of Joy,
lamour of the buſy world:
, with uncouth verdure clad;
deſerts ſudden turn'd 1071
nt of men; unleſs eſcap'd
l houſe where matchleſs Horror

arous Fear, the ſmitten wretch,
ild, breaks looſe, and, loud to 1075
dreadful policy arraigns,
unwiſe. The ſullen door,
on its cautious hinge
abhors ſociety.
nds, relations, Love himſelf,
forget the tender tie, 1081
rement of the feeling heart.
lfiſh care; the circling ſky.
ing air, is full of fate;
turns, in ſolitary pangs 1085
ſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
oſtrate city black Deſpair
en wing, while, to complete
ſolation, ſtretch'd around
s ſtand, denying all retreat, 1090

the cauſes ſuppoſed to be the firſt gue, in Dr. Mead's elegant book

And give the flying wretch a better death.
Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year;
Fir'd by the torch of Noon to tenfold rage, 1095
The infuriate hill, that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
But 'tis enough: return, my vagrant Muſe;
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.
Behold! ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove,
Unuſual darkneſs broods, and, growing, gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd 1105
With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds
Where ſleep the mineral generations drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame 1110
Pollute the ſky; and in yon' baleful cloud
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment, till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
They furious ſpring. A boding ſtillneſs reigns
Dread thro' the dun expanſe, ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath. 1120
Prone to the loweſt vale the aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye, by man forſook, 1125
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſt'ning fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud, 1130
And following ſwift, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds, till over-head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide, then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping æther in a blaze: 1140
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of ſonorous hail,
Or prone-deſcending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds 1145
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame un-queneh'd,
The unconquerable lightning ſtruggles thro',
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the ſtroke, above, the ſmouldering pine 1150

Stands a ſad ſhatter'd trunk; and, ſtretch'd below,
A lifeleſs group the blaſted cattle lie:
Here the ſoft flocks, with that ſame harmleſs look
They wore alive, and ruminating ſtill
In fancy's eye, and there the frowning bull,
And ox half rais'd. Struck on the caſtled cliff,
The venerable tower and ſpiry fane
Reſign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flaſh, and from their deep receſs
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates ſhake.
Amid Caernarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercuſſive roar: with mighty cruſh,
Into the flaſhing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the ſky,
Tumble the ſmitten cliffs: and Snowden's peak,
Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintry load.
Far ſeen the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thule bellows thro' her utmoſt iſles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Her's the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
They lov'd; but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of Innocence and undiſſembling Truth.
'Twas friendſhip, heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th'enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf,
Supremely happy in th'awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While with each other bleſt, creative Love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft' a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet Innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He who yon' ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That walks at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty h
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers pea
thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee, ſure, and thu
"To claſp perfection!" From his void em
Myſterious Heaven! that moment to the gr
A blackened corſe, was ſtruck the beat
maid.
But who can paint the lover as he ſtood
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtan
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.
As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd c
Tumultuous rove, th'interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Thro' the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields, and Nature ſmiles, revi
'Tis beauty all and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bl
Of flocks thick-nibbing thro' the clover'd va
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs
Moſt favour'd, who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?
Cheer'd by the milder beam, the ſprigh
youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cry
depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. Awhile he ſtands,
Gazing th' inverted landſcape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below,
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood
His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge, and thro' the obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path,
While from his poliſh'd ſides a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.
This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats:
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening
flood,
Would I, weak-ſhivering, linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft' preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift eſcape
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender to ſubdue the wave.
Even from the body's purity the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.
Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes,
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat,

re'd with love's delightful pangs;
am that down the diſtant rocks
ing ſoft, and plaintive breeze,

ling willows, falſely he
uelty complain'd.
: but deep within her breaſt,
ſs, or in maiden pride,
:onceal'd, ſave when it ſtole
ices from her downcaſt eye,
lling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
'cene, no ſtranger to his vows,
ting lay to try her heart,
paſſion ſtruggled there,
ion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
that oft' decides the fate
.rchs, then decided thine:
ted by the laughing Loves,
his Muſidora ſought;
eek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
ſe array, ſhe came to bathe
ss in the refreſhing ſtream.
? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
tterings, he a while remain'd;
is elegance of ſoul,
nent, known to few,
aſt, and urg'd him to retire;
:. Ye Prudes in virtue ſay,
what would you have done?
iirer nymph than ever bleſt
with timid eye around
eying, ſtripp'd her beauteous

l coolneſs of the flood.
'aris on the piny top
onger, when aſide
ſes the veil divine
and gave him all their charms,
thou, as from the ſnowy leg
th' inverted fil'; ſhe drew;
diſſolv'd the virgin zone,
rting robe th' alternate breaſt,
ild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs

e roſe. But, deſperate youth,
ifque the ſoul-diſtracting view,
ed limbs, of glowing white,
ll'd by Nature's fineſt hand,
ating fell the fainter lawn,
d ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from her-

ning, at the doubtful breeze
rting like the fearful fawn?
l ſhe ruſh'd: the parted flood
with cloſing waves receiv'd,
y ſoft'ning, every grace
a mellow luſtre ſhed;
through the cryſtal mild,
nid the morning dew,
ra's hand, more ſweetly glows.
vanton'd, now beneath the wave
, and now with ſtreaming looks,
e'd her in a humid veil,
e latent Damon drew
raughts of beauty to the ſoul,

As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling, from the ſhade
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my Fair!
"Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:
So ſtands the ſtatue * that enchants the world;
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd:
But when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame, void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted; e'en a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul,
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
"By fortune too much favour'd, but by Love,
"Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill, as now,
"Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage; his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth
And vital luſtre: that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of Heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,
The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and ſwelling faſt
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the ſoft hour
Of walking comes, for him who lonely loves
To ſeek the diſtant hills, and there converſe
With Nature, there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic ſong to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy uniſon of ſoul,
To whoſe exulting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpſe,
Diſplays its charms, whoſe minds are richly fraught
With philoſophic ſtores, ſuperior light,
And in whoſe breaſt, enthuſiaſtic, burns
Virtue, the ſons of Int'reſt deem romance,

* *The Venus of Medici.*

Now call'd abroad, enjoy the falling day;
Now to the verdant portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk;
By that kind school where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the fire
Of love, approving, heats, and calls it Good.
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes, Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest glades? or wander wild
Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene *? Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting swift, to huge Augusta send;
Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain;
To lofty Harrow now; and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows:
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray;
Luxurious there rove thro' pendent woods,
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embow'ring walks,
Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensb'ry yet laments his Gay,
And polish'd Cornbury woos the willing Muse,
Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates, Pelham finds repose.
Inchanting vale! beyond whatever the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly swelling hills!
On which the power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks unconfin'd, e'en to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves; and on thy mountain flocks
Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
The villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And Property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
And Trade and Joy in every busy street
Mingling are heard: e'en Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go, and first
Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
In genius and substantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim Oppression groan.
Thy sons of glory many! Alfred! thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whose hallowed name the Virtues saint,
And his own Muses love; the best of kings!
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine;
Names dear to Fame! the first who deep-impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her Genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,
Who, with a gen'rous, tho' mistaken, zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor,
A dauntless soul, erect, who smil'd on death.
Frugal, and wise, a Walsingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee mistress of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
The num'rous worthies of the Maiden reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd:
Raleigh! the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all
The sage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd:
Nor sunk his vigour when a coward reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe,
Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world,
Yet found no times, in all the long research,
So glorious or so base as those he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muse the gallant Sidney pass,
The plume of War! with early laurels crown'd,
The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.
A Hampden, too, is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,

* *The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon shining or splendour.*

† *Highgate and Hampstead.*

‡ *In his last sickness.*

ne, and bade thee riſe again,
e pomp of freedom bold.
all, thy age of men effulg'd,
om late time a kindling eye
d tyrants tremble while they read.
veeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
here Ruſſel lies, whoſe temper'd

cheerfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
l annals of a giddy reign,
leſs power, tho' meanly ſunk
ious luxury. With him
Britiſh Caſſius *, fearleſs bled,
min'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
ning to th' enlighten'd love
edom warm'd. Fair thy renown
s and in noble Bards,
ght of dawning Science ſpread
, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
on, hapleſs in his choice,
the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
ſmooth barbarity of courts,
pliant virtue, forward ſtill
urſe; him for the ſtudious ſhade
orm'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
gant; in one rich ſoul
yrite, and Tully join'd.
iverer he! who, from the gloom
nonks and jargon-teaching ſchools,
true Philoſophy, there long
agic chain of words' and forms,
s void: he led her forth,
ven! that flow-aſcending ſtill,
ſue the chain of things,
finger points to Heaven again.
Aſhley† thine, the friend of man,
his nature with a brother's eye.
prompt to ſhade, to raiſe his aim,
finer movements of the mind,
moral beauty charm the heart.
ame thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch
's receſſes of his works
eator ſought? And why thy Locke?
e whole internal world his own?
pure intelligence! whom God
d, to trace his boundleſs works
olimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
thy. For lofty ſenſe,
, and injection keen
p windings of the human heart,
akeſpeare thine and Nature's boaſt?
eat, each amiable Muſe
in thy Milton met?
verſal as his theme,
s chaos, as the bloom
den fair, as heaven ſublime.
verſe that elder bard forget,
enſer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon,
pious river pour'd his ſong
azes of enchanted ground;
ancient matter, laughing ſage;
ſe native manners painting verſe,

* *Algernon Sidney.*
† *Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury.*

Well moraliz'd, ſhines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
May my ſong ſoften as thy Daughters I,
Britannia! hail; for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of Harmony; the cheek
Where the live crimſon, thro' the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or funny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when, dreſt in love,
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.
Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations, whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.
O Thou! by whoſe almighty nod the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol: white Peace and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears thro' ſmiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
Courage compos'd and keen; ſound Temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, Public Zeal,
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours, glorious, with ſome great deſign.
Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds,
Aſſembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitrite and her bending nymphs
(So Grecian fable ſung,) he dips his orb;
Now half immers'd, and now a golden curve,
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void,
As fleets the viſion o'er the ſormful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank;
A ſigh of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modeſt worth:

But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew,
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow extinguiſh'd clouds,
All æther ſoft'ning, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air,
A thouſand ſhadows at her beck. Firſt this
She ſends on earth, then that of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a deeper ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn,
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains; thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeeds ſhe wings.

His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies merry-hearted, and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn
Of cordial glances and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs o'er many a panting height,
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented, where
At fall of eve the Fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell:
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhun'd, whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and thro' the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye,
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountains-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary Viſion turns, where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky, or, horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes, by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds,
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends,
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd
Whoſe godlike mind Philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which, mounting, ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While from his far excurſion thro' the wilds
Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love;
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs
Thro' which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, ſerene Philoſophy! with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong,
Effuſive ſource of evidence and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than Summer-noon, and pure as that
Whoſe mild vibrations ſooth the parted ſoul
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence thro' her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by
She ſprung aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mats of low defires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
Or in the ſtarry regions of th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd;
The firſt up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the laſt receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages, and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die, the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
A ſavage roaming thro' the woods and wilds
In queſt of prey, and with th' unfaſhion'd fur
Rough clad, devoid of every finer art
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law, were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool

ic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
gation bold, that fearless braves
ning line, or dares the wintry pole;
severe of infinite delights!
, save rapine, indolence and guile,
es on woes, a still-revolving train!
orrid circle had made human life
ion-existence worse; but, taught by
e,
the plans of policy and peace:
like brothers, and, conjunctive all,
sh life. While thus laborious crowds
tough oar, Philosophy directs
ing helm; or, like the liberal breath
nt Heaven, invisible, the sail
ut, and bears th' inferior world along.
o this evanescent speck of earth
confin'd. the radiant tracts on high
exalted range, intent to gaze
thro', and, from that full complex
r-ending wonders, to conceive
sole Being right, who spoke the word,
ature mov'd complete. With inward
w
on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
, and instant, at her powerful glance,
dient phantoms vanish or appear,
und, divide, or into order shift,
his rank, from plain perception up
fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train;
on then, deducing truth from truth,
tion quite abstract, where first begins
orld of spirits, action all, and life
r'd and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
eternal Providence, sits deep:
for us to know that this dark state,
ward passions lost and vain pursuits,
fancy of being, cannot prove
al issue of the works of God,
ndless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
er rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

ubject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. espect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflec- in praise of industry, raised by that view. ing. A Tale relative to it. A harvest storm. ring and hunting, their barbarity. A judi- s account of Fox-hunting. A view of an or- d. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description gs frequent in the latter part of Autumn; ce a digression, inquiring into the rise of tains and rivers. Birds of season considered, now shift their habitation. The prodigi- umber of them that cover the northern and ern Isles of Scotland; hence a view of the try. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning; to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on, the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd, the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth, and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
Onslow! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow,
While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods sweeter than her song.
But she, too, pants for public virtue; she,
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year,
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft' thro' lucid clouds
A pleasing calm, while broad and brown, below,
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky,
The clouds fly different, and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black, by fits, the shadows sweep along:
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.
These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power!
Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art,
And all the soft civility of life:
Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various seeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
Materials infinite, but idle all.
Still unexerted in th' unconscious breast
Slept the lethargic powers; Corruption still,

Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand
Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year;
And still the sable barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beasts of prey, or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tusky boar: a shivering wretch!
Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North,
With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost;
Then to the shelter of the hut he fled,
And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away:
For home he had not; home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; where
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
But this the rugged savage never felt,
E'en desolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along!
A waste of time! till Industry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miserable sloth;
His faculties unfolded, pointed out
Where lavish Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent and the gather'd blast;
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,
Or bright in glossy silk and flowing lawn;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent Wit:
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity,
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace;
And breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
Set Science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a public, to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
That toiling millions must resign their weal,
And all the honey of their search, to such
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.
Hence every form of cultivated life
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
Society grew num'rous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurse of art! the City rear'd,
In beauteous pride, her tower-encircled head,
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,
Rais'd the strong crane, chok'd up the loaded street
With foreign plenty, and thy stream, O Thames!
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent Toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence rib'd with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.
Then too, the pillar'd dome magnific heav'd
Its ample roof, and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming Art, imagination-flush'd.
All is the gift of Industry; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
The excluded tempest idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
With him Summer were an arid waste,
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.
Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves,
While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,
The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
And steal, unfelt, the sultry hours away.
Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks,
And, conscious, glancing oft' on every side
His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
From the full shear, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields,
While these unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
And ask their humble dole. The various turns
Of Fortune ponder; that your sons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends,
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth:

For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which Virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy Paſſion and low-minded Pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed,
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily or the mountain-ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promiſ'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for Lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was Beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild,
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling Patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was! the generous, and the rich!
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
When tyrant Cuſtom had not ſhackled Man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with Autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick,
With unaffected bluſhes, from his gaze.
He ſaw her charming; but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field;
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd:
"What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
"By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Senſe,
"And more than vulgar Goodneſs, ſeem to dwell,
"Should be devoted to the rude embrace
"Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
"Of old Acaſto's line; and to my mind
"Recalls that patron of my happy life,
"From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe,
"Now to the duſt gone down, his houſes, lands,
"And once fair-ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
"'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
"Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
"Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
"His aged widow and his daughter live,
"Whom yet my tireleſs ſearch could never find.
"Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acaſto, who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, Gratitude, and Pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties flutter'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
"And art thou, then, Acaſto's dear remains?
"She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought
"So long in vain? O heavens! the very ſame,
"The ſoften'd image of my noble friend;
"Alive his every look, his every feature,
"More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring,
"Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
"That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
"In what ſequeſter'd deſart haſt thou drawn
"The kindeſt aſpect of delighted Heaven!
"In ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair,
"Tho' poverty's cold mind, and cruſhing rain,
"Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
"O let me now into a richer ſoil
"Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers
"Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence,
"And of my garden be the pride and joy!
"Ill it beſits thee, oh it ill beſits
"Acaſto's daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
"Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
"The father of a county, thus to pick
"The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
"Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
"Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
"But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
"The fields, the maſter, all, my Fair! are thine,
"If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
"Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
"That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth; yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely raiſ'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away

The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours;
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair,
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.
Defeating oft' the labours of the year,
The ſultry South collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops, and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn:
But as the aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world:
Strain'd to the root the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves;
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in
From the bare wild the diſſipated ſtorm,
And ſend it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd and naked to it's utmoſt rage,
Thro' all the ſea of harveſt rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide, nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blaſt, its ſeizing force,
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waſte: and ſometimes, too, a burſt of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad deſcends
In one continuous flood. Still over-head
The mingling tempeſt weaves its gloom, and ſtill
The deluge deepens, till the fields around
Lie ſunk and flatted in the ſordid wave.
Sudden the ditches ſwell, the meadows ſwim.
Red from the hills innumerable ſtreams
Tumultuous roar, and high above its banks
The river lift, before whoſe ruſhing tide
Herds, flocks and harveſts, cottages and ſwains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had ſpar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
And well-earn'd treaſures of the painful year.
Fled to ſome eminence, the huſbandman,
Helpleſs, beholds the miſerable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Deſcending, with his labours ſcatter'd round,
He ſees; and inſtant o'er his ſhivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye Maſters! then
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand
That ſinks you ſoft in elegance and eaſe;
Be mindful of thoſe limbs, in ruſſet clad,
Whoſe toil to yours is warmth and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that ſparing board
Which covers yours with luxury profuſe,
Makes your glaſs ſparkle and your ſenſe rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have ſwept away.
Here the rude clamour of the ſportſman's joy,
The gun faſt-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muſe to ſing the rural game;
How in his mid-career the ſpaniel, ſtruck
Stiff by the tainted gale, with open noſe,
Outſtretch'd, and finely ſenſible, draws full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey.
As in the ſun the circling covey baſk
Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
Thro' the rough ſtubble turn the ſecret eye,
Caught in the meſhy ſnare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the ſurges of the boundleſs air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they ſafe; the gun,
Glanc'd juſt and ſudden from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their ſounding pinions, and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide diſpers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.
Theſe are not ſubjects for the peaceful Muſe,
Nor will ſhe ſtain with ſuch her ſpotleſs ſong,
Then moſt delighted when ſhe ſocial ſees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her.
This falſely cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleaſure, which the reſtleſs youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beaſts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by Neceſſity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conſcious ravage ſhunn'd the light,
Aſham'd. Not ſo the ſteady tyrant Man,
Who, with the thoughtleſs inſolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the moſt infuriate wrath
Of the worſt monſter that e'er roam'd the waſte,
For ſport alone purſues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes! our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguiſh, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew.
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to ſome low ſeat
Retir'd; the ruſhy fen, the ragged furze;
Stretch'd o'er the ſtony heath, the ſtubble chapt;
The thiſtly lawn, the thick-entangled broom;
Of the ſame friendly hue the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the ſun,
Concoctive; and the nodding ſandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook:
Vain is her beſt precaution, thro' ſhe ſits,
Conceal'd, with folded ears, unſleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,
And head couch'd cloſe betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to ſpring away. The ſcented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In ſcatter'd ſullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze ſhe hears the coming ſtorm:

it nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
ie fighing gale, ſhe ſprings amaz'd, and all
ie ſavage ſoul of Game is up at once :
ie pack full opening, various ; the ſhrill horn
ſounded from the hills : the neighing ſteed,
ild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's ſhout ;
er a weak, harmleſs, flying creature, all
ix'd in mad tumult and diſcordant joy.
The ſtag, too, fingled from the herd, where long
: rang'd the branching monarch of the ſhades,
fore the tempeſt drives. At firſt, in ſpeed,
:, ſprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
ives all his ſwift aërial ſoul to flight.
gainſt the breeze he darts, that way the more
o leave the leſſening murderous cry behind :
eception ſhort! tho' fleeter than the winds
down o'er the keen air'd mountains by the North
le burſts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
nd plunges deep into the wildeſt wood ;
f ſlow, yet ſure, adheſive to the track,
lot ſteaming, up behind him come again
h' inhuman rout, and from the ſhady depth
xpel him, circling thro' his every ſhift.
le ſweeps the foreſt o.t', and, ſobbing ſees
he glades mild opening to the golden day,
here in kind conteſt with his butting friends
e wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
ft' in the full-deſcending flood he tries
o loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides ;
ft' ſeeks the herd ; the watchful herd alarm'd,
ith ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
hat ſhall we do ? his once-ſo-vivid nerves,
full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
aſpire the courſe, but fainting, breathleſs toil,
ck, ſeizes on his heart : he ſtands at bay,
nd puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
he big round tears run down his dappled face ;
e groans in anguiſh, while the growling pack,
lood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
nd mark his beauteous chequer'd ſides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the ſylvan youth,
hoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
aſt have the chaſe, behold, deſpiſing flight,
he rous'd-up lion, reſolute and ſlow,
dvancing full on the protended ſpear,
nd coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
ank from the cavern and the troubled wood.
e the grim wolf! on him his ſhaggy foe

Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die ;
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
These Britain knows not. Give, ye Britons! then,
Your ſportive fury, pitileſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold ;
Him from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chaſe purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
High-bound reſiſtleſs ; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but thro' the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way : into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full ;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round
From rock to rock, in circling echos toſt ;
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops,
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep, and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game ;
For happy he who tops the wheeling chaſe,
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſcloſ'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn : O, glorious he, beyond
His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof, and, ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antique figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front ; he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night-ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feats Theſſalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.
But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide :
The tankards foam ; and the ſtrong table groans
Beneath the ſmoking ſirloin, ſtretch'd immeaſe
From ſide to ſide, in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſon make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour ; or amain
Into the paſty plung'd at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chaſe.
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirſt
Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round,
A potent gale, delicious as the breath

Of Maia to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diſtus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years: and now his honeſt front,
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
E'en with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, Whilſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about in gallantry robuſt.
At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle, and ſet ardent in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,
Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the ſuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart:
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul,
And opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe, go round,
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with ſlainter murmurs falls,
So, gradual, ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
Unable to make up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes
Seen dim and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading thro' the miſty ſky.
Then ſiding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottle, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table e'en itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene: and wide below
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter; where aſtride
The lubber Power in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumbrous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,
And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Outlives them all, and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.

But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the Britiſh Fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chaſe from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire,
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh,
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the loveliеſt in their fears;
And by this ſlent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Thro' love's enchanting wiles purſu'd, yet fled,
In chaſe ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life;
This be the female dignity and praiſe!
Ye ſwains! now haſten to the hazel bank,
Where down yon' dale the wildly winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In decent array,
Fit for the thickets, and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye Virgins! come: for you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade,
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree,
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning husk:
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair;
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.
Hence from the buſy joy-reſounding fields,
In cheerful error let us tread the maze
Of Autumn unconfin'd, and taſte, reviv'd,

ı of orchard big with bending fruit.
o the breeze and beating ray,
keep-loaded bough a mellow ſhower
nelts away. The juicy pear
ſoft profuſion, ſcatter'd round.
ſweetneſs ſwells the gentle race,
's all-refining hand prepar'd,
'd ſun and water, earth and air,
anging compoſition mixt.
g frequent thro' the chiller night,
nt ſtores, the wide projected heaps
which the lufty-handed Year,
ıs, o'er the bluſhing orchard ſhakes.
ſpirit, freſh, delicious, keen
ı their gelid pores; and active,

ng cyder for the thirſty tongue:
: theme, and boon inſpirer, too,
Pomona's bard; the ſecond thou
r durſt, in rhyme-unfetter'd verſe,
ſh freedom, ſing the Britiſh ſong;
ı Silurian vats high ſparkling wines
tranſparent floods; ſome ſtrong, to

y revels of the labouring hind;
ıl ſome, to cool the ſummer-hours.
lad ſeaſon, while his ſweeteſt beams
ıed equal o'er the meeken'd day,
: in the green delightful walks
ıgton! thy ſeat, ſerene and plain,
ple Nature reigns, and every view,
ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs
:ſs proſpect, yonder ſhagg'd with

with harveſt, and there white with
!
the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
id, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
ies riſe with each revolving day,
nns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring

to quicken and new groves to green.
genius all, the Muſes' ſeat,
he ſecret bower and winding walk,
ıs Young and thee they twine the bay;
'ring oft', fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
lauſe, I ſolitary court
ng breeze, and meditate the Book
ever open; aiming thence,
ı the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
ſteal along the ſunny wall,
ıtumn baſks, with fruit empurpled

ıg theme continual prompts my
ıt,
: downy peach, the ſhining plum,
, fragrant nectarine, and dark,
ı ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
too, here her curling tendrils ſhoots,
her cluſters glowing to the ſouth,
ly wiſhes for a warmer ſky.
: a moment Fancy's rapid flight
ıs foils, and climes of fair extent,
the potent ſun elated, high
ırd ſwells refulgent on the day,

Spreads o'er the vale, or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe, and drinks among the ſunny rocks,
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze
Low bend the weighty boughs; the cluſters clear
Half thro' the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while Perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray,
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull the Autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Thick comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood,
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy;
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow taſted Burgundy, and, quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign,
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdom rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks dark and dreary; thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
E'en in the height of noon oppreſs'd, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft', with many a broaden'd orb
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic; till at laſt,
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, fits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew bard)
Light uncollected thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way, nor order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
Theſe roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty rains and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks,
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd thro' the ſandy ſtratum, every way
The waters with the ſandy ſtratum rile,

Amid whose angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten as they ſoak along:
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Tho' oft' amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings,
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main it boils again
Freſh into day, and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet valleys offer to their toil
Inviting quiet and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind Ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire, why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand, that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choke
Their ſecret channels, or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old Ocean, too, ſuck'd thro' the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again.
Say, then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings
That, like Creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores
Refreſh the globe and all its joyous tribes?
O thou pervading Genius! given to man
To trace the ſecrets of the dark abyſs,
O lay the mountains bare! and wide diſplay
Their hidden ſtructure to th' aſtoniſh'd view:
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load,
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Aſian Taurus, from Imaus ſtretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's ſullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my ſearching eye,
And high Olympus, pouring many a ſtream.
O, from the ſounding ſummits of the North,
The Dofrine hills, thro' Scandinavia roll'd
To fartheſt Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucaſus, far-ſeen by thoſe
Who in the Caſpian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean rocks, which the wild Ruſs
Believe the ſtony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods,
O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his ſounding baſe,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His ſubterranean wonders ſpread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyſſinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
And of the bending Mountains of the Moon! †
O'ertopping all theſe giant-ſons of earth,

L t the dire Andes, from the radiant line
ſtretch'd to the ſtormy ſeas that thunder round
The ſouthern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing ſcene! Behold! the glooms diſcloſe;
I ſee the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!
I ſee the leaning ſtrata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fiſſures to receive the rains,
The melting ſnows, and ever-drippit g fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above, I ſee the ſands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running cleſts,
That while the ſtealing moiſture they tranſmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waſte.
Beneath th inceſſant weeping of theſe drains,
I ſee the rocky ſiphons ſtretch'd immenſe,
The mighty reſervoirs, of hardened chalk,
Or ſtiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated ſtores,
The cryſtal treaſures o the liquid world,
Thro' the ſtirr'd ſands a bubbling paſſage burſt,
And, ſwelling out, around the middle ſteep,
Or from the bottoms of the boſom'd hills,
In pure effuſion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling ſun, the vapour-burden'd air,
The gelid mountains that, to rain conden'd,
Theſe vapours in continual current draw,
And ſend them o'er the far-divided earth
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A ſocial commerce hold, and firm ſupport
The full-adjuſted harmony of things.

When Autumn ſcatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play
The ſwallow people, and, toſs'd wide around,
O'er the calm ſky, in convolution ſwift,
The feather'd eddy floats, rejoicing once
Ere to their wintry ſlumbers they retire.
In cluſters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by froſt, the cavern ſweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of ſeaſon, there
They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back; for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loſes his majeſtic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the ſtrong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The ſtork-aſſembly meets, for many a day
Conſulting deep and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid ſky:
And now their route deſign'd, their leaders choſe,
Their tribes adjuſted, clean'd their vigorous wings,
And many a circle, many a ſhort eſſay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight aſcends, and, riding high
The aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt Thulè, and the Atlantic ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy Hebrides;

* *The Muſcovites call the Riphean mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, The great ſtony girdle, becauſe they ſuppoſe them to encompaſs the whole earth*

† *A range of mountains in Africa, that ſurround almoſt all Monomotapa.*

recount what tranſmigrations there
al made: what nations come and go?
the living clouds on clouds ariſe? 866
rings! till all the plume dark air,
reſounding ſhore, are one wild cry.
he plain, harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
l diminutive, of many hues, 870
the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
herd's ſea-girt reign; or to the rocks
ging, gathers his ovarious food;
s the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
nage, riſing full, to form the bed 875
y: and here a while the Muſe,
ering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,
donia in romantic view:
mountains, from the waving main
with a keen diffuſive ſky, 880
g the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
obuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
f old; her azure lakes between,
ut extenſive, and of wat'ry wealth
inding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
my a cool tranſlucent brimming flood 886
lovely from the Tweed, (pure parent-
am,
paſtoral banks firſt heard my Doric
d,
lvan Jed! thy tributary brook,)
e the north inflated tempeſt foams 890
a's or Betubium's higheſt peak:
a people, in Miſfortune's ſchool
up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited
ning, when before the Gothic rage
her weſtern light. A manly race, 895
bmitting ſpirit, wiſe and brave,
ll thro' bleeding ages ſtruggled hard
l unhappy Wallace can atteſt,
atriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
a generous undiminiſh'd ſtate; 900
ich, in vain! hence of unequal bounds
nt, and by tempting glory borne
ery land, for every land their life
v'd profuſe, their piercing genius plann'd,
rell'd the pomp of peace their faithful
l;
m their own clear North, in radiant
eams,
over Europe burſts the Boreal Morn.
is there not ſome patriot, in whoſe power
ſt, that godlike luxury is plac'd,
ing thouſands, thouſands yet unborn, 910
ate poſterity? ſome, large of ſoul,
er dejected Induſtry? to give
le harveſt to the pining ſwain,
each the labouring hind the ſweets of
il?
y the fineſt art the native robe 915
ve; how, white as hyperborean ſnow,
m the lucid lawn; with venturous oar
o daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
ully paſſive, while Batavian fleets
d us of the glittering finny ſwarms 920
neave our friths, and crowd upon our
ores;
l-enlivening Trade to rouſe, and wing
oſperous ſail from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-incircled globe;
And thus in ſoul united as in name, 925
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep!
Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee,
Argyle!
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye; 930
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
Of ſulphur'ous War, on Teniers' dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of Peace inwreathes thy
brow;
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mixt in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes! too, whom every worth attends,
As Truth ſincere, as weeping Friendſhip kind;
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.
But ſee the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over ſhade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, duſk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green 951
To ſooty dark. Theſe now the lonely Muſe,
Low-whiſpering, lead into their leaf-ſtrown
walks,
And give the Seaſon in its lateſt view.
Mean time, light-ſhadowing all, a ſober calm
Fleeces unbounded æther, whoſe leaſt wave 965
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current; while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-ſkirted clouds imbibe the ſun,
And thro' their lucid veil his ſoftned force 960
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the
time
For thoſe whom Wiſdom and whom Nature
charm,
To ſtray themſelves from the degen'rate crowd,
And ſoar above this little ſcene of things;
To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their feet,
To ſoothe the throbbing Paſſions into peace, 966
And woo lone Quiet in her ſilent walks.
Thus ſolitary, and in penſive guiſe,
Oft' let me wander o'er the ruſſet mead,
And thro' the ſadden'd grove, where ſcarce is
heard
One dying ſtrain to cheer the woodman's toil. 971
Haply ſome widow'd ſongſter pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copſe;
While congregated thruſhes, linets, larks,
And each wild throat, whoſe artleſs ſtrains ſo late
Swell'd all the muſic of the ſwarming ſhades, 976
Robb'd of their tuneful ſouls, now ſhivering ſit
On the dead tree, a full deſpondent flock,
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave ſcattering diſcord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye, 981
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth,
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks, and where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age, too, ſhines out, and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice, nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.
Oh knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table leaps
With luxury and death? what tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice? nor ſunk in beds,
Oft' of gay care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate?
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits, whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven deſcends in ſhowers, or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams,
Or in the Wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richeſt ſap;
Theſe are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,
And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſides of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here, too, dwells ſimple Truth, plain Innocence,
Unſullied Beauty, ſound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd,
Health ever blooming, unambitious Toil,
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.
Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek,
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct, and that ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery; let theſe
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right;
An iron race! and thoſe of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight,
Wreath the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate:
While he from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates
Move not the man who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring ſees her in her every ſhape,
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart,
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung,
Or what ſhe dictates writes; and oft', an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throes, and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
E'en Winter wild to him is full of bliſs;
The mighty tempeſt and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſ'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for Wiſdom. With ſwift wing
O'er land and ſea Imagination roams;
Or Truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic Virtue burns.
The touch of kindred, too, and love he feels;
The moſeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Eceſtatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth

d parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
nent, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
pineſs and true philoſophy
the ſocial ſtill and ſmiling kind.
the life which thoſe who fret in guilt
ilty cities never knew; the life
primeval ages, uncorrupt,
angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with
Man!
Nature! all ſufficient! over all!
me with the knowledge of thy works!
ne to heaven! thy rolling wonder there,
eyond world, in infinite extent,
y ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
ne; their motions, periods, and their
rs,
e to ſcan; thro' the diſcloſing deep
ıy blind way; the mineral ſtrata there;
blooming, thence, the vegetable world;
t the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
als; and, higher ſtill, the mind,
ied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
ere the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift:
ver-open to my raviſh'd eye,
the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
o that unequal, if the blood,
iſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
ſt ambition, under cloſing ſhades,
ius, lay me by the lowly brook,
iſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
l on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
me never, never ſtray from Thee!

WINTER.

THE ARGUMENT.

*:a propoſed. Addreſs to the Earl of Wil-
on. Firſt approach of Winter. According to
ıtural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms
bed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the
: A man periſhing among them; whence re-
ıs on the wants and miſeries of human life.
elves deſcending from the Alps and Apennines.
ntry-evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſo-
; by the country people; in the city. Froſt.
w of Winter within the Polar Circle. A
The whole concluding with moral reflec-
e future ſtate.*

Winter comes to rule the varied year,
len and ſad, with all his riſing train,
, and clouds, and ſtorms. Be theſe my
me,
that exalt the ſoul to ſolemn thought
venly muſing. Welcome, kindred Glooms!
ial Horrors, hail! with frequent foot
have I, in my chearful morn of life,

When nurs'd by careleſs Solitude I liv'd,
And ſung of Nature with unceaſing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain,
Trod the pure virgin-ſnows, myſelf as pure,
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burſt,
Or ſeen the deep-fermenting tempeſt brew'd
In the grim evening ſky. Thus paſs'd the time
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the South
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out and
ſmil'd.
To thee, the patron of her firſt eſſay,
The Muſe, O Wilmington! renews her Song.
Since has ſhe rounded the revolving year;
Skimm'd the gay Spring; on eagle pinions borne,
Attempted thro' the Summer blaze to riſe;
Then ſwept o'er Autumn with the ſhadowy gale;
And now among the Wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling ſtorm, ſhe tries to ſoar,
To ſwell her note with all the ruſhing winds,
To ſuit her ſounding cadence to the floods,
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy could ſhe ſill thy judging ear
With bold deſcription and with manly thought.
Nor art thou ſkill'd in awful ſchemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive;
But equal goodneſs, ſound integrity,
A firm, unſhaken, uncorrupted ſoul
Amid a fliding age, and, burning ſtrong.
Nor vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A ſteady ſpirit, regularly free:
Theſe, each exalting each, the ſtateſman light
Into the patriot; theſe the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muſe
Record what Envy dares not flattery call.
Now when the chearleſs empire of the ſky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius ſtains th' inverted year,
Hung o'er the fartheſt verge of heav'n, the ſun
Scarce ſpreads thro' æther the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams; and ineffectual ſhoot
His ſtruggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air, as cloth'd in cloudy ſtorm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he ſkirts the ſouthern
ſky,
And, ſoon deſcending, to the long dark night,
Wide-ſhading all, the proſtrate world reſigns.
Nor is the night unwiſh'd, while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forſake.
Mean-time in ſable-cincture ſhadows vaſt,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vaporous turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom, oppreſſive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun-diſcolour'd
flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the moriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe diſjointed cliffs,

In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps, and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh Nature ſhoots
Thro' the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly Winter ſeizes, ſhuts up ſenſe,
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain:
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame! how many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man!
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery! ſore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of chearleſs Poverty! how many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe,
Whence, tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe!
E'en in the vale, where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs! how many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their dareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh! Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.
And here can I forget the generous band*
Who, touch'd with human woe, redreſſive ſearch'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol?
Unpitied, and unheard, where Miſery moans,
Where Sickneſs pines, where Thirſt and Hunger burn,
And poor Miſfortune feels the laſh of Vice.
While in the land of Liberty, the land
Whoſe every ſtreet and public meeting glow
With open Freedom, like tyrants rag'd,
Snatch'd the lean morſel from the ſtarving mouth,
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed,
E'en robb'd them of the laſt of comforts, ſleep,
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the luſt of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleaſure mark'd him with inglorious ſtripes,
And cruſh'd out lives, by ſecret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd or bled.
O great deſign! if executed well,
With patient care, and wiſdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye ſons of Mercy! yet reſume the ſearch,
Drag forth the legal monſters into light,
Wrench from their hand Oppreſſion's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much ſtill untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law (what dark inſidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade,)
How glorious were the day that ſaw theſe broke!
And every man within the reach of right.
By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Appennine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands,
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend,
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt;
The Godlike face of Man avails him nought.
E'en Beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The gen'rous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave, o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.
Among theſe hilly regions, where, embrac'd
In peaceful vales, the happy Grifons dwell,
Oft', ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud thundering, down they come,
A wintry waſte in dire commotion all,
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains

* *The Gaol Committee, in the year 1729.*

.etimes whole brigades of marching
ps,
ts sleeping in the dead of night,
beneath the smothering ruin 'whelm'd.
all amid the rigours of the year,
ld depths of Winter, while without 426
:less winds blow ice, be my retreat
the groaning forest and the shore
he boundless multitude of waves,
shelter'd, solitary scene,
iddy fire and beaming tapers join 430
the gloom. Then, studious, let me sit,
high converse with the Mighty Dead;
ancient time, as gods rever'd,
beneficent, who blest mankind
s, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
t th' inspiring thought, I throw aside 436
-liv'd volume, and, deep musing, hail
:d shades that, slowly rising, pass
y wandering eyes. First Socrates,
mly good in a corrupted state, 440
he rage of tyrants single stood,
e! calm Reason's holy law,
e of God within th' attentive mind,
fearless, or in life or death;
ral teacher! wisest of mankind: 445
next, who built his commonweal
y's wide base; by tender laws
people curbing, yet undamp'd,
g still that quick peculiar fire,
In the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
old freedom, they unequall'd shone,
e of smiling Greece and human-kind.
, then, who bow'd beneath the force
st discipline, severely wise,
n passions. Following him, I see, 455
ermopylæ he glorious fell,
devoted Chief*, who prov'd, by deeds,
est lesson which the other taught.
istides lifts his honest front,
f heart, to whom the unflattering voice
om gave the honest name of Just; 461
najestic poverty rever'd;
n his glory to his country's weal
g, swell'd a haughty Rival's† fame.
his care, of softer ray, appears 465
weet-soul'd, whose genius, rising strong,
the load of young debauch; abroad
rge of Persian pride, at home the friend
worth and every spendid art;
nd simple in the pomp of wealth. 470
last worthies of declining Greece,
l to glory, in unequal times,
appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
, happy temper! mild and firm,
t the brother while the tyrant bled. 475
al to the best, the Theban Pair ‡,
rtues, in heroic concord join'd,
ntry rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
with whom Athenian honour sunk,
mass of sordid lees behind, 480
he Good, in public life severe,
still inexorably firm;
, beneath his low industrious roof,

idas. † *Themistocles.*
idas and Epaminondas.

Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooth'd his brow,
Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
And he, the last of old Lycurgus' sons, 486
The generous victim to that vain attempt
To save a rotten state, Agis, who saw
E'en Sparta's self to servile avarice sunk.
The two Achaian heroes close the train; 490
Aratus, who awhile relum'd the soul
Of fondly lingering Liberty in Greece;
And he her darling, as her latest hope,
The gallant Philopœmen, who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain,
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes, in those virtuous times
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd. 501
Her better founder first, the light of Rome,
Numa, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
Servius the King, who laid the solid base
On which o'er earth the vast Republic spread. 505
Then the great Consuls venerable rise.
The public Father ‡ who the private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
He whom his thankless country could not lose,
Camillus, only vengeful to her foes. 510
Fabricius, scorner of all conquering gold!
And Cincinnatus, awful from the plough.
Thy willing victim §, Carthage, bursting loose
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid Faith 515
Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire command.
Scipio, the gentle chief, humanely brave,
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the poetic shade
With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520
Tully, whose powerful eloquence a while
Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in extreme.
And thou, unhappy Brutus! kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful Virtue urg'd, 525
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.
Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
Demand: but who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?
Behold who yonder comes! in sober state, 530
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun—
'Tis Phœbus self, or else the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer, too, appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and equal by his side
The British Muse; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame 536
Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
Transported Athens with the moral scene;
Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! society divine! 541
Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

‡ *Marcus Junius Brutus.* § *Regulas.*

And mount by soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted faith,
Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
Or from the Muses' hill will Pope descend,
To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social spirit warm the heart?
For tho' not sweeter his own Homer sings,
Yet is his life the more endearing song.
Where art thou, Hammond! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng;
Ah, why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avails that noble thirst of fame
Which stung thy fervent breast? that treasur'd store
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To serve thy country, glowing in the band
Of youthful patriots, who sustain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade, with softest light, thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
With them would search if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung eternal from the eternal Mind,
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds,
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral world,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order, fitted and impell'd
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general good. The sage Historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time;
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd and fell,
In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns,
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul,
Then, e'en superior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life; or, snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity.
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes
Of happiness and wonder, where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is fold,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic Fancy, and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise,
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-seaking every nerve.
Mean time the village rouses up the fire,
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep;
The leap, the flap, the haul: and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of Riot flow
Down the loose stream of false inchanted joy
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortunes, headlong sink.
Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
The fop, light fluttering spreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the Comic Muse
Holds to the world a picture of itself,
And raises, sly, the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil * shew'd.
O thou! whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd,
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
To touch the finer springs that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
And all Apollo's animating fire

* *A character in the Conscious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.*

hee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
e the guardian, ornament, and joy,
ish'd life, permit the rural Muse,
ferfield! to grace with thee her song!
the shades again she humbly flies,
e her fond ambition in thy train,
very Muse has in thy train a place,)
rk thy various full-accomplish'd mind;
rk that spirit which, with British scorn,
the allurements of corrupted power;
legant politeness, which excels,
the judgment of presumptuous France,
nited manner of her shining court;
it, the vivid energy of sense,
ch of Nature, which, with Attic point,
nd well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
hrough the soul, and without pain corrects:
ng thence with yet a brighter flame,
ie hail thee on some glorious day,
to the listening Senate, ardent, crowd
ia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
breast by thee, more amiably fair,
the soft robe of mild Persuasion wears;
o assenting reason give it again
wn enlighten'd thought, call'd from the
art,
edient Passions on thy voice attend;
en reluctant Party feels a while
acious power, as thro' the varied maze
quence, now smooth, now quick, now
ong,
nd and clear, you roll the copious flood.
hy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse;
w, behold, the joyous Winter-days,
succeed, and thro' the blue serene,
ht too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
infectious damps, and the spent air
afresh with elemental life.
rowds the shining atmosphere, and birds
engthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
gnat feeds and animates our blood;
our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves
er sallies darting to the brain,
fits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
as the skies, and as the season keen.
ure feels the renovating force
ater, only to the thoughtless eye
seen. The frost-concocted glebe
n abundant vegetable soul,
thers vigour for the coming year.
ger glow fits on the lively cheek
ly Fire; and luculent along
rer rivers flow; their sullen deeps,
arent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
rmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
art thou, Frost! and whence are thy
keen stores
, thou secret, all-invading Power,
e'en th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
ty potent energy, unseen,
s of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
uble wedges, and diffus'd immense
ater, earth, and æther? Hence at eve,
eager from the red horizon round,
e fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,

An icy gale, oft-shifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,
Lot down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
Ruffles no more, but to the sedgy bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm, till, seiz'd from shore to shore,
The whole imprison'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise, while at his evening watch
The village-dog deters the nightly thief:
The heifer lows; the distant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eyes unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent Night;
Prone from the dripping cave and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancy'd figures rise;
Wide-spouted o'er the hill the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming on the morn;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave,
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.
On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various sport
And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth, and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth, in bold contention, wheel
The long resounding course. Mean time, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Russia's buxom daughters, glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day,
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,
Bread o'er the South, hangs at his utmost noon,
And ineffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;

Or from the foreſt falls the cluſtered ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe who, with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon deſolate the fields,
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid zone,
Where, for relentleſs months, continual Night
Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.
There, thro' the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow,
And heavy-loaded groves, and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary waſt,
Their icey horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns, far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich Cathay*,
With news of human-kind: yet there life glows;
Yet, cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables of gloſſy black; and dark embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnows: and, ſcarce his head
Raiſ'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumb'ring, ſullen, in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain-heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.
There thro' the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.
Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the North,
That ſee Bootes urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by frothy Caurus† pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial horde on horde ‡, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled South,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland; wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple Nature gives;
They love their mountains and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And thro' the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches: theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth,
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift
O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep,
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
E'en in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day; enough to light the chaſe,
Or guide their daring ſteps to Finland fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns, and from the hazy South,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve,
Till ſeen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and re-aſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon, from the lakes and floods
Where pure Nemi's* fairy mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes, Tenglio† rolls his ſtream,
They draw the copious fry. With theſe, at eve,
They, chearful-loaded, to their tents repair,
Where, all day long in uſeful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemiſh'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty ſecur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power;
In whom fell Intereſt never yet has ſown
The ſeeds of Vice; whoſe ſpotleſs ſwains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor blaſted by the breath
Of faithleſs Love, their blooming daughters woo.
Still preſſing on beyond Tornea's lake,
And Hecla flaming thro' a waſte of ſnow,
And fartheſt Greenland, to the Pole itſelf,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muſe expands her ſolitary flight,
And, hovering o'er the wild ſtupendous ſcene,

* *The old name for China.*

† *The North-weſt wind.* ‡ *The wandering Scythian clans.*

* *M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the figure of the earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful lakes and mountains of Nemi in Lapland, ſays,*——"From this height we had opportunity ſeveral times to ſee theſe vapours riſe from the lake which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they "deem to be the guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with "ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw none. It ſeemed rather a "place of reſort for Fairies and Genii than bears."

† *The ſame author obſerves,*——"I was ſurpriſed to ſee, upon the banks of "this river, (the Terglio,) roſes as lively a red as any that are in "our gardens."

r ſeas beneath another ſky *.
his palace of cerulean ice,
r holds his unrejoicing court,
s airy hall the loud miſrule
'empeſt is for ever heard:
m tyrant meditates his wrath,
is winds with all-ſubduing froſt,
s fierce hail, and treaſures up his

he now oppreſſes half the globe.
inding eaſtward to the Tartar's coaſt,
he howling margin of the main,
ſolving, from the firſt of time,
on ſnows amazing to the ſky,
ntains, high on mountains pil'd,
ſhivering ſailor from afar,
d white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
ge and horrid o'er the ſurge,
n Alps, or ruſhing hideous down,
aos wak again return'd,
the deep, and ſhake the ſolid Pole.
no longer can reſiſt
r fury, but in all its rage
aken by the boundleſs froſt,
thom to the bottom chain'd,
roar no more; a bleak expanſe,
with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
:, that from the dreary months
us ſouthward. Miſerable they
ntangled in the gathering ice,
aſt look of the deſcending ſun!
of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
ng night, incumbent o'er their heads,
e. Such was the Briton's fate †,
: prow (what have not Britons dar'd!)
aſſage ſought, attempted ſince
vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
Nature with eternal bars.
regions, in Arzina caught,
ſtony deep his idle ſhip
ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
certed at his ſeveral taſk,
ſtatues: to the cordage glu'd
and the pilot to the helm.
theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing

ild Oby, live the laſt of men;
nliven'd by the diſtant ſun,
and ripens man, as well as plants,
nature wears its rudeſt form.
the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
ll fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs
of race: nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
ſes they know, nor aught of life
kindred bears that ſtalk without.
at length, her roſes drooping all,
g twilight bright'ning o'er their fields,
he quiver'd ſavage to the chaſe.

* *The other Hemiſphere.*

gh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth the North-eaſt Paſſage.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding Man! Wide-ſtretching from theſe
ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of Monarchs! he
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her ſtoods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdu'd,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the Man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes! ye who toil'd,
Thro' long ſucceſſive ages, to build up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!
Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till
then,
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power:
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts,
And roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the North,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance and Vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rous'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade;
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great example ſhew'd.
Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted
point,
Blow hollow-bluſtering from the South. Subdued,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine, looſe fleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once,
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial Pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty North,
But, roufing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep; at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill-fated bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſs'd amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
The aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,

The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, leviathan,
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine; while thro' the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that ever-waking Eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe
Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of Fate.
'Tis done! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new-creating Word, and ſtarts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power
And Wiſdom oft' arraign'd; ſee now the cauſe
Why unaſſuming Worth in ſecret liv'd
And dy'd neglected; why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul;
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while Luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge; why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye Good diſtreſt!
Ye noble Few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The ſtorms of Wintry Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

ey change, Almighty Father! theſe
e varied God. The rolling year
Forth in the pleaſing Spring
ts, thy tenderneſs and love.
ields; the ſoftening air is balm; 5
ains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
, and every heart, is joy.
y glory in the Summer months,
neat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
ction thro' the ſwelling year; 10
oice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
n, deep noon, or falling eve,
roves, in hollow-whiſpering gales,
es in Autumn unconfin'd,
ommon feaſt for all that lives. 15
il Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
rown! tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll,
ſs! On the whirlwind's wing,
, Thou bidſt the world adore,
Nature with thy northern blaſt. 20
round! what ſkill, what force

ieſe appear! a ſimple train,
l mix'd with ſuch kind art,
d beneficence combin'd,
iv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade, 25
ing an harmonious whole,
ll ſucceed they raviſh ſtill.
oft', with brute unconſcious gaze,
Thee, marks not the mighty hand
, wheels the ſilent ſpheres, 30
ecret deep, ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
ion that o'erſpreads the Spring!
: ſun direct the flaming day,
eature, hurls the tempeſt forth,
th this grateful change revolves, 35
touches all the ſprings of life.
nd! join every living ſoul
acious temple of the ſky,
in, and ardent raiſe
ng! To Him, ye vocal Gales!
whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs

in ſolitary glooms!
ne rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
n ſhade with a religious awe.
ſe bolder note is heard afar, 45
aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
s ſong, and ſay from whom ye

Brooks! attune, ye trembling Rills!
tch it as I muſe along.
Torrents! rapid and profound! 50
ds! thrt lead the humid maze
: and thou, majeſtic Main!
l of wonders in thyſelf,
pendous praiſe, whoſe greater voice
roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

Soft roll your incenſe, herbs, and fruits, and
flowers,
In mingled clouds, to Him, whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil
paints.
Ye Foreſts! bend; ye Harveſts! wave to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven! as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye Conſtellations! while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre, 65
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write, with every beam, his praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate World, 70
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye Hills! ye moſſy Rocks!
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive low,
Ye Vallies! raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns,
And his unſuffering kingdom yet will come. 75
Ye Woodlands all! awake; a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves; and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela! charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night His praiſe. 80
Ye, chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn. In ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled Men! to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft' breaking clear, 85
At ſolemn pauſes, thro' the ſwelling baſe,
And as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardour riſe to heaven.
Or if ye rather chooſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſacred grove, 90
There let the ſhepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the Summer ray 95
Ruſſets the plain, inſpiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter riſes in the blackening Eaſt,
Be my tongue mute, my Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong, where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles, 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt, 105
In the void waſte as in the city full!
And where he vital breathes there muſt be joy.
When e'en at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhall come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there with new powers 110
Will riſing wonders ſing. I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon' orbs, and all their ſons,
From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good,
And better thence again, and better ſtill, 115
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in Light Ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive Silence! muſe His praiſe.

BRITANNIA.

A POEM.

—Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœna commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro:
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum—— VIRG.

AS on the sea-beat shore Britannia sat,
Of her degenerate sons the faded fame
Deep in her anxious heart revolving sad,
Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
That hoarse and hollow from the bleak surge blew;
Loose flow'd her tresses, rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep, from her majestic brow
She tore the laurel, and she tore the bay;
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek,
Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her dove-like wing; and War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourns her fetter'd hands; while thus the Queen
Of Nations spoke, and what she said the Muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.
E'en not you' fail, that from the sky-mixt wave
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the Royal Youth,*
A freight of future glory to my shore;
E'en not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endless line
Thro' late revolving time can sooth my rage,
While, unchastis'd, the insulting Spaniard dares
Infest the trading flood, full of vain war,
Despise my navies, and my merchants seize,
As, trusting to false peace, they fearless roam
The world of waters wild, made by the toil
And liberal blood of glorious ages mine;
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beseeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And fail'd my fleets, for this, on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot Disease,
And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crowds,
For action ardent, and amid the deep,
Inglorious sunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends and country unaveng'd,
And back the drooping war-ship comes again,
Dispirited, and thin: her sons asham'd
Thus idly to review their native shore;
With not one glory sparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A passenger,
The violated merchant comes along,
That far-fought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew and sweat beneath Equator suns,
By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
Would melt away, and every spoil resign,
Were once the British Lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-asserted element,
Dares rouze to wrath the masters of the main?
Who told him that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd us trembling
ports
In smoky ruin? and his guilty shores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh let my languid sons
Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet
Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide roll'd before the boundless breeze,
Gaily the splendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As sunk the sun o'er all the flaming Vast;
Tail, gorgeous, and elate, drunk with the dream
Of easy conquest; while their bloated War,
Stretch'd out from sky to sky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb:
But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
My dauntless Britons came, a gloomy Few!
With tempest black the goodly scene deform'd,
And laid their glory waste. The bolts of Fate
Resistless thunder'd through their yielding sides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And seiz'd in horrid gasp, or flatter'd wide
Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
Then, too, from ev'ry promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern, where the wild wave works,
I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm
Round th' glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,
The scatter'd remnants drove; on the blind rock,
And pointed rock, that marks the indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main
Howls thro' the fractur'd Caledonian isles.
Such were the dawnings of my watry reign;
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
E'en in these troubled times, when dreadful Blois
Aw'd angry nations with the British name,
Let every humble state, let Europe say,
Sustain'd and balanc'd by my naval arm.
Ah! what must those immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts? those, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear,
No mean submission, but commanded peace?
Ah! how with indignation must they burn!
(If aught but joy can touch ethereal breasts)
With shame, with grief, to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas
For which their wisdom plann'd, their counsels glow'd,
And their veins bled, thro' many a toiling age!
Oh! first of human blessings, and supreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whose wide tie the kindred sons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspicious faith; while honest Toil

* *Frederick Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.*

joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
arbarous Rapine but uſurps.
ign, when, unaccurs'd by blood,
the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
iſtils into the vernant glebe;
angled carcaſſes, ſad-ſeen,
dithe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the

hining ſhares, the crooked knife,
imprint the vegetable wound;
id bluſhes with the roſe alone,
uitage and the bleeding vine.
hou ſource and ſoul of ſocial life,
ſe calm inſpiring influence
ews enlarges, Art refines,
Commerce opens all her ports;
nan divine who gives us thee!
trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
giddy nations into rage;
the murderous blade; the deadly

pil'd armoury returns;
igour from the work of death
induſtry converting, makes
flouriſh, and the city ſmile.
him the virgin ſings,
ſmiling mother to her train:
epherd, in the peaceful dale,
, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
nan of him, as at the plough
ils. With him the ſailor ſooths,
trembling moon, the midnight

city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
hop, reſponſive, ſings of him.
land alone; his praiſe extends
rolls the diffuſive day,
eze can bear the gifts of Peace,
ppy nations catch the ſong.
d not, Peace! the patriot bear for

patience? what inceſſant care?
xiety? what ſleepleſs toil?
raſh, protected, what reproach?
lue knows, thy friendſhip, he,
ture: but the better thou,
delight, ſometimes the more
r' when ruffian Force
ry of an injur'd ſtate.
patient man, whom Reaſon rules,
ld inſult, and injurious rage,
id ſudden check th' aſtoniſh'd ſons
confounds; firm as his cauſe
art; in awful juſtice clad,
ging a peculiar fire;
rges thro' the proſtrate war,
teaches faithleſs men no more
acred vengeance of the juſt.
y thoughtleſs Sons! ſhould fire you

our well earn'd Empire of the Deep
inning injury receives?
auſe can call your lightning forth?
wake? your deareſt life demand?
auſe, than when your country ſees

The fly deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh! it moſt imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade entire, entire the force
And honour of your fleets; o'er that to watch,
E'en with a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
In intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By wiſdom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
But on the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable ſtill; let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
And is a Briton ſeiz'd, and ſeiz'd beneath
The ſlumbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
Then ardent riſe! oh! great in vengeance riſe!
O'erturn the proud, teach Rapine to reſtore;
And as you ride ſublimely round the world,
Make every veſſel ſtoop, make every ſtate
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory; this your wiſdom; this
The native power for which you were deſign'd
By Fate, when Fate deſign'd the firmeſt ſtate
That e'er was ſeated on the ſubject ſea;
A ſtate alone where Liberty ſhould live
In theſe late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage, are no more!
The world almoſt in ſlaviſh ſloth diſſolv'd.
For this theſe rocks around your coaſt were thrown;
For this your oaks peculiar harden'd, ſhoot
Strong into ſturdy growth; for this your hearts
Swell with a ſullen courage, growing ſtill
As danger grows; and ſtrength and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cheriſh this, this unexpenſive power
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By laviſh Nature thruſt into your hand;
And, unencumber'd with the bulk immenſe
Of conqueſts, whence huge empires roſe and fell
Self-cruſh'd, extend your reign from ſhore to ſhore.
Where'er the wind your high beheſts can blow,
And fix it deep on this eternal baſe.
For ſhould the ſliding fabric once give way,
Soon ſlackened quite and paſt recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep-ruſhing down to that devouring gulf
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And ſhould the big redundant flood of Trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land,
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,
Ne'er to be won again; its ancient traſt
Left a vile channel, deſolate, and dead,
With all around a miſerable waſte.
Not Egypt, were her better heaven, the Nile,
Turn'd in the pride of flow, when o'er his rocks
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy Viſion pil'd, in one wide flaſh
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain,

(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the ſky;)
E'en not that prime of earth, where harveſts crowd
On untill'd harveſts all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void, than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons! your boaſted iſle: her princes ſunk,
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the duſt,
Unnerv'd her force, her ſpirits vaniſh'd quite,
With rapid wing her riches fled away,
Her unfrequented ports alone the ſign
Of what ſhe was, her merchants ſcatter'd wide,
Her hollow ſhops ſhut up, and in her ſtreets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages and roads,
The chearful voice of labour heard no more.
Oh! let not, then, waſte luxury impair
That manly ſoul of toil, which ſtrings your nerves,
And your own proper happineſs creates!
Oh! let not the ſoft penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind, and, working there,
With the ſharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
Endleſs, and idle all, eat out the heart
Of Liberty, the high conception blaſt,
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good ſcaring from the mind;
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce perceiv'd degrees,
Snapping the very frame of government
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes,
The human being almoſt quite extinct,
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh! ſhun that gulf; that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! May Liberty,
The light of life! the ſun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
E'en where the keen depreſſive North deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain.
And may a public ſpirit from the Throne,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth,
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inſpire,
Make thoughtful Science raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid Induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt Labour ſmile;
As when, profuſe of ſpring, the looſen'd Weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
Youth, life, and love, and beauty, o'er the world.
But haſte we from theſe melancholy ſcenes,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitleſs plaint
Pour weak. The country claims our active aid;
That let us roam, and where we find a ſpark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now, my ſons, the ſons of Freedom! meet
In awful ſenate: thither let us fly,
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In ſcarleſs truth, myſelf, transform'd, preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of Britannia round.
This ſaid, her fleeting form and airy train
Sunk in the gale, and nought but rugged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

LIBERTY, A POEM.

IN FIVE PARTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready condeſcenſion, that preventing generoſity, with which your Royal Highneſs received the following Poem under your protection, I can alone aſcribe it to the recommendation and influence of the ſubject. In you the cauſe and concerns of Liberty have ſo zealous a patron, as entitles whatever may have the leaſt tendency to promote them to the diſtinction of your favour: and who can entertain this delightful reflection, without feeling a pleaſure far ſuperior to that of the fondeſt author, and of which all true lovers of their country muſt participate? To behold the nobleſt diſpoſitions of the prince and of the patriot united; and overflowing benevolence, generoſity, and candour of heart, joined to an enlightened zeal for Liberty, an intimate perſuaſion that on it depends the happineſs and glory of both kings and people; to ſee theſe ſhining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto ſmiled in all the ſocial lights and private accompliſhments of life, is a proſpect that cannot but inſpire a general ſentiment of ſatisfaction and gladneſs, more eaſy to be felt than expreſſed.

If the following attempt to trace Liberty from the firſt ages, down to her excellent eſtabliſhment in Great Britain, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to your Royal Highneſs, if it can in any degree anſwer the dignity of the ſubject, and of the name under which I preſume to ſhelter it, I have my beſt reward; particularly as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greateſt zeal and reſpect,

Sir, Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient and moſt devoted Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

ANCIENT & MODERN ITALY COMPARED. PART I.

The following Poem is thrown into the form of a poetical Viſion. Its ſcene the ruins of ancient Rome. The goddeſs of Liberty, who is ſuppoſed to ſpeak through the whole, appears characteriſed as Britiſh Liberty, to verſe 44. Gives a view of ancient Italy, and particularly of republican Rome, in all her magnificence and glory, to ver. 112. This contraſted by modern Italy; its vallies, mountains, culture, cities, people; the difference appearing ſtrongeſt in the capital city, Rome, to ver. 234. The ruins of the great works of Liberty more magnificent than the borrowed pomp of Oppreſſion; and from them revived Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, to ver. 256. The old Romans apoſtrophized, with regard to the ſeveral melancholy changes in Italy: Horace, Tully, and Virgil, with regard to their Tiber, Tuſculum, and Naples, to ver. 287. That once fineſt and moſt ornamental part of Italy, all along the Coaſt of Baiæ, now changed, to ver. 321. This deſolation of Italy applied to Britain, to ver. 344. Addreſs to the goddeſs of Liberty, that ſhe would deduce, from the firſt ages, her chief eſtabliſhments, the deſcription of which conſtitutes the ſubject of the following parts of this Poem. She aſſents, and commands what ſhe ſays to be ſung in Britain, whoſe happineſs ariſing from Freedom and limited Monarchy ſhe marks, to ver. 391. An immediate Viſion attends, and paints her words. Invocation.

O My lamented Talbot! while with thee
The Muſe gay-rov'd the glad Heſperian round,
And drew the inſpiring breath of ancient arts,
Ah! little thought ſhe her returning verſe
Should ſing her darling ſubject to thy ſhade.
And does the myſtic veil from mortal beam
Involve thoſe eyes where every virtue ſmil'd,
And all thy father's candid ſpirit ſhone?
The light of reaſon, pure, without a cloud;
Full of the generous heart, the mild regard;
Honour diſdaining blemiſh, cordial faith,
And limpid truth, that looks the very ſoul.
But to the death of mighty nations turn
My ſtrain; be there abſorpt the pivate tear.
Muſing I lay, warm from the ſacred walks
Where at each ſtep Imagination burns;
While ſcatter'd wide around, awful and hoar,
Lies, a vaſt monument! once-glorious Rome,
The tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface
Whate'er of finiſh'd modern pomp can boaſt.
Snatch'd by theſe wonders, to that world where thought
Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic hand
Led me anew o'er all the ſolemn ſcene,
Still in the mind's pure eye more ſolemn dreſt;
When ſtraight, methought, the fair majeſtic Power
Of Liberty appear'd; not, as of old,
Extended in her hand the cap and rod,
Whoſe ſlave-enlarging touch gave double life;
But her bright temples bound with Britiſh oak,
And naval honours nodded on her brow.
Sublime of port, looſe o'er her ſhoulders flow'd
Her ſea-green robe, with conſtellations gay.
An iſland-goddeſs now; and her high care
The Queen of Iſles, the Miſtreſs of the Main.
My heart beat filial tranſport at the ſight,
And as ſhe mov'd to ſpeak, th' awaken'd Muſe
Liſten'd intenſe. A while ſhe look'd around,
With mournful eye the well-known ruins mark'd,
And then, her ſighs repreſſing, thus began.

Mine are theſe wonders, all thou ſeeſt is mine;
But, ah! how chang'd! the falling, poor remains
Of what exalted once the Auſonian ſhore.
Look back thro' time, and, riſing from the gloom,
Mark the dread ſcene that paints whate'er I ſay.
The great Republic ſee! that glow'd, ſublime,
With the mixt freedom of a thouſand ſtates,
Rais'd on the thrones of kings her curule chair,
And by her faſces aw'd the ſubject world.
See buſy millions quickening all the land,
With cities throng'd, and teeming culture high;
For Nature then ſmil'd on her free-born ſons,
And pour'd the plenty that belongs to Men.

Behold, the country chearing, villas riſe
In lively proſpect, by the ſecret lapſe
Of brooks now loſt and ſtreams renown'd in ſong:
In Umbria's cloſing vales, or on the brow
Of her brown hills that breathe the ſcented gale;
On Baiæ's viney coaſt, where peaceful ſeas,
Fann'd by kind zephyrs, ever kiſs the ſhore,
And ſuns unclouded ſhine thro' pureſt air;
Or in the ſpacious neighbourhood of Rome,
Far ſhining upward to the Sabine hills,
To Anio's roar and Tiber's olive ſhade,
To where Preneſte lifts her airy brow,
Or downward ſpreading to the ſunny ſhore,
Where Alba breathes the freſhneſs of the main.
See diſtant mountains leave their valleys dry,
And o'er the proud arcade their tribute pour,
To lave imperial Rome. For ages laid,
Deep, maſſy, firm, diverging every way,
With tombs of heroes ſacred, ſee her roads,
By various nations trod, and ſuppliant kings,
With legions flaming, or with triumph gay.
Full in the centre of theſe wondrous works,
The pride of earth, Rome in her glory ſee;
Behold her demi-gods, in ſenate met,
All head to counſel, and all heart to act;
The Commonweal inſpiring every tongue
With fervent eloquence, unbrib'd and bold,
Ere tame Corruption taught the ſervile herd
To rank obedient to a maſter's voice.
Her forum ſee, warm, popular and loud,
In trembling wonder huſh'd, when the two Sires, *
As they the private father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public fathers of the ſtate.
See Juſtice judging there in human ſhape!
Hark! how with Freedom's voice it thunders high,
Or in ſoft murmurs ſink to Tully's tongue.
Her Tribes, her Cenſus, ſee; her generous troops,
Whoſe pay was glory, and their beſt reward
Free for their country and for Me to die,
Ere mercenary murder grew a trade.
Mark, as the purple triumph waves along,
The higheſt pomp and loweſt fall of life.
Her feſtive games, the ſchool of heroes, ſee;
Her Circus, ardent with contending youth;
Her ſtreets, her temples, palaces, and baths,
Full of fair Forms of Beauty's eldeſt born,
And of a people caſt in Virtue's mold;
While Sculpture lives around, and Aſian hills
Lend their beſt ſtores to heave the pillar'd dome;
All that to Roman ſtrength the ſofter touch
Of Grecian art can join. But language fails
To paint this ſun, this centre of mankind,
Where every virtue, glory, treaſure, art,
Attracted ſtrong, in heighten'd luſtre met.
Need I the contraſt mark? unjorous view!
A land in all, in government, in arts,
In virtue, genius, earth, and heaven, revers'd.
Who but, theſe far-fam'd ruins to behold,
Proofs of a people whoſe heroic aims
Soar'd far above the little ſelfiſh ſphere
Of doubting modern life; who but, inflam'd
With claſſic zeal, theſe conſecrated ſcenes
Of men and deeds to trace, unhappy Land!
Would truſt thy wilds, and cities looſe of ſway?
Are theſe the vales that, once, exulting ſtate
In their warm boſom fed? the mountains that
On whoſe high-blooming ſides My ſons, of old,
I bred to glory? theſe dejected towns,
Where, mean and ſordid, life can ſcarce ſubſiſt,
The ſcenes of ancient opulence and pomp?
Come! by whatever ſacred name diſguis'd,
Oppreſſion! come, and in thy works rejoice!
See Nature's richeſt plains to putrid fens
Turn'd by thy fury. From the chearful hound
She raz'd th' enlivening village, farm, and ſeat.
Firſt rural Toil, by thy rapacious hand
Robb'd of his poor reward, reſign'd the plough,
And now he dares not turn the noxious glebe:
'Tis thine entire. The lonely ſwain himſelf,
Who loves at large along the graſſy downs
His flocks to paſture, thy dear champaign flies:
Far as the ſickening eye can ſweep around,
'Tis all one deſert, deſolate, and grey,
Graz'd by the ſullen buffalo alone;
And where the rank uncultivated growth
Of rotting ages taints the paſſing gale,
Beneath the baleful blaſt the city pines,
Or ſinks enfeebled, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the ſolitary road,
Roll'd in rude mazes o'er th' abandon'd waſte,
While ancient ways, ingulf'd, are ſeen no more.
Such thy dire plains, thou Self-deſtroyer! ſoe
To human-kind! Thy mountains, too, profuſe,
Where ſavage Nature blooms, ſeem their ſad plaint
To raiſe againſt thy defolating rod.
There on the breezy brow, where thriving ſtate
And famous cities, once, to the pleas'd ſun
Far other ſcenes of riſing culture ſpread,
Pale ſhine thy ragged towns. Neglected round
Each harveſt pines, the livid, lean produce
Of heartleſs Labour; while thy hated joys,
Not proper pleaſure, lift the lazy hand.
Better to ſink in ſloth the woes of life,
Than wake their rage with unavailing toil.
Hence drooping Art almoſt to Nature leaves
The rude unguided year. Thin wave the gifts
Of yellow Ceres, thin the radiant bluſh
Of orchard reddens in the warmeſt ray.
To weedy wildneſs run, no rural wealth
(Such as diſtators fed) the garden pours.
Crude the wild olive flows, and foul the vine;
Nor juice Cœcubian nor Falernian more
Streams life and joy, ſave in the Muſe's bowl.
Unſeconded by Art, the ſpinning race
Draw the bright thread in vain, and idly toil.
In vain, forlorn in wilds, the citron blows,
And flowering plants perfume the deſert gale.
Thro' the vile thorn the tender myrtle twines:
Inglorious droops the laurel, dead to ſong,
And long a ſtranger to the hero's brow.
Nor half thy triumph this: caſt from his fields
Into the haunts of men thy ruthleſs eye,
There buxom Plenty never turns her horn;
The grace and virtue of exterior life,
No clean Convenience reigns; e'en Sleep ſit

* *L. J. Brutus and Virginius.*

le licate of powers, reluctant, there
n the bed impure his heavy head.
orrid walk! dead, empty, unadorn'd;
ers whose echoes never know the voice
arful Hurry. Commerce many-tongu'd,
rt mechanic at his various talk,
t employ'd Mark the desponding race,
upation void, as void of hope;
the glad ray glanc'd from Eternal Good,
fe enlivens, and exalts its powers,
views of fortune—madness all to them!
e relentless seiz'd their better joys,
soft aid of cordial airs they fly,
ing a kind oblivion o'er their woes,
ve and music melt their souls away.
feeble Justice see how rash Revenge,
bling, the balance snatches, and the sword,
l himself, to venal ruffians gives.
ere God's altar, nursing Murder, stands
he red touch of dark assassins stain'd.
chief let Rome, the mighty City! speak
ll-exerted genius of thy reign.
her rise amid the lifeless waste,
ig Nature all corrupted round;
the lone Tiber, thro' the desert plain
his waste shores, and sullen sweeps along.
d from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
how the temple glares, and, artful dress,
ve, draws the superstitious train.
how the palace lifts a lying front,
ding often, in magnific jail,
want; a deep unanimated gloom!
t' adjoining to the drear abode
sery, whose melancholy walls
ts voracious grandeur to reproach.
the city-bounds the desert see:
rank vine o'er subterranean roofs
at spread, beneath whose fretted gold
exulting flow'd. The people mark,
lels, while fir'd by Me; to public good
ibly firm; just, generous, brave;
of nothing but unworthy life;
vith glory, and heroic soul
to the vulgar breast; behold them now
despairing number, all-subdu'd,
ves of slaves, by superstition fool'd,
unmann'd, and a licentious rule,
ingenious, and in murder brave.
one land, beneath the same fair clime,
ns. Oppression! are, and such were Mine
with thy labour'd pomp, for whose vain
show
d thousands starve. all age begrim'd,
robb'd, and scatter'd in unnumber'd sacks,
the tempest of two thousand years
ual shaken, let My ruins vie.
roads, that yet the Roman hand assert,
l the weak repair of modern toil;
fractur'd arches, that the chiding stream
re delighted hear; these rich remains
bles now unknown, where shines, imbib'd,
arent ray; these massy columns hew'd
fric's farthest shore; one granite all
obelisks high-towering to the sky,

Mysterious mark'd with dark Egyptian lore;
These endless wonders that this Sacred Way
Illumine still, and consecrate to fame;
These fountains, vases, urns, and statues, charg'd
With the fine stores of art-completing Greece
Mine is, besides, thy every later boast;
Thy Buonarotis, thy Palladios, Mine;
And Mine that fair designs which Raphael's soul
O'er the live canvass, emanating, breath'd.
What would you say, ye Conquerors of earth!
Ye Romans! could you raise the laurel'd head?
Could you the country see, by seas of blood,
And the dread toil of ages, won so dear,
Your pride, your triumph, your supreme delight!
For whose defence oft, in the doubtful hour,
You rush'd with rapture down the gulph of Fate,
Of death ambitious! till by awful deeds,
Virtues, and courage, that amaze mankind,
The Queen of Nations rose, possest of all
Which Nature, Art and Glory, could bestow!
What would you say, deep in the last abyss
Of slavery, vice, and unambitious want,
Thus to behold her sunk? Your crowded plains
Void of their cities, unadorn'd your hills,
Ungrac'd your lakes, your ports to ships unknown,
Your lawless floods, and your abandon'd streams,
These could you know? these could you love
again!
Thy Tiber, Horace! could it now inspire
Content, poetic ease, and rural joy,
Soon bursting into song, while thro' the groves
Of headlong Anio, dashing to the vale,
In many a tortur'd stream, you mus'd along?
Yon' wild retreat, where Superstition dreams,
Could, Tully! you your Tusculum believe?
And could you deem yon' naked hills, that form,
Fam'd in old song, the ship-forsaken bay,
Your Formian shore, once the delight of earth,
Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
On the gay land to lavish all their stores?
How chang'd, how vacant, Virgil! wide around,
Would now your Naples seem? disaster'd less
By black Vesuvius, thundering o'er the coast
His midnight earthquakes and his mining fires,
Than by despotic rage; that inward gnaws,
A native foe; a foreign tears without.
First from your flatter'd Cæsars this began,
Till, doom'd to tyrants an eternal prey,
Thin peopled spreads, at last, the syren plain,
That the dire soul of Hannibal disarm'd,
And wrapt in weeds the shore of Venus lies
There Baiæ sees no more the joyous throng,
Her banks all beaming with the pride of Rome:
No generous vines now bask along the hills,
Where sport the breezes of the Tyrrhene main:
With baths and temples mixt, no villas rise;
Nor, art-sustain'd amid reluctant waves,
Draw the cool murmurs of the breathing deep:
No spreading ports their sacred arms extend;
No mighty moles, the big intrusive storm,
From the calm station, roll resounding back.
An almost total-desolation sits.
A dreary stillness, saddening o'er the coast;
Where, when soft suns and tepid winter's rose,

Amid a circle of ſoft-riſing hills,
The patient Sparta one; the ſober, hard,
And man-ſubduing city, which no ſhape
Of pain cou'd conquer, or of pleaſure charm.
Lycurgus there built, on the ſolid baſe
Of equal life, ſo well a temper'd ſtate,
Where mix'd each government in ſuch juſt poiſe,
Each power ſo checking and ſupporting each,
That firm for ages, and unmov'd it ſtood,
The ſort of Greece! without one giddy hour,
One ſhock of faction, or of party rage.
For, drain'd the ſprings of wealth, corruption there
Lay wither'd at the root Thrice happy land!
Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
Confounded, ſunk But if Athenian arts
Lov'd not the ſoil, yet there the calm abode
Of Wiſdom, Virtue, philoſophic Eaſe,
Of manly Senſe and Wit, in frugal phraſe
Confin'd, and preſs'd into laconic force.
There, too, by rooting thence ſtill treacherous Self,
The public and the private grew the ſame:
The children of the nurſing Public all,
And at its table fed; for that they toil'd,
For that they liv'd entire, and e'en for that
The tender mother urg'd her ſon to die.
Of ſofter genius, but no leſs intent
To ſeize the palm of empire, Athens aroſe;
Where, with bright marbles big and future pomp,
Hymettus ſpread, amid the ſcented ſky,
His thymy treaſures to the labouring bee,
And to botanic hand the ſtores of health.
Wrapt in a ſoul-attenuating clime,
Between Iliſſus and Cephiſſes glow'd
This hive of Science, ſhedding ſweets divine,
Of active arts and animated arms.
There, paſſionate for Me, an eaſy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd people reign'd. Oft' on the brink
Of ruin, hurry'd by the charm of ſpeech,
Inforcing haſty counſel immature,
Totter'd the raſh Democracy, unpois'd,
And by the rage devour'd that ever tears
A populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with want or abject grown.
Solon, at laſt, their mild reſtorer, roſe,
Allay'd the tempeſt, to the calm of laws
Reduc'd the ſettling whole, and, with the weight
Which the two Senates to the public lent,
As with an anchor, fix'd the driving ſtate.

Nor was My forming care to theſe confin'd;
For emulation thro' the Whole I pour'd,
Noble contention! who ſhould moſt excel
In government well poiſ'd, adjuſted beſt
To public weal; in countries cultur'd high;
In ori anected towns, where Order reigns,
Free ſocial life, and poliſh'd manners fair;
In exercile and arms; arms only drawn
For common Greece, to quell the Perſian pride;
In moral ſcience, and in graceful arts.
Hence, as for glory peacefully they ſtrove,
The prize grew greater, and the prize of all.
By conteſt brighten'd, hence the radiant youth
Pour'd every beam; by generous pride inflam'd,
Felt every ardour burn; their great reward
The verdant wreath which founding Piſa gave.
Hence flouriſh'd Greece, and hence a race of men,
As gods by conſcious future times ador'd,
In whom each virtue wore a ſmiling air,
Each ſcience ſhed o'er life a friendly light,
Each art was nature. Spartan valour, hence,
At the fam'd paſs firm as an iſthmus ſtood,
And the whole eaſtern ocean, waving far
As eye could dart its viſion, nobly check'd;
While in extended battle at the field
Of Marathon, My keen Athenians drove
Before their ardent hand an hoſt of ſlaves.
Hence thro' the continent ten thouſand Greeks
Urg'd a retreat, whoſe glory not the prime
Of victories can reach. Deſerts in vain
Oppos'd their courſe; and hoſtile lands, unknown;
And deep rapacious floods; dire-bank'd with death;
And mountains, in whoſe jaws deſtruction grim'd;
Hunger and toil, Armenian ſnows and ſtorms,
And circling myriads ſtill of barbarous foes
Greece in their view, and glory yet untouch'd,
Their ſteady column pierc'd the ſcattering herds
Which a whole empire pour'd, and held its way
Triumphant, by the ſage exalted Chief
Fir'd and ſuſtain'd. Oh! light and force of mind
Almoſt almighty, in ſevere extremes!
The ſea at laſt from Colchian mountains ſeen,
Kind hearted tranſport round their captains threw
The ſoldiers' fond embrace, o'erflow'd their eyes
With tender floods, and loos'd the general voice
To cries reſounding loud—The ſea! The ſea!
In Attic bounds hence heroes, ſages, wits,
Shone thick as ſtars the Milky Way of Greece!
And tho' gay Wit and pleaſing Grace was theirs,
All the ſoft Modes of Elegance and Eaſe,
Yet was not Courage leſs, the patient touch
Of toiling Art, and Diſquiſition deep.
My ſpirit pours a vigour thro' the ſoul,
Th' unfetter'd thought with energy inſpires,
Invincible in arms, in the bright field
Of nobler Science, as in that of Arms.
Athenians thus not leſs intrepid burſt
The bonds of tyrant darkneſs, than they ſpurn'd
The Perſian chains; while thro' the city, fed
Of mirthful quarrel and of witty war,
Inceſſant ſtruggled taſte refining taſte,
And friendly face diſcuſſion, calling forth
From the fair jewel Truth its latent ray.
O'er all ſhone out the great Athenian Sage,
And Father of Philoſophy; the ſun
From whoſe white blaze, emerg'd, each various ſect
Took various tents, but with diminiſh'd beam.
Tutor of Athens! he in every ſtreet
Dealt priceleſs treaſure; goodneſs his delight,
Wiſdom his wealth, and glory his reward.
Deep thro' the human heart, with playful art
His ſimple queſtion ſtole, as into truth
And ſerious deeds he ſmiles the laughing race.
Taught moral happy life whate'er can bleſs

ce mankind, and what he taught he was.
ounded high, tho' plain, his doctrine broke
erent Schools. The bold poetic phraſe
ar'd Plato, Xenophon's pure ſtrain,
he clear brook that ſteals along the vale,
ling truth, the Stagyrite's keen eye,
talted Stoic pride, the Cynic ſneer,
ow-conſenting Academic doubt;
joining bliſs to virtue, the glad caſe
icurus, ſeldom underſtood.
ever candid, reaſon ſtill oppos'd
ſor, and, ſince virtue was their aim,
y ſure practiſe try'd to prove his way
eſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid baſe
erty, the liberty of mind;
ſtems yet, and ſoul-enſlaving creeds,
with the monſters of ſucceeding times.
prieſtly darkneſs ſprung the enlightening arts
, and ſword, and rage, and horrid names.
reece! thou ſapient nurſe of finer Arts!
to bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
s thy praiſe, that thou, and thou alone,
ſe haſt led the way, in theſe excell'd,
d with the laurel of aſſenting Time.
hy full language, ſpeaking mightier things,
clear torrent cloſe, or elſe diffus'd
d majeſtic ſtream, and rolling on
all the winding harmony of ſound,
ne power of Eloquence, at large,
'd the perſuaſive or pathetic ſoul,
by degrees the democratic ſtorm,
de it threatning riſe, and tyrants ſhook,
i at the head of their victorious troops.
ne Muſe, her fury never quench'd,
an unyielding phraſe, or jarring ſound,
reconfin'd divinity diſplay'd,
ſtill harmonious, form'd it to her will,
: depreſs'd it to the ſhepherd's moan,
'd it ſwelling to the tongue of gods.
ric Song was thine, the fountain bard,
ce each poetic ſtream derives it courſe.
the dread Moral Scene, thy chief delight!
idly Fancy durſt not mix her voice,
reaſon ſpoke auguſt; the fervent heart
n'd or ſtorm'd, and in the impaſſion'd man,
ling art with art, the poet ſtrik.
otent ſchool of manners, but when left
ſe neglect, a land corrupting plague,
ot unworthy deem'd of public care,
oundleſs coſt, by thee, whoſe every ſon,
ſt mechanic, the true taſte poſſeſs'd
at had flavour to the nouriſh'd ſoul.
ſwet enforcer of the poet's ſtrain,
was the meaning Muſic of the heart;
e vain thrill that, void of paſſion, runs,
ly mazes, tickling idle ears,
at deep-ſearching voice, and artful hand,
ich reſpondent ſhakes the varied ſoul.
fair ideas, thy delightful forms,
ve imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
oaſt of well pleas'd Nature! Sculpture
ſeiz'd,
ad them ever ſmile in Parian ſtone.
ing Beauty's choice, and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect whole,
Thy workmen left e'en Nature's ſelf behind.
From theſe far different, whoſe prolific hand
Peoples a nation, they for years on years,
By the cool touches of judicious toil,
Their rapid genius curbing, pour'd it all
Thro' the live features of one breathing ſtone.
There, beaming full, it ſhone, expreſſing gods;
Jove's awful brow, Apollo's air divine,
The fierce atrocious frown of ſinew'd Mars,
Or the ſly graces of the Cyprian Queen.
Minutely perfect all! each dimple ſunk,
And every muſcle ſwell'd, as Nature taught.
In treſſes, braided gay, the marble wav'd,
Flow'd in looſe robes, or thin tranſparent veils;
Sprung into motion, ſoften'd into fleſh,
Was fir'd to paſſion, or refin'd to ſoul.

Nor leſs thy pencil, with creative touch,
Shed mimic life, when all thy brighteſt dames
Aſſembled, Zeuxis in his Helen mix'd.
And when Appelles, who peculiar knew
To give a grace that more than mortal ſmil'd,
The ſoul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love
Freſh from the billows, bluſhing orient charms,
E'en ſuch enchantment then thy pencil pour'd,
That cruel-thoughted War th' impatient torch
Daſh'd to the ground, and, rather than deſtroy
The patriot picture, let the city 'ſcape.

Firſt elder Sculpture taught her ſiſter Art
Correct deſign, where great ideas ſhone,
And in the ſecret trace expreſſion ſpoke:
Taught her the graceful attitude, the turn,
And beauteous airs of head; the native act,
Or bold or eaſy, and caſt free behind,
The ſwelling mantle's well-adjuſted flow.
Then the bright Muſe, their eldeſt Siſter, came,
And bade her follow where ſhe led the way!
Bade earth, and ſea, and air, in colours riſe,
And copious act on on the canvas glow;
Gave her gay Fable, ſpread Invention's ſtore,
Enlarg'd her view, taught compoſition high,
And juſt arrangement, circling round one point,
That ſtarts to ſight, binds and commands the whole.
Caught from the heavenly Muſe a nobler aim,
And ſcorning the ſoft trade of mere delight,
O'er all thy temples, porticoes, and ſchools,
Heroic deeds ſhe trac'd, and warm diſplay'd
Each mortal beauty to the raviſh'd eye.
There, as th' imagin'd preſence of the God
Arous'd the mind, or vacant hours induc'd
Calm Contemplation, or aſſembled youth
Burn'd in ambitious circle round the ſage,
The living leſſon ſtole into the heart
With more prevailing force than dwells in words.
Theſe rouze to glory, while to rural life
The ſofter canvas oft' repos'd the ſoul.
There gaily broke the ſun-illumin'd cloud;
The leſſ'ning proſpect, and the mountain blue,
Vaniſh'd in air; the precipice frown'd, dire;
White down the rock the ruſhing torrent daſh'd;
The ſun ſhone, trembling, o'er the diſtant main;
The tempeſt foam'd, immenſe; the driving ſtorm
Sadden'd the ſkies; and from the doubling gloom,

On

On the ſcath'd oak the ragged lightning fell;
In cloſing ſhades, and where the current ſtrays,
With Peace and Love, and Innocence, around,
Pip'd the lone ſhepherd to his feeding flock;
Round happy parents ſmil'd their younger ſelves,
And friends convers'd, by death divided long.
To public virtues thus the ſmiling Arts,
Unblemiſh'd handmaids! ſerv'd; the Graces they
To dreſs this faireſt Venus. Thus rever'd,
And plac'd beyond the reach of ſordid care,
The high awarders of immortal fame,
Alone for glory thy great maſters ſtrove;
Courted by kings, and by contending ſtates
Aſſum'd the boaſted honour of their birth.
In Architecture, too, thy rank ſupreme!
That art where moſt magnificent appears
The little builder Man; by thee refin'd,
And, ſmiling high, to full perfection brought.
Such thy ſure rules, that Goths of every age,
Who ſcorn'd their aid, have only loaded earth
With labour'd heavy monuments of ſhame:
Not thoſe gay domes that o'er thy ſplendid ſhore
Shot, all proportion up. Firſt unadorn'd
And nobly plain, the manly Doric roſe;
Th' Ionic then, with decent matron grace,
Her airy pillar heav'd; luxuriant laſt,
The rich Corinthian ſpread her wanton wreath:
The whole ſo meaſur'd true, ſo leſſen'd off
By fine proportion, that the marble pile,
Form'd to repel the ſtill or ſtormy waſte
Of rolling ages, light as fabrics look'd
That from the magic wand aerial riſe.

Theſe were the wonders that illumin'd Greece
From end to end.—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) ſay, Goddeſs! where?
And what the land thy darling thus of old?
Sunk! ſhe reſum'd; deep in the kindred gloom
Of ſuperſtition and of Slavery ſunk!
No glory now can touch their hearts, benumb'd
By looſe dejected ſloth and ſervile fear;
No ſcience pierce the darkneſs of their minds;
No nobler art the quick ambitious ſoul
Of imitation in their breaſt awake.
E'en to ſupply the needful arts of life
Mechanic toil denies the hopeleſs hand:
Scarce any trace remaining, venige grey,
Or nodding column, on the deſart ſhore,
To point where Corinth or where Athens ſtood.
A faithleſs land of violence and death!
Where commerce parleys, dubious, on the ſhore;
And his wild impulſe curious ſearch reſtrains,
Afraid to truſt th' inhoſpitable clime.
Neglected Nature fails: in ſordid want
Sunk, and debas'd, their beauty beams no more.
The ſun himſelf ſeems angry, to regard,
Of light unworthy, the degen'rate race,
And fires them oft' with peſtilential rays;
While earth, blue poiſon ſteaming on the ſkies,
Indignant ſhakes them from her troubled ſides.
But as from man to man, Fate's firſt decree,
Impartial Death the tide of riches rolls,
So ſtates muſt die, and Liberty go round.
Fierce was the ſtand ere Virtue, Valour, Arts,
And the Soul fir'd by Me, that often ſtung
With thoughts of better times and old renown,
From hydra-tyrants try'd to clear the land,)
Lay quite extinct in Greece, their works effac'd,
And groſs o'er all unfeeling Bondage ſpread.
Sooner I mov'd My much reluctant flight,
Pois'd on the doubtful wing, when Greece with Greece,
Embroil'd in foul contention, fought no more
For common glory and for common weal,
But, falſe to freedom, fought to quell the free;
Broke the firm bond of peace, and ſacred love,
That lent the whole irrefragable force,
And, as around the partial trophy bluſh'd,
Prepare the way for total overthrow.
Then to the Perſian power, whoſe pride they ſcorn'd,
When Xerxes pour'd his millions o'er the land,
Sparta by turns, and Athens, vilely ſu'd;
Su'd to be venal parricides, to ſpill
Their country's braveſt blood, and on themſelves
To turn their matchleſs mercenary arms.
Peaceful in Suſa, then, ſat the Great King,
And by the trick of treaties, the ſtill waſte
Of ſly corruption and barbaric gold,
Effected what his ſteel could ne'er perform.
Profuſe he gave them the luxurious draught,
Inflaming all the land; unbalanc'd wide
Their tottering ſtates; their wild aſſemblies rul'd,
As the winds turn'd at every bluſt the ſeas,
And by their liſted orators, whoſe breath
Still with a factious ſtorm infeſted Greece,
Rous'd them to Civil war, or daſh'd them down
To ſordid peace—Peace! that, when Sparta ſhook
Aſtoniſh'd Artaxerxes on his throne,
Gave up, fair-ſpread o'er Aſia's ſunny ſhore,
Their kindred cities to perpetual chains.
What could ſo baſe, ſo infamous a thought
In Spartan hearts inſpire? Jealous, they ſaw
Reſpiring Athens rear again her walls,
And the pale fury fir'd them once again
To cruſh this rival city to the duſt.
For now no more the noble ſocial ſoul
Of Liberty My families combin'd,
But by ſhort views and ſelfiſh paſſions broke,
Dire as when friends are rankled into foes,
They mix'd ſevere, and wag'd eternal war;
Nor felt they, furious, their exhauſted force;
Nor, with falſe glory, diſcord, madneſs blind,
Saw how the blackning ſtorm from Thracia came.
Long years roll'd on, by many a battle ſtain'd,
The bluſh and boaſt of Fame! where courage, art,
And military glory, ſhone ſupreme:
But let deteſting ages from the ſcene
Of Greece, ſelf-mangled, turn the ſickening eye.
At laſt, when bleeding from a thouſand wounds
She felt her ſpirits fail, and in the duſt
Her lateſt heroes, Nicias, Conon, lay,
Ageſilaus, and the Theban Friends,
The Macedonian Vulture mark'd his time,
By the dire ſcent of Cheronæa lur'd,
And, fierce deſcending, ſeiz'd his hapleſs prey.

Thus tame ſubmitted to the victor's yoke
Greece! once the gay, the turbulent, the bold,
For every Grace, and Muſe, and Science, born;
With

of war, of government, elate ; 485
dreadful, dreadful to the beſt;
Myſelf could ſcarcely rule ; and thus
in fetters, that inthrall'd the mind,
'd to formal and apparent chains.
Corruption firſt deject the pride 490
lian vigour of the Free-born ſoul,
: attempts of Violence are vain ;
within, and while at heart untouch'd,
by Force was Freedom overcome.
is Independence ſtoops the head, 495
nſlav'd, and vice created wants,
me foul corrupting hand, whoſe waſte
ghten'd wants with fatal bounty feeds,
t to man the ſlackening ruin runs,
hole State, unnerv'd, in ſlavery ſinks.

ROME.

LIBERTY.

PART III.

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opened to the view of mortals.

HERE melting mix'd with air th' ideal forms,
That painted ſtill whate'er the goddeſs
ſung,
Then I, impatient,—"From extinguiſh'd Greece
"To what new region ſtream'd the Human Day?"
She, ſoftly ſighing, as when Zephyr leaves, 5
Reſign'd to Boreas, the declining year,
Reſum'd,—Indignant, theſe laſt ſcenes I fled,
And long ere then Leucadia's cloudy cliff,
And the Ceraunian hills behind me thrown,
All Latium ſtood arous'd. Ages before, 10
Great mother of Republics! Greece had pour'd,
Swarm after ſwarm, her ardent youth around;
On Aſia, Africa, Sicily, they ſtoop'd.
But chief on fair Heſperia's winding ſhore,
Where from Lacinium to Etrurian vales 15
They roll'd increaſing colonies along,
And lent materials for My Roman reign.
With them my ſpirit ſpread, and numerous ſtates
And cities roſe, on Grecian models form'd,
As its parental policy and arts 20
Each had imbib'd. Beſides, to each aſſign'd,
A Guardian genius o'er the public weal,
Kept an uncloſing eye; try'd to ſuſtain,
O more, ſublime the ſoul infus'd by Me ;
And ſtrong the battle roſe, with various wave,
Againſt the tyrant demons of the land. 26
Thus they their little wars and triumphs knew,
Their flows of fortune, and receding times,
But almoſt all below the proud regard
Of glory vow'd to Rome, on deeds intent, 30
That truth beyond the flight of fable bore.
Not ſo the Samian Sage; to him belongs
The brighteſt witneſs of recording fame.
For theſe free ſtates his native iſle forſook,
And a vain tyrant's tranſitory ſmile. 35
He ſought Crotona's pure ſalubrious air,
And thro' Great Greece his gentle wiſdom taught;
Wiſdom that calm'd for liſtening years the mind,
Nor ever heard amid the ſtorm of zeal
His mental eye firſt launch'd into the deeps 40
Of boundleſs æther, where unnumber'd orbs,
Myriads on myriads, thro' the pathleſs ſky
Unerring roll, and wind their ſteady way.
There he the full conſenting choir beheld,
There firſt diſcern'd the ſecret bands of love, 45
The kind attraction that to central ſuns
Binds circling earths, and world with world
unites.
Inſtructed thence, he great ideas form'd
Of the whole-moving all-informing God,
The Sun of beings! beaming unconfin'd 50
Light, life, and love, and ever acting power;
Whom naught can image, and who beſt approves
The ſilent worſhip of the moral heart,
That joys in bounteous Heaven, and ſpreads the
joy.
Nor ſcorn'd the ſoaring ſage to ſtoop to life, 55
And bound his reaſon to the ſphere of Man.
He gave the four yet reigning virtues name :
Inſpir'd the ſtudy of the finer arts,
That civilize mankind, and laws deviſ'd,

Where with enlighten'd juſtice mercy mix'd.
He e'en, into his tender ſyſtem, took
Whatever ſhares the brotherhood of life.
He taught that life's indiſſoluble flame,
From brute to man, and man to brute again,
For ever ſhifting, runs th' eternal round;
Thence try'd againſt the blood-polluted meal,
And limbs yet quivering with ſome kindred ſoul,
To turn the human heart. Delightful truth!
Had he beheld the living chain aſcend,
And not a circling form, but riſing whole.

Amid theſe ſmall Republics one aroſe,
On yellow Tiber's bank, almighty Rome!
Fated for Me. A nobler ſpirit warm'd
Her ſons; and, rous'd by tyrants, nobler ſtill
It burn'd in Brutus; the proud Tarquins chas'd,
With all their crimes; bade radiant eras riſe,
And the long honours of the Conſul line.

Here from the fairer, not the greater, plan
Of Greece I vary'd, whoſe unmixing ſtates,
By the keen ſoul of Emulation pierc'd,
Long wag'd alone the bloodleſs war of Arts,
And their beſt empire gain'd; but to diffuſe
O'er men an empire was My purpoſe now;
To let My martial Majeſty abroad;
Into the vortex of One State to draw
The whole mix'd force and liberty on earth;
To conquer tyrants, and ſet nations free.

Already have I given, with flying touch,
A broken view of this My ampleſt reign:
Now while its firſt, laſt, periods you ſurvey,
Mark how it lab'ring roſe, and rapid fell.

When Rome in noon-tide empire graſp'd the world,
And, ſoon as her reſiſtleſs legions ſhone,
The nations ſtoop'd around; tho' then appear'd
Her grandeur moſt, yet in her dawn of power,
By many a jealous equal people preſs'd,
Then was the toil, the mighty ſtruggle then;
Then for each Roman I an hero told,
And every paſſing ſun and Latian ſcene
Saw patriot virtues then, and awful deeds,
That or ſurpaſs the faith of modern times,
Or, if believ'd, with ſacred horror ſtrike.

For then, to prove My moſt exalted power,
I to the point of full perfection puſh'd,
To fondneſs and enthuſiaſtic zeal,
The great, the reigning paſſion of the Free!
That godlike paſſion! which the bounds of Self
Divinely burſting, the whole public takes
Into the heart, enlarg'd, and burning high
With the mix'd ardour o unnumber'd ſelves;
Of all who ſafe beneath the voted laws
Of the ſame parent ſtate, fraternal, live,
From this kind ſun of moral Nature flow'd
Virtues that ſhine the light of human kind,
And, ray'd thro' ſtory, warm remoteſt time.
Theſe virtues, too, reflected to their ſource,
Increas'd its flame. The ſocial charm went round,
The fair idea, more attractive ſtill,
As more by virtue mark'd, till Romans, all
One band of friends, unconquerable grew.

Hence, when their country rais'd her plaintive voice,
The voice of pleading Nature was not heard,
And in their hearts the fathers throbb'd no more;
Stern to themſelves, but gentle to the whole.
Hence, ſweeten'd pain, the luxury of toil;
Patience that baffled Fortune's utmoſt rage;
High minded Hope, which at the loweſt ebb,
When Brennus conquer'd, and when Cannæ bled,
The braveſt impulſe felt, and ſcorn'd deſpair,
Hence Moderation a new conqueſt gain'd
As on the vanquiſh'd, like deſcending Heaven,
Their dewy mercy dropp'd, their bounty beam'd,
And by the labouring hand were crowns beſtow'd.
Fruitful of men, hence hard laborious life,
Which no fatigue can quell, no ſeaſon pierce:
Hence Independence, with his little pleas'd,
Serene, and ſelf-ſufficient, like a god,
In whom Corruption could not lodge one charm,
While he his honeſt roots to gold preferr'd;
While truly rich, and by his Sabine field
The man maintain'd, the Roman's ſplendor all
Was in the public wealth and glory plac'd;
Or ready, a rough ſwain, to guide the plough,
Or elſe, the purple o'er his ſhoulder thrown,
In long majeſtic flow, to rule the ſtate,
With Wiſdom's pureſt eye, or clad in ſteel,
To drive the ſteady battle on the foe.
Hence every paſſion, e'en the proudeſt, ſtoop'd
To common-good: Camillus! thy revenge;
Thy glory, Fabius! All ſubmiſſive, hence
Conſuls, Dictators, ſtill reſign'd their rule,
The very moment that the laws ordain'd.
Tho' conqueſt o'er them clapp'd her eagle-wings,
Her laurels wreath'd, and yok'd her ſnowy ſteeds
To the triumphal car, ſoon as expir'd
The lateſt hour of ſway, taught to ſubmit,
(A harder leſſon that than to command,)
Into the private Roman ſunk the chief.
If Rome was ſerv'd, and glorious, careleſs they
By whom: their country's fame they deem'd their own;
And, above envy, in the rivals train,
Sung the loud los by themſelves deſerv'd.
Hence matchleſs courage: on Cremera's bank
Hence fell the Fabii: hence the Decii dy'd;
And Curtius plung'd into the flaming gulf:
Hence Regulus the wavering Fathers firm'd,
By dreadful counſel never given before;
For Roman honour fu'd, and his own doom;
Hence he ſuſtain'd to dare a death prepar'd
By Punic rage: on earth his manly look,
Relentleſs fix'd, he from a laſt embrace,
By chains polluted, put his wife aſide,
His little children climbing for a kiſs;
Then dumb thro' rows of weeping wondering friends,
A new illuſtrious exile! preſs'd along.
Nor let's impatient did he pierce the crowds
Oppoſing his return, than if eſcaped
From long litigious ſuits he glad forſook
The noiſy town a while, and city cloud,
To breathe Venafrian or Tarentine air.
Need I theſe high particulars recount?
The meaneſt boſom felt a thirſt for fame:
Flight their worſt death, and ſhame their only fear.

id no charms, nor any terrors fate,
Rome and Glory call'd. But, in one view,
the rare boast of unequal'd times. 186
eyolv'd unfully'd by a crime;
reign'd, and scarcely needed laws
d a race elated with the pride
ue, and disdaining to descend 190
anness, mutual violence, and wrongs.
war around them rag'd, in happy Rome
aceful smil'd, all save the passing clouds
ften hang on Freedom's jealous brow,
ir unblemish'd centuries elaps'd, 195
not a Roman bled but in the field.
virtue such that an unbalanc'd state,
tween Noble and Plebeian toss'd,
v'd the wave of fluctuating power,
ence kept firm, and with triumphant prow
ut the storm. Oft' tho' the native feuds,
om the first their constitution shook,
nt ruin, growing as it grew,)
on the treat'ning point of Civil war
to rush, yet could the lenient voice 205
dom, soothing the tumultuous soul,
ons of Virtue calm. Their generous hearts,
ify'd by Self, so naked lay,
nsible to truth, that o'er the rage
ly faction, by Oppression swell'd, 210
'd a simple fable, and at once
ce recover'd the divided state.
heir often-cheated hopes refus'd
othing touch, still in the love of Rome
ead Dictator found a sure resource. 215
e assaulted? was her glory stain'd?
mmon quarrel wide-inflam'd the whole.
the Forum in the field were friends,
al danger bound; each fond for each,
r their dearest country all, to die. 220
up the hill of Empire slow they toil'd,
he bald summit gain'd, the Thousand States
id Italia blended into one;
'er the nations they resistless rush'd,
uch'd the limits of the failing world. 225
Fancy's eye the distant lines unite,
t which borders wild the western main,
storms at large resound, and tides immense;
Caledonia's dim cerulean coast,
oist Hibernia, to where Atlas, lodg'd,
he restless clouds and leaning heaven, 231
o'er the deep that borrows thence its name.
that oppos'd, where first the springing Morn
es sheds, and shakes around her dews;
ie dire deserts by the Caspian lav'd, 235
re the Tigris and Euphrates join'd,
ous tear the Babylonian plain,
st Arabia aromatic breathes.
dividing far the watery North,
of floods! from the majestic Rhine, 240
by Battavian meads, to where, seven mouth'd,
ne waves the flashing Danube roars:
re the frozen Tanais scarcely stirs
d Meotic pool, or the long Rha
lack Scythian sea his torrent throws. 245

Last that beneath the burning zone behold:
See where it runs, from the deep loaded plains
Of Mauritania to the Libyan sands,
Where Ammon lifts amid the torrid waste
A verdant isle, with shade and fountain fresh, 250
And farther to the full Egyptian shore,
To where the Nile from Ethiopian clouds,
His never-drain'd ethereal urn, descends.
In this vast space what various tongues and states!
What bounding rocks, and mountains, floods, and seas!
What purple tyrants quell'd, and nations freed!
O'er Greece descended chief, with stealth divine,
The Roman bounty in a flood of day,
As at her Isthmian games, a fading pomp!
Her full assembled youth innumerous swarm'd.
On a tribunal rais'd Flaminius sate; 261
A victor he, from the deep phalanx pierc'd
Of Iron-coted Macedon, and back
The Grecian tyrant to his bounds repell'd.
In the high thoughtless gaiety of game, 265
While sport alone their unambitious hearts
Possess'd, the sudden trumpet, sounding hoarse,
Bade silence o'er the bright assembly reign.
Then thus a herald.—"To the states of Greece
"The Roman people, unconfin'd, restore 270
"Their countries, cities, liberties, and laws;
"Taxes remit, and garrisons withdraw."
The crowd, astonish'd half, and half inform'd,
Star'd dubious round; some question'd, some exclaim'd,
(Like one who, dreaming, between hope and fear
Is lost in anxious joy,) Be that again, 276
Be that again proclaim'd, distinct, and loud.
Loud and distinct it was again proclaim'd;
And still as midnight in the rural shade,
When the gale slumbers, they the words devour'd.
A while severe amazement held them mute;
Then, bursting broad, the boundless shout to heaven.
From many a thousand hearts ecstatic sprung.
On every hand rebellow'd to their joy
The swelling sea, the rocks, and vocal hills: 285
Thro' all her turrets stately Corinth shook,
And, from the void above of shatter'd air,
The flitting bird fell breathless to the ground.
What piercing bliss! how keen a sense of fame
Did then, Flaminius! reach thy inmost soul!
And with what deep-felt glory didst thou then
Escape the fondness of transported Greece!
Mix'd in a tempest of superior joy,
They left the sports; like Bacchanals they flew,
Each other straining in a strict embrace, 295
Nor strain'd a slave; and loud acclaims till night
Round the Proconsul's tent repeated rung.
Then, crown'd with garlands, came the festive hours;
And music, sparkling wine, and converse warm,
Their raptures wak'd anew.—"Ye Gods!" they cry'd, 300
"Ye guardian Gods of Greece! And are we free?
"Was it not madness deem'd the very thought?
"And is it true? How did we purchase chains?

" At what a dire expence of kindred blood?
" And are they now diſſolv'd? and ſcarce one drop
" For the fair firſt of bleſſings have we paid?
" Courage and conduct in the doubtful field,
" When rages wide the ſtorm of mingling war,
" Are rare indeed; but how to generous ends
" To turn ſucceſs and conqueſt, rarer ſtill;
" That the great Gods and Romans only know.
" Lives there on earth, almoſt to Greece unknown,
" A people ſo magnanimous, to quit
" Their native ſoil, traverſe the ſtormy deep,
" And by their blood and treaſure, ſpent for us,
" Redeem our ſtates, our liberties, and laws!
" There does! there does! oh! Saviour Titus! Rome!"
Thus thro' the happy night they pour'd their ſouls,
And in My laſt-reflected beams rejoic'd.
As when the ſhepherd, on the mountain brow,
Sits piping to his flocks and gameſome kids,
Mean time the ſun, beneath the green earth ſunk,
Slants upward o'er the ſcene a parting gleam,
Short is the glory that the mountain gilds,
Plays on the glittering flocks, and glads the ſwain;
To weſtern worlds irrevocably roll'd
Rapid, the ſource of light recalls his ray.

Here, interpoſing, I,—" Oh, Queen of Men!
" Beneath whoſe ſceptre in eſſential rights
" Equal they live tho' plac'd, for common good,
" Various, or in ſubjection or command,
" And that by common choice; alas! the ſcene,
" With virtue freedom, and with glory bright,
" Streams into blood, and darkens into woe."
Thus ſhe purſu'd.—Near this great æra, Rome
Began to feel the ſwift approach of Fate,
That now her vitals gain'd; ſtill more and more
Her deep diviſions kindling into rage,
And war with chains and deſolation charg'd.
From an unequal balance of her ſons
Theſe fierce contentions ſprung, and, as increas'd
This hated inequality, more fierce
They flam'd to tumult. Independence fail'd,
Here by luxurious wants, by real there;
And with this virtue every virtue ſunk,
As with the ſliding rock the pile ſuſtain'd.
A laſt attempt, too late, the Gracchi made,
To fix the flying ſcale, and poiſe the ſtate.
On one ſide ſwell'd ariſtocratic pride,
With Uſury, the villain whoſe fell gripe
Bends by degrees to baſeneſs the free ſoul;
And Luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
Mother of vice! while on the other crept
A populace in want, with pleaſure fir'd,
Fit for proſcriptions, for the darkeſt deeds,
As the proud feeder bade; inconſtant, blind;
Deſerting friends at need, and dup'd by foes;
Loud and ſeditious, when a chief inſpir'd
Their headlong fury; but of him depriv'd,
Already ſlaves that lick'd the ſcourging hand
This firm Republic, that againſt the blaſt
Of Oppoſition roſe, that (like an oak,
Nurs'd on ferocious Algidum, whoſe boughs
Still ſtronger ſhoot beneath the rigid axe)
By loſs, by ſlaughter, from the ſteel itſelf
E'en force and ſpirit drew, ſmit with the calm,
The dead ſerene of proſperous fortune, pin'd.
Nought now her weighty legions could oppoſe.
Her terror once on Afric's tawny ſhore,
Now ſmoak'd in duſt, a ſtabling now for wolves;
And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
Beſides, deſtructive, from the conquer'd Eaſt,
In the ſoft plunder came that worſt of plagues,
That peſtilence of mind, a fever'd thirſt
For the falſe joys which Luxury prepares;
Unworthy joys! that waſteful leave behind
No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
No ſecret ray to glad the conſcious ſoul;
At once involving in one ruin wealth
And wealth-acquiring powers; while ſtupid Self,
Of narrow guſt and hebetating ſenſe,
Devour the nobler faculties of bliſs.
Hence Roman virtue ſlacken'd into ſloth,
Security relax'd the ſoftning ſtate,
And the broad eye of Government lay cloſ'd.
No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
And public weal no more; but party rag'd;
And partial power, and licenſe unreſtrain'd,
Let Diſcord thro' the deathful City looſe.
Firſt, mild Tiberius! on thy ſacred head
The Fury's vengeance fell; the firſt whoſe blood
Had ſince the Conſuls ſtain'd contending Rome;
Of precedent pernicious! With thee bled
Three hundred Romans; with thy brother, next,
Three thouſand more; till into battles turn'd
Debates of peace, and forc'd the trembling laws,
The Forum and Comitia horrid grew,
A ſcene of barter'd power or reeking gore;
When, half-aſham'd, Corruption's thieviſh arts,
And ruffian Force, began to ſap the mounds
And majeſty of laws; if not in time
Repreſs'd ſevere, for human aid too ſtrong,
The torrent turns, and overbears the whole.

Thus luxury, diſſenſion, a mix'd rage
Of boundleſs pleaſure and of boundleſs wealth,
Want wiſhing change, and waſte repairing war,
Rapine for ever loſt to peaceful toil,
Guilt unaton'd, profuſe of blood Revenge,
Corruption all avow'd, and lawleſs Force,
Each heightning each, alternate ſhook the ſtate.
Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
Of hardy legions, with the laurels heap'd
And ſpoil of nations, in one circling blaſt
Combin'd invarious ſtorm, and from its baſe
The broad Republic tore. By Virtue built,
It touch'd the ſkies, and ſpread o'er ſhelter'd earth
An ample roof; by Virtue, too, ſuſtain'd,
And balanc'd ſteady, every tempeſt ſung
Innoxious by, or bade it firmer ſtand:
But when, with ſudden and enormous change,
The firſt of mankind ſunk into the laſt,
As once in virtue, ſo in vice extreme,
This univerſal fabric yielded looſe,
Before Ambition ſtill; and thundering down,
At laſt, beneath its ruins cruſh'd a world.
A conquering people, to themſelves a prey,
Muſt ever fall, when their victorious troops,
In blood and rapine ſavage grown, can find

l to ſack and pillage but their own.
utal Marius and keen Sylla firſt
the deluge dire of civil blood,
ng woes began, and this or that
renching their revenge) nor virtue ſpar'd,
nor age, nor quality, nor name;
me, into an human ſhambles turn'd,
ſerts lovely —Oh! too well earn'd chains!
l race!—If no true Roman then,
vola, there was, to raiſe for Me
ful hand; was there no father, robb'd
ming youth to prop his wither'd age?
a witneſs to his hoary fire
and gore defil'd? No friend, forlorn?
tch that doubtful trembled for himſelf?
rave, or wild, to pierce a monſter's heart,
leaping horror round, no more deſerv'd
red ſhelter of the laws he ſpurn'd?
d o'er all profound Dejection ſate,
rveleſs Fear. The ſlave's aſylum theirs;
it, ill-judging, that the timid back
weak to ſlaughter, or partaken guilt.
from Sylla's vanity I drew,
xampled deed. The power reſign'd,
unhop'd the Commonwealth reſtor'd,
l the public, and effac'd his crimes.
treets yet ſtreaming from his murderous hand
'd he ſtray'd, unguarded, unaſſail'd,
i the bed of peace his aſhes laid;
: which I to his diſmiſſion gave.
th him died not th' deſpotic ſoul:
on ſaw that ſtooping Rome could bear
ter, nor had virtue to be free.
for ſucceeding years My troubled reign,
rain peace, no ſpreading proſpect, knew.
ction gathered round. Still the black ſoul
a Cataline or Rullus ſwell'd
ell deſigns, and all the watchful art
ero demanded, all the force,
: ſtate-wielding magic of his tongue,
l the thunder of My Cato's zeal.
ieſe I linger'd, till the flame anew
out in blaze immenſe, and wrapt the world.
ameful conteſt ſprung to whom mankind
yield the neck; to Pompey, who conceal'd
impatient of an equal name;
he nobler Cæſar, on whoſe brow
iring Vice deluding Virtue ſmil'd,
ho no leſs a vain ſuperior ſeem'd.
led, but bled in vain, New traitors roſe.
nal will be bought, the baſe have lords.
ſe vile wars I left ambitious ſlaves
om Philippi's field, from where in duſt
ſt of Romans, matchleſs Brutus! lay,
to the North, untam'd, a rapid wing.
it tho' the firſt ſmooth Cæſars arts careſs'd,
and Virtue, ſimulating Me?
ly tender! cruelly humane!
ain to clench, and make it ſofter ſit
new broken ſtill ferocious ſtate.
he dark Third, ſucceeding, I beheld
Th' imperial monſters all—A race on earth
Vindictive ſent, the ſcourge of human kind!
Whoſe blind profuſion drain'd a bankrupt world,
Whoſe luſt to forming Nature ſeems diſgrace,
And whoſe infernal rage bade every drop
Of ancient blood that yet retain'd my flame,
To that of Pætus in the peaceful bath,
O'er Rome's affrighted ſtreets inglorious flow.
But almoſt juſt the meanly-patient death
That waits a tyrant's unprevented ſtroke.
Titus, indeed, gave one ſhort evening gleam;
More cordial felt, as in the midſt it ſpread
Of ſtorm and horror the delight of men!
He who the day, when his o'erflowing hand
Had made no happy heart, concluded loſt;
Trajan and he, with the mild Sire and Son,
His ſon of virtue! eas'd a while mankind,
And Arts reviv'd beneath their gentle beam.
Then was their laſt effort; what Sculpture rais'd
To Trajan's glory, following triumphs ſtole,
And mixt with Gothic forms, (the chiffel's ſhame,)
On that triumphal arch, the forms of Greece.

Mean time o'er rocky Thrace, and the deep vales
Of gelid Hæmus, I purſu'd my flight,
And, piercing fartheſt Scythia, weſtward ſwept
Sarmatia, travers'd by a thouſand ſtreams:
A ſullen land of lakes, and fens immenſe,
Of rocks, reſounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
And cruel deſerts, black with ſounding pine,
Where Nature frowns; tho' ſometimes into ſmiles
She ſoftens, and immediate, at the touch
Of ſouthern gales, throws from the ſudden glebe
Luxuriant paſture and a waſte of flowers.
But, cold compreſt, when the whole loaded heaven
Deſcends in ſnow, loſt in one white abrupt
Lies undiſtinguiſh'd earth; and, ſeiz'd by froſt,
Lakes, headlong ſtreams, and floods, and oceans, ſleep.
Yet there life glows; the furry millions there
Deep-dig their dens beneath the ſheltering ſnows;
And there a race of men prolific ſwarms,
To various pain, to little pleaſure, us'd;
On whom, keen parching, beat Riphæan winds,
Hard like their ſoil, and like their climate fierce,
The nurſery of nations!—Theſe I rous'd,
Drove land on land, on people people pour'd,
Till from almoſt perpetual night they broke,
As if in ſearch of day, and o'er the banks
Of yielding Empire, only ſlave-ſuſtain'd,
Reſiſtleſs rag'd, in vengeance urg'd by Me.

Long in the barbarous heart the bury'd ſeeds
Of Freedom lay for many a wintry age,
And tho' My ſpirit work'd by ſlow degrees,
Nought but its pride and fierceneſs yet appear'd:
Then was the night of time that parted worlds,
I quitted earth the while. As when the tribes
Aerial, warn'd of riſing winter, ride
Autumnal winds, to warmer climates borne;
So Arts, and each good Genius in My train,
I cut the cloſing gloom, and ſoar'd to heaven.

In the bright regions there of purest day,
Far other scenes and palaces arise,
Adorn'd profuse with other arts divine.
All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
Would, like a rose before the mid-day sun,
Shrink up its blossom; like a bubble break
The pulling poor magnificence of kings:
For there the King of Nature, in full blaze,
Calls every splendour forth; and there his court
Amid ethereal powers and virtues holds;
Angel, archangel, tutelary gods,
Of cities, nations, empires, and of worlds.
But sacred be the veil that kindly clouds
A light too keen for mortals, wraps a view
Too softening fair, for those that here in dust
Must chearful toil out their appointed years.
A sense of higher life would only damp
The schoolboy's task, and spoil his playful hours;
Nor could the child of Reason, feeble Man!
With vigour thro' this infant being drudge,
Did brighter worlds, their unimagin'd bliss
Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his mind.

BRITAIN.

LIBERTY.

PART IV.

THE CONTENTS.

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STRUCK with the rising scene, thus I, amazed:
"Ah! Goddess, what a change! Is earth the same?
"Of the same kind the ruthless race she feeds?
"And does the same fair sun and ether spread
"Round this vile spot their all-enlivening soul?
"Lo! Beauty fails; lost in unlovely forms
"Of little pomp, Magnificence no more
"Exalts the mind, and bids the Public smile;
"While to rapacious interest Glory leaves
"Mankind, and every grace of life is gone."

To this the power whose vital radiance calls
From the brute mass of man an ordered world:

"Wait till the morning shines, and from the depth
"Of Gothic darkness springs another day.
"True, Genius droops; the tender ancient taste
"Of Beauty, then fresh-blooming in her prime,
"But salutiy trembles thro' the callous soul,
"And Grandeur, or of morals or of life,
"Sinks into safe pursuits and creeping cares.
"E'en cautious Virtue seems to stoop her flight,
"And aged Life to deem the generous deeds
"Of youth romantic, yet in cooler thought
"Well-reason'd, in researches piercing deep
"Thro' Nature's works, in profitable arts,
"And all that calm Experience can disclose,
"Slow guide, but sure: behold the world anew
"Exalted rise, with other honours crown'd;
"And, where My spirit wakes the finer powers,
"Athenian laurels still afresh shall bloom."

Oblivious ages pass'd, while Earth, forlock
By her best Genii, lay to Demons foul,
And unchain'd Furies, an abandon'd prey.
Contention led the van; first small of size,
But, soon dilating, to the skies she towers:
Then wide as air the livid fury spread,
And, high her head above the stormy clouds,
She blaz'd in omens, swell'd the groaning winds
With wild surmises, battlings, sounds of war:
From land to land the madd'ning trumpet blew,
And pour'd her venom thro' the heart of man.
Shook to the Pole, the North obey'd her call.
Forth rush'd the bloody Power of Gothic war,
War against human-kind; Rapine that led
Millions of raging robbers in his train;
Unlistening, barbarous Force, to whom the sword
Is reason, honour, law; the Foe of Arts
By monsters follow'd, hideous to behold,
That claim'd their place Outrageous mix'd with these
Another species of tyrannic rule,
Unknown before, whose cancerous shackles seiz'd
Th' envenom'd soul; a wilder Fury, she
E'en o'er her elder Sister tyranniz'd;
Or if, perchance, agreed, inflam'd her rage.
Dire was her train, and loud: the Sable Band
Thundering—"Submit, ye Laity! ye Profane!

is the Lord's, and therefore Ours: let
ings
the common claim, and half be theirs;
behold! the sacred light'ning flies!"
c Discord, with an hundred tongues,
ice utte ing gaugling words obscure,
righted Reason never yet could dwell;
nptory feature, Cleric Pride.
eddening cheek no contradiction bears;
ly Slander, his associate firm,
n the Lying Spirit still descends;
of tortures! Persecuting Zeal,
shing in her hand the ready torch,
nard bath'd in unbelieving blood;
erceft fiend; of faintly brow demure,
g a celestial seraph's name,
ie beneath the blasphemous pretence
ing Parent Heaven, the Source of Love!
ought more horrors, more detested deeds,
l the rest combin'd. Led on by her,
id of head to work her fell designs,
hot Superstition; round with ears
ous strow'd, ten thousand Monkish forms
gends ply'd them, and with tenets, meant
n or scare the simple into slaves,
son reason! gross, she swallows all,
st absurd believing ever most:
'er the whole her universal night,
ofn still doubling, Ignorance diffus'd.
ht to be seen but vitionary Monks
cils strolling, and embroiling creeds:
Saints, disturbing distant lands,
known Nations, wandering for a home.
revers'd: the sacred arts of rule
to flagitious leagues against mankind,
of plunder more and more avowed;
iin Devotion to a solemn farce;
dotage Virtue, e'en to guile,
der, and a mockery of oaths;
icient Freedom to the rage of slaves,
f their state, and fighting for their chains;
ur'd Courage to the bravo's trade,
broil; and Glory to romance.
man li e unhing'd to ruin reel'd,
ldy Reason totter'd on her throne
st Heaven's best inexplicable scheme,
ng bade new brightening eras smile
h command gone forth, Arts in My train,
ure-mantled Science, swift we spread
ling pinion. Eager Pity, mixt
ndignation, urg'd her downward flight.
ium first we stopped, for doubtless life
nted, sunk beneath unnumber'd woes.
or Italia! what a bitter cup
geance hast thou drain'd! Goths, Vandals,
Huns,
ds, Barbarians broke from every land,
any a ruffian form hast thou beheld!
orrid jargons heard, where rage alone
thy frighted ear could comprehend!
tquent by the red inhuman hand,
rm with brothers', husbands', fathers'
blood,
ou thy matrons and thy virgins seen
ation dragg'd, and mingled death!
What conflagrations, earthquakes, ravage, floods,
Have turn'd thy cities into stony wilds,
And succourless and bare the poor remains
Of wretches forth to Nature's common cast!
Added to these, the still continued waste
Of inbred foes, that on thy vitals prey,
And double tyrants, seize the very soul.
Where hadst thou treasures for this rapine all?
These hungry myriads, that thy bowels tore,
Heap'd sack on sack, and bury'd in their rage
Wonders of Art! whence this grey scene a mine
Of more than gold becomes and orient gems,
Where Egypt, Greece, and Rome, united glow.
Here Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, bent
From ancient models to restore their arts,
Remain'd. A little trace we how they rose.
Amid the hoary ruins Sculpture first,
Deep digging from the cavern dark and damp,
Their grave for ages, bid her marble race
Spring to new light. Joy sparkled in her eyes,
And old Remembrance thrill'd in every thought,
As she the pleasing resurrection saw.
In leaning site respiring from his toils,
The well-known hero, who deliver'd Greece,
His ample chest, all tempested with force,
Unconquerable rear'd. She saw the head,
Breathing the hero, small of Grecian size,
Scarce more extensive than the sinewy neck;
The spreading shoulders, muscular, and broad;
The whole a mass of swelling sinews, touch'd
Into harmonious shape; she saw, and joy'd.
The yellow hunter, Meleager, rais'd
His beauteous front, and thro' the finish'd whole
Shows what ideas fail'd of old in Greece.
Of raging aspect, rush'd impetuous forth
The Gladiator. Pityless his look,
And each keen sinew brac'd, the storm of war,
Rustling, o'er all his nervous body frowns.
The dying Other from the gloom she drew,
Supported on his shorten'd arms he leans,
Prone a-monizing: with incumbent fate
Heavy declines his head, yet dark beneath
The suffering feature sullen vengeance lowers,
Shame, indignation, unaccomplish'd rage,
And still the cheated eye expects his fall.
All-conquest flush'd, from prostrate Pythen came
The Quivered God. In graceful acts he stands,
His arm extended with the slacken'd bow.
Light flows his easy robe, and fair displays
A manly-softened form. The bloom of gods
Seems youthful o'er the beardless cheek to wave:
His features yet heroic ardour warms;
And sweet subsiding to a native smile,
Mixt with the joy elating conquest gives,
A scatter'd frown exalt his matchless air.
On Flora mov'd, her full proportion'd limbs
R se thro' the mantle fluttering in the breeze.
The Queen of Love arose, as from the deep
She sprung in all the melting pomp of charms,
Bashful she bends; her well-taught look aside
Turns in enchanting guise, where dubious mix
Vain conscious beauty, a dissembled sense
Of modest shame, and slippery looks of love.
The gazer grows enamour'd, and the stone,
As it exulting in its conquest, smiles.

So turn'd each limb, ſo ſwell'd with ſo tening art,
That the deluded eye the marble doubts.
At laſt her utmoſt Maſterpiece ſhe found,
That Maro fir'd; the miſerable ſire,
Wrapt with his ſons in Fate's ſevereſt graſp.
The ſerpents, twiſting round, their ſtringent folds
Inextricable tie. Such paſſion here!
Such agonies! ſuch bitterneſs of pain!
Seem ſo to tremble thro' the tortur'd ſtone,
That the touch'd heart engroſſes all the view.
Almoſt unmark'd the beſt proportions paſs
That ever Greece beheld; and, ſeen alone,
On the rapt eye th' imperious paſſions ſeize;
The father's double pangs, both for himſelf
And ſons convuls'd: to Heaven his rueful look,
Imploring aid, and half-accuſing, caſt;
His ſell deſpair with indignation mixt,
As the ſtrong-curling Monſters from his ſide
His full-extended fury cannot tear.
More tender touch'd, with varied art, his ſons,
All the ſoft rage of younger paſſions ſhow:
In a boy's helpleſs fate one ſinks oppreſs'd,
While, yet unpierc'd, the frighted other tries
His foot to ſteal out of the horrid twine.

She bore no more, but ſtraight from Gothic ruſt
Her chiſſel clear'd, and duſt and fragments drove
Impetuous round. Succeſſive as it went
From ſon to ſon, with more enlivening touch,
From the brute rock it call'd the breathing form,
Till, in a legiſlator's awful grace
Dreſs'd, Buonaroti bid a Moſes riſe,
And, looking love immenſe, a Savour God.
Of theſe obſervant, Painting felt the fire
Burn inward. Then ecſtatic ſhe diffus'd
The canvaſs, ſeiz'd the pallet, with quick hand
The colours brew'd, and on the void expanſe
Her gay creation pour'd, her mimic world.
Poor was the manner of her eldeſt race,
Barren and dry, juſt ſtruggling from the taſte,
That had for ages ſcar'd in cloiſter dim
The ſuperſtitious herd; yet glorious then
Were deem'd their works, where undevelop'd lay
The future wonders that enrich'd mankind,
And a new light and grace o'er Europe caſt.
Arts gradual gather ſtreams. Enlarging this
To each his portion of her various gifts
The goddeſs dealt, to none indulging all;
No, not to Raphael. At kind diſtance ſtill
Perfection ſtands, like Happineſs, to tempt
Th' eternal chaſe. In elegant deſign
Improving Nature, in ideas fair,
Or great, extracted from the fine antique;
In attitude, expreſſion, airs divine.
Her ſons of Rome and Florence bore the prize.
To thoſe of Venice ſhe the magic art
Of colours melting into colours gave.
Theirs, too, it was, by one embracing maſs
Of light and ſhade, that ſettles round the whole,
Or varies tremulous from part to part,
O'er all a binding harmony to throw,
To raiſe the picture and repoſe the ſight,
The Lombard ſchool ſucceeding mingled both.

Mean time dread fanes and palaces around
Rear'd the magnific front. Muſic again
Her univerſal language of the heart
Renew'd; and, riſing from the plaintive vale,
To the full concert ſpread, and ſolemn quire.
E'en bigots ſmil'd, to their protection took
Arts not their own, and from them borrow'd pomp:
For in a tyrant's garden theſe a while
May bloom, tho' Freedom be their parent ſoil.
And now confeſt, with gently growing gleam
The morning ſhone, and weſtward ſtream'd its light.
The Muſe awoke. Not ſooner on the wing
Is the gay bird of dawn: artleſs her voice,
Untaught, and wild, yet warbling through the woods
Romantic lays; but as her northern courſe
She, with her tutor Science, in My train
Ardent purſu'd, her ſtrains more noble grew;
While Reaſon drew the plan, the Heart inform'd
The moral page, and Fancy lent it grace.

Rome and her circling deſerts caſt behind,
I paſs'd not idle to my great ſojourn.
On Arno's fertile plain, where the rich vine
Luxuriant o'er Etrurian mountains roves,
Safe in the lap repos'd of private bliſs,
I ſmall republics rais'd. Thrice happy they!
Had ſocial Freedom bound their peace, and Arts,
Inſtead of ruling Power, ne'er meant for them,
Employ'd their little cares, and ſav'd their fate.
Beyond the ragged Apennines, that roll
Far thro' Italian bounds their wavy tops,
My path, too, I with public bleſſings ſtrow'd;
Free ſtates and cities, where the Lombard plain,
In ſpite of culture negligent and groſs,
From her deep boſom pours unbidden joys,
And green o'er all the land a garden lies.
The barren rocks themſelves, beneath my foot,
Relenting bloom'd on the Ligurian ſhore.
Thick-ſwarming people there, like emmets, ſeiz'd,
Amid ſurrounding cliffs, the ſcatter'd ſpots,
Which Nature left in her deſtroying rage,
Made their own fields, nor ſigh'd for other lands.
There, in white proſpect, from the rocky hill
Gradual deſcending to the ſhelter'd ſhore,
By Me proud Genoa's marble turret's roſe;
And while My genuine ſpirit warm'd her ſons,
Beneath her Dorias, not unworthy, ſhe
Vy'd for the trident of the narrow ſeas,
Ere Britain yet had open'd all the main.
Nor be the then triumphant ſtate forgot,
Where, puſh'd from plunder'd earth, a remnant ſtill,
Inſpir'd by Me, thro' the dark ages kept
Of my old Roman flame ſome ſparks alive;
The ſeeming god-built city, which My hand
Deep in the boſom fix'd of wondering ſeas.
Aſtoniſh'd mortals hail'd, with pleaſing awe,
Around the ſea-girt walls, by Neptune fenc'd,
And down the briny-ſtreet, where on each hand,
Amazing ſeen amid unſtable waves,
The ſplendid palace ſhines, and riſing tides,
The green ſteps marking, murmur at the door.
To this fair Queen of Adria's ſtormy gulf,

of nations! long obedient ſeas
the treaſure of the radiant Eaſt;
no more. Than one great tyrant worſe
ar'd oppreſſion lightens as diffus'd)
ſt tearing, many tyrant's roſe;
the proudeſt. Join'd in dark cabal,
ous watchful, ſilent, and ſevere,
the whole indiſſoluble chains:
ſhackles of luxurious eaſe
wiſe added, to ſecure their ſway.
ice fainter ſhines, and Commerce thus,
patient, flags the drooping ſail:
beſides his ancient bounds, he took
circle, found another ſeat,
a thouſand ports, and, charm'd with
il,
thing can diſmay, far other ſons.
ountains, then, clad with eternal ſnow,
My power. Deep as the rampant rocks,
e thrown inſuperable round,
there a League of friendly ſtates;
plain Freedom their ambition be.
the vale, where rural plenty fills,
es, and meads, and furrow'd fields, her
orn,
ere the Leman pure emits the Rhone,
e ſeen unguilty cities riſe,
brothers form'd; while equal life,
l gracious with revolving power,
s them free, and in their happy ſtreets
l deed nor miſery is known:
ur, Faith, and innocence of life,
'd, a rough laborious people, there,
give the dreadful Alps to ſmile,
ſs their culture on retiring ſnows,
firm order train'd and patient war,
ewiſe know, beyond the nerve remiſs
nary force, how to defend
ful little their hard toil has earn'd,
proud arm of Bourbon to defy.
chear'd by Me, their ſhaggy mountains
harm,
an our Gallic or Italian plains;
ining Fancy oft', when abſent long,
beho'd their Alpine views again:
low-winding ſtream, the vale, fair ſpread
amphitheatre of hills,
, vapour-wing'd, the ſudden tempeſt
ſprings;
eep to ſteep aſcending, the gay train
thick roll'd into romantic ſhapes:
ting cloud, againſt the ſummit daſh'd,
y the ſun illumin'd, pouring bright
ny ſhower; hung o'er amazing rocks,
ountain-aſh, and ſolemn-ſounding pine;
w-fed torrent, in white mazes, toſs'd
o the clear ethereal lake below;
igh o'er-topping all the broken ſcene,
ountain fading into ſky, where ſhines
ter Winter ſhivering, and whoſe top
om their cloudy magazine the ſnows.
theſe deſcending, as I wav'd my courſe
ſt Germania, the ferocious nurſe
ly men and hearts affronting death,
ſome favour'd cities there to lift
A nobler brow, and thro' their ſwarming ſtreets,
More buſy, wealthy, chearful, and alive,
In each contented face to look My ſoul.
Thence the loud Baltic paſſing, black with ſtorm,
To wintry Scandinavia's utmoſt bound,
There I the manly race, the parent hive
Of the mixt kingdoms, form'd into a ſtate
More regularly free. By keener air
Their genius purg'd, and temper'd hard by froſt,
Tempeſt and toil their nerves, the ſons of thoſe
Whoſe only terror was a bloodleſs death;
They, wiſe and dauntleſs, ſtill ſuſtain My cauſe.
Yet there I fix'd not: turning to the South,
The whiſpering zephyrs ſigh'd at my delay.
Here, with the ſhifted Viſion, burſt my joy.
" O the dear proſpect! O majeſtic view!
" See Britain's Empire! Lo! the watery vaſt
" Wide waves, diffuſing the cerulean plain.
" And now, methinks, like clouds at diſtance ſeen,
" Emerging white from deeps of æther, dawn,
" My kindred cliffs; whence, wafted in the gale,
" Ineffable, a ſecret ſweetneſs breathes.
" Goddeſs! forgive—My heart, ſurpriz'd, o'erflows
" With filial fondneſs for the land you bleſs."
As parents to a child complacent deign
Approvance, the celeſtial Brightneſs ſmil'd;
Then thus—As o'er the wave-reſounding deep,
To My near reign, the happy Iſle, I ſteer'd
With eaſy wing, behold! from ſurge to ſurge
Stalk'd the tremendous Genius of the Deep;
Around him clouds, in mingled tempeſt, hung;
Thick-flaſhing meteors cro-vn'd his ſtarry head;
And ready thunder redden'd in his hand,
Or from it ſtream'd compreſt the gloomy cloud.
Where'er he look'd the trembling waves recoil'd;
He needs but ſtrike the conſcious flood, and, ſhook
From ſhore to ſhore, in agitation dire,
It works his dreadful will. To Me his voice
(Like that hoarſe blaſt that round the cavern howls
Mixt with the murmurs of the falling main)
Addreſs'd, began—" By Fate commiſſion'd, go,
" My Siſter Goddeſs, now, to yon' bleſt iſle,
" Henceforth the partner of my rough domain.
" All my dread walks to Britons, open lie.
" Thoſe that refulgent, or with roſy morn
" Or yellow evening flame; thoſe that profuſe,
" Drunk by equator ſuns, ſeverely ſhine;
" Or thoſe that, to the poles approaching, riſe
" In billows rolling into Alps of ice:
" E'en yet, untouch'd by daring keel, be theirs
" The vaſt Pacific, that on other worlds,
" Their future conqueſt, rolls reſounding tides.
" Long I maintain'd, inviolate, my reign;
" Around them ages, on the groaning maſt,
" Nor Alexanders me, nor Cæſars, brav'd.
" Still in the crook of ſhore, the coward ſail
" Till now low crept, and peddling Commerce ply'd
" Between near-joining lands. For Britons,
chief,
" It was reſerv'd, with ſtar directed prow
" To dare the middle deep, and drive aſſur'd

"To diſtant nations thro' the pathleſs main.
"Chief for their fear eſs hearts the glory waits,
"Long months from land, while the black ſtormy night
"With unſhook knee to know their giddy way;
"To ſing, unquell'd, amid the laſhing wave;
"To laugh at danger. Theirs the triumph be,
"By deep invention's keen pervading eye,
"The heart of Courage: and the hand of Toil,
"Each conquer'd ocean ſtaining with their blood,
"Inſtead of treaſure robb'd by ruffian War,
"Round ſocial earth to circle fair exchange,
"And bind the nations in a golden chain.
"To theſe I honour'd ſhoop, ruſhing to light
"A race of men behold! whoſe daring deeds,
"Will in renown exalt my nameleſs plains
"O'er thoſe of fabling Earth, as her's to mine
"In terror yield. Nay, could my ſavage heart
"Such glories check, their unſubmitting ſoul
"Would all my fury brave, my tempeſt climb,
"And might in ſpite of me my kingdom ſcorn."
Here waiting no reply, the ſhadowy Power
Eas'd the dark ſky, and to the deeps return'd;
While the loud thunder rattling from his hand,
Auſpicious, ſhook opponent Gallia's ſhore.
Of this encounter glad, My way to land
I quick purſu'd, that from the ſmiling ſea
Receiv'd Me joyous. Loud acclaims were heard;
And muſic more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
With pleas'd aſtoniſhment the lab'ring hind,
Who for a while th' unfiniſh'd furrow left,
And let the liſtening ſteer forget his toil.
Unſeen by groſſer eye, Britannia breath'd,
And her aërial train, theſe ſounds of joy;
For of old time, ſince firſt the ruſhing flood,
Urg'd by Almighty pow'r, this favour'd Iſle
Turn'd flaſhing from the continent aſide,
Indented ſhore to ſhore reſponſive ſtill,
Its guardian ſhe—The goddeſs whoſe ſtaid eye
Beams the dark azure of the doubtful dawn.
Her treſſes, like a flood of ſoften'd light,
Thro' clouds imbrown'd, in waving circles play.
Warm on her cheek ſits Beauty's brighteſt roſe.
Of high demeanour, ſtately, ſhedding grace
With every motion. Full her riſing cheſt;
And new ideas, from her finiſh'd ſhape,
Charm'd Sculpture taking, might improve her art,
Such the fair guardian of an Iſle that boaſts,
Profuſe as vernal bloom, the faireſt dames.
High-ſhining on the promontory's brow,
Awaiting Me, ſhe ſtood; with hope inflam'd,
By My mixt ſpirit burning in her ſons,
To firm, to poliſh, and exalt the ſtate.

The native Genii round her radiant ſmil'd.
Courage, of ſoft deportment, aſpect calm,
Unboaſtful, ſuffering long, and, till provok'd,
As mild and harmleſs as the ſporting child;
But, on juſt reaſon, once his fury rous'd,
No lion ſprings more eager on his prey:
Blood is a paſtime! and his heart, elate,
Knows no depreſſing fear. That Virtue known
By the r lenting look, whoſe equal heart
For others feels, as for another ſelf:
Of various name, as various objects wake,
Warm into action the kind ſenſe within;
Whether the blameleſs poor, the nobly maim'd,
The loſt to reaſon, the declin'd in life,
The helpleſs young that kiſs no mother's hand,
And the grey ſecond infancy of age,
She gives in public families to live,
A ſight to gladden heaven! whether ſhe ſtands
Fair beck'ning at the hoſpitable gate,
And bids the ſtranger take repoſe and joy;
Whether, to ſolace honeſt labour, ſhe
Rejoices thoſe that make the land rejoice;
Or whether to Philoſophy and Arts
(At once the baſis and the finiſh'd pride
Of government and life) ſhe ſpreads her hand,
Nor knows her gift profuſe, nor ſeems to know,
Doubling her bounty, that ſhe gives at all.
Juſtice to theſe her awful preſence join'd,
The mother of the ſtate! No low revenge,
No turbid paſſions in her breaſt ferment;
Tender, ſerene, compaſſionate of vice,
As the laſt woe that can afflict mankind,
She puniſhment awards; yet of the good
More piteous ſtill, and of the ſuffering whole,
Awards it firm. So fair her juſt decree,
That, in his judging peers, each on himſelf
Pronounces his own doom. O happy land!
Where reigns alone this juſtice of the Free!
Mid the bright group Sincerity his front,
Diffuſive, rear'd; his pure untroubled eye,
The fount of Truth. The thoughtful Power, apart,
Now, penſive, caſt on earth his fix'd regard.
Now, touch'd celeſtial, launch'd it on the ſky.
The Genius he whence Britain ſhines ſupreme,
The land of light, and rectitude of mind,
He too, the fire of Fancy feeds intenſe.
With all the train of paſſions thence deriv'd;
Not kindling quick, a noiſy tranſient blaze,
But gradual, ſilent, laſting, and profound,
Near him Retirement pointing to the ſhade,
And Independence, ſtood: the generous pair
That ſimple life, the quiet whiſpering grove,
And the ſtill raptures of the freeborn ſoul,
To cares prefer by Virtue bought, not earn'd;
Proud y prefer them to the ſervile pomp
And to the heart embitter'd joys, of ſlaves.
Or ſhould the latter, to the public ſcene
Demanded, quit his ſylvan friend a while,
Nou ht can his firmneſs ſhake, nothing ſeduce
His zeal, ſtill active for the common weal;
Nor ſtormy tyrants, nor Corruption's tools.
Foul miniſters, dark working by the force
Of ſecret-ſapping gold. All their vile arts,
Their ſhameful honours, their perfidious gifts,
He greatly ſcorns; and if he muſt betray
His plunder'd country, or his power reſign,
A moment's parley were eternal ſhame:
Illuſtrious into private life again,
From dirty levees he unſtain'd aſcends,
And firm in ſenates ſtands the patriot's ground,
Or draws new vigour in the peaceful ſhade.
Aloof the baſhful Virtue hover'd coy,
Proving by ſweet diſtruſt diſtruſted worth;
Rough Labour clos'd the train; and in his hand
Rude, callous, ſinew-ſwell'd, and black with toil,
Came manly Indignation. Sour he ſeems,

ıore than ſeems, by lawleſs pride aſſail'd:
nd at heart, and juſt, and generous, there
ıeeance lurks, no pale inſidious gall:
the very luxury of rage,
ſt'ning, can forgive a gallant foe;
rve, ſupport, and glory of the land!
Religion, rational and free,
aſs'd in ſilence, whoſe enrapture'd eye
ıven with earth connected, human things
to divine; who not from ſervile fear,
s for ſome weak tyrant incenſe fit,
od of Love adores, but from a heart
g gladneſs, into pleaſing awe
ow aſtoniſh'd ſwells, now in a calm
leſs confidence that ſmiles ſerene;
ves devot on, one continual hymn,
ien moſt grateful, when Heaven's bounty
moſt
t enjoy'd. This ever-chearful Power
ie rais'd circle ray'd ſuperior day.

'd to join the Virtues whence My reign
lbion was to riſe. Each chearing each,
ike the planets circling from the ſun,
rowing beams from Me, a heighten'd zeal
ent fir'd us to commence our toils,
aſures rather. Long the pungent time
not in mutual hails, but thro' the land
g our light. we ſhone the fogs away.

Virtues conquer with a ſingle look,
race, ſuch beauty, ſuch victorious light,
their preſence, ſtream in every glance,
ie ſoul, won, enamour'd, and refin'd,
their own image, pure ethereal flame,
the ſoul Demons, that oppoſe our reign,
ſtill from us deluded mortals wrap:
roſs ſhades they drown the viſual ray;
he fogs of Prejudice. where mix
iod and truth confounded, foil the ſenſe
ain refracted images of bliſs.
ef around the court of flatter'd kings
oll the duſky rampart, wall o'er wall
knees pile. and with their thickeſt ſhade
the throne. No ſavage Alp, the den
ves, and bears, and monſtrous things ob-
ſcene,
ex the ſwain, and waſte the country round,
ed lies beneath a deeper cloud:
ere We ſometimes ſend a ſearching ray.
ie ſacred opening of the morn
owling race retire, ſo pierc'd ſevere,
our potent blaze theſe Demon's fly,
ill their works diſſolve.—The whiſper'd
Tale.
like the ſubling Nile, no fountain knows;
c'd Deceit, whoſe wily conſcious eye
ooks direct; the Tongue that licks the duſt,
hen it falſely dares, as prompt to ſting;
i credulity Deſtruction, whoſe ſell tears
e; the Janus face of courtly Pride,
ſuperiors heaves ſubmiſſive eyes,
lers Worth the other ſcowls diſdain;
that for ſome weak tenderneſs alone,
irtuous ſhp, can wear a bluſh; the Laugh
e, when midnight bowls diſcloſe the heart,
ving Virtue, and at Virtue's fools;

Determin'd to be broke, the plighted Faith:
Nay, more, Godleſs Oath, that knows no tie;
Soft-buzzing Slander; ſilky moths, that eat
An honeſt name; the harpy hand and maw
Of avaracious Luxury, who makes
The throne his ſhelter, venal laws his fort,
And, by his ſervice, who betrays his king.

Now turn your view, and mark, from Celtic night
To preſent grandeur, how My Britain roſe.

Bold were thoſe Britons who, the careleſs ſons
Of Nature, roams the foreſt-bounds, at once
Their verdant city, high embowering fane,
And the gay circle of their wood-land wars;
For by the Druid taught, that death but ſhifts
The vital ſcene, they that prime fear deſpis'd;
And, prone to ruſh on ſteel, diſdain'd to ſpare
An ill-fav'd life, that muſt again return
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And ſtill more tyrant Cuſtom unſubdu'd,
Man knows no maſter ſave creative Heaven,
Or ſuch as choice and common good ordain.
This general ſenſe, with which the nations I
Promiſcous fire, in Britons burn'd intenſe,
Of future time propheric. Witneſs, Rome!
Who ſaw'ſt thy Cæſar, from the naked land,
Whoſe only fort was Britiſh hearts, repell'd,
To ſeek Pharſalian wreaths. Witneſs the toil,
The blood of ages, bootleſs to ſecure,
Beneath an Empire's yoke, a ſtubborn iſle,
Diſputed hard, and never quite ſubdu'd.
The North remain'd untouch'd, where thoſe who
ſcorn'd
Yielding at laſt, recoil'd the Roman power.
From ſea to ſea deſponding legions rais'd
The wall immenſe, and yet, on ſummer's eve,
While ſport his Lambkins round, the ſhepherd's
gaze.
Continual o'er it burſts the northern ſtorm,
As often, check'd, receded, threatning hoarſe
A ſwift return. But the devouring flood
No more endur'd controul, when, to ſupport
The laſt remains of empire, was recall'd
The weary Roman, and the Briton lay
Unnerv'd, exhauſted, ſpiritleſs, and ſunk.
Great proof, how men enfeeble into ſlaves!
The ſword behind him flaſh'd, before him roar'd,
Deaf to his woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
He roll' his eye, not ſparkling ardent flame,
As when Caradacus to battle led
Siberian ſwains, and Boadicea taught
Her raging troops the miſeries of ſlaves.
Then (ſad relief!) from the bleak coaſt that bears
The German ocean roar, deep blooming, ſtrong,
And yellow-hair'd, the blue eyd Saxon came.
He came implor'd, but came with other aim
Than to protect: for conqueſt and defence
Suffices the ſame arm. With the fierce race
Pour'd in a freſh invigorating ſtream,
Blood where, unquell'd, a mighty ſpirit glow'd:
Raſh war and perilous battle their delight;
And immature, and red with glorious wounds,
Unpeaceful death their choice: deriving thence
A right to feaſt, and drain immortal bowls,
In Odian's hall, whoſe blazing roof reſounds

The genial uproar of thoſe ſhades who fall
In deſperate fight, or by ſome brave attempt;
And thro' more poliſh'd times the martial creed
Diſown, yet ſtill the fearleſs habit lives.
Nor were the ſurly gifts of war their all:
Wiſdom was likewiſe theirs, indulgent Laws,
The calm gradations of art-nurſing Peace,
And matchleſs Orders, the deep baſis ſtill
On which aſcends My Britiſh reign. Untam'd
To the refining ſubtelties of ſlaves,
They brought an happy government along,
Form'd by that Freedom which, with ſecret voice,
Impartial Nature teaches all her ſons,
And which of old thro' the whole Scythian maſs
Strong inſpir'd. Monarchical their ſtate,
But prudently confin'd, and mingled wiſe
Of each harmonious power, only too much
Imperious War into their rule infus'd,
Prevail'd the General-king, and Chieftain-thanes.

In many a field, by civil fury ſtain'd,
Bled the diſordant Heptarchy, and long
(Educing good from ill) the battle groan'd,
Ere, blood-cemented, Anglo-Saxons ſaw
Egbert and Peace on one united throne.

No ſooner dawn'd the fair-diſcloſing calm
Of brighter days, when, lo! the North anew,
With ſtormy nations black, on England pour'd
Woes the ſevereſt e'er a people felt.
The Daniſh Raven, lur'd by annual prey,
Hung o'er the land inceſſant. Fleet on fleet
Of barbarous pirates unremitting tore
The miſerable coaſt. Before them ſtalk'd,
Far ſeen, the Demon of devouring Flame,
Rapine and Murder, all with blood beſmear'd,
Without or ear, or eye, or feeling heart;
While cloſe behind them march'd the fallow Power
Of deſolating Famine, who delights
In graſs-growing cities, and in deſert fields;
And purple-ſpotted Peſtilence, by whom
E'en friendſhip fear'd, in ſickening horror ſinks
Each ſocial ſenſe and tenderneſs of life.
Fixing at laſt, the ſanguinary race
Spread from the Humber's loud-reſounding ſhore,
To where the Thames devolves his gentle maze,
And with ſuperior arm the Saxon aw'd.
But ſuperſtition firſt, and Monkiſh dreams,
And Monk-directed cloiſter-ſeeking kings,
Had ate away his vigour, ate away
His edge of courage, and depreſs'd the ſoul
Of conquering Freedom, which he once reſpir'd.
Thus cruel ages paſs'd, and rare appear'd
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the vale,
As when, with Alfred, from the wilds ſhe came
To polic'd cities and protected plains.
Thus by degrees the Saxon Empire ſunk,
Then ſet entire in Haſtings' bloody field.

Compendious war! (on Britain's glory bent,
So Fate ordain'd) in that deciſive day
The haughty Norman ſeiz'd at once an Iſle,
For which thro' many a century, in vain,
The Roman, Saxon, Dane, had toil'd and bled.
Of Gothic nations this the final burſt;
And, mix'd the genius of theſe people all,
Their virtues mix'd in one exalted ſtream,
Here the rich tide of Engliſh blood grew full.

A while My ſpirit ſlept: the land a while,
Affrighted, droop'd beneath deſpotic rage.
Inſtead of Edward's equal gentle laws,
The furious victor's partial will prevail'd.
All proſtrate lay; and in the ſecret ſhade,
Deep ſtung, but fearful, Indignation gnaſh'd
His teeth. Of freedom, property, deſpoil'd,
And of their bulwark, arms, with caſtles cruſh'd,
With ruffians quarter'd o'er the bridled land,
The ſhivering wretches, at the curfeu ſound,
Dejected ſhrunk into their ſordid beds,
And thro' the mournful gloom of ancient times
Muſ'd ſad, or dreamt of better. E'en to feed
A tyrant's idle ſport the peaſant ſtarv'd:
To the wild herd the paſture of the tame,
The cheerful hamlet, ſpiry town, was given,
And the brown foreſt roughened wide around.

But this ſo dead, ſo vile ſubmiſſion, long
Endur'd not. Gathering force, My gradual flame
Shook off the mountain of tyrannic ſway.
Unus'd to bend, impatient of controul,
Tyrants themſelves the common tyrant check'd.
The Church, by kings intractable and fierce,
Deny'd her portion of the plunder'd ſtate,
Or tempted by the timorous and weak,
To gain new ground, firſt taught their rapine law.
The Barons next a nobler league began;
Both thoſe of Engliſh and of Norman race,
In one fraternal nation blended now,
The nation of the Free! preſs'd by a band
Of patriots, ardent as the ſummer's noon,
That looks delighted on, the tyrant ſee!
Mark! how with feign'd alacrity he bears
His ſtrong reluctance down, his dark revenge,
And gives the Charter by which life, indeed,
Becomes of price, a glory to be man.

Thro' this and thro' ſucceeding reigns affirm'd
Theſe long-conteſted rights, the wholeſome winds
Of Oppoſition hence began to blow,
And often ſince have left the country life.
Before their breath Corruption's inſect-blights,
The darkening clouds of evil council, fly;
Or ſhould they ſounding ſwell, a putrid court,
A peſtilential miniſtry, they purge,
And ventilated ſtates renew their bloom.

Tho' with the temper'd monarchy here mix'd
Ariſtocratic ſway, the people ſtill,
Flatter'd by this or that, as intereſt lean'd,
No ſure protection knew. For Me reſerv'd,
And for my Commons, was that glorious turn,
They crown'd my firſt attempt, in ſenates rais
The fort of Freedom! Slow, till then alone,
Had work'd that general Liberty, that ſoul
Which generous Nature breathes, and which,
when left
By Me to bondage was corrupted Rome,
Thro' the Northern nations wide diffus'd:
Hence many a people, fierce with Freedom,
ruſh'd
From the rude iron regions of the North,
To Lybian deſerts, ſwarm protruding ſwarm,
And pour'd new ſpirits thro' a ſlaviſh world.
Yet o'er theſe Gothic ſtates the king and chiefs
Retain'd the high prerogative of war,
And with enormous property engroſs'd

ngled power. But on Britannia's ſhore,
reſent, I to raiſe My reign began
ng the democracy, the third
oadeſt bulwark of the guarded ſtate.
was the ſull, the perfect plan diſclos'd
ain's match'eſs Conſtitution, mixt
ual checking and ſupporting powers,
Lords, and Commons; nor the name of
Free
ng while the Vaſſal many droop'd:
ce the moment of the whole they form,
lepreſs'd as rais'd, the balance they
ic welfare and of glory caſt,
rom this period the continual proof.
n kings of narrow genius, minion rid,
ing faithful worth for fawning ſlaves,
regardleſs of their peoples' plaints,
orly paſſive of inſulting foes;
, not prudent; obſtinate, not firm;
nercy fear, neceſſity their faith;
of generous fire, preſumptuous, hot;
reſolve, and ſlothful to perform;
at once, and ſlaves; imperious, mean;
t rapacious joining ſhameful waſte,
ſels weak and wicked, ſelfy rous'd
ry ſchemes of abſolute command,
their ſplendour in their ſure diſgrace,
a-broken ruin'd people wealth;
uch o'ercaſt the ſtate. no bond of love,
't, no ſoul, no unity, no nerve,
d the looſe diſjointed public, loſt
e abroad, to happineſs or home.
when an Edward and an Henry breath'd
he charm'd whole one all-exerting ſoul,
ſympathetic from his dark retreat,
vide attracted Merit round them glow'd;
ounſels juſt, extenſive, generous, firm,
ne maze of ſtate, determin'd kept
ling point in view; when, on the ſtock
ic good and glory grafted, ſpread
alms, their laurels; or, if thence they
ſtray'd,
return, and patient of reſtraint;
egal ſtate, pre eminence of place,
orn'd to deem pre-eminence of eaſe,
uxurious drones, that only rob
ſy hive, as in diſtinction, power,
nce, honour, and advantage, firſt;
hey, too, claim'd in virtue, danger, toil,
r rank, with equal hand prepar'd
rd the ſubject and to quell the foe;
uch with Me their vital influence ſhed,
ter'd grievance, hopeleſs ſigh, was heard;
diſtruſt thro' wary ſenates ran,
d their bounty, and their ar our quench'd;
unqueſtion'd, liberal aid was given;
their conduct, by their valour fir d,
here they led victorious armies ruſh'd;
eſſy, Poiteurs, Agincourt proclaim
ings, ſupported by almighty Love,
ople, fir'd with Liberty, can do.
ſil'd the ſavage reigns, when kindred rage
merous once Plantagenet devour'd,
to vengeance vow'd! and when, oppreſs'd
rate feuds, almoſt extinguiſh'd lay
My quivering flame: but in the next, behold!
A cautious tyrant lend it oil anew.

Proud, dark, ſuſpicious, brood'ng o'er his gold
As how to fix his throne he jealous caſt
His crafty views around, pierc'd with a ray,
Which on his timid mind ſ darted full,
He mark'd the Barons of exceſſive ſway,
At pleaſure making and unmaking kings;
And hence, to cruſh theſe petty tyrants, plann'd
A law that let them, by the ſilent waſte
Of luxury, their landed wealth diffuſe,
And with that wealth their implicated power.
By ſoft degrees a mighty change enſu'd,
E'en working to this day. With ſtreams deduc'd
From theſe diminiſh'd floods the country ſmil'd:
As when, impetuous from the ſnow-heap'd Alps,
To vernal ſuns relenting, pours the Rhine;
While undivided, oft' with waſteful ſweep,
He foams along; but thro' Batavian meads,
Branch'd into fair canals, indulgent flows,
Waters a thouſand fields; and culture, trade,
Towns, meadows, gliding ſhips, and villas mix'd,
A rich, a wondrous landſcape, riſes round.

His furious ſon the ſoul-enſlaving chain,
Which many a doting venerable age
Had link by link ſtrong-twiſted round the land,
Shook off. No longer could be borne a power,
From Heaven pretended, to deceive, to void
Each ſolemn tie, to plunder without bounds,
To curb the generous ſoul, to fool mankind!
And, wild at laſt, to plunge into a ſea
Of blood and horror. The returning light,
That firſt thro' Wickliff ſtreak'd the prieſtly gloom,
Now burſt in open day. Bar'd to the blaze,
Forth from the haunts of Superſtition crawl'd
Her motly ſons, fantaſtic figures all,
And, wide diſpers'd, their uſeleſs fetid wealth
In graceful labour bloom'd, and fruits of peace.
Trade join'd to theſe, on every ſea diſplay'd
A daring canvaſs, pour'd with every tide
A golden flood. From other worlds were roll'd
The guilty glittering ſtores, whoſe fatal charms
By the plain Indian happily deſpis'd
Yet work'd his woe; and to the bliſsful groves,
Where Nature liv'd herſelf among her ſons,
And Innocence and Joy for ever dwelt,
Drew rage unknown to Pagan climes before,
The worſt the zeal-inflam'd Barbarian drew.
Be no ſuch horrid commerce, Britain! thine,
But want for want, with mutual aid, ſupply.
The Commons, thus enrich'd, and pow'rful grown,
Againſt the Barons weigh'd. Eliza then,
Amid theſe doubtful motions, ſteady gave
The beam to fix. She! like the Secret Eye
That never cloſes on a guarded world,
So ſought, ſo mark'd, ſo ſeiz'd the public good,
That, ſelf-ſupported, without one ally,
She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling foes,
Inſpir'd by Me, beneath her ſheltering arm,
In ſpite of raging univerſal ſway,
And raging ſeas repreſs'd, the Belgic ſtates,
My bulwark on the continent, aroſe,
Matchleſs in all the ſpirit of her days!

With confidence unbounded, fearleſs love
Elate, her fervent people waited gay,
Chearful demanded the long-threatened Fleet,
And daſh'd the pride of Spain around their iſle.
Nor ceas'd the Britiſh thunder here to rage:
The deep, reclaim'd, obey'd its awful call;
In fire and ſmoak Iberian ports involv'd,
The trembling ſea e'en to the centre ſhook
Of their new conquer'd world, and ſculking ſtole
By veering winds, their Indian treaſure home.
Mean time, peace, plenty, juſtice, ſcience, arts,
With ſofter laurels crown'd her happy reign

As yet uncircumſcrib'd the regal power,
And wild and vague Prerogative remain'd,
A wide voracious gulf, where ſwallow'd oft'
The helpleſs ſubject lay. This to reduce
To the juſt limit was My great effort.

By means that evil ſeems to narrow man,
Superior beings work their myſtic will:
From ſtorm and trouble thus a ſettled calm
At laſt, effulgent, o'er Britannia ſmil'd.

The gathering tempeſt, Heaven-commiſſion'd came,
Came in the Prince who, drunk with flattery, dreamt
His vain pacific counſels rul'd the world;
Tho' ſcorn'd abroad, bewilder'd in a maze
Of fruitleſs treaties, while at home enſlav'd,
And by a worthleſs crew infatiate, drain'd,
He loſt his peoples' confidence and love:
Irreparable loſs! whence crowns become
An anxious burden. Years inglorious preſs'd;
Triumphant Spain the vengeful draught enjoy'd;
Abandon'd Frederick pin'd, and Raleigh bled:
But nothing that to theſe internal broils.
That rancour, he began; that lawleſs Sway
He, with his ſlaviſh Doctors, try'd to rear,
On metaphyſic, on enchanted ground,
And all the many quibbles of the ſchools!
As if for one, and ſometimes for the worſt,
Heaven had mankind in vengeance only made.
Vain the pretence! not ſo the dire effect,
The fierce, the fooliſh, diſcord thence deriv'd,
That tears the country ſtill, by party-rage
And miniſterial clamour kept alive.
In action weak, and for the wordy war
Beſt fitted, faint this prince purſu'd his claim:
Content to teach the ſubject-herd how great,
How ſacred he! how deſpicable they!

But his unyielding ſon theſe doctrines drank
With all a bigot's rage, (who never damps
By reaſoning his fire,) and what they taught,
Warm and tenacious, into practice puſh'd.
Senates, in vain, their kind reſtraint apply'd:
The more they ſtruggled to ſupport the laws,
His juſtice-dreading miniſters the more
Drove him beyond their bound. Tir'd with the check
Of faithful Love, and with the flattery pleas'd
Of falſe deſigning Guile, the fountain he
Of public Wiſdom and of Juſtice ſhut.
Wide mourn'd the land. Straight to the voted aid,
A. cordial, large, of never failing ſource,

Th' illegal impoſition follow'd harſh,
With execration given, or ruthleſs squeez'd
From an inſulted people, by a band
Of the worſt ruffians, thoſe of tyrant power.
Oppreſſion walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad
Her unrelenting train, informers, ſpies,
Bloodhounds, that ſturdy Freedom to the grove
Purſue; projectors of aggrieving ſchemes,
Commerce to load for unprotected ſeas,
To ſell the ſtarving many to the few,
And drain a thouſand ways th' exhauſted land.
E'en from that place whence healing peace ſhould flow,
And goſpel truth, inhuman bigots ſhed
Their poiſon round: and on the venal bench,
Inſtead of Juſtice, Party held the ſcale,
And Violence the ſword. Afflicted years,
Too patient, felt at laſt their vengeance full.

Mid the low murmurs of ſubmiſſive fear
And mingled rage, My Hampden rais'd his voice,
And to the laws appeal'd; the laws no more
In judgment ſate, behov'd ſome other ear;
When inſtant from the keen reſentive North,
By long oppreſſion, by religion rous'd,
The guardian army came. Beneath its wing
Was call'd, tho' meant to furniſh hoſtile aid,
The more than Roman ſenate. There a flame
Broke out, that clear'd, conſum'd, renew'd the land.
In deep emotion hurl'd, nor Greece, nor Rome,
Indignant burſting from a tyrant's chain,
While, full of Me, each agitated ſoul
Strung every nerve, and flam'd in every eye,
Had e'er beheld ſuch light and heat combin'd!
Such heads and hearts! ſuch dreadful zeal, led on
By calm majeſtic wiſdom, taught its courſe
What miſance to devour; ſuch wiſdom fir'd
With unabating zeal, and aim'd ſincere
To clear the weedy ſtate, reſtore the laws,
And for the future to ſecure their ſway.

This, then, the purpoſe of My mildeſt ſons:
But man is blind. A nation once inflam'd
(Chief ſhould the breath of factious Fury blow,
With the wild rage of mad enthuſiaſt ſwell'd)
Not eaſy cools again. From breaſt to breaſt,
From eye to eye, the kindling paſſions mix
In heighten'd blaze, and, ever wide and juſt,
High Heaven to gracious ends directs the fierce,
Thus in one conflagration Britain wrapt,
And by Confuſion's lawleſs ſons deſpoil'd,
Kings, Lords, and Commons, thundering to the ground,
Succeſſive, ruſh'd.—Lo! from their aſhes riſe,
Gay-beaming radiant youth, the Phœnix-ſtate.

The grievous yoke of vaſſalage, the yoke
Of private life, by thoſe ſlumes diſſolv'd,
And from the waſteful, the luxurious king,
Was purchas'd that which taught the young to bend.
Stronger reſtor'd, the Commons tax'd the whole,
And built on that eternal rock their power.
The crown, of its hereditary wealth
Deſpoil'd, on Senates more dependant grew.

And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
And in full vigour spread that bitter root,
The passive doctrines, by their patrons first
Oppos'd ferocious, when they touch themselves.

This wild delusive cant, the rash cabal
Of hungry courtiers, ravenous for prey,
The bigot, restless in a double chain
To bind a-new the land, the constant need
Of finding faithless means, of shifting forms,
And flattering senates to supply his waste;
These tore some moments from the careless Prince,
And in his breast awak'd the kindred plan.
By dangerous softness long he min'd his way;
By subtle arts, dissimulation deep;
By sharing what Corruption shower'd profuse;
By breathing wide the gay licentious plague,
And pleasing manners, fitted to deceive.

At last subsided the delirious joy,
On whose high billow, from the saintly reign,
The nation drove too far. A pension'd king,
Against his country brib'd by Gallic gold,
The port perni.ious fold, the Scylla since,
And fell Charybdis, of the British seas;
Freedom attack'd abroad, with surer blow
To cut it off at home; the Saviour League
Of Europe broke; the progress e'en advanc'd
Of universal Sway, which to reduce
Such seas of blood and treasure Britain cost;
The millions by a generous people given,
Or squander'd vile, or to corrupt, disgrace,
And awe the land with forces not their own,
Employ'd; the darling Church herself betray'd:
All these, broad glaring, op'd the general eye,
And wak'd My Spirit, the resisting soul.
Mild was, at first, and half-asham'd, the check,
Of senates, shook from the fantastic dream
Of absolute submission, tenets vile!
Which slaves would blush to own, and which reduc'd
To practice, always honest Nature shock.
Not e'en the mask remov'd, and the fierce front
Of Tyranny disclos'd, nor trampled laws,
Nor seiz'd each badge of Freedom thro' the land,
Nor Sidney bleeding for th' unpublish'd page,
Nor on the bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
And murderous Rage itself, in Jefferies' form,
Nor endless acts or arbitrary power,
Cruel and false, could raise the public arm.
Distrustful, scatter'd, of combining chiefs
Devoid, and dreading blind rapacious War,
The patient Public turns not, till impell'd
To the near verge of ruin. Hence I rous'd
The bigot king, and hurry'd fated on
His measures immature. But chief his zeal,
Our flaming Rome herself, portentous fear'd
The troubled nation: Mary's horrid days
To fancy bleeding rose, and the dire glare
Of Smithfield lighten'd in its eyes anew
Yet silence reign'd. Each on another's scowl'd
Rueful amazement, pressing down his rage;
As, muttering vengeance, the deep thunder frowns,
Awfully still, waiting the high command
To spring. Straight from his country, Europe sav'd,
To save Britannia, lo! my darling son,
Than hero more! the patriot of mankind!
Immortal Nassau came. I hush'd the deep,
By demons rous'd, and bade the listed winds,
Still shifting as behoved, with various breath,
Waft the Deliverer to the longing shore
See! wide alive, the foaming channel bright
With swelling sails, and all the pride of War,
Delightful view! when Justice draws the sword:
And mark! diffusing ardent soul around,
And sweep contempt of death, My dreaming flag,
E'en adverse navies blest'd the blooding gale,
Kept down the glad acclaim, and silent joy'd.
Arriv'd, the pomp, and not the wake of arms,
His progress mark'd. The faint opposing host,
For once in yielding their best victory found,
And by desertion prov'd exalted faith;
While his, the bloodless conquest of the heart,
Shouts without groan, and triumph without war.

Then dawn'd the period destin'd to confine
The surge of wild Prerogative to raise
A mound restraining its impetuous rage,
And bid the raving deep no farther flow;
Nor were, without that fence, the swallow'd state
Better than Belgian plains without their dykes,
Sustaining weighty seas. This often sav'd
By more than human hand, the Public saw,
And seiz'd the white-wing'd moment. Pleas'd to yield
Destructive power, a wise heroic prince
E'en lent his aid.—Thrice happy! did they know
Their happiness, Britannia's bounded kings.
What tho' not theirs the boast, in dungeon glooms
To plunge bold Freedom? or to cheerless wilds
To drive him from the cordial face of friends?
Or fierce to strike him at the midnight hour,
By mandate blind, not Justice, that delights
To dare the keenest eye of open day?
What tho' no glory to controul the laws,
And make injurious will their only rule,
They deem it? what tho', tools of wanton power,
Pestiferous armies swarm not at their call?
What tho' they give not a relentless crew
Of Civil Furies proud Oppression's fangs?
To tear at pleasure the dejected land,
With fearing Labour pampering idle Waste?
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry, wipe
The guilt'ss tear from lone Affliction's eye!
To raise bid Merit, set the alluring light
Of Virtue high to view; to nourish arts,
Direct the thunder of an injur'd state,
Make a whole glorious people sing for joy,
Bless human kind, and thro' the downward depth
Of future times to spread that better sun
Which lights up British souls: for deeds like these
The dazzling fair career unbounded lies
While (still superior bliss!) the dark abrupt
Is kindly barr'd, the precipice of ill.
Oh! luxury divine! Oh! poor to this,
Ye giddy glories of despotic Thrones!
By this, by this indeed, is mag'd Heaven,
By boundless good, without the power of ill.

And now, behold! exalted as the cope
That swells immense o'er many-peopled earth,

And like it free, My fabric ſtands complete,
The Palace of the Laws to the four heavens, 1180
Four gates impartial thrown, unceaſing crowds,
With kings themſelves the hearty peaſant mix'd,
Pour urgent in; and tho' to different ranks
Reſponſive place belongs, yet equal ſpreads
The ſhelt'ring roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,
And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
Ye Floods! deſcend; ye winds! confirming, blow;
Nor outward tempeſt, nor corroſive time,
Nought but the ſelon undermining hand
Of dark Corruption, can its frame diſſolve, 1190
And lay the toil of ages into duſt.

THE PROSPECT.

LIBERTY.

PART V.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Author addreſſes the Goddeſs of Liberty; marking the happineſs and grandeur of Great Britain, as ariſing from her influence, to ver. 88. She reſumes her diſcourſe, and points out the chief virtues which are neceſſary to maintain her eſtabliſhment there, to ver. 374. Recommends, as its laſt ornament and finiſhing, Sciences, fine Arts, and public Works. The encouragement of theſe urg'd from the example of France, though under a deſpotic government, to ver. 549. The whole concludes with a proſpect of future times, given by the Goddeſs of Liberty; this deſcribed by the Author, as it paſſes in Viſion before him.

HERE interpoſing, as the goddeſs paus'd,
"Oh! bleſt Britannia! in thy preſence bleſt.
"Thou guardian of mankind! whence ſpring, alone,
"All human grandeur, happineſs, and fame:
"For Toil, by the protected, feels no pain; 5
"The poor man's lot with milk and honey flows;
"And, gilded with thy rays, even death looks gay.
"Let other lands the potent bleſſings beait
"Of more exalting ſons: let Aſia's woods,
"Unwounded, yield the vegetable fleece; 10
"And let the little inſect artiſt form,
"On higher life intent, its ſilken tomb:
"Let wondering rocks, in radiant birth, diſcloſe
"The various tinctur'd children of the Sun:
"From the prone beam let more delicious fruits
"A flavour drink, that in one piercing taſte 15
"Bids each combine; let Gallic vineyards burſt
"With floods of joy; with mild balſamic juice
"The Tuſcan olive: let Arabia breathe
"Her ſpicy gales, her vital gums diſtil: 19
"Turbid with gold, let ſouthern rivers flow,
"And orient floods draw forth o'er pearls, their maze:
"Let Afric vaunt her treaſures: let Peru
"Deep in her bowels her own ruin breed
"The yellow traitor, that her bliſs betray'd; 25
"Unequall'd bliſs! and to unequall'd rage!
"Yet nor the gorgeous Eaſt, nor golden South,
"Nor, in full prime, that new-diſcover'd world,
"Where flames the falling day in wealth and praiſe,
"Shall with Britannia vie, while, Goddeſs! ſhe
"Derives her praiſe from Thee, her matchleſs charms.
"Her hearty fruits the hand of Freedom own;
"And, warm with culture, her thick cluſt'ring fields
"Prolific teem. Eternal verdure crowns
"Her meads; her gardens ſmile eternal ſpring:
"She gives the hunter-horſe, unquell'd by toil,
"Ardent, to ruſh into the rapid chaſe:
"She, whitening o'er her downs, diffuſive, pours
"Unnumber'd flocks: ſhe weaves the fleecy robe
"That wraps the nations: ſhe to luſty droves 40
"The richeſt paſture ſpreads; and her's deep-wave
"Autumnal ſeas of pleaſing plenty round.
"Theſe her delights; and by no baneful herb,
"No darting tiger, no grim lions glare,
"No fierce-deſcending wolf, no ſerpent, roll'd
"In ſpires immenſe progreſſive o'er the land, 46
"Diſturb'd. Enlivening theſe, add cities full
"Of wealth, of trade, of chearful toiling crowds;
"Add thriving towns; add villages and farms,
"Innumerous ſow'd along the lively vale, 50
"Where bold unrival'd peaſants happy dwell:
"Add ancient ſeats, with venerable oaks
"Imboſom'd high, while kindred floods below
"Wind thro' the mead; and thoſe of modern birth
"More pompous, add, that ſplendid ſhine afar.
"Need I her limpid lakes, her rivers, name, 56
"Where ſwarm'd the finny race? Thee, chief, O Thames!
"On whoſe each tide, glad with returning ſails,
"Flows in the mingled harveſt of mankind?
"And thee, thou Severn! whoſe prodigious ſwell, 60
"And waves, reſounding, imitate the main?
"Why need I name her deep capacious ports,
"That point around the world? and why her ſeas?
"All ocean is her own, and every land
"To whom her ruling thunder ocean bears. 65
"She, too, the mineral feeds: th' obedient lead,
"The warlike iron, nor the peaceful leſs,
"Forming of life arts-civiliz'd the band;
"And that the Tyrian merchant ſought of old,
"Not dreaming then of Britain's brighter fame.
"She rears to Freedom an undaunted race:
"Compatriot zealous, hoſpitable, kind.
"Her's the warm Cambrian: her's the lofty Scot,
"To hardſhip tam'd, active in arts and arms,
"Fir'd with a reſtleſs an impatient flame, 75
"That leads him rapture'd where Ambition calls:
"And Engliſh Merit her's, where meet, combin'd,
"Whate'er high fancy, ſound judicious thought,
"An ample generous heart, uncrooping ſoul,
"And firm tenacious valour, can beſtow. 80

" Great nurſe of fruits, of flocks, of commerce, ſhe!
" Great nurſe of men! By Thee, O Goddeſs! taught,
" Her old renown I trace, diſcloſe her ſource
" Of wealth, of grandeur, and to Britons ſing
" A ſtrain the Muſes never touch'd before." 85
" But how ſhall this thy mighty Kingdom ſtand?
" On what unyielding baſe? how finiſh'd ſhine?"
At this her eye, collecting all its fire,
Beam'd more then human; and her awful voice
Majeſtic thus ſhe rais'd —" To Britons bear 90
" This cloſing ſtrain, and with intenſer note
" Loud let it ſound in their awaken'd ear."
On Virtue can alone My Kingdom ſtand,
On Public Virtue, every Virtue join'd;
For loſt this ſocial cement of mankind, 95
The greateſt empires, by ſcarce felt degrees,
Will moulder ſoft away, till, tottering looſe,
They prone at laſt to total ruin ruſh.
Unbleſt by Virtue, Government a league
Becomes, a circling junto of the great, 100
To rob by law; Religion mild a yoke
To tame the ſtooping ſoul, a trick of ſtate
To maſk their rapine, and to ſhare the prey.
What are without it Senates, ſave a face
Of conſultation deep and reaſon free, 105
While the determin'd voice and heart are ſold?
What boaſted Freedom, ſave a ſounding name?
And what Election, but a market vile
Of ſlaves ſelf-barter'd? Virtue! without thee
There is no ruling eye, no nerve, in ſtates; 110
War has no vigour, and no ſafety peace:
E'en juſtice warps to party, laws oppreſs,
Wide thro' the land their weak-protection fails;
Firſt broke the balance, and then ſcorn'd the ſword.
Thus nations ſink, ſociety diſſolves; 115
Rapine, and Guile, and Violence, break looſe,
Everting life, and turning love to gall;
Man hates the face of man, and Indian woods
And Libya's hiſſing ſands to him are tame.
By thoſe three virtues be the frame ſuſtain'd
Of Britiſh Freedom; Independent Life; 121
Integrity in Office; and, o'er all
Supreme, A Paſſion for the Common-weal.

Hail, independence! hail! Heaven's next beſt gift,
To that of life and an immortal ſoul! 125
The life of life! that to the banquet high
And ſober meal gives taſte; to the bow'd roof
Fair-dream'd repoſe, and to the cottage charms.
Of public Freedom, hail, thou ſecret Source!
Whoſe ſtreams, from every quarter confluent form
My better Nile, that nurſes human life. 131
By rills from thee deduc'd, irriguous fed,
The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth
Abundant flows, and bloom with each delight
That Nature craves. Its happy maſter there,
The only Freeman, walks his pleaſing round,
Sweet-featur'd Peace attending; fearleſs Truth,
Firm Reſolution; Goodneſs, bleſſing all
That can rejoice; Contentment, ſureſt friend;
And, ſtill freſh ſtores from Nature's book deriv'd,
Philoſophy, companion ever new. 1
Theſe cheer his rural, and ſuſtain or fire,
When into action call'd, his buſy hours.
Mean time true judging moderate deſires,
Economy and taſte, combin'd, direct 1
His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends
Secure his little kingdom. Nor can thoſe
Whom Fortune heaps, without theſe Virtu reach
That truce with pain, that animated eaſe,
That ſelf-enjoyment ſpringing from within, 1
That Independence, active or retir'd,
Which makes the ſoundeſt bliſs of man below;
But, loſt beneath the rubbiſh of their means,
And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,
A wandering, taſteleſs, gaily-wretched train; 1
Tho' rich, are beggars, and tho' noble, ſlaves.
Lo! damn'd to wealth, at what a groſs expe
They purchaſe diſappointment, pain, and ſham
Inſtead of hearty hoſpitable cheer,
See how the hall with brutal riot flows! 1
While in the foaming flood, fermenting, ſteep
The country maddens into party-rage
Mark thoſe diſgraceful piles of wood and ſton
Thoſe parks and gardens, where, his haunts trimm'd,
And Nature by preſumptuous Art oppreſs'd, 1
The woodland Genius mourns. See the full bo
That ſteams diſguſt, and bowls that give no jo
No Truth invited there to feed the mind,
Nor Wit the wine rejoicing reaſon quaffs.
Hark how the dome with inſolence reſounds, 1
With thoſe retain'd by Vanity to ſcare
Repoſe and friends. To tyrant Faſhion mark
The coſtly worſhip paid, to the broad gaze
Of fools. From ſtill deluſive day to day,
Led an eternal round of lying hope, 1
See, ſelf-abandon'd, how they roam adrift,
Daſh'd o'er the town, a miſerable wreck!
Then to adore ſome warbling eunuch turn'd,
With Midas' ears they crowd; or to the buzz
Of Maſquerade unbluſhing; or, to ſhow 1
Their ſcorn of Nature, at the Tragic ſcene
They mirthful ſit, or prove the Comic true.
But, chief, behold! around the rattling board,
The civil robbers rang'd: and e'en the fair,
The tender Fair! each ſweetneſs laid aſide,
As fierce for plunder as all-licens'd troops
In ſome ſack'd city. Thus diſſolv'd their wea
Without one generous luxury diſſolv'd,
Or quarter'd on it many a needleſs want.
At the throng'd levee bends the venal tribe;
With fair but faithleſs ſmiles each varniſh'd c
Each ſmooth as thoſe that mutually deceive,
And for their falſehood each deſpiſing each,
Till ſhook their patron by the wintry winds,
Wide flies the wither'd ſhower, and leaves bare.
O far ſuperior Afric's ſable ſons,
By merchant pilfer'd, to theſe willing ſlaves!
And rich as unpriz'd favourite to them,
Is he who can his Virtue boaſt alone!

Britons! be firm, nor let Corruption fly
Twine round your heart indiſſoluble chains!
The ſteel of Brutus burſt the groſſer bonds

By Cæsar cast o'er Rome; but still remain'd
The fell enchanting fetters of the mind,
And other Cæsars rose. Determin'd, hold
Your Independence; for that once destroy'd,
Unfounded Freedom is a morning dream,
That flits aerial from the spreading eye.

Forbid it, Heaven! that ever I need urge
Integrity in Office on my sons!
Inculcate common honour—not to rob—
And whom?—the gracious, the confiding hand,
That lavishly rewards the toiling poor,
While cup with many a bitter drop is mixt;
The guardian public; every face they see,
And every friend: nay, in effect, themselves.
As in familiar life the villain's fate
Admits no cure, so when a desperate age
At this arrives, the devoted race
Indignant spurn, and hopeless soar away.

But ah! too little known to modern times!
Be not the noblest passion past unsung,
That ray peculiar, from unbounded Love
Effus'd, which kindles the heroic soul,
Devotion to the public. Glorious flame!
Celestial ardour! in what unknown worlds,
Profusely scatter'd thro' the blue immense,
Hast thou been blessing myriads, since in Rome,
Old virtuous Rome! so many deathless names
From thee their lustre drew? since, taught by Thee
Their poverty put splendour to the blush,
Pain grew luxurious, and e'en death delight?
O wilt thou ne'er, in thy long period, look,
With blaze direct, on this my last retreat?

'Tis not enough, from self right understood
Reflected, that thy rays inflame the heart;
Tho' Virtue not disdains appeals to self,
Dreads not the trial, all her joys are true,
Nor is there any real joy save her's
For less the tepid, the declaiming race,
Foes to corruption, to its wages friends,
Or those whom private passions, for a while,
Beneath My standard list, can they suffice
To raise and fix the glory of My reign?

An active flood of universal love
Must swell the breast. First, in effusion wide,
The restless spirit roves creation round,
And seizes every being; stronger then,
It tends to life, whate'er the kindred search
Of blissallys; then, more collected still,
It urges human-kind; a passion grown,
At last, the central parent public calls
Its utmost effort forth, awakes each sense,
The comely, grand, and tender. Without this,
This awful pant, skook from sublimer powers
Than those of Self, this heaven infus'd delight,
This moral invitation, rushing forth
To press the public good, My system soon,
Traverse, to several selfish centres drawn,
Will reel to ruin, while for ever shut
Stand the bright portals of desponding Fame.

From sordid self shoot up the shining deeds,
None of those ancient lights that gladdens earth,
Give grace to being, and arouse the brave
To just ambition, Virtue's quickening fire!
Life tedious grows, an idly-bustling round,
Fill'd up with action animal and mean.
A dull gazette! Th' impatient reader scorns
The poor historic page, till kindly comes
Oblivion, and redeems a peoples' shame
Not so the times when, emulation stung,
Greece shone in Genius, Science, and in Arts,
And Rome in virtues dreadful to be told!
To live was glory then! and charm'd mankind,
Thro' the deep periods of revolving time
Those, rapture'd, copy; those, astonish'd, read.

True, a corrupted state, with every vice
And every meanness foul, this passion damps.
Who can, unshock'd, behold the cruel eye?
The pale inveigling smile? the ruffian front?
The wretch abandon'd to relentless Self,
Equally vile if miser or profuse?
Powers not of God, assiduous to corrupt?
The fell-deputed tyrant, who devours
The poor and weak, at distance from redress?
Delirious Faction bellowing loud My name?
The false fair-seeming patriot's hollow boast?
A race resolv'd on bondage, fierce for chains,
My sacred rights a merchandise alone
Esteeming, and to work their feeder's will
By deeds, a horror to mankind, prepar'd,
As were the dregs of Romulus of old?
Who these indeed, can undetesting see:
But who unpitying? To the generous eye
Distress is virtue; and, tho' self-betray'd,
A people struggling with their fate must rouse
The hero's throb. Nor can a land, at once
Be lost to virtue quite. How glorious, then!
Fit luxury for gods! to save the good,
Protect the feeble, dash bold Vice aside,
Depress the wicked, and restore the frail!
Posterity, besides, the young are pure,
And sons may tinge their father's cheek with shame.

Should then the time arrive (which Heaven avert!)
That Britons bend unnerv'd, not by the force
Of arms, more generous, and more manly, quell'd,
But by Corruption's soul dejecting arts,
Arts impudent! and gross! by their own gold,
In part bestow'd to bribe them to give all;
With party raging, or immers'd in sloth,
Should they Britannia's well-fought laurels yield
To slily conquering Gaul, e'en from her brow
Let her own naval oak be basely torn,
By such as tremble at the stiffening gale,
And nerveless sink while others sing rejoic'd;
Or (darker prospect! scarce one gleam behind
Disclosing) should the broad corruptive plague
Breathe from the city to the farthest hut,
That sits serene within the forest-shade,
The fever'd people fire, inflame their wants
And their luxurious thirst, so gathering rage,
That, were a buyer found, they stand prepar'd
To sell their birthright for a cooling draught;
Should shameless pens for plain Corruption plead,
The hir'd assassins of the commonweal!
Deem the declaiming rant of Greece and Rome,
Should Public Virtue grow the public scoff,
Till Private, falling, staggers thro' the land;

and the City loose mechanic Want,
owling nightly, makes the chearful haunts
more hideous than Numidian wilds, 331
m his fury slceps the vale in peace,
urders, horrors, perjuries abound;
ll to lowest deeds the highest stoop,
h, like starving wretches, thirst for gold,
335
ose on whom the vernal showers of Heaven
nteous fall, and that prime lot bestow,
r to live to Nature and themselves,
attendance wear their anxious days,
rtune joyless, and with honours mean. 340
ime, perhaps, profusion flows around,
sle of war, without the works of peace;
k of millions in the gulph absorpt
easing Vice, none but the rage
'd Corruption still demanding more: 345
my portion which (by faithful skill
'd) might make the smiling publick rear
laureated head; drill'd thro' the hands
steady tools, serves but to nurse
t band within, and in the bud 350
shorn'd each work of dignity and use.
at the worst: but should these times survive,
noblest passion yet remains,
My sons all parties fling aside,
their manliest, and together join! 355
orth and Virtue, scorning low despair,
l still, from every quarter ships,
x'd in heighten'd blaze. Light flash'd to
light,
ce intellectual, more intense
ng glows; as on pure winter's eve, 360
l, the stars effulge, fainter, at first,
struggling, rise; but when the radiant host
profusion pour'd, shine out immutable,
sling vivid influence on each,
ole to pole a glittering deluge plays, 365
orlds above rejoice, and men below.
why to Britons this superfluous train?
ature, honest truth, e'en somewhat blunt,
ked baseness an indignant scorn,
unyielding in their country's cause, 370
idy bounty, wont to dwell with them—
ly worst—Wide o'er the land diffus'd,
y a blest retirement still they dwelt.
after prospect turn we now the view,
tell'd Science, Arts, and Public Works,
375
nd My finish'd fabric comely pride,
ur and grace. Of sullen genius he!
y the Muses! by the Graces loath'd!
ems beneath the Public's high regard
all enlivening touches of My reign. 380
er puff'd with power, and gorg'd with
wealth,
n be; let trade enormous rise,
h and South their mingled treasure pour;
rell'd impetuous, the corrupting flood
er the City, and devour the land; 385
se neglected, these recording Arts,
tone, a nuisance! and, oblivious sunk,
tion must another Carthage lie.
y them on monumental brass,
ctur'd marble, on the deathless page, 390

Impress, renown had left no trace behind;
In vain, to future times, the sage had thought,
The legislator plann'd, the hero found
A beauteous death, the patriot toil'd in vain:
Th' awarders they of Fame's immortal wreath:
395
They rouse Ambition, they the mind exalt,
Give great ideas, lovely forms infuse,
Delight the general eye; and, drest by them,
The moral Venus glows with double charms.
Science, My close associate, still attends 400
Where'er I go. Sometimes in simple guise
She walks the furrow with some Consul-swain,
Whispering unletter'd wisdom to the heart,
Direct; or, sometimes, in the pompous robe
Of Fancy drest, she charms Athenian wits, 405
And a whole sapient city round her burns.
Then o'er her brow Minerva's terrors nod.
With Xenophon, sometimes, in dire extremes,
She breathes deliberate soul, and makes retreat
Unequall'd glory. With the Theban sage, 410
Epaminondas, first and best of men!
Sometimes she bids the deep embattled host,
Above the vulgar reach resistless form'd,
March to sure conquest—never gain'd before!
Nor on the treacherous seas of giddy state 415
Unskilful she: when the triumphant tide
Of high-swoln Empire wears one boundless smile,
And the gale tempts to new pursuits of fame,
Sometimes, with Scipio, she collects her sail,
And seeks the blissful shore of rural ease; 420
Where, but the Aonian maids, no Sirens sing:
Or should the deep-brew'd tempest muttering rise,
While rocks and shoals perfidious lurk around,
With Tully she her wide-reviving light
The senates holds, a Catiline confounds, 425
And saves a while from Cæsar sinking Rome.
Such the kind power whose piercing eye dissolves
Each mental fetter, and sets reason free;
For Me inspiring an enlighten'd zeal,
The more tenacious as the more convinc'd 430
How happy Freemen, and how wretched Slaves.
To Britons not unknown, to Britons full
The goddess spreads her stores, the secret soul
That quickens Trade, the breath unseen that wafts
To them the treasures of a balanc'd world: 435
But finer arts (save what the Muse has sung
In daring flight, above all modern wing)
Neglected droop the head, and Public Works,
Broke by Corruption into Private Gain,
Not ornament, disgrace; not serve, destroy. 440
Shall Britons, by their own joint wisdom rul'd,
Beneath one Royal head, whose vital power
Connects, enlivens, and exerts the whole;
In finer arts, and Public Works, shall they
To Gallia yield? yield to a land that bends, 445
Depress and broke, beneath the will of one?
Of one who, should th' unkingly thirst of gold,
Or tyrant passions, or ambition, prompt,
Calls locust-armies o'er the blasted land;
Drains from its thirsty bounds the springs of
wealth, 450
His own insatiate reservoir to fill;
To the lone desert Patriot merit frowns,
Or into dungeons Arts, when they their chains,
Indignant, bursting, for their nobler works

All other licenſe ſcorn but Truth's and Mine!
Oh! ſhame to think! ſhall Britons, in the field
Unconquer'd ſtill, the better laurel loſe?
E'en in that monarch's reign* who vainly dreamt,
By giddy power betray'd, and flatter'd pride,
To graſp unbounded ſway; while, ſwarming round,
His armies dar'd all Europe to the field;
To hoſtile hands, while treaſure flow'd profuſe,
And, that great ſource of treaſure ſubjects' blood,
Inhuman ſquander'd, ſicken'd every land;
From Britain, chief, while My ſuperior ſons,
In vengeance ruſhing, daſh'd his idle hopes,
And bade his agonizing heart be low;
E'en then, as in the golden calm of peace!
What Public Works, at home, what Arts aroſe!
What various Science ſhone! what Genius glow'd!

'Tis not for me to paint, diffuſive ſhot
O'er fair extents of land, the ſhining Road;
The flood-compelling Arch! the long Canal,†
Thro' mountains piercing, and uniting ſeas;
The Dome‡ reſounding ſweet with infant joy,
From Famine ſav'd, or cruel-handed Shame,
And that where Valour counts his noble ſcars;‡
The land where ſocial pleaſure loves to dwell,
Of the fierce demon, Gothic Duel, freed;
The Robber from his fartheſt foreſt chas'd;
The turbid city clear'd, and, by degrees,
Into ſure peace the beſt Police refin'd,
Magnificence, and grace, and decent joy.
Let Gallic bards record how honour'd Arts
And Science, by deſpotic bounty bleſs'd,
At diſtance flouriſh'd from My parent eye;
Reſtoring ancient taſte, how Boileau roſe:
How the big Roman ſoul ſhook, in Corneille,
The trembling ſtage; in elegant Racine,
How the more powerful, tho' more humble, voice

Of Nature-painting Greece reſiſtleſs breath'd
The whole awaken'd heart; how Moliere's ſcene,
Chaſtis'd and regular, with well-judg'd wit,
Not ſcatter'd wild, and native humour, grac'd,
Was life itſelf; to public honours rais'd
How learning in warm ſeminaries‖ ſpread;
And, more for glory than the ſmall reward,
How Emulation ſtrove; how their pure tongue
Almoſt obtain'd what was deny'd their arms;
From Rome, a while, how Painting, courted long,

With Pouſſin came; ancient Deſign, that lifts
A fairer front, and looks another ſoul;
How the kind Art§ that, of unvalu'd price,
The fam'd and only picture eaſy gives,
Refus'd her touch, and, thro' the ſhadowed piece,

All the liv'd ſpirit of the painter pour'd;

Coyeſt of arts, how Sculpture northward deign'd
A look, and bade her Girardon ariſe;
How laviſh Grandeur blaz'd the barren waſte,
Aſtoniſh'd, ſaw the ſudden palace ſwell,
And fountains ſpout amid its arid ſhades;
For leagues, bright viſtas opening to the view,
How foreſts in majeſtic gardens ſmil'd;
How menial Arts, by their gay ſiſters taught,
Wove the deep flower, the blooming foliage train'd

In joyous figures o'er the ſilky lawn,
The palace cheer'd, illum'd the ſtory'd wall,
And with the pencil vy'd the glowing loom.*
Theſe laurels, Louis! by the droppings rais'd
Of thy profuſion, its diſhonor ſhade,
And green thro' future times ſhall bind thy brow,
While the vain honours of perfidious war
Wither abhorr'd, or in oblivion loſt.
With what prevailing vigour had they ſhot,
And ſtole a deeper root, by the full tide
Of war-ſunk millions fed? ſuperior ſtill,
How had they branch'd luxuriant to the ſkies,
In Britain planted, by the potent juice
Of Freedom ſwell'd? Foſter'd is the bloom of Arts,
A falſe uncertain ſpring, when Bounty gives,
Weak without Me, a tranſitory gleam.
Fair ſhine the ſlippery days, enticing ſkies
Of favour ſmile, and courtly breezes blow,
Till Arts, betray'd, truſt to the flattering air
Their tender bloſſom; then malignant riſe
The blights of Envy, of thoſe inſect-clouds
That, blaſting merit, often cover courts:
Nay, ſhould, perchance, ſome kind Maecenas aid
The doubtful beamings of his prince's ſoul,
His wav'ring ardour fix, and unconfin'd
Diffuſe his warm beneficence around;
Yet death, at laſt, and wintry tyrants, come,
Each ſprig of genius killing at the root:
But when with Me imperial Bounty joins,
Wide o'er the Public blows eternal Spring,
While mingled Autumn every harveſt pours
Of every land; whate'er Invention, Art,
Creating Toil, and Nature, can produce.
Here ceas'd the goddeſs, and her ardent wings,
Dipt in the colours of the heavenly bow,
Stood waving radiance round, for ſudden flight
Prepar'd, when thus, impatient, burſt my prayer:
"Oh! forming Light of Life! Oh! better Sun!
"Sun of mankind! by whom the cloudy North,
"Sublim'd, not envies Languedocian ſkies,
"That, unſtain'd ether all, diffuſive ſmile,
"When ſhall we call theſe ancient laurels ours?
"And when Thy work complete?" Straight with her hand,
Celeſtial red, ſhe touch'd my darken'd eyes:
As at the touch of day the ſhades diſſolve,
So quick, methought, the miſty circle clear'd,
That dims the dawn of being here below;
The future ſhone diſcloſ'd, and, in long view,
Bright riſing eras inſtant ruſh'd to light.
"They come! Great Goddeſs! I the times behold,
"The times our fathers, in the bloody field,

* *Lewis XIV.*
† *The canal of Languedoc.*
‡ *The hoſpitals for Foundlings and Invalids.*
‖ *The academies of Science, of the Belles Lettres, and of Painting.*
§ *Engraving.*

* *The tapeſtry of Gobelins.*

earn'd ſo dear, and, not with leſs renown,
warm ſtruggles of the Senate fight:
imes I feel whoſe glory to ſupply,
oiling ages, Commerce round the world
ring'd unnumber'd ſails, and from each land
ials heap'd, that, well employ'd, with Rome
vie our grandeur, and with Greece our art.
princes I behold contriving ſtill,
till conducting firm ſome brave deſign;
! that the narrow joyleſs circle ſcorn,
the blockade of falſe deſigning men,
acherous ſmiles, of adulation fell,
f the blinding clouds around them thrown,
court rejoicing millions! worth alone,
irtue, dear to them: their beſt delight,
proportion to give general joy;
jealous care Thy kingdom to maintain;
ıblic glory theirs: unſparing love
endleſs treaſure; and their deeds their praiſe,
Thee they work. Nought can reſiſt Your force;
els it quickening in her dark retreats;
ſpar'd the blooms of Genius, Science, Art:
ſhful bonds diſcloſing Merit breaks;
ıig with fruits of glory, Virtue blows
ive o'er the land. Another race
nerous Youths, of Patriot Sires, I ſee!
oſe vain inſects fluttering in the blaze
rt, and ball, and play; thoſe venal ſouls,
ction's veteran unrelenting bands,
to their vices ſlaves, can ne'er be free.
the fountain purg'd, whence life derives
r or turbid flow; ſee the young mind
d impure by Chance, by flattery fool'd,
Scholaſtic Jargon bloated proud,
'd and nouriſh'd by the light of Truth:
beam'd thro' fancy the reviving ray,
ouring on the heart, the paſſions feel
e informing light and moving flame;
ral, public, graceful action, crowns
hole. Behold! the fair contention glows,
hat mind or body can adorn,
rm to life. Inſtead of barren heads,
an pedants, wrangling ſons of pride,
uth-perplexing metaphyſic wits,
Patriots, Chiefs, and Citizens, are form'd.
Juſtice, like the liberal light of Heaven,
has'd ſhines on all, and from her beam,
ing guilt, retire the ſavage crew
rowl amid the darkneſs they themſelves
thrown around the laws. Oppreſſion grieves;
r her Legal Furies bite the lip,
Yorks and Talbots their deep ſnares detect,
te ſwift Juſtice thro' the clouds they raiſe.
ſocial Labour lifts his guarded head,
n not yield to government in vain.

"From the ſure land is rooted ruffian force,
"And, the lewd nurſe of villains, idle Waſte.
"Lo! raz'd their haunts, down waſh'd their mad-
"dening bowl,
"A nation's poiſon! beauteous Order reigns!
"Manly Submiſſion, unimpoſing Toil,
"Trade without guilt, Civility that marks,
"From the foul herd of brutal ſlaves, thy ſons.
"And fearleſs Peace. Or ſhould affronting War,
"To ſlow but dreadful vengeance rouſe the juſt,
"Unfailing fields of Freemen I behold!
"That know, with their own proper arm, to
"guard
"Their own bleſt iſle againſt a leaguing world.
"Deſpairing Gaul her boiling youth reſtrains,
"Diſſolv'd her dream of univerſal ſway.
"The winds and ſeas are Britain's wide domain,
"And not a ſail, but by permiſſion, ſpreads.
"Lo! ſwarming ſouthward on rejoicing ſuns,
"Gay Colonies extend, the calm retreat
"Of undeſerv'd Miſtreſs, the better home
"Of thoſe whom bigots chaſe from foreign lands.
"Not built on rapine, ſervitude, and woe,
"And in their turn ſome petty tyrant's prey;
"But, bound by ſocial Freedom, firm they riſe;
"Such as, of late, an Oglethorpe has form'd,
"And, crouding round, the charm'd Savannah
"ſees.
"Horrid with want and miſery, no more
"Our ſtreets the tender Paſſenger afflict;
"Nor ſhivering Age, nor ſickneſs, without friend,
"Or home, or bed, to bear his burning load;
"Nor agonizing Infant, that ne'er earn'd
"Its guiltleſs pangs: I ſee the ſtores profuſe,
"Which Britiſh bounty has to theſe aſſign'd,
"No more the ſacrilegious riot ſwell
"Of Cannibal devourers! Right apply'd,
"No ſtarving wretch the land of Freedom ſtains:
"If poor, employment finds; if old, demands,
"If ſick, if maim'd, his miſerable due;
"And, will, if young, repay the fondeſt care.
"Sweet ſets the ſun of ſtormy life, and ſweet
"The morning ſhines, in Mercy's dews array'd.
"Lo! how they riſe! theſe families of Heaven!
"That! chief, (but why—ye Bigots!—why ſo
"late?)
"Where blooms and warbles glad a riſing age:
"What ſmiles of praiſe! and, while their ſong
"aſcends,
"The liſtening ſeraph lays his lute aſide.
"Hark! the gay Muſes raiſe a nobler ſtrain.
"With active Nature, warm impaſſion'd truth,
"Engaging fable, lucid order, notes
"Of various ſtring, and heart-felt image, all
"Behold! I ſee the dread delightful ſchool
"Of temper'd paſſions, and of poliſh'd life,
"Reſtor'd. Behold! the well-diſſembled ſcene
"Calls from embelliſh'd eyes the lovely tear,
"Or lights up mirth in modeſt cheeks again.
"Lo! vaniſh Monſter-land! lo! driven away,
"Thoſe, their Apollo's ſacred walks profane,
"Their wild creation ſcatter'd, where a world
"Unknown to Nature, chaos more confus'd,
"O'er the brute ſcene its Ouran-Outangs pour.

" Deteſted forms! that, on the mind impreſt,
" Corrupt, confound, and barbarize an age.
" Behold! all thine again the Siſter Arts,
" Thy Graces they, knit in harmonious dance;
" Nurs'd by the treaſure from a nation drain'd
" Their works to purchaſe, they to nobler rouze
" Their untam'd genius, their unfetter'd thought!
" Of pompous tyrants, and of dreaming Monks,
" The gaudy tools and priſoners no more.
" Lo! numerous Domes a Burlington confeſs.
" For kings and ſenates fit, the Palace ſee!
" The Temple, breathing a religious awe:
" E'en fram'd with elegance, the plain retreat,
" The private dwelling. Certain in his aim,
" Taſte never idly working, ſaves expence.
" See! ſylvan ſcenes, where Art, alone, pretends
" To dreſs her miſtreſs, and diſcloſe her charms,
" Such as a Pope in miniature has ſhown,
" A Bathurſt o'er the widening foreſt ſpreads,
" And ſuch as form a Richmond, Chiſwick, Stowe.
" Auguſt, around, what Public Works I ſee!
" Lo! ſtately Streets! lo! Squares that court the breeze,
" In ſpite of thoſe to whom pertains the care,
" Ingulphing more than founded Roman ways.
" Lo! ray'd from cities o'er the brighten'd land,
" Connecting ſea to ſea, the ſolid Road.
" Lo! the proud Arch (no vile exacter's ſtand)
" With eaſy ſweep beſtrides the chafing flood.
" See! long Canals and deepened Rivers join
" Each part with each, and with the circling main
" The whole enliven'd iſle. Lo! Ports expand,
" Free as the winds and waves, their ſhelt'ring arms.
" Lo! ſtreaming comfort o'er the troubled deep,
" On every pointed coaſt the Lighthouſe tow'rs;
" And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd,
" Hark! how the baffled ſtorm indignant roars."
As thick to view theſe Varied Wonders roſe,
Shook all my ſoul with tranſport; unaſſur'd,
The Viſion broke, and on my waking eye
Ruſh'd the ſtill Ruins of dejected Rome.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

CANTO I.

The Caſtle high of Indolence,
And its falſe luxury,
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O MORTAL Man! who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great:
For tho' ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavyer bale,
Loſt life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more foll is no where found.
It was, I weene, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt,
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery beds that ſlumbrous influence keſt
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Mean time unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurled every-where their waters ſheen,
That, as they bicker'd thro' the ſunny glade,
Tho' reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſshopper did keep;
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn, foreſt ſtood,
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As Idleſs fancy'd in her dreaming mood;
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, by waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror thro' the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to flow.

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was,
Of Dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye,
And of gay Caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer ſky;
There eke the ſoft Delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs thro' the breaſt,
And the calm Pleaſures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance or unreſt
Was far, far off, expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

lscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
ndolence (for so the wizard highs)
l his Castle mid embowering trees,
f-shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
le a kind of chequer'd day and night:
hile, unceasing at the massy gate,
a spacious palm, the wicked wight
:'d, and to his lute, of cruel fate,
our harsh, complain'd, lamenting mans'
state.

VIII.

continual pilgrims crowded still,
the roads of earth that pass there by;
hey chanc'd to breathe on neighbouring
ill,
iness of this valley smote their eye,
w them ever and anon more nigh;
ering round th' enchanter false they hung,
with his syren melody,
er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
the trembling chords these tempting
erses sung:

IX.

l, ye Pilgrims of this earth! behold,
but man with unearn'd pleasure gay;
r bright robes the butterfly unfold,
from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
youthful bride can equal her array?
an with her for easy pleasure vie?
mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
ne has to do beneath the radiant sky.

X.

l the merry minstrels of the Morn,
varming songsters of the careless grove,
housand throats, that, from the flowering
horn,
their good God, and carol sweet of love,
rateful kindly raptures them emove:
neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
the barn the nodded sheaves they drove,
eirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
ver crowns the hill, or smiles along the
ile.

XI.

: of Nature, Man! the wretched thrall
er dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
s that eat away thy heart with gall,
the vices an inhuman train,
ll proceed from savage thirst of gain;
en hard-hearted Interest first began
on earth, Astræa left the plain;
Violence, and Murder, seiz'd on man,
r soft milky streams, with blood the ri-
rs ran.

XII.

ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
rd up hill, but as the farthest steep
t to gain, and put an end to strife,
" Down thunders back the stone with mighty
sweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For ever vain; come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
" Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary Wights! to
me.

XIII.

" With me you need not rise at early dawn,
" To pass the joyless day in various flounds;
" Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
" And sell fair honour for some paltry pounds;
" Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
" Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
" Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
" In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to rustic labour call,
" From village on to village founding clear;
" To tardy swain no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear,
" No noisy tradesman your sweet slumbers start
" With sounds that are a misery to hear;
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

" Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent
Ease,
" Good-natur'd Lounging, sauntering up and
down:
" They who are pleas'd themselves must always
please;
" On others' ways they never squint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the source of tender Indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
" For interest, envy, pride, and strife, are ba-
nish'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
" Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
" Above those passions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
" And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
" Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them still
more gay.

XVII.

" The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
" Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
" E'en those whom Fame has lent her fairest ray.

" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the ſoft Cumæan ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

" But if a little exerciſe you chooſe,
" Some zeſt for eaſe, 'tis not forbidden here:
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muſe,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or, ſoftly ſtealing, with your watry gear,
" Along the brooks, the crimſon ſpotted fry
" You may delude; the whilſt, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarſe ſtream, and now the zephyr's ſigh,
" Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up eſtate,
" Loſing the days you ſee beneath the ſun;
" When, ſudden, comes blind unrelenting Fate,
" And gives the untaſted portion you have won,
" With ruthleſs toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To thoſe who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with ſad ghoſts to pine, and ſhadows dun:
" But ſure it is of vanities moſt vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd, but ſtill their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching ſong,
That, by a kind of magic power, conſtrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the liſtening throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they ſlipt along
In ſilent eaſe; as when beneath the beam
Of ſummer moons, the diſtant woods among,
Or by ſome flood all ſilver'd with the gleam,
The ſoft-embodied Fays thro' airy portal ſtream.

XXI.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began;
Though ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair-ſpoken man.
Yet thro' the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtraight,
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallowed paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate,
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of Fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew,
Who ſought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;
Tho' feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue,
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unbeir, their ſinews melt apace,
As lithe they grow as any willow wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeized in ſome lofel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as the warms,
Then, ſighing, yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, ſlow from his beach aroſe
A comely, full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep;
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs, aſpect breath'd repoſe,
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Nor could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran,
Thro' which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep,
Then taking his black ſtaff, he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call:
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play, who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each hand to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean-time the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he thoſe who enter'd in array'd,
Looſe as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs! beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir Porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII.

Thus eaſy robb'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew;
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew,
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare,
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſance grew,
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair glorious waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more fair.

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made;
" Ye ſons of Indolence! do what you will,
" And wander where you liſt, thro' hall or glade:

nan's pleasure for another staid;
h as likes him best his hours employ,
irs'd be he who minds his neighbour's
ide!
wells kind ease and unreproving joy:
e merits bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

hese endless numbers, swarming round,
is idle motes in sunny ray,
ftsoons in view was to be found,
man stroll'd off his own glad way;
this ample court's blank area,
he lodges that thereto pertain'd,
creature could be seen to stray,
itude and perfect silence reign'd,
think you dreamt you almost was con-
ain'd.

XXX.

a shepherd of the Hebrid-isles*,
amid the melancholy main,
it be lone fancy him beguiles,
rial beings sometimes deign
embodied to our senses plain,)
e naked hill or valley low,
st in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
embly moving to and fro,
at once in air dissolves the wondrous
ow.

XXXI.

of Quiet and of Sleep profound!
t dominion o'er this Castle sways,
e widely-silent places round,
e, if my trembling pen displays
er yet was sung in mortal lays.
shall I attempt such arduous string,
re spent my nights and nightly days
l-deadening place, loose loitering?
r shall I for this uprear my moulted
ng?

XXXII.

my Muse! nor stoop to low despair,
of Jove! touch'd by celestial fire,
shalt sing of war and actions fair,
bold sons of Britain will inspire;
t bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
shalt tread in Tragic pall the stage,
's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
s calm, the patriot's noble rage,
corruption down thro' every worthless
e.

XXXIII.

, that knew no shrill alarming bell,
knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
d into halls, where who can tell
ance and grandeur wide expand,
of Turkey and of Persia land?

*e islands on the western coast of Scotland called
es.*

Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch'd around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swelling
bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old Ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd;
E'en undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
play'd.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd without the least alloy;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor faintly Spleen, durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale,
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale;
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortur'd heart,
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart,
While flocks, woods, streams, around, repose and
peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the Patriarchal age,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Blest sons of Nature they! true Golden Age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's varied shades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd eyes;
Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies.
Whate'er Lorrain light-touch'd with softening hue
Or savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound, too, here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced [illegible];

Aërial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft', by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſide-long, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The God of Winds drew ſounds of deep delight,
Whence, with juſt cauſe, the harp of Æolus * it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtring ſo fine?
Who up the lofty diapaſon roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then lay them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fann'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, thro' the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art!

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendour, the luxurious ſtate,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tigris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore,
And verſe, love, muſic, ſtill the garland wore:
When Sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's lore†,
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft' began
(So work'd the wizard) wintry ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows threat'ning ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all,
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace,
O'er which was ſhadowy caſt Elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeat ſmile on Nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could ſo array,
So flowre with clouds the pure ethereal ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV.

No, fair illuſions! artful Phantoms! no,
My Muſe will not attempt your Fairy land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian heaven upon our nights
And bleſs'd them oft' beſides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in ſooth a moſt enchanting train,
E'en ſaigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends whom blood and broils delight,
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep,
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits! to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom!
Angels of Fancy and of Love! be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart;
But chief a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Thoſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth,
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd,
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muſe! reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſures vain that from them fly,

* *This is not an imagination of the Author, there being in fact ſuch an inſtrument, called Æolus's harp, which, when placed againſt a little ruſhing or current of air, produces the effect here deſcribed.*

† *The Arabian caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whoſe office it was to do what is here mentioned.*

tai n'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
ing is enjoy'd, can there be greater
?

L.

ie Mirrour this was call'd.
nuck-worm of the town might ſee,
eſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
carking care and penurie,
carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
ved is a penny got;"
ſcoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
ur will he bate a jot,
ench'd his fire and baniſhed his pot.

LI.

he filth of this low grub, behold!
ring forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
y, enamell'd all with gold,
ant of the ſummer air,
of nothing take he care;
rs, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
tradeſmen, him among them ſhare;
ghoſt from Limbo-lake, the while,
nich more damnation doth upon him

LII.

ourtray'd the race of learned men
books, and turning o'er the page
ad forwards: oft' they ſnatch the pen,
, and in a Theſpian rage,
and blot, as would your ruth engage.
ors! all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling

reſent, gain the future age,
when you can hear no more,
rich'd with fame when uſeleſs worldly
?

LIII.

a ſplendid city life to view,
and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
abroad behold the giddy crew,
daſh along from wall to wall!
or, hark how they thundering call!
what can this giddy rout excite?
h other with fell tooth to fall,
's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
new titleſome parties for the coming
.

LIV.

; ſons of Party next appear'd,
ls and nightly juntos met,
hey whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging
!
nt ſhoulder; then, as if to get
heir twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
ucifer ‡ recalls affairs,
hey various ruſh in mighty fret;
uſh'd up to power, and crown'd their
,
other ſett, and kicketh them down
.

‡ *The Morning Star.*

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife,
Moſt Chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before.
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

LVI.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gipſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of ſools, that aſk
For place or penſion, laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers mo'.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark;
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad; in thought involv'd, not dark;
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart;
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound.
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found;
There would he linger till the lateſt ray
Of light ſace trembling on the welkin's bound,
Then homeward thro' the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow: ſo had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt;
For oft' the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd;
Oft' as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind.
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk;
Oft' ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine and broad o'erſhadowing oak,
There inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,

And on himſelf his penſive fury woke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank Heaven! the
day is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad,
And ſere his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our Caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane, tho' keen,
Turning the night to day, and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not e'en pleaſure to excels is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grovelling on the dreary ſhore.
Taught by this ſon of Joy, we ſtood it ſo,
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar,
Our maddened Caſtle all, the abode of Sleep no
more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps
around,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid the lowly buſh his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay reſpoſing throng;
And oft he ſips their wine; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares them ere deep, with tiny profound,
Then out again he flies, to wing the mazy round.

LXV.

Another ſtill did here reſide, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who took each worth, for every worth he had:
Severe, yet mild; humane, yet firm his mind;
As infant tender, as any man's with bad:
Him ſhou'd the muſe moſt walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of Nature lent:
And lonely ſtreams would he make our valley glad;
Which as we ſtand to would not here be pent,
To him the beſt for this friendly meſſage ſent:

LXVI.

'Come, dwell with us true ſon of Virtue! come;
'But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade
'To ſtop content beneath our peaceful dome,
'Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade,
'Yet when at laſt thy toils, but ill apaid,
'Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
'Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
'There to indulge the Muſe, and Nature mark;
'We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park.

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Eſopus * of the age,
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul yclricked deep,
A noble ſtyle reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Ev'n from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not Nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum. Now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd
judgment takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems,
† Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and Nature's pleaſing theme,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain,
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat:
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train,
Oft' moralizing ſage; his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft' by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy;
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but ſtate-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought,
And on their brow ſat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcell'd out in ſhares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congreſs hold,
And the ſage berry ſun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, ſmokeers roll'd,
Their oracies break forth myſterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd court
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort,
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

* *Mr. Quin.*

† *The following lines of this ſtanza were written by a friend of the Author.*

LXXII.

about was to kill the time;
dire it is, and weary woe:
ey loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme,
; sudden, to the glass they go,
orth, with tottering step and slow:
o rude an exercise they find;
: couch their limbs again they throw,
s on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
the vapoury god soft-breathing in the
l.

LXXIII.

mark the villainy we found;
o late, as shall ensuons be shewn.
e was, deep, dreary, under ground,
our inmates, when unpleasing grown,
d loathsome, privily were thrown.
light of heaven, they languish'd there,
tering many a bitter groan;
: wretches taken was no care;
and hags of hell their only nurses were.

LXXIV.

hange! from scenes of joy and rest,
t den, where Sickness toss'd alway.
rgy, with deadly sleep oppress,
his back, a mighty lubbard, lay
sides, and snored night and day;
from his trance it was not eath,
s-open'd eyne he shut straitway;
ot, the softest way to death,
withouten pain and strife to yield the
th.

LXXV.

normous, but withal unsound,
nd pale, here lay the Hydropsy:
an! with belly monstrous round,
l with watery supply:
drank, and yet he still was dry.
g here did Hypochondria sit,
spleen, in robes of various dye,
was full oft' with ugly fit;
er frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd
it.

LXXVI.

ud she was, of ancient blood,
fear her pride made crouchen low;
fancy'd, in her fluttering mood,
ases which the spittles know,
all physick which the shops bestow,
w leaches and new drugs would try,
r ever wavering to and fro;
s she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
n waxed wroth, and all she knew not
.

LXXVII.

side a listless maiden pin'd,
g head, and squeamish heart-burnings;
ed, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
l secret all forbidden things.
ne Tertian shakes his chilling wings:
s Gout here counts the crowing cocks;
r gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
plexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
: ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO II.

The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair,
That by his Castle's overthrow
Securd and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the fire of Sin;
Ah! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find:
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness savouring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view; but now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who swink and moil,
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive despoil,
As ruthless wasps oft' rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune! what you me deny;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse! and raise a bolder song:
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loath,
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth:
Arise, and sing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of Softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-land there lov'd a knight of old,
Of features stern, Selvaggio well ycleep'd,
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither sow'd nor reap'd,
Ne flocks in summer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January sore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,

Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd Nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not Art encroach;
'Tis Art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here, too, briſk gales the rude wild common fann'd,
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each cover creature ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can laſt for aye?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was his curs'd influence:
Of public virtue much he dull'd the ſenſe,
E'en much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old Fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and ſtout.

XXX.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd every breaſt;
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſt,
With joy he fever'd, ſnatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
'Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the vulgar man,
'The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
'Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The gold old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call;
'Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe!
'The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows.'
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-ſpeaks
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will (he cry'd) ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Diſpatch. 'My ſteed be at the gate;
'My hard attend: quick bring the net of Fate.'
This net was twiſted by the Siſters three,
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes, replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful Deſtiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little Druid-wight,
Of wither'd aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his * ſiſter of the copſes green,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon' azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come (quoth the Knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus! let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his Caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men! who will be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe;
But ſome there be thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without rivgour ſaves.

XXXV.

Iſſuing forth, the Knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright; ſprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He prane'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Meantime the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs;
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can reſel;
'From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
'Sweet rills of thought that cheer the conſcious ſoul;
'While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of hell,
'The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
'Will, thro' the tortur'd breaſt, their fiery torrent roll.'

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits rear:
On the cool height a while our palmers ſtay,
And, ſpite e'en of themſelves, their ſenſes cheer;

* *The nightingale.*

he vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer;
een iſle it broad beneath them ſpred,
dens round, and wandering currents
ar,
d groves to ſhade the meadow-bed,
and ſong; and without hurry all ſeem'd
d.

XXXVIII.

ſhall judge me, Knight! we muſt for-
e,
f enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
l good man, deluded, here to live,
heſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
ght is pure. It cannot be deny'd
tue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
of virtue. What ſhould then betide,
our charity be not too nice?
t us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice.

XXXIX.

r, (quoth the Knight,) all fleſh is frail,
nt ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
ot brutiſh vice of this avail,
k to 'ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
ere cruel, weakly to relent;
ercy's ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive;
to thoſe who can and will repent,
nce, long and dreary, to the ſlave,
ſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpi-
lave.'

XL.

ng high diſcourſe, they came to where
carle was at his wonted trade,
ing heedleſs men into his ſnare,
; wiſe, as I before have ſaid:
ie ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
majeſtic Knight approaching nigh,
ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
ance fell; yet oft' his anxious eye
m, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth

XLI.

ith feign'd reſpect he bade give back
rout, and welcom'd them full kind:
the noble twain, they were not ſlack
o obey, and fall behind.
ſum'd his ſong, and, unconfin'd,
is muſic, ran thro' all his ſtrings;
s tender airs o'er weakneſs flings.
oaſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII.

ught, he counted them his own,
d ſo intent with fix'd delight;
bead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
e could with ſuch ſweet art unite
and ſhades of manners wrong and
:
he ſilly crowd the charm devour,
g to the gate. Swift on the Knight
ierce, to drag him to his bower,
ing ſhunn'd his touch, for well he knew
ower.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius * trapp'd his foe,
E'en ſo the Knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the Net of Woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſat him ſelly down, and gnaw'd his bitter
nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtormy clouds deſtroy'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſhook,
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the
ground;
Huge crowds on crowds outpour'd with blemiſh'd
look,
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things
had ſhook.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort-liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Induſtry the firſt calm moment ſtole.
'There muſt (he cry'd) amid ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
'Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
'Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl;
'Come then, my Bard! thy heavenly fire impart:
'Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpi-
rit ſtart.'

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung:
Then as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong;
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands
round him throng.

XLVII.

Thus ardent, hurſt his ſtrain—'Ye hapleſs Race!
'Dire-labouring here to ſmother Reaſon's ray,
'That lights our Maker's image in our face,
'And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway,
'What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection? ſay:
'What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
'Almighty power, and all-directing day,
'By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
'Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the
whole.

* *A gladiator, who made uſe of a net, with which he threw over his adverſary.*

XLVIII.

'Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
'Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
'We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
'To seraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
'Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
'Perfection forms, and with perfection bliss.
'In universal Nature this clear shewn,
'Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
'To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyss.

XLIX.

'Is not the field, with lively culture green,
'A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
'Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
'And fann'd by sprightly Zephyrs, far surpass
'The foul November-fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
'With which sad Nature veils her drooping face?
'Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
'Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
'The same in all holds true, but chief in human 'race.

L.

'It was not by vile loitering in ease,
'That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
'That soft, yet ardent, Athens learn'd to please,
'To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
'In all supreme! complete in every part!
'It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
'And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
'For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
'Renown is not the child of indolent Repose.

LI.

'Had unambitious mortals minded nought
'But in loose joy their time to wear away,
'Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
'Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
'Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day,
'No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
'No arts had made us opulent and gay;
'With brother brutes the human race had graz'd,
'None e'er had sour'd to fame, none honour'd 'been, none prais'd.

LII.

'Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
'To thirst of glory and heroic deeds;
'Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in ingenious rest,
'Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
'The wits of modern time had told their beads,
'And Monkish legends been their only strains;
'Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
'Our Shakespeare stroll'd and laugh'd with 'Warwick swains.
'Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's 'plains.

LIII.

'Dumb, too, had been the sage historic Muse,
'And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
'Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
'Though the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
'Had ch been lost with such as have no name.
'Who then had scorn'd his ease for other's good?
'Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
'Who in the public breach devoted stood,
'And for his country's cause been prodigal of 'blood?

LIV.

'But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
'If right I read, you pleasure all require;
'Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
'How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
'Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
'Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
'Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire
'In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
'O leaden-hearted Men, to be in love with death!

LV.

'Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
'When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
'How tasteless then whatever can be given?
'Health is the vital principle of bliss,
'And exercise of health. In proof of this,
'Behold the wretch who slugs his life away
'Soon swallow'd in Disease's sad abyss,
'While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
'As light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

'O who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
'Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
'The morning rises gay with pleasing stealth,
'The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
'In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
'See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
'As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind.
'Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
'Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?

LVII

'But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
'Which or distemper'd minds or bodies know.
'Come then, my kindred Spirits! do not spill
'Your talents here. This place is but a show,
'Whose charms delude you to the den of Woe:
'Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
'Where Pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow,
'Sincere as sweet; come follow this good Knight,
'And you will bless the day that brought him your sight.

LVIII.

'Some he will lead to courts and some to camp
'To senate some, and public sage debates,
'Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight-lamp
'The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty states
'To high discovery some, that new-creates
'The face of earth; some to the thriving mart
'Some to the rural reign and softer fates;
'To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart
'All glory shall be yours, all Nature, and Art.

LIX.

'ce, who liſten to my lay,
d ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
one, (methinks I hear them ſay,)
ſpis'd, by generous actions fair;
ioſe who to theſe bowers repair.
ower diſſolv'd in luxury,
rpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
powerful arms of Sloth get free.
rom the dead—Alas!—it cannot

LX.

ıen learn to diſſipate the band
threat'ning difficulties dire,
reak man's way like lions ſtand,
ll, and damp his riſing fire?
ve, and to be men aſpire.
ble privilege, alone,
ind indulg'd; controul deſire;
eaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
mmanding word—I Will!—and it
c.

LXI.

ı you then thus waſte, in ſhameful

portant days of trial here?
ity! yborn to riſe
ieſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
oaching, and perfection clear,
unce a fortune ſo ſublime?
s hopes, your backward ſteps to

th vileſt brutes, through mud and
?
our heaven-touch'd hearts diſdain
rdid crime!'

LXII.

ugh!' they cry'd—Strait, from
vd,
on wings of tranſport fly;
the lifeleſs ſummit proud
s, where to the gelid ſky
ſnows in wintry torpor lie,
e of vernal Phœbus play;
eaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
ion, lively leap away,
through the vales, in their new
ay.

LXIII.

, the vivid joy ſerene,
p theſe new-created men,
ch wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
ver'd from this fleſhly den,
its native ſkies again;
ffence! how unclogg'd its powers,
zon of my mortal pen!
d forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
ptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

LXIV.

ater part, with rage inflam'd,
urſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.

'Ye ſons of Hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
'What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love?
'While with kind Nature, here amid the grove,
'We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
'What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
'Your barbarous hearts? Is happineſs a crime?
'Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon' heaven
'ſublime.'

LXV.

'Ye impious, Wretches!' (quoth the Knight in wrath)
'Your happineſs behold?'—Then ſtraight a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden the landſcape ſinks on every hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand;
And o'er the weedy, foul, abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature,
crawls around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung,
Or in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent row'd;
Theſe by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft', when night
controul'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Mean time a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and drop'd their
woes awhile.

LXVIII.

'O heaven!' (they cry'd,) and do we once more ſee
'Yon' bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
'Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
'And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
'O thou! or Knight or God! who holdeſt there
'That fiend, oh! keep him in eternal chains!
'But what for us, the children of Deſpair,
'Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
'Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains.'

LXIX.

The gentle Knight, who ſaw their rueful caſe,
Let fall adown his ſilver beard ſome tears.
'Certes (quoth he) it is not e'en in Grace
'T' undo the paſt, and eke your broken years,
Nathleſs, to nobler worlds Repentance rears,
'With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
'A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;

'She quells the brand by which the rocks are
'riven;
'She more than merely ſoftens, ſhe rejoices Hea-
'ven.

LXX.

'Then patient bear the ſufferings you have earn'd,
'And by theſe ſufferings purify the mind:
'Let wiſdom be by paſt miſconduct learn'd,
'Or pious die, with penitence reſign'd;
'And to a life more happy and refin'd,
'Doubt not, you ſhall, new creatures, yet ariſe.
'Till then, you may expect in me to find
'One who will wipe your ſorrows from your eyes,
'One who will ſooth your pangs, and wing you to
'the ſkies.'

LXXI.

They ſilent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
tears.
'For you,' (reſum'd the Knight with ſterner
tone;)
'Whoſe hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon
'fears,
'That villain's gifts will coſt you many a groan;
'In dol'rous manſion long you muſt bemoan
'His fatal charms, and weep your ſtains away;
'Till, ſoft and pure as infant goodneſs grown,
'You feel a perfect change; then who can ſay
'What grace may yet ſhine forth in Heaven's
'eternal day?'

LXXII.

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The Charities, to wit, of roſy hue,
Sweet Love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly;
When, lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends,
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad
company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying ſight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place:
Some prop the head; ſome, from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak Nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing draught; the whilſt, to
chaſe
The fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd beds
Some holy man by pray'r and opening heaven
diſpreds

LXXIV

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcu'd had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the Knight, and to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of Peace the moſſy cell;
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek re-
pentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt;
For (horrible to tell) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt,
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes, defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd,
Through which they floundering toil'd with pain-
ful care,
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the
cloudleſs air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a gray waſte appear'd,
Where nought but putrid ſtreams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow;
Through theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they
ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds
moe.

LXXVII.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Mean time foul ſcurf and blotches him defile,
And dogs, where'er he went, ſtill barked all the
while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend;
Hell hol's none worſe in baleful bow'r below;
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour keen'd;
Of man like, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhow
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

E'en ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troubloc
ſong,
And oft' they plunge themſelves the mire among;
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne never find they reſt from their unreſting foes;

A POEM

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

R ISAAC NEWTON.

Inſcribed to the

RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

LL the great ſoul of Newton quit this earth
gle with his ſtars, and every Muſe,
h'd into ſilence, ſhun the weight
ours due to his illuſtrious name?
at can man?—E'en now the ſons of Light,
ns high warbled to ſeraphic lyre,
s arrival on the coaſt of bliſs.
not I deterr'd, tho' high the theme,
ng to harps of angels; for with you,
l Flames! ambitious, I aſpire
re's general ſymphony to join,
what new wonders can ye ſhow your gueſt?
vhile on this dim ſpot, where mortals toil,
in duſt, from Motion's ſimple laws
race the ſecret hand of Providence,
orking thro' this univerſal frame.
ye not liſten'd while he bound the Suns
nets to their ſpheres! th' unequal taſk
an-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
ing man the year, and oft' diſgrac'd
de of ſchools, before their courſe was
nown
its cauſes and effects to him,
cing ſage! who ſat not down, and dream'd
ic ſciences, defended by the din
ous words and tyranny of names,
ding his amazing Mind attend,
h heroic Patience years on years
rching, ſaw at laſt the Syſtem dawn,
e, of all his race, on him alone.
were his raptures then! how pure! how
rong!
t the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
miniſh'd, but the pride of boys
mall fray victorious! when, inſtead
r'd parcels of this earth uſurp'd
ice unmanly, and ſore deeds
y and blood, Nature herſelf
ubdu'd by him, and open laid
y latent glory to his view.
ellectual eye! our ſolar round
ing thro', he, by the blended power
tation and Projection, ſaw
le in ſilent harmony revolve;
iſſiſted viſion hid, the Moons,
remoter planets numerous form'd,
all their mingled tracts were ſeen.
r'd our wandering Queen of Night,
ſhe wanes into a ſcanty orb,
ng broad, with her pale ſhadowy light,
eluge overflows the ſky.
motion clear-diſcerning, he
Adjuſted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty maſs of water ſwells
Reſiſtleſs, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning, till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waſte of idle ſands behind.
Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro' the blue infinite, and every ſtar
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye or aſtronomic tube,
Far-ſtretching, ſnatches from the dark abyſs,
Or ſuch as farther in ſucceſſive ſkies
To Fancy ſhine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into ſuns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious ſyſtem; all combin'd,
And rul'd unerring, by that ſingle power
Which draws the ſtone projected to the ground.
O unprofuſe Magnificence divine!
O Wiſdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few cauſes ſuch a ſcheme of things,
Effects ſo various, beautiful, and great,
An univerſe complete! and, O belov'd
Of Heaven! whoſe well-purg'd penetrative eye
The myſtic veil tranſpiercing, inly ſcann'd
The riſing, moving, wide-eſtabliſh'd frame.
He, firſt of men, with awful wing purſu'd
The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way,
Till to the forehead of our evening ſky
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations ſhakes diſmay.
The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices and circling ſpheres
To their firſt great ſimplicity reſtor'd.
The Schools aſtoniſh'd ſtood, but found it vain
To combat ſtill with demonſtration ſtrong,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
Of Truth. At once their pleaſing viſions fled,
With the gay ſhadows of the morning mix'd,
When Newton roſe, our philoſophic ſun.
Th' aërial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it firſt in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touch'd organ takes the meſſage in.
Nor could the darting beam of Speed immenſe
Eſcape his ſwift purſuit and meaſuring eye.
E'en Light itſelf, which every thing diſplays,
Shone undiſcover'd, till his brighter mind
Unwiſted all the ſhining robe of day:
And, from the whitening undiſtinguiſh'd blaze
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. Firſt the flaming Red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny Orange next;
And next delicious Yellow; by whoſe ſide
Fell the kind beams of all-refreſhing Green:
Then the pure Blue, that ſwells autumnal ſkies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of ſadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepened Indico, as when
The heavy-ſkirted evening droops with froſt;
While the laſt gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.
Theſe, when the clouds diſtil the roſy ſhower,
Shine out diſtinct adown the watʼry bow,
While o'er our heads the dewy viſion bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from theſe reſult,

And myriads still remain; infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends!
E'en now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone, and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.
But who can number up his labours: who
His high discoveries sing? when but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew? In Fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
What wonder, thence, that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! For could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?
Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few!
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh, speak the wondrous Man! how mild, how calm,
How greatly humble, how divinely good;
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with every nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection; far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man.
And you, ye hopeless, gloomy-minded Tribe!
You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?
But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—"'Tis done—The measure's full;
"And I resign my charge."—Ye mouldering Stones!
That build the towering pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worshipp'd name of hear Antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time? Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song: but Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
He here so well descried, and wandering talks,
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers
O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparings things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind be ow,
From Light himself; Oh! look with pity down
On human-kind, a frail, erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected Country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:
For, tho' deprav'd and sunk, she brought thee forth,
And glories in thy name; she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star;
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

A POEM

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

The Right Honourable

THE LORD TALBOT,

LATE CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ADDRESSED TO HIS SON.

WHILE, with the public, you, my Lord, lament
A friend and father lost, permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of old a double theme,
To praise dead worth, and humble living pride,
Whose generous task begins where int'rest ends:
Permit her on a Talbot's tomb to lay
This cordial verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow, but borrow fame.
Yes, she may sing his matchless virtues now—
Unhappy that she may.—But where begin?
How from the diamond single out each ray,
Where all, tho' trembling with ten thousand hues,
Effuse one dazzling undivided light?
Let the low-minded of these narrow days
No more presume to deem the lofty tale

Of ancient times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In Talbot we united saw
The piercing eye, the quick-enlighten'd soul,
The graceful ease, the flowing tongue of Greece,
Join'd to the virtues and the force of Rome.
Eternal Wisdom, that all-quick'ning sun,
Whence every life, in just proportion, draws
Directing light, and actuating flame,
Ne'er with a larger portion of its beams
Awaken'd mortal clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep, and clear, his reason saw,
With instantaneous view, the truth of things;
Chief what to human life and human bliss
Pertains, that noblest science, fit for man;
And hence, responsive to his knowledge, glow'd
His ardent virtue. Ignorance and vice
In concert foul agree, each heightening each,
While virtue draws from knowledge brighter fire.
What grand, what comely, or what tender sense,
What talent, or what virtue, was not his?
What that can render man or great or good,
Give useful worth or amiable grace?
Nor could be brook in studious shade to lie,
In soft retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish peace. The Siren of the wise,
(Who steals th' Aonian song, and in the shape
Of Virtue wooes them from a worthless world,)
Tho' deep he felt her charms, could never melt
His strenuous spirit, recollected, calm
As silent Night, yet active as the day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the reins of power, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant zeal,
To check their combination. Shall low views
Of sneaking int'rest, or luxurious vice,
The villain's passions, quicken more to toil,
And dart a livelier vigour thro' the soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest good,
With present honour, and immortal fame
Involve the good of all? An empty form
Is the weak virtue that amid the shade
Lamenting lies, with future schemes amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, kindred powers,
Confound the world. A Talbot's, different far,
Sprung ardent into action, that disdain'd
To lose in death-like sloth one pulse of life
That might be sav'd; disdain'd, for coward Ease
And her insipid pleasures, to resign
The prize of glory, the keen sweets of toil,
And those high joys that teach the truly great
To live for others, and for others die.
Early, behold! he breaks benign on life.
Not breathing more beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling train the gentle Airs;
While gay, behind her, smiles the kindling waste
Of ruffian storms and winter's lawless rage.
In him Astræa, to this dim abode
Of ever-wandering men, return'd again;
To bless them his delight, to bring them back,
From thorny error, from unjoyous wrong,
Into the paths of kind primeval faith,
Of happiness and justice. All his parts,
His virtues all, collected, sought the good
Of human-kind. For that he, fervent, felt
The throb of patriots when they model states;
Anxious for that, nor needful sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd soul; nor friends had charms
To steal, with pleasing guile, one useful hour;
Toil knew no languor, no attraction joy.
Thus with unwearied steps, by Virtue led,
He gain'd the summit of that sacred hill
Where, rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning cloud
Her spotless temple lifts its radiant front.
Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers! no more;
Vanish, ye human Comets! shrink your blaze,
Ye that your glory to your terrors owe,
As o'er the gazing desolated earth
Ye scatter famine, pestilence, and war!
Vanish before this vernal sun of Fame:
Effulgent sweetness! beaming life and joy.
How the heart listen'd while he pleading spoke
While on the enlighten'd mind, with winning art
His gentle reason so persuasive stole,
That the charm'd hearer thought it was his own
Ah! when, ye studious of the laws! again
Shall such enchanting lessons bless your ear?
When shall again the darkest truths, perplext,
Be set in ample day? when shall the harsh
And arduous open into smiling ease?
The solid mix with elegant delight?
His was the talent, with the purest light
At once to pour conviction on the soul,
And warm with lawful flame th' impassion heart.
That dangerous gift with him was safely lodg'd
By Heaven. He, sacred to his country's cau
To trampled Want and Worth, to suffering Rig
To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's woes,
Reserv'd the mighty charm. With equal brow,
Despising then the smiles or frowns of Power,
He all that noblest eloquence effus'd,
Which generous passion, aught by reason, breath
Then spoke the man, and over barren Art
Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then
His client was, Humanity and Truth.
Plac'd on the seat of justice, there he reign
In a superior sphere of cloudless day,
A pure intelligence. No tumult there,
No dark emotion, no intemp'rate heat,
No passion e'er disturb'd the clear serene
That round him spread. A zeal for right alo
The love of justice, like the steady sun,
Its equal ardour lent; and sometimes rais'd
Against the sons of Violence, of Pride,
And bold Deceit, his indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober dignity restrain'd.
As intuition quick, he snatch'd the truth,
Yet with progressive patience, step by step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower kind,
He thro' the maze of fallehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And e'en the loser own'd the just decree.
But when, in senates, he, to freedom firm,
Enlighten'd freedom, plann'd salubrious laws,
His various learning, his wide knowledge, then
His insight deep into Britannia's weal,

Spontaneous seem'd from simple sense to flow,
And the plain parriot smooth'd the brow of law.
No specious swell, no frothy pomp of words,
Fell on the cheated ear: no study'd maze
Of declamation, to perplex the right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own force, all powerful Reason spoke;
While on the great, the ruling point, at once
He stream'd decisive day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear debate.
Conviction breathes conviction: to the heart,
Pour'd ardent forth in eloquence unbid,
The heart attends; for let the venal try
Their every hard'ning stupifying art,
Truth must prevail, zeal will enkindle zeal,
And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still.
Behold him in the councils of his prince,
What faithful light he lends! How rare, in courts,
Such wisdom! such abilities! and, join'd
To virtue so determin'd, public zeal,
And honour of such adamantine proof,
As e'en Corruption, hopeless, and o'eraw'd,
Durst not have tempted! Yet of manners mild,
And winning every heart, he knew to please,
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or adulation to receive or give.
Happy the state where wakes a ruling eye
Of such inspection keen, and general care!
Beneath a guard so vigilant, so pure,
Toil may resign his careless head to rest,
And ever-jealous Freedom sleep in peace.
Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward days!
And many a patriot counsel with him lost!
Counsels that might have humbled Britain's foe,
Her native foe, from eldest time by Fate
Appointed, as did once a Talbot's arms.
Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,
Lament a patron lost, a friend and judge.
Unlike the sons of Vanity, that, veil'd
Beneath the patron's prostituted name,
Dare sacrifice a worthy man to pride,
And flush confusion o'er an honest cheek.
When he conferr'd a grace, it seem'd a debt
Which he to merit, to the public, paid,
And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.

His sympathising heart itself received
The generous obligation he bestow'd.
This, this indeed, is patronising worth.
Their kind protector him the Muses own,
But scorn with noble pride the hoarded aid
Of tasteless Vanity's insulting hand.
The gracious stream that cheers the letter'd world,
Is not the noisy gift of summer's noon,
Whose sudden current from her naked root
Washes the little soil which yet remain'd,
And only more dejects the blushing flowers:
No, 'tis the soft-descending dews at eve,
The silent treasures of the vernal year,
Indulging deep their stores the still night long,
Till, with returning morn, the freshen'd world
In fragrance all, all beauty, joy, and song.
Still let me view him in the pleasing light
Of private life, where pomp forgets to glare,
And where the plain unguarded soul is seen.
There, with that truest greatness he appear'd,
Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
In the soft graces of the friendly scene,
Inspiring social confidence and ease:
As free the converse of the wise and good,
As joyous, disentangling every power,
And breathing mix'd improvement with delight,
As when amid the various-blossom'd spring,
Or gentle-beaming autumn's pensive shade,
The philosophic mind with Nature talks.
Say ye, his Sons! his dear Remains! with whom
The father laid superfluous state aside,
Yet rais'd your filial duty thence the more,
With friendship rais'd it, with esteem, with love.
Beyond the ties of blood, oh! speak the joy,
The pure serene, the cheerful wisdom mild,
The virtuous spirit, which his vacant hours,
In semblance of amusement, thro' the breast
Infus'd. And thou, O Rundle! * lend thy strain,
Thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!
In whom the head and heart their stores unite;
Whatever fancy paints, Invention pours,
Judgment digests, the well-tun'd bosom feels,
Truth natural, moral, or divine, has taught,
The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
Lend me the plaint which to the lonely main,
With Memory conversing, you will pour,
As on the pebbled shore you, pensive, stray,
Where Derry's mountains a bleak crescent form,
And mid their ample round receive the waves,
That, from the frozen Pole resounding, rush
Impetuous. Tho' from native sunshine driven,
Driven from your friends, the sunshine of the soul,
By slanderous Zeal, and politics infirm,
Jealous of worth, yet will you bless your lot,
Yet will you triumph in your glorious fate,
Whence Talbot's friendship glows to future times,
Intrepid, warm: of kindred tempers born;
Nurs'd, by experience, into slow esteem,
Calm confidence unbounded, love not blind,
And the sweet light from mingled minds diffus'd,
From mingled chymic oils as purifs the fire.
I, too, remember well that cheerful bowl
Which round his table flow'd. The serious there
Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain;
Mirth soften'd wisdom, candour temper'd mirth,
And wit its honey lent, without the sting.
Not simple Nature's unaffected sons,
The blameless Indians, round their forest cheer,
In sunny lawn or shady covert set,
Hold more unspotted converse; nor of old,
Rome's awful consuls, her dictator-swains,
As on the product of their Sabine farms
They far'd, with stricter virtue fed the soul:
Nor yet in Athens, at an Attic meal,
Where Socrates presided, fairer truth,
More elegant humanity, more grace,

* *Dr. Rundle, late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.*

ore refin'd, or deeper ſcience, reign'd.
far beyond the little vulgar bounds
ily, or friends, or native land,
degrees, and with proportion'd flame,
ed his benevolence; a friend
man-kind, to parent Nature's works.
acceſs, and of engaging grace,
a brother to a brother owes,
t an open judging ear for all,
read an open countenance, where ſmil'd
r effulgence of an open heart;
in the rich, the poor, the high, the low,
qual ray, his ready goodneſs ſhone:
hing human foreign was to him.
to a dread inheritance, my Lord,
rd to be ſupported, you ſucceed;
pt by virtue, as by virtue gain'd,
thro' lateſt time, enrich your race,
groſſer wealth ſhall moulder into duſt,
ith their authors in oblivion ſunk
tles lie, the ſervile badges oft'
in ſubmiſſion, not the meed of worth.
enuine honour its large patent holds
nankind, thro' ev'ry land and age,
verſal Reaſon's various ſons,
n of God himſelf, ſole perfect Judge!
ow theſe nobleſt honours of the mind
d terms deſcend: the high-plac'd heir,
by the public eye, that, with keen gaze,
ant ſeeks out faults, cannot thro' life,
ne nameleſs inſects of a court,
ed ſteal; but, with his ſire compar'd,
l be glorious, or he muſt be ſcorn'd.
th to you, who merit well to bear
to Britons dear, th' officious Muſe
ely ſing, and ſing without reſerve.
were the plaint, and ignorant the tear,
ould a Talbot mourn. Ourſelves, indeed,
ntry robb'd of her delight and ſtrength,
lament: yet let us, grateful, joy
ſuch virtues knew, ſuch virtues felt,
them ſtill, teaching our views to riſe
ter-bright'ning ſcenes of future worlds.
b, ye worſt of Zealots! ye that, prone
ghtleſs duſt, renounce that generous hope,
every joy below its ſpirit draws,
ry pain is balm. A Talbot's light,
t's virtues, claim another ſource
: blind maze of undeſigning blood;
n that vital fountain plays no more,
be quench'd amid the gelid ſtream.
nks! I ſee his mounting ſpirit freed
ngling earth, regain the realms of day,
country, whence, to bleſs mankind,
Goodneſs on this darkſome ſpot
d it down awhile. Behold! approv'd
emendous Judge of heaven and earth,
h' Almighty Father's preſence join'd,
his rank, in glory and in bliſs,
e human worthies. Glad around
ir compatriot ſhades, and point him out,
With joyful pride, Britannia's blameleſs boaſt.
Ah! who is he that with a fonder eye
Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the beſt of ſons!
The beſt of friends!—Too ſoon is realiz'd
That hope which once forbade thy tears to flow!
Meanwhile the kindred ſouls of every land,
(Howe'er divided in the fretful days
Of prejudice and error) mingled now,
In one ſelected never-jarring ſtate,
Where God himſelf their only monarch reigns,
Partake the joy; yet, ſuch the ſenſe that ſtill
Remains of earthly woes, for us below,
And for our loſs, they drop a pitying tear.
But ceaſe, preſumptuous Muſe! nor vainly ſtrive
To quit this cloudy ſphere that binds thee down;
'Tis not for mortal hand to trace theſe ſcenes,
Scenes that our groſs ideas grovelling caſt
Behind, and ſtrike our boldeſt language dumb.
Forgive, immortal Shade! if aught from earth,
From duſt low-warbled, to thoſe groves can riſe,
Where flows celeſtial harmony, forgive
This fond ſuperfluous verſe. With deep-felt voice,
On every heart impreſs'd, thy deeds themſelves
Atteſt thy praiſe. Thy praiſe the widows' ſighs
And orphans' tears embalm. The good, the bad,
The ſons of Juſtice, and the ſons of Striſe,
All who or freedom or who intereſt prize,
A deep-divided nation's parties all
Conſpire to ſwell thy ſpotleſs praiſe to heaven.
Glad heaven receives it, and ſeraphic lyres
With ſongs of triumph thy arrival hail.
How vain this tribute, then! this lowly lay!
Yet nought is vain which gratitude inſpires.
The Muſe, beſides, her duty thus approves
To virtue, to her country, to mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious charge,
As to her prieſteſs, gives it her, to hymn
Whatever good and excellent ſhe forms.

POEMS

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

VERSES

Occaſioned by the

DEATH OF MR. AIKMAN,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

As thoſe we love decay, we die in part;
String after ſtring is ſever'd from the heart
Till looſen'd life, at laſt, but breathing clay,
Without one pang is glad to fall away.

Unhappy he who lateſt feels the blow,
Whoſe eyes have wept o'er every friend laid low,
Dragg'd ling'ring on from partial death to death,
Till, dying, all he can reſign is breath.

TO THE REV. MR. MURDOCH,

RECTOR OF STRADDISHALL IN SUFFOLK, 1738.

THUS ſafely low, my Friend! thou can'ſt not fail;
Here reigns a deep tranquillity o'er all;
No noiſe, no care, no vanity, no ſtrife;
Men, woods, and fields, all breathe untroubled life.
Then keep each paſſion down, however dear;
Truſt me, the tender are the moſt ſevere.
Guard, while 'tis thine, thy philoſophic eaſe,
And aſk no joy but that of virtuous peace;
That bids defiance to the ſtorms of fate:
High bliſs is only for a higher ſtate.

EPITAPH ON MISS STANLEY.

HERE, Stanley! reſt, eſcap'd this mortal ſtrife,
Above the joys, beyond the woes, of life.
Fierce pangs no more thy lively beauties ſtain,
And ſternly try thee with a year of pain:
No more ſweet patience, feigning oft' relief,
Lights thy ſick eye, to cheat a parent's grief:
With tender art, to ſave her anxious groan,
No more thy boſom preſſes down its own:
Now well-earn'd peace is thine, and bliſs ſincere:
Ours be the lenient, not unpleaſing tear!
O! born to bloom, then ſink beneath the ſtorm,
To ſhow us Virtue in her faireſt form;
To ſhow us artleſs Reaſon's moral reign,
What boaſtful Science arrogates in vain;
Th' obedient paſſions knowing each their part,
Calm light the head, and harmony the heart!
Yes, we muſt follow ſoon, will glad obey,
When a few ſuns have roll'd their cares away,
Tir'd with vain life, will cloſe the willing eye;
'Tis the great birthright of mankind to die.
Bleſt be the bark that wafts us to the ſhore
Where death-divided friends ſhall part no more!
To join thee there, here with thy duſt repoſe,
Is all the hope thy hapleſs mother knows.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of Saint Matthew.

WHEN my breaſt labours with oppreſſive care,
And o'er my cheek deſcends the falling tear,
While all my warring paſſions are at ſtrife,
O! let me liſten to the words of Life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.
Think not, when all your ſcanty ſtores afford
Is ſpread at once upon the ſparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempeſt bears,
What farther ſhall this feeble life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall clothe theſe ſhiv'ring limbs again.
Say, does not life its nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair body its inveſting weed?
Behold! and look away your low deſpair—
See the light tenants of the barren air;
To them nor ſtores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleaſing ſong
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his eye
On the leaſt wing that flits along the ſky.
To him they ſing when Spring renews the plain
To him they cry in Winter's pinching reign,
Nor is their muſic nor their plaint in vain:
He hears the gay and the diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing bounty fills them all.
Obſerve the riſing lily's ſnowy grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow:
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal veſtments can with them compare!
What king ſo ſhining! or what queen ſo fair!
If, ceaſeleſs, thus the fowls of heaven he feeds,
If o'er the fields ſuch lucid robes he ſpreads,
Will he not care for you, ye Faithleſs! ſay,
Is he unwiſe! or are ye leſs than they?

ODES.

ODE.

I.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love!
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled,
To what delightful world above,
Appointed for the happy dead?

II.

thou, free, at pleaſure, roam,
netimes ſhare thy lover's woe,
void of thee, his cheerleſs home
y, alas! no comfort know?

III.

ou hover'ſt round my walk,
nder ev'ry well-known tree
fancy'd ſhadow talk,
ry tear is full of thee;

IV.

hen the weary eye of Grief,
me ſympathetic ſtream,
er find a ſhort relief,
it thou my ſoothing dream.

ODE.

GHTINGALE! beſt poet of the grove,
'hat plaintive ſtrain can ne'er belong to thee,
the full poſſeſſion of thy love:
hat ſtrain, ſweet Nightingale! to me.
e, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
maid who all my boſom charms,
my days without this lovely mate;
Fortune keeps her from my arms.
ppy Bards! by Nature's ſimple laws
ur ſoft lives, ſuſtain'd by Nature's fare;
ell wherever roving Fancy draws,
e and ſong is all your pleaſing care.
vain ſlaves of intereſt and of pride,
t be bleſt, leſt envious tongues ſhould
blame;
ce, in vain, I languiſh for my bride:
n with me, ſweet Bird! my hapleſs flame.

ODE

TO SERAPHINA.

wanton's charms, however bright,
re like the falſe illuſive light,
flattering inauſpicious blaze
ipices oft' betrays:
t ſweet ray your beauties dart,
clears the mind and cleans the heart,
he ſacred Queen of Night,
urs a lovely gentle light
'er the dark, by wanderers bleſt,
ling them to peace and reſt.

ious love depraves the mind;
guiſh, guilt, and folly, join'd;

But Seraphina's eyes diſpenſe
A mild and gracious influence;
Such as in viſion's angels ſhed
Around the heav'n-illumin'd head.
To love thee, Seraphina! ſure
Is to be tender, happy, pure;
'Tis from low paſſions to eſcape,
And woo bright Virtue's faireſt ſhape;
'Tis ecſtaſy with wiſdom join'd,
And heav'n infus'd into the mind.

ODE.

ON ÆOLUS'S HARP.*

I.

ETHEREAL Race, inhabitants of Air,
Who hymn your God amid the ſecret grove,
Ye unſeen Beings! to my harp repair,
And raiſe majeſtic ſtrains, or melt in love.

II.

Thoſe tender notes, how kindly they upbraid!
With what ſoft woe they thrill the lover's heart!
Sure from the hand of ſome unhappy maid,
Who dy'd of love, theſe ſweet complainings part.

III.

But hark! that ſtrain was of a graver tone,
On the deep ſtrings his hand ſome hermit throws;
Or he the ſacred Bard,† who ſat alone
In the drear waſte, and wept his people's woes.

IV.

Such was the ſong which Zion's children ſung,
When by Euphrates' ſtream they made their plaint;
And to ſuch ſadly ſolemn notes are ſtrung
Angelic harps, to ſooth a dying ſaint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celeſtial choir
Thro' heaven's high dome their awful anthem raiſe;
Now chanting clear, and now they all conſpire
To ſwell the lofty hymn from praiſe to praiſe.

VI.

Let me, ye wand'ring Spirits of the wind!
Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the ſtring,
Smit with your theme, be in your chorus join'd,
For till you ceaſe my Muſe forgets to ſing.

* *Æolus's Harp is a muſical inſtrument, which ſings with the wind, invented by Mr. Oſwald; its properties are fully deſcribed in the* Caſtle of Indolence.

† *Jeremiah.*

ODE

IN THE MASK OF ALFRED.

I.

WHEN Britain firſt, at Heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels ſung this ſtrain;
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
'Britons never will be ſlaves.'

II.

The nations, not ſo bleſt as thee,
Muſt, in their turns, to tyrants fall;
While thou ſhalt flouriſh great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
'Rule,' &c.

III.

Still more majeſtic ſhalt thou riſe,
More dreadful from each foreign ſtroke;
As the loud blaſt that tears the ſkies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
'Rule,' &c.

IV.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er ſhall tame:
All their attempts to bend thee down,
Will but arouſe thy generous flame,
But work their woe, and thy renown.
'Rule,' &c.

V.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine:
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And every ſhore it circles thine.
'Rule,' &c.

VI.

The Muſes, ſtill with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſt repair:
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
'Rule, Britannia! rule the waves;
'Britons never will be ſlaves.'

SONGS.

SONG.

I.

ONE day the God of fond deſire,
On miſchief bent, to Damon ſaid,
Why not diſcloſe your tender fire,
Nor own it to the lovely maid?

II.

The ſhepherd mark'd his treacherous art,
And, ſoftly ſighing, thus reply'd;
'Tis true, you have ſubdu'd my heart,
But ſhall not triumph o'er my pride.

III.

The ſlave in private only bears
Your bondage who his love conceals,
But when his paſſion he declares,
You drag him at your chariot-wheels.

SONG.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
Yet dares not tell his trembling pain
But to the ſympathetic groves,
But to the lonely liſtening plain.
Oh! when ſhe bleſſes next your ſhade,
Oh! when her footſteps next are ſeen
In flowery tracts along the mead,
In freſher mazes o'er the green,
Ye gentle Spirits of the vale!
To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
And ſigh my ſorrows in her ear.
O tell her what ſhe cannot blame,
Tho' fear my tongue muſt ever bind;
O! tell her that my virtuous flame
Is as her ſpotleſs ſoul refin'd.
Not her own guardian angel eyes
With chaſter tenderneſs his care,
Nor purer her own wiſhes riſe,
Nor holier her own ſighs in prayer.
But if, at firſt, her virgin fear
Should ſtart at Love's ſuſpected name,
With that of Friendſhip ſooth her ear—
True love and friendſhip are the ſame.

SONG.

I.

UNLESS with my Amanda bleſt,
In vain I twine the woodbine bower
Unleſs to deck her ſweeter breaſt,
In vain I rear the breathing flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial year,
In vain the birds around me ſing;
In vain the freſhening fields appear:
Without my love there is no ſpring.

SONG.

R ever, Fortune! wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love,
vhen we meet a mutual heart,
in between, and bid us part?
i ſigh on from day to day,
viſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
outh and genial years are flown,
ll the life of life is gone?
ıſy, buſy ſtill art thou,
id the loveleſs joyleſs vow,
eart from pleaſure to delude,
n the gentle to the rude.
ice, O Fortune! hear my prayer,
abſolve thy future care;
ıer bleſſings I reſign,
but the dear Amanda mine.

SONG.

ME, gentle God of ſoft deſire!
Come and poſſeſs my happy breaſt,
ry-like in flames and fire,
ıtic folly's wildneſs dreſt;
me in Friendſhip's angel-guiſe:
arer thou than friendſhip art,
:ender ſpirit in thy eyes,
ſweet emotions at the heart.
e with Goodneſs in thy train,
Peace and Pleaſure, void of ſtorm,
'ouldſt thou nre for ever gain,
Amanda's winning form.

A NUPTIAL SONG.

t to have been inſerted in the fourth Act of Sophoniſba.

ME, gentle Venus! and aſſuage
warring world, a bleeding age;
ıture lives beneath thy ray,
intry tempeſts haſte away,
! calm inveſts the ſea,
ative deep is full of thee;
ɔwering earth, where'er you fly,
'er ſpring, all ſun the ſky;
al ſpirit warms the breeze;
among the blooming trees,
ıther'd lovers tune their throat,
ſert growls a ſoften'd note;
'er the meads, the cattle bound,
ve and harmony go round.
chief into the human heart
ɔike the dear delicious dart;
ıch us pleaſing pangs to know,
guiſh in luxurious woe;
To feel the generous paſſions riſe,
Grow good by gazing, mild by ſighs;
Each happy moment to improve,
And fill the perfect ear with love.
Come, thou delight of heaven and earth!
To whom all creatures owe their birth;
Oh come, ſweet ſmiling! tender, come!
And yet prevent our final doom:
For long the furious God of war
Has cruſh'd us with his iron car,
Has rag'd along our ruin'd plains,
Has ſoil'd them with his cruel ſtains,
Has ſunk our youth in endleſs ſleep,
And made the widow'd virgin weep.
Now let him feel thy wonted charms;
Oh! take him to thy twining arms!
And, while thy boſom heaves on his,
While deep he prints the humid kiſs,
Ah! then his ſtormy heart controul,
And ſigh thyſelf into his ſoul.

AN

HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

HAIL mildly pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the wiſe and good,
But from whoſe holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And liſten to thy whiſper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate hearts.
A thouſand ſhapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every ſhape you pleaſe.
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious dream,
A lone philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly.
And now you ſweep the vaulted ſky;
A ſhepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten ſtrain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that ſweet paſſion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendſhip, you aſſume
The gentle-looking Harford's bloom,
A-, with her Muſidora, ſhe
(Her Muſidora fond of thee)
Amid the long-withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of Morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent roſe is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening ſcenes decay,
And the faint landſcape ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful ſoft decline,
And that beſt hour of muſing thine.
Deſcending angels bleſs thy train,
The virtues of the ſage and ſwain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearleſs head;

Religion's beams around thee ſhine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine!
About thee ſports ſweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania ſings to thee.
Oh! let me pierce thy ſecret cell,
And in thy deep receſſes dwell.

Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I juſt may caſt my careleſs eyes
Where London's ſpiry turrets riſe,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then ſhield me in the woods again.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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